Russia's Greatest Love Machine

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Russia's Greatest Love Machine

by OrYouCouldHaveMine

Summary

“Holy shit, dude,” Hayden whispers, too loudly, as he pulls Shane away. “No way you were just talking to Ilya Rozanov.”

“Uh, yeah. We just met. Wait, did he lie to me?” Shane asks, looking back over his shoulder where Ilya is now standing next to a short but very muscular woman with long black hair. “What does he play?”

Hayden stops, so Shane does too.

“You don’t know who that was?”

Shane makes a face that says ‘no shit’, and waits for an answer.

“Dude. You are so innocent. Ilya Rozanov, ‘Russia’s Greatest Love Machine’?” Hayden says, like it’s obvious.

Shane looks at him blankly, and then Hayden laughs. Not like, a chuckle. He full on cackles, bending over like he can’t even contain it. “Man, he’s like prolific.”

“At what?” Shane snaps, because he’s getting really sick of not being in on the joke.

“He’s a porn star, man.”

“A-” Shane says, swallowing thickly. “What?”

Ilya is a porn star, Shane is a hockey player, and their paths cross.

Notes

Hello! Hope you enjoy this. Just some notes:

I did a fair bit of research on the porn industry for this, but I'm not en expert by any means. In this fic, Ilya is supestar level of fame in the porn world, to the point his name is known and he has wealth and full freedom in his choices of what to film, and only films a handful of scenes for an average of one full video per month.

Just want to say that this isn't the average experience and the porn industry can be cruel and exploitive to those in it, but in this fic, Ilya genuinely loves his job and has a star level that allows him a lot of privileges and benefits that most people in the industry would not get. I don't want this to romanticize a really complicated industry, but just reiterating that this fic is light, smutty, and definitely showing the best side of that world.

Anyway, that's all for my soap box.

No content warnings besides that this will contain some dom/sub elements, and while there is no coercion whatsoever, Shane is hesitant to some things at first.

Chapter 1

July 2016

Shane hates going to these events. They make him anxious, there are too many cameras and people, and it all feels so fake. He doesn't get why he can't just focus on hockey. He's not an actor, he's not a performer, he's an athlete. But, he won last year's ESPY award for NHL Player of the Year, and the precedent is for the previous winner to announce this year's winner, so. He's here. At the ESPY's. In a ridiculously expensive suit and watch. To present the award. For NHL Player of the Year.

He knows he's being clingy with Hayden. Hayden is up for the award, which is nice, Shane supposes. He hopes he wins. Shane's mom is his date, which feels kind of lame, but she had been elated when he'd asked her. She's off mingling, probably getting some new brand deal for Shane or something. She thrives in these environments. Shane wishes he had inherited even an ounce of that. No, instead he's hanging onto Hayden like a lost puppy, forcing a smile that probably looks pained as disorienting flashes of cameras interrupt his vision.

"Shane, over here!" A photographer calls out, and then he's blinded by another array of photos. "One on your own, Shane," someone else calls, and Hayden steps away from him, letting the photographer get his solo shot of Shane.

God, this is annoying. Maybe it's his anxiety or maybe it's the camera flashes, but he's disoriented, and when he turns to step away, he walks right into someone. Someone big and muscular, someone who smells like nice cologne, a sexy, spicy woodsy smell that Shane could never pull off.

"God, fuck," Shane grunts, stepping back. "I'm so sor-" the words die on his tongue as he looks up at the man who is smirking down at him. Holy shit. He's stunning. His eyes are piercing, his hair is curly but slicked back, and he's in a black suit jacket on top of a burgundy silk shirt that's unbuttoned far too much, almost down to his mid chest, where Shane can spot a smattering of blonde hair.

"Is okay. You alright?" The man asks, and he has an accent, thick and Eastern European. Shane wonders what sport he plays.

“Yeah, ah. Sorry. Just a lot going on,” he says awkwardly.

“Mm. Yes,” the man nods, agreeing, looking around briefly.

“Shane Hollander,” he says, sticking his hand out.

The man takes it in his big, firm hand and shakes it. “Ilya Rozanov,” he answers.

Shane isn’t sure how or when it happened, but they’re no longer right in the middle of the red carpet. Ilya Rozanov has somehow guided them off to the side in a slightly quieter area, no longer in front of the backdrop of ESPN logos and sponsors.

“Hi. Uh, sorry I almost walked into you,” he says.

Ilya smiles. “You already said sorry. Is okay. You are not very big. Didn’t even hurt,” he says.

Shane sort of scoffs at that, because what? Okay sure, he doesn’t have the bulk of a football player or the height of a basketball player, but he isn’t *small.*

“You are hockey player, yes?” Ilya asks.

Shane nods. “Yeah. Uh, yeah. Was the 2015 Player of the Year so I have to present the award,” he says.

Ilya raises his eyebrows and does a sort of mock impressed face, pursing his lips. “Wow.”

“Sorry. I hate these things. I hate cameras,” he says.

Ilya laughs at that, but Shane isn't sure why.

"Uh, what do you play? Sorry, I just… I haven't heard of you. Not that that's uh… I just really only follow hockey so…" Great. Now he's probably offended the guy. Good going, Hollander. Meet some athlete who looks like he was carved out of marble, and you tell him you don't even know who he is.

Ilya smirks at him again, and it's so condescending, so sexy, fuck. "No. I am not athlete," he says.

"No way," Shane says, his eyebrows furrowing. "Don't fuck with me, c'mon. What team are you on?"

Ilya doesn't laugh. "I am not fucking with you. I'm here as date."

Shane's face goes slack. "So you just…" he gestures vaguely at Ilya's chest. "Look like that."

"Like what?" Ilya asks, and he's grinning again. He has nice teeth.

"I don't-" Shane stammers for a moment. "I. Just. You're uh… fit."

"Ah," Ilya says, as if he didn't already know what Shane was implying. "You are too kind. But no, I'm here with someone. Not athlete."

Shane nods. "Who are you here with?" He asks, ignoring how demanding it sounds.

"Nadia Najjar. Boxer," he says, still fucking smirking.

Shane has heard of her. She's great, apparently. "Oh. So you're her…"

"Friend," Ilya finishes.

"Right."

"Shane!" A voice calls out, and Shane spins to see Hayden jogging up. "Hey man, I was looking for you. Someone wants an interview with both of-" he stops mid sentence, looking over to Ilya.

"Wow," Hayden says.

Well. At least Ilya's looks hadn't only been disarming to Shane.

"Hello," Ilya says, holding his hand out. How is he so collected during all of this?

Hayden is hesitant as he shakes it. "Hayden Pike. Uh. Right. So… Shane. Interview?"

"Yeah," Shane nods, but he's only looking at Ilya. "Sorry, uh. I gotta go. Was nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you, Shane Hollander," Ilya says, and Shane memorizes exactly how his name sounds on Ilya's lips.

"Holy shit, dude," Hayden whispers, too loudly, as he pulls Shane away. "No way you were just talking to Ilya Rozanov."

"Uh, yeah. We just met. Wait, did he lie to me?" Shane asks, looking back over his shoulder where Ilya is now standing next to a short but very muscular woman with long black hair.

“What does he play?”

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“He’s a porn star, man.”

“A-” Shane says, swallowing thickly. “What?”

“He’s slept with like… everyone, man. Reily Reid, Aidra Fox, oh my *god,”* Hayden groans. “His MILF stuff with Asa Akira was insane.”

“I don’t… know who any of those people are,” Shane says. Is he supposed to have a list of porn stars memorized? Why does Hayden? Ew. Shane is suddenly very grateful the NHL is good about providing them their own hotel rooms typically.

“Christ. Let’s go do this interview,” Hayden says, and Shane has to answer questions about hockey while thinking about how there are probably dozens if not more videos of Ilya

Rozanov, the man he just shook hands with, fucking people on the internet. Right.

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Hayden doesn't win the award. A player from New York wins, and Shane does his obligatory one hour stint at a post show party, letting his mom lead most of the conversations with people, before he heads to his hotel, leaving his mom to mingle.

He stares at his phone like it's a grenade for a good twenty minutes before he picks it up.

He types Ilya's name into the search bar. Then he deletes it and tosses his phone across the bed like it's a grenade with the pin pulled.

A minute goes by. Another. He picks it back up and types the name in again. He hits search.

The first link is Pornhub. Then xVideos. Then xHamster. Then Brazzers. He stops scrolling and clicks the first link.

Shane doesn't really watch porn. He has, sure. Like, if he's in a pinch. If his imagination isn't doing a great job and he needs a visual. It's just… well. Searching gay porn would be a choice. A conscious choice. Imagining men is different. It's just, if that's what his mind wanders to, then that's that. Searching gay porn would be different. So he doesn't. Sometimes he'll watch a video, with no particular search term, and he choose the first one with a man he thinks looks good, and then he'll mostly watch the man and mute it if the woman's moans are too fake. That's fine. Normal.

Anyway. Once he's on Pornhub, there are dozens of videos. They all list Ilya and the names of various female partners and some gross phrase after. Ilya and female co-star hard fucking in kitchen, Ilya and female co-star riding until she squirts, Ilya and female co-star anal domination. Hm. That one is interesting. Ilya and female co-star facial. The pictures are mostly focused on the woman, lots of tits, one shot of a close up of a vagina with, what Shane assumes is Ilya's cock inside it, a woman with her mouth open and cum splattered on her face. He feels a little gross. Not like, in a judging way. It's just… a lot.

He keeps scrolling. Ilya Rozanov and Adam Wolf MMF anal threesome with facial.

Huh. Two men and a woman. That's different, right? Shane almost taps on it, before he thinks of something else.

He goes to the side tab where categories are laid out. There's MILF, Anal, Threesome, Hentai (Shane doesn't know what that means), Ebony, Mature, and then Gay. He taps Gay, and then he puts Ilya Rozanov's name in the search bar.

Holy shit.

There are less results, only a page, but holy shit.

Ilya tops male co-star. Ilya puts male co-star on his knees. Ilya dominates male-costar. Ilya slow fucks male co-star. Shane is barely breathing as he looks at the thumb nails. In one, Ilya has a man bent over the back of a couch, his hands on his hips. In other, a man is on his knees, his mouth wrapped around Ilya's cock as Ilya flexes with his arms bent above his head. In the last one, he's kissing a man, a really good looking man, and his hand is wrapped around both of their cocks together.

Holy shit. He almost doesn't notice at first. His dick is pierced. There's a thick silver semi circle that has a ball at each end, one right at the opening of his cock, the other on the underside of the head, his foreskin pushed down beneath it.

Holy fucking shit.

Shane is hard. He's so hard he's tenting his sweatpants, and there's a wet spot spread out over the grey fabric. He throws his phone across his bed again and gets up and showers, a little too cold, until his cock has calmed down and he thinks he can risk being in the same vicinity as his phone again.

He picks it up, and opens Instagram. That's safe. He's gotten a lot of followers tonight, probably thanks to his TV appearance. He scrolls through notifications, and then he decides to search Ilya on Instagram. That's normal. People do that. He met the guy at a professional event. It wouldn't be weird to search him on Instagram.

He types the name in and clicks the first name that comes up. 'Russia's Greatest Love Machine', his bio reads, along with a link Shane doesn't dare to click. His eyes flick down then, the the blue rectangle with two words inside. 'Follow Back'.

Fuck.

-

January 2017

Montreal has just destroyed Las Vegas. It wasn't even close. Shane is feeling happy. Excited. He'd played well, his team had played well, and now he has a few days off to just chill, workout, clear his head. Hayden and some people went out, but Shane was content to go back to his hotel for an early night.

He's scrolling through channels, but nothing is really catching his eye. Family Feud re-run. Law and Order SVU re-run. AVN awards. Shane doesn't know what that is, but the description answers that. 'American trade magazine AVN (Adult Video News) annually to honor achievements in the global adult entertainment industry.'

His first thought is Ilya Rozanov. Ilya Rozanov, who Shane had met once six months ago and never spoken to again, Ilya Rozanov, who Shane had exhibited a frankly monumental amount of self control with by not watching a single video of his, and by not tapping 'follow back' on Instagram. Ilya Rozanov, who Shane manages not to think of most of the time, except the few times he posts an Instagram story after winning a game, and Ilya reacts with a fire emoji to each one.

That Ilya Rozanov, the one who works in adult entertainment, who may very well be at the AVN awards, in Las Vegas.

Shane turns it on. He watches the first category that comes on after the commercial; Best Newcomer - Gay. A pretty looking man with a nice smile accepts the award. There's Best All-Girl Feature, Breakthrough Award, and then there's Male Foreign Performer of the Year. Huh. Shane hadn't known they differentiated.

There's an Italian man, a Brazilian man, a French man, and then the beautiful woman with huge tits and a Spanish accent reads '"Ilya Rozanov, Russia', and the camera cuts to Ilya in the audience, smiling and clapping, before he winks at the camera. It's filthy. Shane almost feels like he can see him, like he's winking right at him.

He wins.

A song starts playing, the lyrics making Shane's lip quirk.

"There lived a certain man, in Russia long ago,

He was big and strong, in his eyes a flaming glow,

Most people look at him with terror and with fear,

But to Moscow chicks, he was such a lovely dear,"

Shane watches with rapt attention as Ilya stands to the sound of the song that was no doubt hand picked for him. He's grinning, and there's not an ounce of humility on his features as he walks up to the stage. He's in an all green suit, a shiny emerald fabric with darker green florals across the lapel. He's shirtless underneath, just a gold chain dangling between his pecs, his hair slicked back and a little longer than the time Shane had seen him.

He takes the award from the presented and leans in to kiss her cheek before he steps up to the podium. "Ah. Thank you for this," he says, holding the award up as people clap. "Is a great honor to be first man from Russia to win this award. Ah," he bites his lip. "And also, being bisexual, you know…" he trails off. "I am very grateful. Grateful to live in America, mm, to my team, and to everyone I work with, the directors, the camera people, and of course, to my co-stars. You make my job very easy," he says, and flashes a huge grin, before he turns and is led off the stage by the presenter.

Shane's mouth feels dry. He's so confident, so stunning, his voice is so sexy. There's a moment where Shane wonders if it's harder; being bisexual and Russian. He doesn't know much about Russia, but from what he imagines, he would not necessarily be celebrated for being a porn star there, and he can't imagine his sexuality helps that.

He googles the awards then, just to see if Ilya is up for anything else. He isn't, which means Shane doesn't particularly care about the rest of the show, but he keeps it on in the background. It ends, and then Shane hops online, seeing if there are any post show interviews with winners.

There are.

There is Ilya, looking happy and animated on the red carpet as he's asked how it feels to win. "Oh, I cannot describe it. Yes. Is a huge honor. I am very proud."

He's asked how he plans to celebrate. "Hmm, some nice vodka, cigarette, and being surrounded by all these beautiful people. Perfect celebration," he says.

"Ilya, you've starred alongside some of the biggest names in the adult entertainment industry, both men and women. Do you have a dream co-star you'd love to work with someday?" someone asks, before putting a mic in Ilya's face.

He thinks on it for a brief moment before speaking. "Mm. I can't say name, but… maybe professional athlete. I think we would have fun. We would look very good together," Ilya says, and then he fucking winks again before the stream cuts to someone else being interviewed.

Shane's heart is pounding in his chest. He has to mean his boxer friend, right? That has to be it.

Shane opens Instagram, searches Ilya Rozanov, and he hits' follow back' before turning his phone off for the night.

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Shane doesn't know why he's disappointed when he wakes up the next morning and doesn't have a DM from Ilya. What was he expecting? They'd met once. It's stupid. He gets his things together and he meets the team for breakfast before heading to the airport.

Sure, they had been in the same city, but that doesn't mean anything. Did Shane think he'd ask to meet? What would they even meet for? He's being crazy.

He googles Ilya again when he gets off the plane. Nothing new.

He goes to twitter and searches his name. Not smart. Porn comes up, so he instantly turns his screen off. Only when he's back home in his condo does he check again, searching by latest.

There's an updates account dedicated to him. With an update.

'January 26, 2016, downtown Las Vegas. The day after winning Male Foreign Performer of the Year, Ilya Rozanov is photographed wearing a Montreal Metros Jersey. We didn't know he was such a hockey fan!'

There's a picture attached. Ilya, crossing the street, looking like a model despite it being a candid shot. He's looking over his shoulder, and there, on his back, in big, white letters, is the name 'Hollander.'

Holy fucking shit.

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[9:24 PM]

Hi! Someone sent me a pic of you in my jersey. We're playing in Los Angeles on February 12th. I have two tickets to the game, let me know if you'd like me to send them your way!

Fuck. What a stupid fucking idea. Firstly, it's a lie. No one sent Shane the picture. He'd sought it out. Secondly. Just… what? What is he expecting? What is he thinking? Inviting a porn star to his game… He's not judging. Truly, he's not. It's just, other people could. The NHL could. His sponsors could. He remembers years ago when he'd gotten the Rolex sponsorship. Their email had said that he was a role model, a respectable young man that would be a good face for their brand. He wonders how they'd feel if he was inviting a porn star to his game.

[10:01 PM]

Really?

Shane realizes he's done nothing but basically stare at his phone for the last thirty seven minutes.

[10:02 PM]

Absolutely.

[10:03 PM]

Yes. I would love that. Thank you.

I am a big fan.

[10:04 PM]

No problem. I'll transfer the tickets to you myself from here, okay?

[10:05 PM]

Ah yes. You don't want to tell your team where to send them ;)

Is he flirting?

[10:06 PM]

It's not like that! I just don't want any questions, that's all. No one needs to know I'm the one sending them to you, yeah?

[10:07 PM]

Would not be good for your image.

[10:08 PM]

No. Honestly.

I don't care about what you do, I mean. Like it's cool. I just don't want anyone talking about it or anything.

[10:09 PM]

Relax. I know.

It's cool?

[10:09 PM]

Yeah. Definitely!

[10:10 PM]

Definitely!

You are cute. Awkward? Is right word? You didn't know who I was when we met. I wonder if you would have talked to me.

[10:11 PM]

Sure I would've.

[10:12 PM]

But now you know who I am.

Have you seen my work?

Are you fan too?

What the fuck?

[10:15 PM]

I haven't. Just… being nice to a fan.

[10:16 PM]

Very nice. Thank you, Shane Hollander. I am excited to watch you play.

If I bring jersey, will you sign?

Since I am such a big fan?

[10:17 PM]

Yeah. Sure. Wear it.

[10:18 PM]

;)

What the actual fuck is he doing? Flirting with a porn star. Was it flirting? Maybe it wasn't flirting. Maybe Ilya talks like that to everyone. Yeah. He's just smooth. And Shane is awkward. That's all.

-

February 12, 2016

The game starts fast. It's a few minutes in before Shane even has a second to glance up into the stands, right where he knows his tickets are. There's Ilya, wearing the jersey, looking directly at Shane. He flashes a grin, and he waves. Shane doesn't necessarily want to be seen waving to a porn star, nor does he want the questions from his teammates that would come with that, so he gives him a quick nod of acknowledgement. There's someone beside him too, a woman. She's unbelievably pretty, with big eyes and curly hair and tan skin, dressed in a nice looking sweater dress. Shane wonders if they're together.

He spares a few more glances over to Ilya. Every time, he's looking right at Shane. It's almost unnerving, really. Does the guy even care about hockey? Even when Shane is nowhere near the puck, Ilya is watching him.

The game ends, and Shane's original plan had just been to sign the jersey on his way out. The crowd is wild, though, even at an away game. Shane had scored two goals, and his team had won by two, and fans are hanging over the stands where Shane exits. He high-fives a few kids, signs someone's puck when they shove a marker at him, and then shoots off a quick message on Instagram. Shane's been to the LA stadium enough to know where a quiet spot is, near the visiting team locker rooms.

[9:27 PM]

Go out the east way and down hallway G, it's a little walk, sorry. I'll meet you there. If anyone gives you trouble, just show them the tickets I gave you, they'll know they're tickets from a player.

[9:30 PM]

Just not which player, hm? Got it. See you soon.

Shane takes his helmet and skates off and slips on normal shoes, but he keeps his uniform on besides that. No sense in holding Ilya and his date up. He asks someone who works for the social media team for a marker, and then he takes a back hallway that goes around the edge of the building. It's a bit of a maze, but eventually he comes out of a large metal door at the end of hall G.

Ilya is there. Alone. He's leaning on the wall, one of his knees bent with his foot resting on the wall. He kicks off of it and takes a step closer as Shane lets the door shut behind him.

"Good game," Ilya says, cool and collected.

“Thanks,” Shane nods. “You had fun?”

“Oh, yes.” Ilya says.

“Your friend didn’t wanna meet me?”

“Mm,” Ilya says, smirking, his head tilting. “No, she did. She is very displeased with me, that I told her I wanted to meet you alone. Truthfully, she is bigger hockey fan,” Ilya says.

“Oh. She got you into it, then?”

“No,” Ilya says, shaking my head. “I never said I was hockey fan. I am Shane Hollander fan,” Ilya says. He takes a step closer, and fuck, he’s so tall, so big. Shane just faced off against professional athletes in full gear, and he’s impressed by Ilya’s size.

“Would you please sign my jersey, Mr. Hollander?” Ilya says, his voice so low and playful, as he reaches over and traces his finger over the marker in Shane’s hand.

“Yeah,” Shane says a little breathlessly. “Uh, over the back? If you wanna turn around?”

“Already asking for me to do spin for you? You sound like casting director. Of course,” Ilya teases, and he turns around. Fuck. When he turns around, Shane gets a view of his ass. It’s… good. Yeah. Like, probably the best ass Shane has ever seen. He’s in fitted jeans, dark blue and perfectly tailored to him. It takes Shane a second to force his gaze up to where his name stretches across Ilya’s broad shoulders. He sets a hand on the fabric for stability, and then he signs it in big, slightly messy letters, across the white lettering.

“All set,” he says.

Ilya turns around, and he's smiling. "Thank you."

"Yeah. Uh… Does your friend want me to sign anything?"

Ilya's eyes widen. "Right. Yes. I almost forgot," he says. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a puck. "I was happy to see you, but there was also a puck in my pocket."

It's the first time Shane has smiled during this interaction, and then he laughs, a full blown giggle because he's caught off guard and it's so cheesy. "I don't have a silver marker on me. Just my black one. It won't show up."

"Well. You'll have to mail me one, hm?" Ilya says.

How is he so confident about everything? "Your friend won't be mad?"

Ilya chuckles. "Oh, she will be furious."

"That's not good."

"Why are you so focused on her, hm?" Ilya asks, lifting an eyebrow.

"Just… Uh. I'm not."

"You think she was pretty?"

"Of course," Shane answers. She had been very pretty.

“And what about me? Am I pretty?” Ilya asks, his voice going softer.

Shane makes a sort of choking sound.

“Mm. No. I’m not. You are, though,” Ilya says.

“What?” Shane nearly squeaks.

“If I message you on Instagram…”

“I’d… uh. I’d answer.”

Ilya nods like he’s satisfied with the answer. “Good.”

“Well, uh…”

“Goodnight,” Ilya says simply.

“Goodnight,” Shane answers, and he watches for a few seconds as Ilya makes his way down the hallway, not once looking back, before Shane slips out the door that leads back to the hall to the locker room.

-

It’s a week later when he’s in a hotel bed after losing a game to New York, that his phone buzzes.

[10:42 PM]

Tough break.

He stares at his phone. Would answering immediately be lame? How long should he wait to play it cool?

In the end, his thumbs have a mind of their own.

[10:44 PM]

Yeah. We'll get 'em next time.

[10:45 PM]

You looked good on the ice.

[10:45 PM]

Thanks.

[10:46 PM]

What is Shane Hollander's post game routine? Fans are dying to know.

[10:47 PM]

Ha. Well, I shower. I usually have a healthy snack, some electrolytes. Then it's bed and TV. Nothing too exciting.

[10:47 PM]

Ah. And here I thought you would be out partying in New York.

[10:48 PM]

Maybe every so often. Only after a win, though.

[10:48 PM]

Very disciplined. Is good.

[10:49 PM]

I guess so.

[10:50 PM]

There's still a lot of fun that can be had in bed, no?

[10:50 PM]

I guess so.

[10:50 PM]

I'm sure fans are all over you. Willing.

[10:51 PM]

Sure.

[10:51 PM]

And do they ever get lucky?

[10:51 PM]

No.

[10:52 PM]

Hm. I am man of many firsts, you know? First Russian to win foreign performer of the year.

[10:52 PM]

I know. I saw. So?

[10:53 PM]

You did? Ah. So you keep up with my work then, too.

Maybe I will be first fan to bed Shane Hollander ;)

[10:53 PM]

I just saw the awards on one night. That's all.

[10:53 PM]

That's all you've seen of me?

[10:54 PM]

Yes.

Shane realizes he's breathing a little shallowly and that his lip is caught between his teeth.

[10:55 PM]

Shame.

[10:55 PM]

Um. Should I? Watch any of your work?

[10:56 PM]

Maybe you'd like it. Maybe you'd want to see more.

[10:56 PM]

Okay.

Which one?

[10:56 PM]

Really?

[10:56 PM]

Yeah. Before I change my mind.

[10: 57 PM]

***www*.pornhub.com/ilya_rozanov_kyle_stryke_399j202393h943**

Shane stares at the link for a moment, before clicking it.

'Ilya Rozanov hard anal fucking with Kyle Stryke'

Shit. The thumbnail is one Shane had seen when he'd first searched, one where Ilya is standing with one foot on the ground, the other planted on the bed, while a slightly smaller man is bent over the bed, Ilya taking him from behind. Shane stares at it, while another message comes though.

[10:58 PM]

You will watch?

I watch you perform. Only seems fair, yes?

Shit.

[10:58 PM]

Yeah. I'll watch.

[10:59 PM]

Tell me what you think, then. Give me review. Nice to have feedback.

Shane double taps the message to heart react it, before he goes back to the tab. He presses play. It starts immediately. The other man, Kyle, lets Ilya into a sparsely decorated bedroom. Ilya is on him in a second, murmuring nothing more than a 'hello' as he corners the man, pinning him to the wall. He kisses his neck, and the camera picks up every sound, the wet sound of kisses and licks, the soft low sound of Kyle moaning.

Shane keeps watching, clutching the phone with both hands.

Ilya pulls both of their shirts off, and then he turns them, leaning back on the wall. “On your knees,” he says, his low voice, his sexy accent sending chills down Shane’s spine. He puts his hand on Kyle’s shoulder and guides him down onto the ground before he undoes his fly. He’s hard already, and fuck, he’s huge. Shane’s eyes land on the piercing, the way the light hits it. He smacks his cock against Kyle’s face, and then he’s feeding it into his mouth, inch by inch as Kyle takes it.

Shane is a little impressed. He doesn’t know how he’d manage that, how he’d take something so big into his mouth.

Kyle starts to bob his head, up and down, wet slurping sounds coming out of his phone speakers. He watches the technique, burning it to his memory, the way Kyle’s hands move up to cup Ilya’s balls, and the way Ilya reacts, groaning lowly. It goes on for a few minutes, and Shane’s eyes flick between the blow job, Ilya’s abs, and his face. He tilts his head back against the wall, his muscular neck on display, and Shane can see his throat bob as he swallows. Ilya moans again, letting out a low, drawn out, “Fuck,” before he nudges Kyle off.

“Good boy,” Ilya breathes, and it’s those words that make Shane realize he’s hard in his sweatpants.

“Get on the bed,” Ilya orders, and watches and both of them strip their remaining clothes off before Kyle is climbing onto the bed.

Shane watches the scene play out. Prep is either cut out or done before, because in no time at all, Ilya is now fucking Kyle just like the thumbnail had teased.

It’s insane. It feels wrong to be watching this, to watch someone he’s now personally met twice, fucking someone. But Ilya had sent him the link. Ilya had hand picked the video. Ilya had told him to watch.

Ilya fucks him with strength, railing into him with his entire force, his hips snapping forward with each thrust. He reaches a hand up and presses it between Kyle’s shoulders, pushing him down onto the mattress so his back arches, his ass raised in the air. Shane’s phone speakers are as low as they’ll go, but the sound of skin slapping and grunts and breaths come out of them.

Fuck. He's so hard, he's aching, his cock needy and bobbing up in his sweats. He feels the wet spot it leaves in them.

The video is winding down; it had only been just short of ten minutes, as Ilya starts to curse under his breath, telling the man beneath him that he's close. The man reaches up and jerks his own cock right onto the mattress, and then Ilya's hips stutter and he throws his head back as he cums. Shane knows what Ilya looks like when he cums. He knows what he sounds like.

He pulls out, and then Shane closes the video out as the camera gets up close to Kyle's ass, showing the end result. Shane doesn't particularly care about that. Maybe if it were him he would but… Wait. That's a crazy thought. The point is, he doesn't care about Kyle Stryke's ass.

[11:09 PM]

Wow.

Uh. Nice work.

[11:09 PM]

Did you like it?

[11:10 PM]

Yeah. Really hot.

Shane has no idea what the fuck he's supposed to say. He feels a little embarrassed, too innocent for his own good, naive and out of his own depth.

[11:11 PM]

Did you cum?

What? Was he supposed to? Shit. Of course he was supposed to. He's such an idiot. Obviously Ilya had sent it to him so he'd jerk off to it. Who just watches porn and doesn't jerk off? It's not like he was going to comment on the acting or the cinematography.

[11:12 PM]

Oh, uh. No. I kinda forgot

[11:12 PM]

You… forgot?

[11:13 PM]

It was hot. Like, so hot. I just haven't ever watched porn of someone I've met. Or had someone send me their own porn.

[11:13 PM]

Fuck.

Hollander, you like men, yes?

Am I being fucking creep right now?

I thought we flirted.

You did not have to watch if it makes you uncomfortable.

Fuck, Shane is fucking this up so bad. He's fucking it up badly enough that now Ilya is freaking out that he's made Shane uncomfortable.

[11:14 PM]

I'm so hard.

[11:14 PM]

Fuck. You had me worried.

Are you going to do something about it?

[11:15 PM]

Yeah. Shit.

[11:15 PM]

That's it. Touch yourself.

Make yourself feel good

[11:16 PM]

Are you?

[11:16 PM]

Mm. Now I am.

You liked video?

[11:17 PM]

Yes. You're really good at that.

Shane is typing with his right hand as his left hand reaches into his sweat pants and pulls his aching cock out, a little clumsily. Maybe it's good to do this left handed; he's a little less coordinated and less at risk of cumming immediately.

[11:17 PM]

At what?

[11:18 PM]

Um. Sex. Fucking.

[11:18 PM]

You've never sexted before.

How did Ilya know that? Shane keeps stroking himself, slow firm jerks of his hand over the length of his cock.

[11:18 PM]

Shut up.

[11:19 PM]

No. Tell me what you were thinking when you watched.

[11:20 PM]

You fucked him so hard

Uh like you're really strong

Your dick is huge

The piercing is so hot

[11:21 PM]

You like it?

Fuck it. Might as well tell Ilya the truth.

[11:22 PM]

Yeah.

Uh, I wanna feel it.

[11:23 PM]

You're doing well.

Feel it how?

[11:23 PM]

Wanna lick it. Feel it on my tongue

[11:24 PM]

Fuck I want you.

You're so pretty

Pretty mouth

Would look so good on your knees for me

Shane's hand is working faster now, stroking himself quickly. He gathers up the pre-cum that's dripping and uses it to ease the glide as his orgasm builds.

[11:25 PM]

I'm close

[11:25 PM]

Good. Me too

Would you want to be fucked like that?

[11:26 PM]

Yes

Fuck yes

When you pushed him down

Fuck im gonna cum

[11:28 PM]

Fuck.

You made me cum so hard

Shane is panting, his hand now loosely resting at the base of his cock, cum splattered over his abs.

[11:28 PM]

I've never done anything like that before.

[11:28 PM]

But you liked?

[11:29 PM]

Yes. No one can know we did that.

[11:29 PM]

No one will know.

Hm.

Win your next game, and I will make you custom video.

[11:30 PM]

What?

Seriously?

I could uh… pay.

[11:31 PM]

You give me tickets to your last game. I make you porn video. Is fair.

[11:32 PM]

Okay.I should go to sleep. Early trip home tomorrow.

[11:32 PM]

Goodnight, pretty.

[11:32 PM]

Night

Shane cleans himself up and tries to silence his racing thoughts as he goes to bed. Ilya won't tell. There has to be a lot of discretion is his business, an understanding of privacy, despite his career being fucking on camera, right?

Shane isn't sure why, but he trusts him.

He wonders how many people Ilya does this with, and then he wills his mind to shut up about that too before he falls asleep.

-

Montreal does win their next game. Shane had scored once, and the rest of his team had played well against an impressive defense. It was a home game, which means he's back in his own bed when his phone pings.

[10:02 PM]

Good game

You want to claim your reward?

Fuck.

[10:04 PM]

Hey. You watched?

[10:05 PM]

Of course. I watch every time my favorite player plays

[10:06 PM]

You don’t have to send me anything. Like, no pressure

[10:07 PM]

You don’t want?

[10:07 PM]

No, I do. I want it. Just saying no pressure

[10:07 PM]

Video is already made. I knew you would win ;)

[10:08 PM]

Shit. Okay, yeah

[10:08 PM]

Give me your phone number. Is more secure

I say your name a lot in video

[10:08 PM]

Holy shit.

[contact attached]

Shane's phone vibrates in his hand with a new text from an unknown number. There is no message, just a video file. Shane looks around his empty room as if he half expects someone to jump out, then he settles back into his bed and presses play.

The video is taken from a phone that must be propped up or on a tri-pod or something. It shows a bed, empty, and it's a nice looking room. It's kind of moody with dark fabrics and velvets. Ilya steps into frame.

Ilya looks like a fucking model. He's shirtless already, but he's in black pants that ride low on his hips and look elegant on him. He steps between the bed and the camera, and he brings a hand up to his throat, gently touching himself there, before the hand moves down his neck, down his chest, and his fingers dip beneath his pants. He lets out a low hum, his head tilting back.

He unbuttons the pants, and Shane watches as they fall to the floor like silk. He's wearing nothing beneath them, and his cock is soft. It's still big, hanging low and heavy as he wraps a hand around it. "You want to touch me, Hollander?" Ilya breathes out.

Shane shivers at the sound of his name said like that.

Ilya strokes himself a few times, slow and even as he hardens in his hand and pulls his foreskin back, revealing the piercing Shane wants to taste. “You want to feel my famous cock?” He asks the camera.

God, it’s such a stupid line. It’s cocky and cheesy and it should make Shane roll his eyes, but instead he finds himself palming his crotch through his briefs.

“You would have fun with it, I think. Could play with this,” Ilya says, and he brings his other hand, the one not gripping his now firm cock, to the piercing where he rotates it back and forth a little, titling it slightly. Shane can’t even imagine how it must feel, but Ilya sucks in a breath. “Fuck, I would love for you to do this. Roll your tongue on it,” he purrs.

“Get on your knees,” Ilya then says, his tone sharper, louder than before.

Is Shane actually going to listen to Ilya’s voice from a video?

“Do it,” Ilya says, softer this time, like he’s reading Shane’s mind. “Even if you feel silly. Do it,” he orders.

Shane does. He climbs off the bed and onto the plush carpet of his bedroom, and he kneels down slowly, resting his phone on the bench at the end of the bed where he can prop it up against the bed frame and get an eye level view of it.

Ilya is still stroking himself slowly on camera, and Shane’s eyes rake over him, the way his arm muscles move, the way his chest rises and falls, the way his abs tighten a bit. “Fuck, Hollander,” Ilya breathes out. “You would feel much better than my hand. Your mouth is so pretty, your lips,” he sighs.

Shane feels himself blushing. This man, this stunning man, this literal sex god, telling Shane he has a pretty mouth? It's all a lot.

"Take your cock in your hand, if you haven't yet," Ilya purrs. "I think you haven't. I think you would wait for me to tell you, but it's okay if you were eager," he continues.

How is it that he knows? Is it just his familiarity with sex, is he like, a sex whisperer? He can meet someone and know how they'd behave, know Shane would wait?

Shane listens. He pulls himself from his briefs and takes his hard cock in his hand.

Ilya tugs at his piercing a little and lets out a soft hiss. "I want you to touch yourself," he says, his voice so low, "while I show you how I'd fuck you."

His accent makes the words sound even more obscene. Shane slowly strokes himself, still on his knees, when he gets a new order.

"You're going to bend over your bed for me. Watch me, and bend over your bed so you can still touch yourself," Ilya says. Shane does, like he's on autopilot, his legs carrying him up as he bends over the bed and braces himself on one elbow, the other hand wrapped around his cock, his phone on the bed near his face. He watches as Ilya goes to a drawer and pulls something out.

Shane's eyes widen. It's a fleshlight. It's large and made of clear plastic. Shane's mouth goes dry as he watches Ilya open a bottle of lube and slick himself up, groaning at the feeling before he drizzles some inside of the toy and sets the bottle down. He positions himself then, laying the toy flat on his bed, one hand firmly holding it in place, while the hand that's wrapped around his cock lines himself up and pushes inside the toy.

Shane feels his hole clench despite nothing being in it.

“Fuck,” Ilya groans out. “You’re so tight for me, Hollander,” he says, rolling his hips forward. One hand goes to rest on his hip while the other holds the toy, and Shane imagines the hand is on his back, holding him firmly in place.

Ilya starts to fuck the toy then. It’s so hot. When he’d seen the toy, he imagined Ilya would jerk himself off with it, use his hand to move the toy. This is so much better. Instead, Shane watches his hips thrust, watches his body move as he fucks the toy on the bed, thrusting into it hard. His hips snap forward, and he leans his hand down so the chain dangles over the bed. Shane imagines Ilya fucking him from behind, holding his waist and leaning in close so the chain tickles between his shoulders.

“Fuck, Hollander, touch yourself. Jerk yourself off while I fuck you. You feel so good. I know you would sound so good for me. Beg for it. Beg for me to fuck you harder,” Ilya says.

“Fuck,” Shane whispers. “H-harder,” he says, feeling vulnerable speaking to an empty room.

“Again, beg,” Ilya demands.

“Harder,” Shane says, louder this time. “F-fuck me harder, please. Please. I need it,” he gasps out, moaning at the feeling of his hand, slick with his pre-cum, moaning at his own words, at how needy he sounds, how hot, how slutty. He’s never felt slutty in his life before.

“I want to cum in you,” Ilya gasps as he keeps fucking. He hasn’t slowed down. He keeps up a hard, fast pace, and if Shane listens closely he can hear the slick sound of his cock in the toy. “Fuck, I want to fill you up, take it,” he groans.

“Cum for me,” Ilya says, his voice bordering on a growl. “Show me how good I make you feel, cum for me while I fuck you, cum on my *fucking* cock,” he continues.

Shane’s hand speeds up and then it hits him, his body jolting as he cums hard, spilling into his hand and over his bed. It goes on so long, rope after rope pulsing out of him as he moans and watches the screen.

“Take my cum, take it,” Ilya groans, and Shane rides out the aftershocks of his orgasm as he watches Ilya’s hips stutter and then still, as he throws his head back and groans loudly, before he slowly rolls his hips forward a few more times, and then finally pulls out.

Jesus fucking Christ. Shane rolls over onto the bed to avoid laying in his own cum, and he watches as Ilya straightens up, and winks to the camera.

“Fun,” Ilya says. “I will make you more any time.” The video ends then, and Shane is left panting on the bed, feeling a little delirious until his phone buzzes again with a text.

[10:23 PM]

Are you still alive?

[10:24 PM]

No.

Maybe. Barely

[10:25 PM]

Was good?

[10:25 PM]

So fucking good. Holy shit

[10:26 PM]

Did you listen? Follow my orders?

[10:27 PM]

Yes. All of them

[10:28 PM]

Such a good boy

I want your ass.

Next time we are in same city.

What? Is he serious? It's one thing to make a sex tape for someone, but meeting them? How could Shane possibly have his first time with a man be with someone who literally has sex for a living? How could he possibly compare?

[10:29 PM]

I don't know

He responds, because he doesn't know what else to say.

[10:30 PM]

Okay.

You are very sweet. I would be slow. Gentle.

You would not have to think, if you do not want to.

I would do thinking for you.

Fuck, if that's not hot.

[10:31 PM]

Maybe…

[10:31 PM]

Maybe is good.

[10:32 PM]

Thanks for the video. I'll probably watch it again tomorrow lol

[10:32 PM]

Good. Finger yourself next time you watch.

Take picture for me, if you want. I would like it.

Shane can count on one hand the number of nudes he's sent in his life.

[10:33 PM]

I will.

[10:34 PM]

Goodnight, Hollander.

[10:34 PM]

Goodnight

Chapter 2

Ilya texts Shane sometimes. It just sort of becomes a thing, after the video. He tells him good luck before his next game. He teases him about going to bed early after he wins. He asks him about his workouts as a professional hockey player. A little more alarmingly, about a week after the video, he says something… different.

[9:43 PM]

No game for you tonight.

[9:45 PM]

Nope

[9:46 PM]

What's handsome guy like you to do on a free night?

[9:46 PM]

Had dinner with a teammate and his wife. Back home now.

[9:47 PM]

Ah! Shane Hollander with a social life. This is good news. I almost thought maybe you were hermit.

[9:48 PM]

Ha. What about you? What did you do today?

[9:49 PM]

I had work. Start of new shoot a few days ago.

[9:50 PM]

Oh. What's that like? How often do you work?

Shane is just now realizing that other than fucking on camera, he knows very little about Ilya's job.

[9:51 PM]

I am lucky. Is… difficult industry. Lots of bad things. But I am lucky to be big star, famous. I have a very good manager and team I work with. Was not the same when I first started, but I was lucky early, you know?

I do maybe a full video per month. Sometimes is more, sometimes less. We film a few scenes a day, maybe for a few days, maybe a week until the shoot is complete.

[9:52 PM]

Oh. That's cool.

Better than I thought honestly.

Not that Shane had thought about it much (he sort of avoided thinking about it), but part of him wondered if Ilya was clocking into work most days of the week and filming sex. Hearing it's a video a month and that each video takes a few days of shooting scenes is kind of a relief. It makes sense, that it's different for different people, and that fame would bring definite advantages.

[9:53 PM]

Like I said, I am lucky. I can choose what I do, who to work with. Make good money, go on vacations, do fun things. Is good job. I like it.

Used to have to do more to make more money, to have bigger name. Now? One video a month, and… well. You can google my car collection ;) I do well.

[9:54 PM]

Cool. That's awesome.

So uh, you started a new shoot this week?

[9:54 PM]

Mm. Is easy stuff so far. Met co-star, went over the idea, direction yesterday.

Did first blowjob scene today.

[9:55 PM]

Oh. How was that?

[9:55 PM]

Good. Co-star is fun, easy to work with. Lots of laughs.

[9:56 PM]

Is it awkward?

[9:56 PM]

Hm. No. Maybe it can be, but we are both professionals. Both doing job.

[9:56 PM]

Right, duh. Sorry. Stupid question.

[9:57 PM]

I***s okay. Not stupid.***

[9:58 PM]

Was your co-star a man or woman?

[9:58 PM]

Woman. I do more with women. Bigger market. Sometimes gay will pay more, depending on co-star, if they are big name too

[9:59 PM]

Gotcha. Cool.

Shane tries to ignore the feeling of jealousy in him. It's stupid. It would be stupid anyway, considering he's never even kissed Ilya, they've met for under ten minutes, but on top of the fact that this is his job, the job Shane knew he had when he'd agreed to sext him? It's ridiculous.

Still, his heart pounds at the next message.

[10:00 PM]

I thought about you.

What…?

[10:01 PM]

What?

[10:01 PM]

Is it bad? Sometimes my mind wanders. Have to stay hard for a long time, in front of people. Helps to think about things. Thought about you.

[10:01 PM]

Oh. What did you think about?

[10:02 PM]

You watching my video. Following the directions. Thought about you getting on your knees for me.

[10:02 PM]

Fuck. Did it help?

[10:03 PM]

Mm. Yes and no.

[10:03 PM]

No?

[10:04 PM]

Had to cut a few times when I almost came too early ;)

Shane doesn't know what to feel. It's crazy. The whole thing is crazy. On the one hand, Ilya thought of Shane and almost came early. On the other hand, he almost came early while getting a blow job from someone who wasn't Shane. Which is fine. Of course it's fine. It's like, his whole thing. It's just… It's weird.

[10:05 PM]

Really?

[10:05 PM]

Yes. You make me crazy. Want to get you on your knees.

[10:05 PM]

I've never done it.

[10:05 PM]

I am good teacher.

[10:06 PM]

Yeah?

[10:06 PM]

Mm. I'd tell you exactly how to do it. Let you take your time and have fun with it.

[10:06 PM]

Fuck. Wish I could right now

[10:07 PM]

Really?

You have sex toys, yes?

[10:07 PM]

Uh, one. A dildo.

[10:07 PM]

Show me.

Shane doesn't think about it. If he thinks, he'll chicken out, so he just does. He takes his dildo from his night stand and snaps a picture of the average sized purple dildo, sending it to Ilya.

[10:09 PM]

Nice. I am bigger ;)

[10:09 PM]

No shit.

[10:10 PM]

Suck on it.

[10:10 PM]

What??

[10:11 PM]

Suck on it.

You wish you had my cock in your mouth right now?

Pretend. Suck the dildo like it's my cock.

[10:11 PM]

Holy shit. Okay.

Shane repositions himself on the bed, sitting up a bit, his phone in one hand, the dildo in the other. He brings it up, looking it over, and then he leans in and licks it once.

It tastes vaguely of plastic and nothing else. Fuck it.

He opens his mouth and wraps his lips around the tip of it. It's an unfamiliar feeling, rigid and a little cold in his mouth, but he adjusts to the feeling. He takes a moment and swipes his tongue beneath the artificial head, before bobbing his head once on it, pressing it into his mouth slightly.

[10:13 PM]

You are doing it?

[10:13 PM]

Yes

Shane replies with one hand, the other holding the dildo.

[10:13 PM]

You follow direction so well.

I want you to imagine it's my cock.

[10:14 PM]

I am. Fuck I wish it was

[10:14 PM]

It will be. Next time

How is it? Do you like?

[10:15 PM]

It's weird. I think the real thing will be better

[10:15 PM]

Of course.

Show me?

[10:15 PM]

What?

[10:16 PM]

I want to see your mouth on it

Don't worry, I will delete after

Fuck, this is such a bad idea. It's not safe, he barely knows this guy, and yet… Shane sucks it into his mouth a bit more, feeling the weight of it on his tongue, the way it intrudes the space and presses on the roof of his mouth. He makes himself take it deeper, pushing more of it in until he feels like he'll gag on it.

If he's going to show Ilya, he wants it to be good. He wants to look like he can handle it.

He opens his camera app and looks at himself. Fuck. For the second time since meeting Ilya Rozanov, Shane feels like a slut. He looks pathetic in a way that makes his skin flush and his stomach flip. He looks debauched. He's red, his lips slick and wrapped around the dildo, his skin glistening with a layer of sweat. Worst of all, he loves it. He looks back at himself on the camera, and he understands why Ilya would want him. He feels hot. He files that thought away and snaps a photo before he can talk himself out of it, and hits send.

[10:18 PM]

Oh my god, Hollander.

Look at you.

Perfect. Fucking beautiful.

You were made to take my cock

[10:19 PM]

Fuck

I love it

[10:19 PM]

Of course you do.

You fucking love sucking cock, don't you?

Jerk yourself off while you think about sucking me

[10:20 PM]

Yeah

Shit

I am

[10:21 PM]

Going to cum on my fucking phone just to see your face covered with it

Fuck

Shane jerks himself off hard and fast, thinking of that, the thought of Ilya looking at the photo he sent and jerking off to it making Shane cum, spilling over his fist as he suckles on the dildo.

[10:24 PM]

Wow

Damn

[10:25 PM]

Damn. You are very fun.

[10:26 PM]

I've never done anything like this

[10:26 PM]

I know. But you are so natural at it.

Please let me be first one to take your ass. Your mouth

I will make it so good for you

[10:27 PM]

Yeah. Okay. Next month when I'm in LA

[10:28 PM]

You are good, yes?

[10:28 PM]

What do you mean?

[10:29 PM]

Mm… like emotional. It is a lot, first time. I just am checking in. Do you need anything?

[10:30 PM]

Oh.

No, I'm good. Thanks, man.

[10:31 PM]

Okay, man.

Goodnight, man.

[10:32 PM]

Shut up lol

Goodnight

—

Over the next few weeks, Shane watches the video Ilya had made about a dozen times. It's certainly the most consistently he's jerked off in his life. It's nice. Like, it feels good, obviously. It relaxes him. He feels… more confident, maybe. It's listening to someone who made this for him, someone who calls him pretty, someone who wants him. Someone he wants back. He jerks off, and he doesn't feel gross or lame after, and he doesn't even feel how he normally does, which is sort of like he's fulfilled a biological need.

No, this feels good. Ilya messages him here and there. He offers him a good luck before a game. He sends a picture of his hard cock in his hand, and tells Shane he's jerking off thinking of him. Stuff like that. Normal.

A few times, Ilya asks for a picture back. Shane always obliges. Once, he sends a mirror selfie, post shower, naked. Once it's a picture of him fingering himself, because Ilya had asked. The angle on that had been difficult, but he'd gotten it. They haven't explicitly sexted again, not like, as a full session to see it through, but at some point, Shane realizes he hasn't once cum without thinking of Ilya since the video was sent.

It's around the two week mark, officially halfway through the month wait since when Shane agreed to meet Ilya in person and when he plays in LA that Ilya brings it up again definitively, beyond just an 'I can't wait to have your ass' text.

[9:23 PM]

You want to know secret?

[9:26 PM]

Sure.

[9:26 PM]

I have countdown on my phone.

For when I will see you.

[9:26 PM]

Yeah?

[9:27 PM]

I can't wait, Hollander.

[9:27 PM]

Me too.

I'm just nervous.

[9:28 PM]

I understand.

We can talk about it?

[9:28 PM]

It's okay.

[9:28PM]

Really. I am good at talking about sex. Good at making people comfortable. You know? Is part of my job.

[9:29 PM]

Yeah, sure. But those are other porn stars lol

[9:29 PM]

Yes. But still. There is certain… I don't know how to say it.

Ugh.

Like, when I am on top. In charge.

The other person can be like…

Help me. What do I mean? Like they are giving themselves to me.

[9:30 PM]

Vulnerable?

[9:31 PM]

I googled. Yes. This is it. Thank you.

Is not true. Maybe it looks this way. But they are in charge. If it is too fast, too much.

Is gift, to be given this part of someone. Even for work. I have respect for this.

Does this make sense?

[9:32 PM]

I think so.

Yeah. It makes a lot of sense.

[9:32 PM]

You want me to be in control, yes?

You want me to fuck you hard? Tell you what to do?

[9:33 PM]

Yes.

[9:34 PM]

I want this too. But I will do it because you allow it. You are the one who is letting me.

I understand you are nervous. First time with man, of course.

I will only do what you want. Will not be upset if anything is too much. Okay?

[9:35 PM]

You're amazing.

[9:36 PM]

Ha.

No. I just have experience. And I am not asshole. Even if maybe it seems like I am.

[9:36 PM]

Where will we meet?

[9:37 PM]

You can come to my apartment in LA. If you want.

[9:37 PM]

Sure.

[9:38 PM]

What do you like to eat? To drink?

[9:39 PM]

Um, simple stuff. Sort of careful with what I eat.

[9:40 PM]

Will it help if you have a plan? If you know what to expect? I think you like order.

[9:41 PM]

I don't want to be difficult, but… Yeah, actually. That would be great.

[9:43 PM]

Okay. You come to mine. I have a bar. I can make you anything, alcohol or no.

I will kiss you. Touch you. Whatever you want. Fuck you. I have hot tub.

I will cook for you. Simple, yes? I have grill, outdoor kitchen. I will grill you chicken or fish, vegetables. Whatever you like.

I will make you feel good again when we wash off. Blow you in the shower, finger you, anything.

Is good?

[9:44 PM]

Yeah. Shit.

It's perfect. You're perfect.

[9:45 PM]

No. I am selfish, selfish man.

I do all of this because I want you to want it again.

Is exterior motive ;)

[9:45 PM]

Lol. Ulterior motive.

[9:45 PM]

Yes.

[9:46 PM]

How did the rest of shooting your video go?

[9:47 PM]

Good. Easy. No shoot until after I see you, now.

[9:47 PM]

Cool. Good.

I'm gonna head to bed, okay? Practice knocked me out today.

[9:48 PM]

Okay. Goodnight.

[9:49 PM]

Night, Rozanov

-

Shane feels a little giddy over the next week. It feels like having a crush. His phone buzzes and he grabs it immediately, hoping it's from Ilya. Often it is. His teammates notice, teasing him that he must be talking to some woman. Even his mom tells him that he seems happier one day at lunch.

He does feel happier. It's been a while since he's been excited about someone, and even then, it's never been like this. Ilya texts him before his games to wish him luck, and after to tell him he played well. He starts texting him pictures too; a selfie of him at a club, a picture of a pastry, a picture of a cute dog he saw; even better, a picture of him holding a dog he saw.

It feels like having a boyfriend which is crazy. He doesn't have a boyfriend. He's never spent more than ten minutes with Ilya. Ilya is just a man who wants to hook up while Shane is in his city, and Shane wants to because he's hot and experienced. A part of Shane thinks that maybe after, after his sexual education by the famous Ilya Rozanov, he could try meeting guys. It would have to be discrete, of course. But maybe he'd feel braver, more confident. He

isn’t sure how many guys would be up for a relationship with someone with no experience who also can’t be in public with them.

The days count down, getting closer and closer to when Shane will see Ilya, when a new fear arrives. Shane is still nervous about the sex, but everything Ilya has said has helped calm him down. He actually believes Ilya when he says they’ll go at Shane’s pace. It’s just, that’s part of the problem. Ilya is too nice. Too great. He fogs Shane’s thoughts, and Shane finds he isn’t just excited about sex. He’s excited to see Ilya. To hang out with him. To soak in a hot tub and eat and talk.

What if it’s too good? What if he likes it too much? Then what? He just has to move on with his life? Act like it didn’t happen? Try to move on? His mind wanders to this more than once, and he tamps down the thought in any way he can over the days that lead up to their meeting.

-

The game had been the previous night, but the two had agreed they’d meet the next day, so they’d have longer, uninterrupted time together. The schedule worked out where Shane has an extra day in LA to do what he wants. Some of his team are out doing things together, some flew home already to enjoy the time with family.

Shane pulls up to Ilya’s in his rental car. He splurged a little, which is stupid. It’s not like they’re going anywhere in the car. Look. It’s just, Ilya likes cars. Shane isn’t going to show up in a Prius, okay? It’s a nice car. Not that it matters. He pulls up to Ilya’s and.. Fuck. Okay. He knew that some porn stars made money, but he wasn’t expecting this. It’s insane. He supposes he didn’t know what the upper threshold for this line of work is, but Ilya’s place surpasses whatever Shane had expected. It’s modern but still natural looking, long flat planes, lots of windows, and deep wood and stone on the exterior. It’s landscaped nicely with desert plants and more stone. He has a weird thought that he pushes aside quickly, that at least he knows Ilya isn’t trying to get with him for his money.

Shane gets out of his car and checks over his shoulder once to make sure no one from the street can see him before he walks to the front door and rings the bell. A few moments later, Ilya is answering. Fuck, he’s beautiful. It’s different to see him like this, not on a red carpet or in public. He looks softer, casual. He’s in jeans and a tight black t-shirt that makes him look a little old Hollywood, like James Dean or something. He’s barefoot, and his hair is curly and loose, not slicked back like Shane had seen it before.

Shane isn't dressed up by any means; he's also in jeans and some sneakers he's supposed to wear for his brand deal. He's wearing a white tank top with a light cardigan on top. He has a bag, of course. An overnight bag, with clothes, toiletries, etc. He's left it in the car though, not wanting to be presumptuous. Ilya hadn't said anything about Shane staying over when he'd outlined their activities, and Shane has a hotel room already.

"Hollander," Ilya says with a soft smile.

"Hi," Shane says.

Ilya steps aside and gestures for Shane to come inside. He steps into Ilya's and is taken aback. It's an open floor plan, and Shane can see the large windows across the house that lead out to a back patio with the hot tub and outdoor kitchen. The floors are light wood, and there are various moody, abstract pieces of art on the walls, some large tropical potted plants, and nice, ambient light. Shane's eyes scan over a living room with a large sectional and massive TV, and a modern, sleek kitchen with a huge island and bar.

"Wow," Shane says as Ilya shuts the door behind him. "It's nice."

"Mm. Yes," Ilya agrees.

Shane thinks it's funny, how Ilya isn't humble at all. There's a level of honesty to it, maybe. It is nice, Ilya knows it's nice, why not agree?

"Come on. What can I get you? Drink?" He asks.

Shane thinks for a moment. He's not really drinking at the moment, but… well. A little liquid courage doesn't seem like the worst idea in the world. "Uh, yeah. Sure."

Ilya lifts his eyebrows expectantly. "Okay. Do I read your mind?"

Shane laughs at that. “Sorry. Uh… What are you gonna have?”

“I will make you anything. Doesn’t matter what I’ll have,” Ilya says.

“Right. Uh, something light? A vodka or gin drink?” He says, annoyed with how unsure he sounds.

“Okay,” Ilya nods, and walks to the bar. It’s nice, wood sides and a marble top with a sink and mini fridge beneath it. “Mm. I will make you something good. Sit,” Ilya says, gesturing to a stool.

Shane sits down and watches as Ilya pulls down a bottle of vodka, and then bends over to the fridge. He emerges with soda water, lime, and fresh mint.

“Fancy,” Shane says.

“Only the best for Shane Hollander,” Ilya says with a wink.

He gets ice from an ice maker and Shane observes him as he shakes vodka with ice and builds the cocktails in two glasses, squeezing lime and clapping the mint in his hands before adding it to the glasses.

“What’s that for?” Shane asks, his eyes on Ilya’s muscular forearms.

“So you taste mint more. Gets the oils out,” Ilya explains as he slides a glass across the bar to Shane. “Cheers.”

Shane lifts his glass and clinks it to Ilya’s before taking a sip. Holy shit. It’s actually so good. Better than the light beers he gets when he goes out with his team, or the shots he manages to

take sometimes. “Wow. This is great.”

Ilya flashes a grin like he’s pleased with himself. “Good. But you are tense. Is okay. Why don’t we go to hot tub, relax a little?”

“That sounds perfect,” Shane agrees. He is tense, for obvious reasons, and his muscles are a little sore from the game the night before. A hot tub sounds like the perfect thing. “Shit,” he says, realizing something. “I forgot swim trunks.”

Ilya makes a face of mock sympathy. “Oh, you forgot, did you?”

“I did!”

“You want to borrow some? Or…”

Shane lifts an eyebrow.

“Or neither of us need them, hm? Would be fair.”

Shane’s jaw drops. “Outside?”

“Is very private. Fence, hedges. No one can see,” Ilya says.

“I…”

“I can get you swim trunks,” Ilya says.

“No,” Shane says quickly, before he can stop himself. “No. It’s okay.”

“Good,” Ilya says. “Come.” He leads them out of the sliding door to the patio. It’s so nice. There’s a fire pit, beautiful landscaping, and the hot tub is a large round structure built of expensive looking stone.

Shane stares at it for a moment. It’s already on, the water bubbling and enticing.

“I can undress first,” Ilya says, likely sensing Shane’s hesitancy.

“Okay,” Shane nods, his voice coming out too high pitched. He watches as Ilya strips, pulling the t-shirt over his head to reveal his chest and abs. Shane’s eyes wander, catching on the soft hair on his chest, and then lower, leading down beneath his jeans, which… Ilya strips out of, letting them fall to the patio. His thumbs slide beneath his briefs then, black and silky looking, and he pushes those down too, stepping out of them so that he’s naked.

Shane can’t help himself from looking, his eyes roaming over Ilya’s long legs, his muscular thighs, and then back to the hair, the way it leads down to a patch around where his soft cock is hanging between his legs. Shane tears his eyes away, not daring to look any longer, to see if he can spot the piercing peeking out from Ilya’s foreskin.

“Is your turn,” Ilya says.

Shane’s throat feels dry. He’s still holding his drink, so he sets it on the stone border of the hot tub next to where Ilya has set his own. He’s quiet, not making eye contact as he takes his cardigan off and folds it neatly, setting it on a teakwood adirondack chair. He takes his shirt off next, doing the same, and chances a glance up at Ilya who is staring intensely, his eyes resting on Shane’s chest.

Shane swallows before he kicks his shoes off, and bends down to remove his socks, tucking them neatly inside of his sneakers. His hands go to the buckle of his jeans then, and he slowly undoes it, sliding the zipper down before he slides them off, folding them. He’s standing in just his briefs then, navy blue and a little tighter than they’d felt earlier, when it dawns on him that he’s half hard.

“Almost there,” Ilya encourages him softly. His eyes snap up to Ilya who is looking at Shane’s face with a sort of confident amusement.

Fuck it. Shane slips out of his briefs and adds them to the rest of his clothes. He resists the urge to cover himself up with his hands, ignoring the fact he’s sporting a half hard cock, naked and exposed, in Ilya Rozanov’s back yard. Instead, he picks up his drink, wet with condensation, and takes a large sip before setting it down again.

“You are beautiful,” Ilya says easily, casually, before he walks up the few stone steps and then steps into the warm, bubbling water of the hot tub. Shane is quiet as he follows, but then Ilya sits and his large arms stretch out behind him, and his head lolls back, and he lets out a groan that sends shivers down Shane’s spine as he climbs into the hot tub and sits on the opposite end of Ilya.

It feels nice. So nice. He’s engulfed in warmth, and it’s relaxing and intoxicating as he sinks into the feeling.

Ilya lifts his head up a bit and smirks. “Do you think I bite?”

“What?”

“I do, if that is what you want. But you do not need to be so far. Come here, Hollander,” Ilya says, his voice a little whiny at the end. It’s insane, how the slight whine sounds. Shane knows if he made the same sound, it would come off pathetic and desperate. On Ilya, it’s disarmingly sexy, like need pulses through him. Shane pushes off the wall of the hot tub and lets himself float over to Ilya. He’s about to sit on the bench beside Ilya, but then large hands are grabbing his waist beneath the water and pulling him easily into Ilya’s lap. Oh.

He feels light, not just from the water making him feel weightless. He feels floaty and untethered except for where Ilya’s hands are gripping him by his hips. One hand moves up then, and wraps around Shane’s middle, settling on his lower belly, and Ilya guides him back so that his back is flush to Ilya’s chest.

“Fuck,” Ilya whispers, and his breath tickles the back of Shane’s neck. “Is okay?”

“Yes,” Shane answers quickly. He settles into Ilya’s lap, his ass resting on Ilya’s thighs, and he feels Ilya harden, his cock firming up and pressing against Shane’s ass beneath the water. Good. At least he’s affected too. Shane is now fully hard, his cock encased in the warmth of the water, floating and not touching anything else. He lets his neck relax, leaning back to rest his head on Ilya’s shoulder.

“Mm,” Ilya hums. “This is nice, yes?”

“Yeah,” Shane agrees. “It is.”

Then there’s warmth on his neck, wetness, as Ilya starts to mouth at him. He presses soft, open mouthed kisses up Shane’s neck, and Shane jolts at first, tensing. Ilya’s hand tightens on Shane’s middle, pressing firmly against his abs, and Shane makes himself relax into it. He sighs, letting his eyes shut, and he feels his legs spread open a little more in Ilya’s lap as Ilya keeps kissing him, and then when he gently sucks on Shane’s neck. It’s not enough to leave a mark, but it is enough to pull a moan from him, low and needy as his jaw falls open.

“Do you feel good?” Ilya asks.

“Yes,” Shane practically hisses out. He feels Ilya’s cock jerk against his ass.

“You are so perfect. I can’t believe you are here,” Ilya purrs, and his hand moves up Shane’s abs and out of the water where he gropes Shane’s chest, squeezing the muscle of his pec. “I love these,” he hums, and his thumb rubs over Shane’s nipple, drawing a little whine out of him.

“F-uck,” Shane groans, his voice breaking on the word. “Rozanov.”

“Don’t worry, pretty. I will give you everything you want,” he assures him, kissing his neck again. “Relax, yes? Remember what I said? I can think for us both. Just relax. Let me make

you feel good," Ilya says, his voice so deep and silky that Shane can't do anything but nod in agreement, and let himself sink further into the feeling.

Ilya keeps doing it, kissing Shane's neck, his hand wandering over Shane, tweaking each of his nipples until they're hard, moving back down to his abs, splaying out over them. He moves his hand up to Shane's mouth then, and Shane isn't sure what comes over him, but he opens it, letting Ilya slip his thumb between Shane's lips. Shane sucks it in, his tongue running over it. It tastes like lime and mint and chlorine,

"Please," Shane whispers around Ilya's thumb.

"Please *what?"* Ilya says, his voice a little firmer than before, moving his hand back down to Shane's chest.

"I need…"

"What?"

"Touch me, I'm so…" He cuts himself off again. They've been together, what? Maybe twenty minutes? A half hour? It's hard to keep track with how Ilya has been touching him, kissing him, and Shane is already reduced to begging.

"So what, Hollander?" Ilya says in a tone that demands an answer.

"I'm so hard. So *horny,"* he says, the word sounding like such an admission.

"Already desperate, aren't you? I knew you would be like this," Ilya says, and then for a brief moment, he moves his hand so the back of his knuckles brush over Shane's cock.

Shane moans, something needy and pathetic, and he nods his head, still resting on Ilya's shoulder. "Yes. Yes, please," he begs. "Desperate. Need you," he whines.

“You want me to take you to bed?” Ilya asks. “Do you want to cum on my cock the first time? Or do you want it here? Do you want me to jerk off your needy cock in the hot tub,” Ilya asks, and he emphasizes his last question by wrapping his hand firmly around the base of Shane’s cock and squeezing.

“Fuck,” Shane hisses. “Bed.” Of course he wants to be jerked off now, immediately, anything to help, but he knows waiting will be worth it. He wants to cum while Ilya is buried deep inside him.

“Okay,” Ilya says, and he drops Shane’s cock and taps his hip, nudging him up. “Come on,” he says.

Shane stands in the hot tub on slightly shaky legs, tall enough that the head of his cock sticks out of the surface of the water. He waits for Ilya to stand, and his eyes lower to Ilya’s cock, huge and hard, his foreskin pulled back, his piercing glistening in the sun. Ilya climbs out of the hot tub first and holds his hand out, so Shane takes it and lets Ilya guide him out of it.

It’s hot enough that Shane feels the water drying on his skin already, but Ilya pulls out a plush white towel from an outdoor cabinet and uses it to pat Shane dry before he uses the same towel on himself. He drapes it over the back of a chair then, and nods at their drinks. “Bring them in,” he says. Shane is just happy to have a direction, to be told what to do. He picks up the drinks and follows Ilya inside. He leads them down a hallway and to a set of large wood French doors. He opens them, and they reveal a bedroom. There’s a king bed in the middle with crisp looking sheets and a plush white duvet. The rest of the room is minimalist. There’s a nice wood ceiling fan circulating air, and more large windows that reveal the back yard. Ilya presses a button on a sound system, and some soft music starts to play, sexy and slow jazz that makes the space feel just as relaxing as the hot tub had been.

“You want?” Ilya asks.

“Yes.”

“Okay. You tell me if it is too much. If you need a break. Anything,” Ilya says.

Shane nods.

“Mm, no. Words. Answer,” Ilya demands.

“Yes,” Shane agrees.

“Good boy,” Ilya says, and Shane feels heat swirl low in him. “You want me to be in charge, yes? You want me to tell you what to do?”

Shane nods, then corrects himself and speaks. “Yes. Please,” he begs.

“Okay,” Ilya nods, and steps over to Shane. He’s so gentle then, when one hand goes to Shane’s hip and the other goes to the back of his head, carding through his hair. Shane lets his eyes fall shut as Ilya leans in and kisses him. It’s wet, open mouthed, their lips slick as they slide together, the wet sound of saliva audible. Ilya deepens it, his tongue pushing into Shane’s mouth. Shane offers no resistance, his mouth opening more to accept Ilya’s tongue, his own tongue sliding slowly against Ilya’s. He makes a soft, keening sound, feeling loose and pliable in Ilya’s grasp, kissing him back as Ilya leads, and then he breaks away.

“Get on your knees,” Ilya says.

Shane doesn’t move at first. Not because he doesn’t want to, but because he feels so loose, so hazy from the kiss. Ilya sets a hand on Shane’s shoulder and pushes softly, and that snaps him back into focus. He lowers himself down, his knees making contact with the soft rug in the center of the room, and he looks up at Ilya, his cheeks flushed, lips parted.

“Wow,” Ilya says, reverence in his tone. He doesn’t elaborate. His hand wraps around his cock and he gives it two firm pumps, just inches from Shane’s face. Shane thinks his mouth might water. He’s mesmerized, watching Ilya’s large hand, his eyes looking over Ilya’s cock, tracing a vein in it, then looking at the piercing. The ring so thick, a ball bearing right at the slit. Shane licks his lips.

“Do you want it?” Ilya asks, and he moves his cock, gently tracing the head of it over Shane’s lips. Shane feels the wetness of pre-cum trace over his lips like it’s lipgloss. His tongue darts out to taste it.

“I asked you a question,” Ilya says, louder.

“Yes.”

“Ask nicely, and maybe I will give,” Ilya says.

Shane forces his eyes up to look at Ilya, towering over him. “Please. Please let me suck your cock, I need it, I need to taste you,” he pleads.

“So good,” Ilya praises. “Yes, you may suck my cock,” Ilya says.

Suddenly, it doesn’t matter that Shane’s never done this before, that he might be terrible, that Ilya has gotten more blow jobs and from more people than probably anyone Shane has ever met, professionals, people who are undoubtedly skilled. None of it matters, not when Ilya’s cock is hard and slick at the tip, inches from his mouth.

He straightens his back a little and leans in, giving the tip of it a lick. There’s the warmth of his cock and the coolness of the metal, the slightly salty musk of the pre-cum, and the vague smell of chlorine. He needs more. He opens his mouth and takes the head of Ilya’s cock between his lips, wrapping them firmly around him, and he bobs his head once, tentative, getting a feel for it. He knew it was big, he knew how the dildo had felt in his mouth, but this is so different. It’s warmer, the skin velvety, but his cock is so hard, so thick, Shane’s jaw opening wide to accommodate it as he bobs his head again. He remembers he has a tongue, so he uses it, letting it drag over the underside of Ilya’s cock as he tries to take more.

“So good,” Ilya moans above him. “You are natural, like I knew you would be. Made to take my cock,” he breathes out.

It encourages Shane, and he tries to take more, taking a slow breath through his nose as he relaxes his throat and lowers himself a bit more. He's not even close to taking all of it, but he starts to bob his head more, moving up and down Ilya's length, hollowing out his cheeks and pulling with his mouth each time he pulls up.

"Ah, like that," Ilya says above him, one of his hands going to card though Shane's hair, tugging slightly, then pushing, guiding him down. "You can take more, I know it," he says.

Shane isn't sure if he can, but he tries. He wants nothing more than to do what Ilya asks. He pushes himself further, almost gagging, but he manages, and then Ilya holds him there for a moment. It's so heady, his senses consumed by it. He can feel the metal touch his throat, and then Ilya eases up and guides Shane off. He takes a few deep breaths before he looks up at Ilya.

"Very good for first time," Ilya says. "I would want more, but… I won't last, and I want to fuck you," he says.

That's a compliment, right? Shane was so good Ilya had to stop him?

"Get on the bed," Ilya says.

Shane gets onto his feet quickly, nearly stumbling in the process, but he rights himself.

"Middle of the bed. On your stomach," Ilya says.

"Okay," Shane nods. He listens, climbing onto the bed and laying in the middle of it, his hard, leaking cock pressed between the bed and his abs. His head is turned, his cheek pressed to a pillow, and he watches as Ilya goes to his night stand and pulls out a condom and lube. He sets them down on the bed, right in Shane's eyeline, and then he disappears from Shane's vision. Shane feels him though, feels the bed move as he climbs onto it behind Shane, getting between his legs. His large hands go to Shane's thighs and he pushes them apart further, stretching them slightly as he makes a space for himself.

“I’m going to eat your ass out. Okay?” Ilya asks.

“I- oh. Yeah,” Shane says softly, because of all the things he expected Ilya to say next, this was not one of them.

Ilya is quiet then, and Shane can feel the mattress shift as Ilya settles himself between Shane’s legs. His hands go to cup Shane’s cheeks, and he spreads them, leaving Shane’s hold exposed to the air. He shivers once, hoping Ilya doesn’t notice.

“You will like,” Ilya says softly. He feels when Ilya leans in, his hot breath ghosting over Shane’s hole, and then he feels what he thinks is Ilya’s nose, pressing between his cheeks, moving up until his mouth is at Shane’s opening.

“Fuck,” Shane whispers.

“Relax. I will make you feel good, take care of you,” Ilya murmurs, his lips just barely brushing over Shane’s hole as he speaks. Shane feels his hole clench, pulsing around nothing, anticipating. He’s never been this turned on in his life. He feels like a live wire, exposed, his nerves screaming for more. He bites down on the pillow and braces himself.

The first swipe of Ilya’s tongue pulls a broken moan from Shane. It’s firm and wet and it’s so different, so vulnerable and intense and intimate that it makes Shane’s vision blur. Ilya does it again, and then he squeezes Shane’s ass like it’s a warning before he changes it up. The two firm licks were one thing, but now he’s more precise, his tongue pointed and circling Shane’s hole, then flicking over it, quick little teases and licks, interrupted by wet kisses.

Ilya moans against Shane, sending vibrations up his spine. He’s kissing his opening, wet and languid and sloppy, making greedy sounds of pleasure as he slurps and licks. Shane is somewhat aware that he’s drooling on the pillow, making incoherent sounds of moans and whines. Ilya then pushes his tongue in, pressing it into the tight heat of Shane, stretching and intruding in a way that feels so unbelievably good Shane has to stop himself from rutting into the mattress.

Ilya keeps groaning, hot puffs of air from his nose hitting just above Shane's hole as he fucks him open with his tongue.

Shane is full on whimpering by this point, and he'd be embarrassed if he had the mental space to. He doesn't. His world is reduced. Nothing exists beyond the pleasure, the warmth, the feeling. He wishes he could see it, wishes he could know exactly what Ilya looks like right now, devouring Shane like he's his first meal in months.

"Fuck," Ilya groans out finally, pulling off, his voice sounding a little wrecked. "I need to be inside you," he says, and Shane watches as his hand retrieves the lube. Ilya's hand goes to gently stroke Shane's hair then, and then his hand travels down his back, caressing. "Are you okay?"

"Fuck, yes," Shane says, coming out a little more confident than he'd imagined. "I'm so good," he says.

Ilya chuckles behind him, low and deep. "Good. Tell me if that changes," he says.

Shane hears the cap of the lube open, and then, seconds later, a finger is pressing into his hole. It's not a hard fit, not after Ilya had tongue fucked his hole, but still. It's deeper, firmer, more intrusive. Shane is incredibly grateful he's done this to himself, because he can't imagine not knowing what this at least feels like.

Ilya fucks his finger in and out of Shane slowly, measured, even thrusts, all the way in, then nearly out. "You ready for another?" He asks.

"Please," Shane answers.

Ilya obliges. A second finger pushes inside of Shane, and now he feels the slight burn, the stretch as Ilya starts slow again, thrusting his fingers in and out. The pattern breaks as Ilya angles his hand a little, feeling along Shane's walls, and then Shane can't stop his hips from jerking forward as Ilya hits the right spot. Shane gasps and it turns into a groan as Ilya rubs over it, massaging the spot until Shane is whimpering.

“It’s… ah,” he gasps. “Too much, fuck, already,” he whines. “Already feel close, fuck,” he gasps, and Ilya’s fingers slow, easing up pressure.

“You are so pretty when I make you feel good,” Ilya purrs. “I want to add third finger. Make sure you are ready to take me.”

Shane is almost impatient enough to tell Ilya to just fuck him, but he’s seen Ilya’s cock, and he knows that isn’t smart, so he nods onto the pillow.

The two fingers inside him don’t pull out, but they spread a bit, stretching him and making room for a third. It’s so much, and again, Shane wishes he could see. He wants to know what it looks like, his hole stretched open to accommodate three of Ilya’s fingers, how they look fucking in and out of him.

“You are doing so well, baby,” Ilya purrs. “Greedy ass,” he says, making Shane blush. “You love it, don’t you?”

Shane doesn’t answer, panting onto the pillow. He feels the bed shift and the fingers press into him deeper, and then Ilya is on top of him, a hand pressing down on the back of Shane’s neck, Ilya’s lips by his ear as he growls out the next words. “I said you fucking love it, don’t you?” He asks.

“Yes,” Shane whines. “I love it, I fucking love it,” he agrees.

“Good boy,” Ilya says. He picks up the pace then, thrusting his fingers in and out, firm and hard, fast enough Shane thinks his arm must be getting tired. “Fucking love getting fucked by my fingers,” he says. “Needy fucking ass. Gonna take you so hard, Hollander. First one to fuck this perfect ass,” he continues, and then his fingers are gone and Shane whines even louder at their absence.

“Still good?” Ilya asks, his tone suddenly softer.

“Yes,” Shane agrees.

He registers that he’s slightly rolling his hips onto the bed just as Ilya gives his ass a sharp, but not necessarily hard, swat. “Still,” Ilya orders.

Shane stills.

He hears the condom wrapper open, and the cap of the lube again, and a few seconds go by before Ilya is looming over him, his breath on the back of Shane’s neck, one hand planted right by Shane’s face, and then he’s pressing in.

It feels impossible. It feels like he’s being split open, and every time Shane thinks that has to be all, Ilya goes deeper, pushing in all the way until Shane feels his balls against him, until he’s fully seated.

“Jesus Christ,” Ilya moans, then kisses Shane’s shoulders softly. “Need a second. Fuck. You would think is my first time too,” he says, chuckling a little. “You just feel too good.”

Well, that’s certainly a confidence boost. Ilya Rozanov needs a moment to gain his composure as soon as he’s inside Shane.

It really is only a moment though, before Ilya’s hips roll forward, a slow circle as he pushes in and pulls out a bit. “Does it feel okay?” He asks.

Shane really hadn’t expected all of the check ins. There’s a slight part of him that wants Ilya to just fuck him, stop checking, take him, but the majority of him loves it. It’s equal parts hot and caring, gentle, while also making Shane acknowledge that yes, he loves this. He loves a cock in his ass, and he wants more of it.

“Feels so good,” Shane says. He looks at the hand near his face, and with the last bit of brain power he has, he pulls it to his face and pulls one of Ilya's fingers into his mouth. He sucks on it, dizzy with the feeling of being filled up, grateful to have something to occupy his mouth.

“Fuck," Ilya groans, pushing his finger down on Shane's tongue. "Need your mouth filled too? Greedy." Then he starts to move. Like, for real. He thrusts, a hand going to grip Shane’s hip as he starts to fuck him. He builds up, graduating from rolling his hips forward, in and out, to full on thrusting, fucking into him hard, fast. It’s a brutal pace, and he pounds into Shane, grunting behind him.

“Fuck,” Ilya curses, before he pulls his hand from Shane's mouth and grips both of Shane’s hips. He yanks him up, pulling him so his ass is in the air. His cock loses the only bit of attention it had in the form of being pressed against the bed, and it bobs in the air as Ilya fucks him.

“Hollander,” Ilya gasps.

Shane feels himself getting close, Ilya hitting the part of him that makes his vision spotty. He feels his balls pull in tight, and the start of himself unraveling.

"Cum for me,” Ilya says. “Can you? Cum on my fucking cock, cum for me, cum because I tell you to,” Ilya orders, and it’s the last phrase that has Shane shooting ropes of cum out all over the bed beneath him. His vision really does white out as pleasure courses through him. He feels himself clench around Ilya, squeezing his cock as his body pulses, as Ilya fucks him through it.

Right as he thinks he’ll collapse, Ilya’s grip on him tightens. “Fuck, I am cumming, *fuck*, Hollander,” he groans, drawing out the words into a moan, his hips jackrabbiting into Shane before they still and he grunts, loud and unrestrained, his cock pulsing inside of Shane as he cums.

Holy shit.

Ilya lets them both collapse then, rolling over and pulling Shane on top of him, still somehow managing to be buried deep inside him as he kisses over his neck and head.

“Fuck,” Shane whispers.

“Fuck,” Ilya agrees. “Was so good. Holy shit,” he says.

Shane laughs, a bit giddy sounding, his body shaking with it, on top of Ilya. “Yeah. Oh my god.”

Ilya laughs too, his arms wrapping tightly around Shane. “Was good first time?” He asks softly against Shane’s hair.

“So good. Fuck, Rozanov. So good.”

“Mm. Maybe I have ruined you for anyone else, hm?”

“Maybe,” Shane says, half sarcastic, half wistful.

“Ah. Oh well. I guess you will only want me, then. How awful,” Ilya says, his tone more overtly sarcastic. “My own perfect toy who only wants my cock, because no one else will do. Hmm,” he says, kissing Shane’s hair again. “I like the sound of this.”

“Shut up,” Shane says, but he’s still laughing a little. “I wanna go shower, okay?”

“Okay,” Ilya nods, and he gently nudges Shane off, pulling out of him. “You are okay, yes? Do you want me to come with? Wash you?”

Shane appreciates the offer, but really, he needs a few minutes alone. Not because Ilya's done anything wrong. It's just a lot. It's his first time with a man. He just needs to be with his thoughts for a bit. He shakes his head. "I'm okay, I promise. I just wanna go wash up, yeah?"

Ilya looks him over, considering, like he wants to be sure Shane means it. He must be satisfied with the answer, because he nods. "Okay. I will shower after you," he says. He points to a door, so Shane nods and opens it, stepping into the bathroom.

The shower is nice. It's like the one he has at home, a walk-in waterfall shower. He uses Ilya's shampoo and body wash and tries not to think about how he'll go home smelling like him. He hopes it lingers. He stretches his muscles as he washes himself, taking deep, steadying breaths, inhaling the thick steam.

When he steps back into the bedroom, his clothes are set on top of a dresser, and Ilya is making the bed with clean sheets.

"Hey," Shane says, a towel wrapped around his waist.

"Hi," Ilya says, his lip quirking up. "I'll go wash up, then I'll make us some early dinner, yeah?"

Shane nods. "Okay." He dries off and puts his clothes from earlier on, and he sits on the edge of the bed, waiting.

His mind wanders. How many people has Ilya fucked in this bed, he wonders? Does he hook up a lot, or is that just an assumption based on his line of work? He knows he shouldn't care. He still does.

When Ilya comes out, wet and in a towel, he must spot the look on Shane's face. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Shane says defensively.

Ilya raises an eyebrow.

“Nothing,” Shane says again.

“You are bad liar.”

“I’m not lying.”

“What are you thinking?” He asks.

Shane sighs. “I don’t know. It’s not fair.”

“What is not fair?” Ilya asks, walking over and sitting next to Shane.

“You just… probably do this a lot. I don’t.”

Ilya looks confused.

“Like, hook ups. Have people over.”

“Oh,” Ilya says, notably not denying it. “It bothers you?”

Shane shrugs, looking away. “Like I said, it’s not fair.”

“Sometimes, mm,” Ilya pauses, thinking about his phrasing, “feelings are not fair. But they are still feelings. Is not bad,” he says.

Shane stands. “Maybe I should go,” he says.

“What?” Ilya asks standing up quickly. He has to reach for his towel to stop it from falling. “Go?”

Shane nods. “Yeah. You don’t have to cook for me or anything, uh. I should probably get back to my hotel, pack and stuff,” he says.

Ilya frowns, so Shane looks away, like if he looks away it won’t be happening.

“Hollander, no. You should stay. Why rush? We can have good time. Eat, drink, hang out. I haven’t even blown you. You can sleep here. Come on,” he says.

Shane wants nothing more. Truly, there isn’t a single thing he can think of that sounds better than staying.

“I’m sorry,” he says instead. He can’d do this. Something that feels like panic and tastes like bile rises in his throat at the very thought, at the realization of what staying will do to him.

Ilya reaches out to take Shane’s hand, and Shane feels the cruelest he’s ever been as he shakes the contact off. “I’m sorry. It was great. You didn’t do anything wrong,” he says.

“So *stay*,” Ilya says, his voice so soft, so pleading.

Shane hates himself when he speaks next. “I can’t.”

“Why?” Ilya says, sounding a little angry this time. “Why can’t you?”

“I just… I *can’t,”* Shane says, and this time he thinks he could cry, his voice nearly breaking. He can’t because if he does, he won’t ever want to leave. At least now, he can leave. He can force himself out the door and drive away. If he lets Ilya cook for him, if they talk, if they hang out more? Shane doesn’t know how he’d make himself leave. He doesn’t know how he’d be okay with any of this.

So he walks away, spotting his shoes inside where Ilya must have moved them while he showered. He puts them on, stuffing his socks in his pocket because he doesn’t have time for them, and he walks to the door.

“Hollander,” Ilya calls out.

The last thing Shane hears is the door closing behind him.

—

Shane does something sick when he gets home the following day. He had skipped breakfast with his team, been quiet on the flight home, and now he’s back in his bed, in his home, his phone on do not disturb, and he does something sick. He pulls up Ilya Rozanov on PornHub. He doesn’t switch the category to gay. He doesn’t text Ilya, he doesn’t take himself out of his pants and reminisce or admire or lust.

He watches one video, stoic, still. Another. Another. Ilya fucking one woman hard over the back of a couch. Ilya fucking another woman in bed. Ilya doing anal with a woman in the kitchen. It’s the fourth or fifth video, well over an hour into this sick ritual of masochism that Shane feels wetness on his chest. Right. He’s crying. He’s not hard, he’s not aroused. He’s crying in his bed, fully clothed, watching videos of the man he just spent a day with, fucking women, to convince himself he doesn’t want this.

It hurts. It hurts so much his chest aches.

Sure. *Fucking idiot,* his brain tells him. Of course it hurts. But it hurts less like this, alone, the choice made of his own volition, before it's gone any further. It hurts less than letting it go on. It hurts less than Ilya putting an end to it. When he finally checks his notifications, it hurts even more.

[6:56 PM]

Hi.

Did you get home?

[7:33 PM]

I track flight. You should be home. Text me.

[8:42 PM]

Hello.

Are you ok?

Did I do something wrong?

[10:33 PM]

Please tell me when you wake up.

I am maybe a little panicked.

[8:23 AM]

Good morning.

[9:19 AM]

Hollander. You are making me a little crazy.

We fuck, we hang out, we have good time, I think.

Then suddenly you have to go.

Then I do not hear from you.

I am pacing, about to pull my hair out.

Please respond.

[11:24 AM]

Okay, sorry.

Last message was maybe a little dramatic.

Hi! I am normal now.

Can you tell me you are good?

[12:01 PM]

I'm good. Sorry. Kinda crashed when I got home and then my phone died.

[12:02 PM]

Jesus fuck. Are you ok?

[12:03 PM]

Yeah. I'm good.

Just, uh. That was fun. But we probably shouldn't do it again, right?

Like, I'm a hockey player. I can't be like… seen with a guy.

Sorry I rushed out.

[12:04 PM]

Yes, Hollander.

Of course.

And I am big famous porn star. You know something people love about porn stars?

When they are in huge high profile relationships! Is big sell!

Give me a fucking break.

Of course it would be secret. No one wants to watch the guy with a fucking boyfriend fucking women.

I am fucking sex symbol. It would be secret.

This is why you ignore me? Because you want to tell me it's over because you freak out about us, what? Being fucking boyfriends?

[12:05 PM]

Wow.

[12:06 PM]

Fuck.

I am sorry. I have been worried.

Sorry.

[12:07 PM]

I just don't think it's a good idea.

[12:08 PM]

Cool.

Great.

Is so good you realize this after I fuck you.

Really nice timing, Hollander.

Got a taste of this fucking dick and then end it.

[12:10 PM]

Jesus, it's not like that. I wasn't fucking

I wasn't using you. I didn't plan it like that.

I just was thinking, and it's a bad idea. That's all.

[12:12 PM]

Because I am man? Or because I am porn star?

[3:58 PM]

No answer. Of course.

—

June, 2017

The Montreal Metros win the cup.

Of course they do. They've been killing it all season with Shane as captain, and he hadn't let them down. It feels incredible. Shane holds the cup over his head, euphoric, as the cameras capture every moment of his team's celebration.

He hasn't spoken to Ilya in four months.

He searches him up sometimes. On bad nights. He watches whatever new videos come out, his hands politely holding his phone, not daring to do more, like he's watching a fucking movie. He doesn't know why he does. It hurts every time. The worst part is that it's completely unjustified hurt. Ilya isn't doing anything wrong. Imagine if Ilya was watching Shane play hockey and scowling, rooting against him, hating him for it? That's about as fair as it is.

Still. He does. He feels gross after.

Shane has been, as Ilya had suggested, a bit of a hermit lately. He's just locked in. His team has been good, and his dedication has been working, so why change it? He works out, he goes to practice, he studies the other teams in the playoffs, and it fucking works. There's a massive Stanley Cup in his hands that proves that every moment has been worth it.

There's no avoiding going out tonight, no excuse, no reason for an early bed time or anything to do. The season is over. He'll have some new promotions, do some sound bytes, some photos, go to Disney or whatever. It doesn't matter. He won. And he intends to win again next season.

Still, he has to go out. It had come down to LA and Montreal, and they'd won at game five, which means he's in LA. He's going to go out in LA. With his team. Because that's what he's supposed to do.

They've rented out a place, of course. It's a high end club for the team and anyone else they want there, anyone who works for the team, wives, girlfriends, friends. It's safe, it's secure. Why is he even worried? He's dressed nicely because his stylist is good. It's a cool shirt; gold and black florals, silky and unbuttoned further than he'd normally do, and he's in black pants and Italian leather shoes with a slight heel he's still getting used to. He looks hot. He feels hot, actually. There are some team photographers there, and they ask him to take some shots with teammates, with the team owner. It's good. It's fun. He's having fun. He's three gin and tonics in, because he can drink now that the season's ended, and gin is cleaner than beer, so that's what he's drinking.

This is good. This is everything he wanted.

He removes himself from an animated recap of the game winning goal as told by Hayden, and heads to the bathroom, locking the door behind himself. He splashes some water on his face and looks in the mirror. This is everything he wanted. This is what he's trained for. He is happy. This is his dream, he thinks, looking at his reflection.

Only, it doesn't look like the face of a man who's got everything he wanted. It doesn't look like the face of a man who's achieved his dream.

He looks hollow.

"You're good," he tells his reflection. "You're good. It's just a lot of emotion. You're *fucking good*," he says, trying to give himself a pathetic mockery of a version of the pep talk he'd given to his team, emphasizing the last words. "You're good," he says, quieter this time, and his voice cracks on the word 'good'.

He smiles at himself. Wide, stupid, fake. He flashes his teeth, grins, pretends to laugh. Yeah. Just like that. That looks convincing. He looks happy. He *is* happy. This is what happy should feel like. He won the fucking Stanley Cup.

His phone buzzes.

Vaguely in the distance, he thinks maybe someone has knocked on the door. It doesn't matter. Because there, in the palm of his hand, in small letters, is a text from Ilya Rozanov.

[11:02 PM]

Fucking killed it. Good job.

This time, when Shane looks up at his reflection, his smile isn't fake.

[11:03 PM]

I need to see you.

[11:04 PM]

What?

Seriously?

[11:04 PM]

Yes. You're here? In LA?

[11:04 PM]

Yeah, but…

[11:05 PM]

I need to see you.

[11:05 PM]

Fuck, Hollander

So we can fuck and then you disappear again?

Shit. Whatever. Doesn't matter. You won the fucking cup and you're captain.

Yeah. Of course I want to see you.

You have my address still?

[11:06 PM]

Yes. I have to leave a party. Stay up? Might take me a little bit to say my goodbyes and stuff

[11:06 PM]

Uh, yeah. Trust me, I'm not going anywhere.

Shane rushes his goodbyes. He shouldn't. He's being a shitty captain, dipping out of his team's own celebration. It doesn't matter. Someone claps him on the shoulder and tells him he's a legend on the way out, and then he's in a car headed across the city to Ilya's.

Ilya pulls him inside immediately. His house is dark save for some dim lights along the baseboards. He grabs Shane by his collar and pushes him against the wall, his mouth instantly latching onto Shane's neck, his firm thigh pressing against Shane's crotch. A needy, slightly desperate sound comes from Ilya as he presses wet kisses all over Shane's neck.

"Fuck, Rozanov," Shane breathes. "Jesus."

"You played so well," Ilya exhales against Shane's neck. "What do you want? Anything, tell me," he says, and when he presses himself even closer to Shane, he can feel Ilya's cock, hard and insistent against Shane's hip.

"Fuck. Just…" Shane glances up at him, sees wetness in his eyes that catch the dim light. "Fucking wreck me. Please," he says.

He's lifted then, hoisted up into Ilya's arms, wrapping his legs around his waist as he's carried to the bedroom he'd been in months ago. He's tossed onto the bed, letting out a huff as he lands, and then Ilya is stripping him, pulling his clothes off of him frantically, throwing them onto an arm chair.

"You are sure?" Ilya asks, pulling his own shirt off his head once Shane is naked and panting up at him.

"Yes. Make me… fuck," he says. "Make me forget everything else. Fuck me."

"Yeah," Ilya agrees.

Shane is on the floor, his knees aching just a little, as Ilya fucks into his mouth. Ilya's strong hands hold the back of Shane's head, giving him nowhere to go as Ilya thrusts into his mouth, grunting and cursing above him. When Shane gags, Ilya starts to pull off, but Shane's hands grip Ilya's ass and pull him closer. It burns and tears prick at the corners of his eyes, but he takes it, his cock hard, his mouth greedy.

Shane is thrown onto the bed, bent over it, his legs roughly kicked apart. Ilya fucks him hard, a hand pressing Shane into the mattress at the back of his neck as he pounds into him. The sound of skin slapping echoes in the space, and Ilya takes him hard. Shane gasps and moans and whimpers, taking it, loving it, letting the roughness, the press of Ilya's fingers, the force of his cock, all of it drown out everything else.

Shane is cumming, once again untouched, his orgasm ripping through him as Ilya fucks him. He sobs when it ends, and when Ilya's hips stutter and he cums too, his thrusts slowing.

When it's done, Shane feels beat, exhausted and aching in a way he had been craving, sated and used in a way he wants again and again. His eyes are closed, and he's curled up on the bed beside the wet spot where he came, when Ilya caresses his hair.

"Hollander," Ilya says softly. "Let's go wash off. You just have to stand and walk. I will wash you," he says. It sounds fuzzy and far away, but Shane listens. He lets Ilya massage shampoo into his scalp and wash his body. He sits in the arm chair next to his clothes, wrapped in a towel, while Ilya changes the sheets again. When that's finished, Ilya looks him over, assessing.

"You will stay here tonight."

Shane nods. He wants to. He doesn't have an excuse not to. He doesn't have much of anything, really. A Stanley Cup, he supposes. An aching chest. A sore ass. A stupid, greedy, selfish heart.

He wakes up to rays of sun shining in through the windows, and the warmth of Ilya pressed against him entirely. One of Ilya's arms is tucked under Shane's neck, the other slung over his waist, and his breath comes in soft at Shane's neck.

Shane moves slightly, and then he hears a soft hum. “Morning,” Ilya says sleepily.

“Morning,” Shane answers.

Shane moves to get up, but Ilya pulls him close. “Not yet. I know you have to go. Just… cuddle a little more. Five minutes,” Ilya says, his voice vulnerable and impossible to refuse.

“Okay.”

Shane doesn’t know how much time passes, but he wakes up again and it’s brighter. Ilya is tracing shapes onto his bicep with his finger, idly touching Shane’s skin when he notices he’s awake.

“I’m sorry. If you had some place to be. You looked so… peaceful. Did not want to wake you,” he says.

“It’s okay,” Shane says. “I should probably check my phone. My family is probably freaking out I haven’t responded.”

“Yes, yes,” Ilya nods. “Can I make you breakfast?”

Shane extracts himself from Ilya and sits up. “Okay. Thank you.”

“Simple, heathy, yes?” Ilya asks.

Shane shrugs. “I won the Stanley Cup,” he says.

Ilya grins. “Okay. Bacon,” he says.

“Bacon,” Shane agrees.

He steps onto the patio and calls his mom back, assuring her that he’s fine, that he crashed at a friend’s, lies that he partied a little too hard. She seems surprised, but if anything, she seems happy to hear it.

He answers some texts from his teammates, and when he steps back inside, he’s met with the smell of bacon, the sound of sizzling, and the sight of a shirtless Ilya in sweatpants, cooking over the stove.

“Smells good,” Shane says.

“Yes. Is everything okay? No one freaking out?”

“All good,” Shane says, and he takes a seat at the kitchen island.

He watches as Ilya sets the bacon aside and cracks a few eggs into the same skillet, letting them fry in the bacon grease. It really does smell good. He isn’t sure the last time he had bacon, and he mostly just hopes his body can handle it.

Ilya plates up two servings and puts one in front of Shane, before opening the fridge. “Juice, water, coffee?” He asks.

“Water is good,” he says. He can indulge in bacon, but no sense in adding the sugar and calories from juice. Ilya sets a Fiji water in front of him, and grabs a canned cold brew from the fridge for himself, before he sits next to Shane and starts eating.

Shane watches him for a moment, before he takes the first bite of bacon and actually moans around it. “Oh my god,” he says, covering his mouth with his hand. “Sorry. This is so good.”

Ilya lifts an eyebrow. “You have not had bacon before? Oh, you only have Canadian bacon?” He nods knowingly. “I have had. Is shit,” he says.

Shane laughs. “No, asshole. I just… I’ve been on a strict diet. Kinda forgot how good food could be.”

Ilya looks at him with incredulity. “Ah,” he says, nodding. “I can’t think of the word. Um. You do not let yourself have things you want,” he says.

Shane laughs. “Yeah, that’s pretty much a diet.”

“No,” Ilya shakes his head, taking a bite of egg and speaking with his mouth open. “Like, other things. You don’t let yourself have anything you want, not just food.”

Shane thinks for a moment. “Deprivation?”

Ilya repeats the word quietly, then nods. “Yes. I think this is it. Maybe… Um. This is why you left.”

Shane is quiet then, staring at his plate of fat and calories and things he shouldn’t let himself have. Then he looks at Ilya, who is seemingly waiting for Shane to put the pieces together.

“I am… bacon,” he says, when Shane doesn’t say anything.

Shane can’t help laughing. It’s not funny, not exactly. It’s true. It’s frustratingly true. He can’t have bacon even if he wants it, because he shouldn’t. Because maybe bacon will hurt his performance. Maybe Ilya will hurt him. Even if Ilya being a man were the only issue, he couldn’t let himself have him. But it’s not the only issue. And Shane can’t ask for that to change. He can’t will it to be different.

He wants Ilya. He wants him in a way that's so horrible, so selfish, he wants to take him and hide him away and not share him with anyone. He wants to keep him for himself, and have no one know. He knows he can't. So deprivation is easier.

He's tasted bacon cooked by Ilya, and now he has to go back to boiled chicken and tofu and so much fucking spinach and act like he doesn't know what the bacon tastes like, because he can't change what bacon is.

What a stupid fucking metaphor.

"Yeah," Shane says finally. He picks up a piece and takes another bite, chewing and swallowing. "I guess you are."

Ilya nods. "But you like bacon."

Shane nods, looking at his place. "A lot."

"So, maybe. Sometimes, you let yourself have bacon," Ilya says.

"Can we stop speaking in metaphors? I just… Sure. Sometimes, I could have you. When I'm in LA. Whatever. But I'm… It's too hard. For me. To have you and then… not. To know other people have you. It's selfish. It's so unfair, and I'd never ask you to do anything different, I just… Fuck," Shane huffs because he can hear the panic rising in his voice. "What if I want you all the time?"

Ilya is quiet for a moment. "Okay. You can't be with me because of reputation. I am the same way, yes? And I have career where being in public relationship would not be good. But… I can stop sleeping with people outside of job."

"What?" Shane asks, looking up at him.

“I will only be with other people for my job. And you will be the only person I see. Easy,” he says.

“Easy?”

Ilya nods. “Yes. And then…” he pauses. “Maybe some day something changes. You want more. You want it to be public. Okay. I can move into other side of industry. I can direct. I can act in not porn. Something like this. I can’t now, because… You know. Is my career. I like my lifestyle,” he says, gesturing at the space around them. “But if things change, become serious. Okay. I don’t want to do this forever. Sometimes porn stars end up on TV, or directing.”

Shane wants to cry. “I can’t ask you to give up your career. I just… I wouldn’t do the same. I wouldn’t ask you to do something I wouldn’t do,” Shane says.

“I know. But eventually, you will get older. If you eat bacon or not. And you won’t play hockey forever, yes? I don’t want to do porn forever, Shane. Is great job. Great money. But one day I want partner, maybe kids, I don’t know. I don’t want to do it forever. I don’t want to be wrinkled and doing porn. Who would watch?”

“Ilya,” Shane says.

“Yes.”

“You called me Shane… I. You called me Shane, while talking about a future, about…” he trails off, because he doesn’t trust himself to speak. Ilya called him Shane when he brought up a partner, kids.

“Ah. I did, yes. Maybe is telling. I am not good at poker.”

Shane bites his lip. “Neither am I.”

“You like it?” Ilya asks, pointing his fork at Shane’s plate.

“Yes.”

“Okay. So…”

“So why stop at breakfast?” Shane says, watching as Ilya smiles. “Okay. Yes. Yeah. I want… that. You. We can… we can revisit stuff. Later. But for now, yeah. Keep doing your job, but… yeah. We can be exclusive. I have some time off, so, maybe, I could stay in LA a bit, you can come visit me in Ottawa. Yes,” he says.

“Yes,” Ilya repeats. “Okay. Yes,” he’s grinning so wide Shane can’t help but match it. “After breakfast I want to blow you.”

“Yeah,” Shane says. “Yes.”

-

Shane offers to do dishes, but Ilya insists on doing them himself. He tells Shane to make himself comfortable, to relax, so he does. He lays in Ilya’s bed, and then, because he feels sexier and more confident than he has in a long time, he strips so he’s laying in bed naked. He lets his hand wander over himself, tracing over his neck, pinching his nipples until they’re hard. He doesn’t dare touch his cock, but by the time Ilya steps into the room and leans on the doorway, his eyes looking over Shane, he is hard and leaking on his abs.

“You are so sexy,” Ilya says. “Very good,” he nods, and crosses the room.

Ilya has eaten Shane’s ass, fucked him, taken his throat, but he hasn’t blown him yet. Shane feels his skin buzz with the anticipation, as Ilya climbs into bed and settles himself between Shane’s legs.

“Is good thing you already said you want to be with me,” Ilya says.

“Why?”

“Mm. Because I am very good at this. After I do this, you would not be able to resist me,” Ilya winks. “So I know this isn’t why you want me. You want me because you *like* me,” He says, teasing. It’s juvenile, but Shane laughs anyway.

“Yeah, yeah. I like you,” he agrees. “Lots of talk, though. Not enough action.”

Ilya grins. “Action,” he says, before he practically dives down onto Shane’s cock. It’s insane. Shane might not be as big as Ilya, but he’s not small by any means. Ilya manages to take him all, without working up to it. Shane’s eyes are locked on the scene in front of him, Ilya’s lips wrapped around him, his full, perfect lips, and Shane’s cock fully engulfed by the warmth of Ilya’s mouth.

“Oh, fuck,” Shane gasps.

And Ilya fucking winks again.

Shane reaches a hand down and gently runs it through Ilya’s curls, because he kind of needs him to move. He does. He brings his head up, and Shane watches as a few inches of his cock are exposed, only to disappear back into Ilya’s mouth when he lowers himself down again. He bobs his head, and it’s just started, but it’s already too much. Shane should have known as much.

Ilya brings a hand up and cups Shane’s balls, gently rolling them in his hand, and then he presses behind him, right above Shane’s hole, and the pressure intensifies everything, sending pleasure right into his belly.

Ilya's tongue is unreal, flicking on the underside of Shane's head, then tracing over his slit when he pulls up, gently pushing against it. Shane whimpers, throwing his head back.

"Shit, Ilya," he whispers, saying his name freely now. "It's so good."

Ilya hums a confirmation around him, and Shane's toes curl at the feeling. Ilya doesn't tease him any longer, doesn't drag it out. He bobs his head up and down fast, deep, so deep Shane can feel the resistance of the back of his throat as he moves. The room is filled with the sounds of Shane's soft moans and gasps, and the wet, slick sound of spit on skin, soft sounds of Shane's cock hitting Ilya's throat, wet suction.

"Fuck, I'm close," he gasps, his hand tightening in Ilya's hair, giving a soft tug. Ilya makes no move to pull off. He keeps at it, his pace relentless as he sucks with each movement.

"Fuck, Ilya, I'm gonna-" He doesn't finish his sentence before he's cumming, spilling into Ilya's throat. Ilya doesn't pull off. He sucks him through it, drawing out every drop, gently suckling as Shane comes down from his orgasm, and Ilya swallows every drop before pulling off.

He smiles at Shane, bringing a finger to his lips to wipe away and imaginary drop of cum, because Shane had seen him swallow all of it. "Was everything you dreamed of?" Ilya asks.

"Jesus Christ," Shane laughs, feeling loose and drained. "Yeah."

"Good. Still want to be with me?"

Shane rolls his eyes and reaches down for Ilya's arm, pulling him up. "Yes. I do," he says. There are so many reasons not to. It's stupid, wreckless, dangerous. It's so complicated. Maybe one day he'll tell Ilya his own insecurities, tell him he knows why he wants Ilya, but why is this what Ilya wants? He'll tell him he's terrified but he wants this more than anything. He'll tell him the mortifying depth of his own feelings, how sick and obsessed he is, how he wants everything with Ilya.

For now, he kisses him, tastes himself in Ilya's mouth, and he doesn't complain when Ilya rests his entire body weight on top of him.

"You will stay for a few days at least?" Ilya asks.

"I'll have to do some press stuff, you know. But yeah. I should be able to," he says.

Ilya nods and nuzzles into Shane's neck. "Okay. And I will come see you when I can, yes?"

"Yes," Shane agrees, petting the back of Ilya's head.

"Good. You are…" Ilya pauses. For a moment, Shane wonders if there are things Ilya wants to say too, if maybe he's just as scared of his own feelings. "You are very important to me, Shane" he settles on. "More than maybe I can say."

Shane feels warm all over, and he nods, kissing the top of Ilya's head. "Good," he whispers.

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