

Lavender

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Lavender

by [iffervescent](#)

Summary

Shane goes for a massage.

Notes

PLEASE READ. For safety's sake I have tagged this as dub con, but I think that could be a fluid interpretation depending on your personal comfort level. At some points the situation dynamic feels very uneven/dubious but to be clear, both Shane and Ilya 100% want to have sex with each other. Shane is also having a lot of panicky feelings because although he wants to have sex, he thinks he shouldn't want to have sex (IYQYK – if you're queer you know). I am tagging as a courtesy; people are welcome to comment asking for more details, but if anything about the above description bothers/triggers you, then please feel free to use the back button.

And if you're a freak like me, enjoy!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

The waiting room's pretty nice, in Shane's limited experience of massage therapist waiting rooms. It doesn't have either the too-clean clinical feel of the sports injury place he's spent the past two months at, or the rich-people-only décor of the three physiotherapy places he's tried. Hunter had suggested here, when the expensive PTs had finally admitted they didn't know why his shoulder was still twinging, described it as *'really decent man, these guys actually know what they're doing, and they're totally discreet'*.

And frankly, Shane will try anything before he lets his mum send him to a psychiatrist because she's convinced his shoulder is psychosomatic.

So the waiting room's nice. A pretty receptionist brought him a ginger tea with an apology for that being the closest thing they had, and there's some chill R&B mix playing softly from speakers in the corner. And the chairs are, like, really comfy. Shane sits and stares out the window. The massage therapy space is tucked into the top floor of an office block on the Rue Peel, and he can see the Sun Life building across the way, shining in the summer light.

All in all, he's feeling pretty relaxed, before his massage therapist walks in.

"Shane Hollander?"

The voice is crisp, curt, with a thick accent. It's definitely not the voice that Shane spoke to on the phone, a cheerful American called Kip. This voice sounds...almost hostile? Shane shakes the thought off. He's never been any good at picking up on stuff like that and honestly, they're in Montreal, so there's almost a zero percent chance that someone here would dislike him. Now, if they were in Boston...

He stands up and turns around and then has to remember how to breathe.

Okay. Okay this is fine. This guy is just...he's aesthetically very attractive. Shane was just taken aback that's all, not that he's any stranger to noticing occasionally that other men are...aesthetically...nice. But he wasn't expecting to have a masseuse who looked like a model either. Except models are usually skinny and this guy's arms are...just...does giving massages all day really give you arms like that? Should Shane tell coach about this, build it into their work-out plans?

"Huh," says the man. "Really is Shane Hollander. I assumed fake name."

"Er, yeah, hi. I'm the – the real Shane Hollander." Shane waves a little. He instantly feels like a dork. The other man's eyebrows look deeply sceptical. Shane falls back on basic courtesies and sticks out a hand. "Hi, nice to meet you."

"Ilya Rozanov. Massage therapist. Replacement for Christopher." Ilya says. His hand is very large and very strong. He looks Shane up and down, making no effort at all to hide the fact he's doing that, and Shane shifts nervously under the scrutiny before he hears his mother's voice in his head telling him to stand strong. He's probably – humbly – the most famous hockey player there is, and definitely the most famous one in this city. So why does this guy looking him over leave him feeling so twitchy under his skin?

“Come.” Ilya says abruptly, and turns to stalk off. He’s – Shane jerks his eyes back up, from where they’d dropped to the thin trousers Ilya’s wearing, stretched over his backside and thighs. Shane trains with very fit men seven days a week, he’s used to noticing well-muscled bodies. It doesn’t mean anything.

“Is that a Russian accent?” he asks, trying to distract himself as he follows Ilya down a long corridor to a room at the far end.

“Yes.”

“Oh. Cool. Have you – have you been in Canada long?”

“Ten years.”

“Wow. Practically a native.”

Ilya holds open a door and jerks his head for Shane to go through ahead of him.

“Never. Russian in my bones.”

The massage room, well, looks like pretty much any other massage room, except in soft earth tones of brown and yellow and green that Shane’s not quite brave enough to decorate his own flat in. The lights are dimmed, leaving the room dark and comforting, and the table in the middle is covered in plush-looking towels. There’s a square mirror next to them and in it Shane sees Ilya looking at him as he passes, his gaze travelling slowly down Shane’s back. And then he’s staring unashamedly at Shane’s arse. Shane swallows hard. He doesn’t move. He watches Ilya’s gaze slowly slide back up.

And then his eyes flick across to meet Shane’s in the mirror. So. Ilya knows that Shane knows that Ilya was...looking at him like that. Like he was...he was something to be looked at, here for Ilya to enjoy looking at, or something. Shane had a massage once where the girl accidentally grazed his crotch. She’d immediately apologised a dozen times and asked if he’d be more comfortable swapping her for a colleague. But Ilya doesn’t do any of those things. He just looks at Shane in the mirror for a long, considering second, and then turns to face him properly again.

“You have massage before?”

The air feels a bit too warm, and Shane has to clear his throat several times before he can answer.

“Er, yeah, a few times.”

“Okay good. Basic things you know then. Clothes off.” Another flick of Ilya’s eyes downwards. “Boxers or briefs?”

“Um. Er, fuck, um, sorry. Boxers.”

Ilya moves his jaw briefly. Shane feels himself start sweating. Ilya has one of those – one of those really fierce stares, his blue eyes intense. Or maybe it’s the cheekbones.

“Okay. Two choices. First, keep them on, probably covered in oil. Might get in way a little. Second, take them off. I’ll keep towel on you to cover. You choose.”

Shane nods dumbly. His tongue’s too thick to answer. Ilya nods briskly.

“Okay, good. Clothes off, face down on table, underneath towel. Any allergies? You want oils? Scented?”

“No, no, no allergies and um...I like lavender?”

The look Ilya gives him this time is definitely a mocking one and Shane feels himself flush. Okay, so this guy’s a bit of an arsehole and also, Shane isn’t going to let himself be mocked for liking lavender.

“What? Lavender’s nice.”

“Lavender is nice.” Ilya agrees easily, as though he’d wanted to mock Shane just for – what, a chance to mock him? “Take top off now, let me see shoulder.”

“Er.” Shane blinks at him and Ilya lets out a gusty sigh, waving a hand impatiently.

“Shoulder injury from cup final, yes? I watched it. Armand deserved more than major penalty. How bad?”

“Anterior dislocation.” Shane says. He feels an odd mix of things. A familiar tightness in his chest at remembering the injury, the flat feeling in his head as he reels off the clinical details, and something warm under his breastbone that Ilya knows who he is, has watched him play. He wonders if Ilya is a hockey fan, is *his* fan “I got lucky, it missed any major fibrous tissue or vascular injury but I had a lot of peripheral nerve damage along the brachial plexus.”

“Mm. Treatment?”

Do massage therapists usually know this much about medical things? “Four weeks, full immobilisation, then three weeks of physical therapy. I’ve got full range of motion back and was cleared for strengthening exercises, but –”

“But?”

“It...hurts?”

He gets another mocking look. Possibly Ilya just has a Resting Mocking Face.

“Yes. Your bones are supposed to be together, and then they were pulled apart. Of course it hurts.”

“Everyone says it shouldn’t.” Shane swallows hard. There’s a different sort of lump in his throat now. “Not anymore. The scans, the x-rays, they’re all coming back clear, I’ve been checked out by a ton of different clinicians and –”

“It interferes with your play?”

The lump gets bigger. “Yes.”

“Hmm.”

This look...this look that Ilya gives him is different. He’s watching Shane with hooded eyes, not entirely looking like he’s paying attention and more like his gaze is wandering over Shane’s body again. Finally his eyes come back to Shane’s face.

“Season starts October yes?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay.” A shrug of one broad shoulder. “Then I have two months to fix you. Easy. Take top off.”

Talking about the injury has calmed some of the jittering feeling under Shane’s skin but it comes rushing back full force as Ilya stands there and watches Shane take his clothes off. His expression doesn’t change as he watches Shane drape his jacket over a nearby chair and then carefully fold his top. When his chest is bare he turns back to face him, forcing himself to keep his hands at his side instead of folding them across his chest. Shane’s a lot more naked in front of a lot more men pretty much every single day. This – this shouldn’t be making his breath come faster and his heart stutter in his chest. Although maybe it’s because none of those men look at him the way Ilya Rozanov does, his gaze travelling coolly over Shane’s body like...like Shane’s body is here for him to look at.

“Arm up.”

“W-what?”

“Like this.” Ilya lifts his arm slowly over his head and then back down in a circle. “Move arm.”

Shane copies the motions, Ilya’s gaze hawk-sharp as he follows every shift, and then takes him through a few more careful stretches. Then he makes Shane turn around with his back to him – Shane’s heart jumps in his throat, wondering if Ilya’s gaze has dropped again – and repeat them all. The familiar sting is there in his shoulder, unexplained.

“Stop.”

“What?”

“No, no, keep arm up. Stop moving.” Shane freezes, his arm still extended in front of him, and hears Ilya pad over to him. The other man has bare feet, he noticed that at the start. It feels...odd, thinking about Ilya’s bare feet on the floor like the man’s just wandering around his own home. Then he jerks, startles, at a touch on his shoulder.

“Just me.” Ilya says, mocking again, and strokes two of his fingers down the curve of Shane’s shoulder blade. “Hmm.”

“It – is there something wrong?” Shane asks, to cover up the fact he’s practically panting. Ilya’s fingers are thick, blunt, warm against his skin.

“No. All good. Okay, clothes off, face down on table. I will knock.”

And then just like that, Ilya vanishes back through the door, too fast for Shane to catch even a glimpse of him in the mirror when he swings back round. The room feels colder without Ilya in it and Shane shivers slightly as he strips off his trousers and puts them neatly on the chair. He walks over to the massage table, stares down at the towels, and goes back to the chair. He takes his boxers off, leaves them folded underneath the trousers, and rushes back to climb on to the table. He waits for the knock.

“Hollander?”

“I’m ready,” he calls back, and buries his face in the headrest so he can’t see Ilya come in. Without his sight it feels like every other sense is heightened: he can hear Ilya moving softly around the room, feel the rasp of the towels over his skin when the other man twitches them into place, could swear he can *smell* him, something masculine and strong until he hears a bottle cap flick and then a sweeter scent replaces it.

Lavender. Just like he’d asked.

“Relax. You are tense all over.” Ilya murmurs, walking around the table. Shane feels a little bit like a fish being circled by a shark but he swallows hard and forces his muscles to relax. Scott recommended this place, said they were the best. He’s here to get a massage, help release the tension somewhere that’s fucking up his shoulder somehow. Ilya being... intense... is just how the man is.

He still jumps when Ilya’s hands come down on his feet, gripping them firmly through the towel. His hands are so big that even for Shane’s feet – which aren’t exactly small – he’s able to grip his heel and most of his sole in each hand. The pressure there is so good that Shane moans without thinking about it. Ilya squeezes his way downwards: round the heels, pressing hard on the arch, tightening on Shane’s instep and then rubbing deep over the balls of Shane’s feet. Shane literally doesn’t think anyone in his life has ever touched him here and it unlocks something inside him, something that makes him go pliant and boneless against the bed.

Ilya’s voice is a soft thoughtful murmur from the other end of the table.

“Many people hold tension in feet. Good to get it out.”

“Yeah?” Shane turns his head a little so his voice is less muffled. “You recommend regular foot massages then?”

“Hmm, for you? Yes. But only from a man. Women’s hands are very good for detail work, but sometimes just need strength.” Ilya’s hands squeeze his insteps again, big and warm and rough and *intimate*, and Shane makes a little noise, hopefully too low for Ilya to hear it. Fuck that feels good. He coughs around another moan.

“Don’t – don’t know how this is going to help my shoulder though man.”

“Patience, Hollander.” Is that a smile in Ilya’s voice? Or more mockery? “I will get there.”

He slides a bolster pillow under Shane’s feet to keep them elevated and then covers them up again. Shane’s heart thumps at the way he tucks the towel carefully around them. But of course Ilya’s just being a professional, not letting his muscles get cold. He turns his face downwards again as Ilya comes up to his shoulder and draws the towel down over his back.

Down, and down, and down, and hears Ilya make a humming noise when there’s no doubt at all that Shane removed his underwear. Shane feels too hot despite the cool air on his skin, goosebumps springing up across his back, and knows that Ilya can see them too. But there’s no sound at all from the other man, only gentle pressure as Ilya carefully tucks the towel round his hips, just below where his arse starts to swell, and then turns away. Then Shane gasps as hot oil sprays in two long lines down his back.

Ilya’s hands are immediately there, roughly spreading it out across his skin and rubbing it into his muscles and Shane couldn’t control himself even if he wanted, groaning loudly. Oh shit that feels good. Ilya’s hands are so strong, broad and warm as they glide up and down Shane’s spine, large enough to practically span his waist. Shane can’t remember the last time he was touched here either – his mum rubbing sunscreen on his back a few years ago, the team doctor checking him over at his last physical. Ilya knows what he’s doing, massaging expertly, first rough and quick along his shoulders and then smooth pressure, following down the muscles of his back, and Shane goes boneless and helpless on the table, overwhelmed with how good it feels.

“Hm, good, you take it well.” Ilya murmurs quietly, and Shane shivers under his hands. “Breathe deep for me...yes, good, breathe out.” He presses down, hard, his palms skating along Shane’s deltoids. The space between his hands and Shane’s skin feels almost blissfully warm.

Ilya strokes him all over for a while long, long strokes going from the base of his skull all the way down his spine and onto his – onto his arse. That’s...that’s fine, professional, Shane knows. The obliques go down that far, he thinks, so any decent masseuse will follow the muscle right...right onto the swell, Ilya’s fingers pressing away the tension there, his fingertips dipping just under the towel. It’s professional. It’s professional.

“You are tensing again. Stop this.” Ilya commands, prodding Shane in the side in a way that is very definitely not professional. “Is pressure too much?”

“N-no, it’s good.”

“Lavender is nice?”

Shane snorts. This time he can’t mistake the gently teasing tone in Ilya’s voice. “Yeah, yeah it’s real nice.”

“Okay good, glad Shane Hollander is happy.”

“Shane Hollander wonders when you’re going to get to his shoulder.” Shane says, because the whole time they’ve been talking Ilya’s hands have been smoothing over the skin of his

waist, long gentle strokes down his sides. Shane's never been so relieved that he's not ticklish, because he doesn't want to move away from this. But then he squirms anyway, when Ilya pinches his side.

"Patience. I'm taking my time with you."

Oh, that sounds...

The disappointment's a clench in his chest when Ilya suddenly flips the towel back over him, smoothing hands down over his back. Is – is that it? No, please, he doesn't want it to be over.

"Relax, Hollander."

There. Ilya's touch is back, on his shoulder, carefully lifting his arm out a little into the cool air. Shane's so relieved that he just melts back onto the table, and then Ilya gets to work.

Shane floats. Ilya's hands are strong and confident, occasionally pressing deep to work out a knot in a way that makes Shane gasp, otherwise gliding down his muscles of his arm, coaxing them into giving up tension Shane had no idea they had. Shane has to turn his head and bite down on the towel when Ilya links their fingers backwards and uses his thumbs to massage the palm of Shane's hand, the sweet throb of it echoing all the way back up into his brain. His shoulder feels warm and lazy, like he's just had a warm bath, by the time Ilya carefully repositions him and then tucks it back under.

And then he does the same to the other arm, and both legs.

Shane feels like he's losing time. He's drifting, hazy round the edges, offering no resistance at all as Ilya moves him around. He thinks that sometime around the point of roughly massaging his thighs he hears Ilya make a sound himself, a bitten-off word in Russian that sounds like a curse, but otherwise they've stopped talking. Shane's tongue feels too big for his mouth; he doesn't think he could speak even if he wanted to. He thinks he might be drooling.

Ilya's done his entire body now, stroked over every inch of him, apart from the tiny scrap of dignity the towel has left him with, that Ilya kept him covered with whilst he massaged the tops of his thighs and his lower back, never quite straying beneath it. Shane can feel the absence of Ilya's touch in that one spot, as though the skin there is crying out for it. He wants...he doesn't know what he wants. He wants Ilya's hands everywhere. He wants him to never stop touching him. He wants to curl up into a ball and cry, because his cock is hard against the table and Shane knows that's not supposed to be how this goes. He wants to cry because Ilya's touch has pulled up everything that he's been pressing down so deep for so long.

He wants to be touched like this because somebody loves him. Not...whatever this is.

Distantly he's aware of Ilya moving around him, trailing one hand up over his back. Is – is it over this time then? Shane doesn't want it to be over but also he really wants to get out of here without Ilya discovering how inappropriately Shane is responding – the hard-on would be bad enough, but something cringes inside him at the thought of Ilya seeing his damp

cheeks. But he's not strong enough to push himself up and end things himself. Instead he goes flat again the second Ilya's palm curls around base of his skull. Next thing he knows there's a strong thumb rubbing at the top of his neck, over the round bones there, scritchng at his scalp, and Shane literally melts into the table. Ilya makes an amused noise behind him.

"Head massage not usually included for this. But look at you – want it bad yes?"

This isn't professional this isn't professional this isn't professional. Shane nods. Ilya breathes out, long and slow.

"I need better angle." Ilya's voice has gone rougher, deeper. "Let me, yes?"

There's an odd lurch, enough to make Shane's stomach swoop, and the massage table lets out a groan. Shane feels warmth all along his side and realises Ilya's boosted himself up to sit beside him on the table, his flank pressing like a brand into Shane's side. This is definitely not professional. But then Ilya's got both hands on his head, sweet perfect pressure on each side simultaneously, and Shane has not a single objection he can think to make.

Ilya's hands travel lower, stroking down his neck, back onto his shoulders. The towel gets tugged lower. For a minute his fingers press slow and careful around Shane's bad shoulder, and then they abandon it to press either side of his spine, soothing down the muscles on either side, going further. The towel gets tugged lower. They ghost along Shane's sides, more stroking than pressing, tapping lightly at his ribs and down onto his waist. The towel gets tugged lower. Ilya's fingertips are dancing along now, pressing briefly and hungrily into the dimples at the base of Shane's spine, tip-toeing along the edge of the towel. They pause, as though waiting for Shane to say something, do something, and then when Shane says nothing and does nothing they slide underneath.

The towel gets tugged lower.

Shane is completely bare, lying naked on a table whilst his massage therapist looks him over, totally silently. He can't hear anything except the rasp of his own breathing, not even the sounds of Ilya's. He's – he's definitely still there right? He hasn't taken one look at Shane like this and left? That would be worse than if he touched him, except Shane's not sure, does he, does he want him to touch him, god he wants to be touched and Ilya is so –

Almost casually, Ilya puts his hand on Shane's cheek and pulls him open to look at his hole.

Shane thinks he's maybe hyperventilating. He's definitely breathing way too fast and his pulse is so loud he can hear it in his ears and he feels *hot* and *squirmy* and this should be bad, this should be so bad that it makes him jump up and shove Ilya off him. The other man is well-built (he is *beautiful*) but Shane's a 200 pound hockey player made of nothing but muscle, there's no way he can't shove Ilya away if he wants to. If he wants to...if he wanted to he could do it...

Ilya's fingers are digging into the meat of his arse. He's – there's a *man* touching his *arse*. That's. That's not something Shane has let himself think about, at all, for such a long time that he'd thought if he had ever wanted it, then that want would have long since crystallised, or atrophied, or rotted away, all from lack of use. He wanted the part of him that *wanted* to

just...vanish...and he'd thought it had, and now Ilya has touched him, once, and every bit of that desperate longing has come roaring back at once.

And he feels fucking *terrified*.

Or he would...except Ilya's now squeezing his cheek like it's a stress ball or something, his thumb drifting down the crease, and something about the casual ownership of his touch is making a thread unspool in Shane's head, like a jumper unravelling into a pile of wool on the floor. And then Ilya leans over and *spits on his hole* and then there's – there's nothing. There's just white noise. There's absolutely nothing in Shane's head at all.

Ilya just keeps touching him. There's no pretence at being a massage anymore, Ilya's just... *groping* him, rough and casual, clearly just amusing himself with Shane's body. He puts a hand on the back of Shane's neck to hold him down and keeps pressing and pushing with his fingers, tracing down Shane's crack and wriggling the tip of one finger inside. He's not – he's not gentle. Shane can feel himself shaking a little, feels grateful for the oil still covering Ilya's hands as he shoves his thick finger a little deeper, frigging roughly inside. It burns. It feels weird and intrusive and it makes Shane's hips shift nervously. He knows he's arching away but Ilya doesn't seem to care, just forces his finger a little deeper. And then he gets deeper still and prods something that sends a fucking cattle prod spark through Shane's whole body, enough to make his whole body spasm. And then, Ilya laughs.

"Of course, I knew instantly you must be a little slut. One finger only, and you react little this."

Shane shoves his burning face against the table, feeling even more ashamed about the tears prickling at his eyes and breathless with *something* at the sound of Ilya's voice. But what he said...he's not – is he? He doesn't know if he *liked* that feeling but he's still lying here, breathless, thinking about it happening again, thinking about Ilya shoving his fat finger even deeper and doing it to him again, making Shane *take it* and –

Ilya forces two fingers inside, hard and enormous, and Shane makes a choked noise as they brush that spot again. Oh god oh god oh *god*.

Is it supposed to feel like this? Is this...is this what sex is supposed to feel like...

...with a man?

"Open up Hollander," murmurs Ilya. His voice is closer, like he's leaning over. Shane can suddenly picture them so clearly, can imagine what someone walking in would see right now: Shane face down and arse up on the massage table, Ilya's fingers roughly fucking inside. Shane just lying there, whilst Ilya enjoys himself...

Oh fuck, please let Ilya be enjoying this. Is this just some gross pervert thing or – Shane twists his head and bites down on a section of the towel. His head is spinning. Is *he* some sort of gross pervert for thinking this would be better if Ilya – what? Was attracted to him? Was aroused by this? *Wanted him?*

Shane feels greedy with everything he wants, and most of all for wanting to be wanted. Does...does that make him a selfish person, or –

There's a tutting noise behind him and the table suddenly squeals and then, abruptly, Shane's blanketed in warmth. For a second he thinks Ilya's covered him with the towel again (and shoves down the sudden panic that makes him want to gasp out *no don't stop*) but it's not that, Ilya's fingers are still stroking oil inside him and instead Ilya's just climbed on top of him, covering half of Shane's body with his own. He's warm and heavy and Shane slightly hysterically thinks he's the sexiest weighted blanket ever, and then Ilya tugs roughly at his rim and it *stings* and he sobs.

Ilya laughs again.

“Needy little hole. Soon, soon, don't worry.”

He's playing with Shane's hole properly now, pulling his fingers all the way out and then plunging them back in to make Shane whine, roughly stretching out the rim, sometimes moving his whole hand away and laughing softly when Shane's hips move upwards, trying to find him again. Shane can't stop them from doing that. The mortification and confusion is burning through him but he can't stop himself, can't stop his body fucking *craving* Ilya's touch, not caring how greedy and selfish it makes him. He *wants*. And then Ilya's hand abruptly drifts lower, down between his legs and over his balls and Shane gasps and clamps his thighs shut.

“Ow,” says Ilya pointedly. Shane just shivers. He's...he's so fucking hard, and he feels terrified at the thought of another human being knowing how hard he is. “*Hollander*. If you break wrist, I will be very mad.”

Oh. Right. Shane relaxes his thighs. Ilya makes a noise and Shane can hear him flexing his wrist round, and then hears him mutter something about...watermelons?

“Don't move.” Ilya orders, and then without hesitation puts his hand back where it was and Shane can't do anything except lie there mouthing at the towel between his teeth as Ilya fondles his balls, tapping at them gently to make Shane flinch. And then he reaches down a little further and Shane's hips lift a little higher – he didn't want them to do that *oh yes he did* – and Ilya's warm, large hand is roughly grasping his cock.

“Hollander you are *desperate*.” Ilya laughs, and Shane can't stop himself: he rocks his hips down hard against the table, against Ilya's hand. Ilya's not even stroking him he's just fondling his cock, rubbing a thumb over the head and then giving it a little pat. “So wet for me. Now, be good boy and don't come. You can come when I've filled you up, yes?”

What.

Ilya's shifting, swinging a leg over Shane still lying prone on the table and the weight of him is even stronger now. Shane's – he's trapped, pinned down, genuinely thinks that he might not be able to get Ilya off even if he wanted to like this, not without sending them both flying to the floor. He's...he hasn't got a choice now, but to lie here and take it.

“Good boy.” Ilya murmurs again, and there’s the flick of a bottle lid again and he can feel Ilya’s hand moving against his back and then Ilya’s shuffling closer and there’s a hand on his arsecheek again and Shane’s about to – he’s about to – he should do something – he should –

The head of Ilya’s cock brushes against him and Shane moans. Even with the towel in his mouth it’s loud and *desperate* and Ilya swears instantly, his hips jerking. Shane feels totally overwhelmed. *Ilya’s so hard*. Ilya’s every bit of desperate as he is, his cock leaving smears of wet down Shane’s crack. He’s sliding himself there, up on his elbows so he can look down and watch, just rutting his cock in between Shane’s cheeks and over his hole, the head catching every time, a rough little tease. Some distant part of Shane’s brain is hyperventilating because he’s never had a man rub off against his arse before but he can feel it, he can feel the *size* of it and how *is that supposed to fit* - !

“Shh, shush, such desperate little moans.” Ilya stops rubbing and reaches a hand down, guides his cock to tap more deliberately at Shane’s hole. “You want, hm? Little virgin like you, can you take it? Hmm, I don’t know. Maybe...” he presses, just the tiniest bit, and fireworks go off behind Shane’s eyes. “Maybe just tip?”

He pushes inside, a hard unrelenting pressure that’s spreading Shane slowly wider, and then jerks his hips a little and all of a sudden *there’s a cock in Shane’s arse*. He’s got another guy’s dick inside him, his hole all slicked up and taking cock like he was born to and it feels *incredible* –

Shane comes.

Ilya rides it like a fucking pro, his cock not dislodging at all even whilst Shane bucks and twists and trembles and Shane thinks maybe he even gets another inch inside him, Ilya swearing breathlessly above him, with the tiny part of brain that can even focus on such things whilst he’s grunting with pleasure into the towel, his entire body convulsing. When he finally collapses on the table he’s too dazed to focus, until Ilya’s breathless laughter reaches his ears.

“Oh my *fuck*, Hollander? What was that? You are *slut*. One inch of cock and you come like fountain.” Shane’s too breathless to even groan when Ilya flops down his weight on Shane’s back, his voice suddenly coming closer next to Shane’s ear. “You take cock *beautifully*, made for this. Can’t believe I’m first to have this hole. Better to be first now, hmm, than when you have seven men in a row, men lining up round block to fuck you and you never satisfied.”

He’s still in him, Shane realises, still got the tip of his cock forcing Shane open. Shane’s hole is fluttering around the intrusion, his balls are throbbing and there’s a sticky mess underneath him, smeared against his cock and stomach, and he wants to go again right now.

“Better than I dreamed.” Ilya’s murmuring quietly. Is he – Shane feels him lift his hips away a little – *no!* – and then movement against Shane’s back. Ilya’s jerking himself off with just the tip of his dick still inside. Shane’s cock gives a little jerk at the thought of being used like that, Ilya using him like, oh my god like a fleshlight or something, for him to come into, but a second later he’s filled with a wave of regret. No no no he can’t miss this chance he can’t, he might never get another one and he *wants* –

Face still buried in the towel, totally blind and praying he gets the angle right, he pushes his hips back and groans in total relief when suddenly Ilya's deeper, Shane's hole forced wider around the fat spread of his cock and Ilya cursing above him.

"Little *whore*, fuck, *fine*, you want? You want all of this? Okay. You *get*."

Ilya drops his weight down, forces Shane's thighs apart with his legs, and brutally fucks the rest of the way inside.

Shane squeals. Ilya is huge, rammed up inside him, an unforgiving thickness that's splitting him in two. How fucking big *is* he? Shane squirms helplessly. He's panting. It's too much. Too much. Oh god he can feel Ilya in his fucking *guts* –

"Tch. Stop – *wriggling*." Ilya's voice comes out between gritted teeth next to his ear. Shane pants into the towel. Ilya's weight above him is the only grounding thing in the world, the only thing that's stopping his brain's frantic endless of loop of *he's having sex with a man he's having sex with a man* –

"And now tense again. All my work undone," comes the grumble against his neck and then – ow! Shane jerks when Ilya smacks him hard on the arse. Oh. Er. Was that...supposed to feel like that? "Oh good. Little masochist too. Hollander, how are you so perfect?"

Perfect?

"Now stay still and keep me warm. Let me fix this."

Keep him warm?!

Shane's humiliation spikes, crests, paints him in pink heat across his entire body. Ilya's snugged his cock up inside Shane's body – *keeping himself warm* – whilst he props himself up on one elbow and with the hand strokes over Shane's shoulder, testing the muscles there. His cock's a solid length inside Shane's arse, pinning him down like a butterfly, as he smooths out the tension that he put in, clucking his tongue. And – and it works, Shane can literally feel himself melting into the table. Ilya's huffs out amusement against his shoulder.

"See? Better. Nice and soft here." He presses a kiss against Shane's shoulder. "But still nice and tight *here*." He reaches down to stroke a finger over Shane's rim where it's stretched thin around his cock. He hasn't flagged in the slightest. Shane goes pink again, thinking that means he did a good job, kept Ilya warm. The thought makes him feel breathless and warm inside and soft and...

Happy. He feels happy.

"There..." murmurs Ilya, giving Shane's shoulder one last squeeze. He shifts to hunch over him again, the same way he tucked Shane under the blanket before but this time it's under his own body, and the gesture makes Shane feel hopelessly warm inside at the caring it implies, like maybe what Ilya actually wants is – "Will fuck you now, yes? You can beg if you want, I would like to hear it."

And then he pulls back his hips and fucks back in as hard as he can, and Shane feels his whole world implode. He can barely breathe, Ilya's cock ramming into him with every thrust, huge and hard and rearranging Shane's guts to make himself fit. Shane claws at the towel, desperate, trying frantically to scramble away – where the fuck he's going to go he doesn't know, straight off the edge of the table, but Ilya's cock is an unbearable weight inside him and every thrust is causing unbelievable *pressure sensation pleasure* and he can't *bear it* –

He didn't know it was supposed to be this good. He didn't know it *could* be this good. He's – he's missed so much, and he can't bear it...

“Come on Hollander, take my cock.” Ilya groans behind him, and Shane *does*.

It's so good. Every thrust rams inside him, splitting him wide open, so good he's going blind with it. Shane finds himself scrambling up onto his elbows so that he can breathe but then the moans just start pouring out of his mouth and he hates it, except for how Ilya swears viciously at the sound and starts fucking him harder. One of those large strong hands comes up to grasp the back of Shane's head and pushes him back down, flat against the table so Ilya can pound him harder, and Shane just moans and takes it.

“Hollander, Hollander, fuck, perfect, perfect little hole.” Ilya grits out, before dissolving into a stream of Russian, and Shane lies there with his cock hard again in his own come and lets himself be a *perfect little hole*, something warm and wet and tight, something for Ilya to use to make himself come.

Oh...

He wants Ilya to *come*.

“Are – are you –” he whispers, the words getting stuck in his throat as Ilya suddenly grinds into him, thick unrelenting pressure against that spot inside him that makes Shane want to swallow his tongue. Shane cants his hips back as much as he can, wanting more. It hurts. He wants more. “Are you – come inside me?”

“You want that?” Ilya sounds savage. Feral. Like all he wants is precisely that, to fuck Shane's hole until he comes. He pulls back suddenly and Shane nearly wails, but it's just so Ilya can manhandle him how he wants, moving Shane's body like he's a doll and not a heavily-muscled elite athlete, just forcing him on his knees with his chest pinned down against the table. Shane misses the warmth against his back but then Ilya sinks an inch deeper and Shane has to bite on the towel before he screams. “You want my come? Want me to fill you? Creampie you, Hollander?”

Shane whines. Ilya's forced his body open and battered down every wall inside his head, except this last one, this last one that Shane *wants* more than anything and he can't – he can't fucking *say it* –

Ilya's hands are on his hips, curling around his flanks almost gently before he starts pulling Shane ruthlessly back onto his cock, making him take every last inch. Shane wishes he could see it. He saw Ilya's hands, his arms, the breadth of his shoulders: he bets Ilya looks

spectacular when he fucks. He whines under the pounding, his face grinding into the towel as Ilya's balls slap against his arse. Ilya is breathless behind him.

"Come on Hollander. You have to say it. Want my come? Open pretty mouth and sing for me."

"I –"

"Yes, yes? Ah...fuck Hollander hurry...your hole too sweet." Ilya *laughs*. "Not long now. Where you want it huh? On your back? On your hole? *In* your hole?"

"Oh fuck, *Ilya*, please –"

"Yes?" Ilya fucks him so hard Shane's knees skid out beneath him. The table groans ominously but Shane doesn't care, couldn't possibly care if the entire thing collapsed because Ilya's back over him again, covering Shane entirely with his perfect cock balls deep inside. Ilya's panting against Shane's back, grinding into him. The stretch is so unbearable Shane can feel it in his teeth.

"Please please please –"

"Beg me – fuck, so good, so tight –"

"*Ah!* Oh god, *fuck* –"

"Please..." groans Ilya, one hand pressing down on the back of his head, the other tight on Shane's hip. His face is – it's right there, he's panting against Shane's cheek. Shane can feel Ilya's curls against his shoulder, the gentle tickle the only thing he's aware of besides Ilya shoving inside him. "Shane, please...ask..."

Shane breaks, shatters, falls into pieces. He thinks – he knows – he begs, begs for Ilya's come inside him, begs to be *creampied*, begs for Ilya to stay inside him and never leave, the words babbling out as he comes and comes, his cock trapped and jerking desperately beneath him, endless waves of it as Ilya comes too, *inside*, thick and wet and filling him up.

Sensation returns slowly: Ilya a heavy weight on his back, the sting in his hole where he's still stretched open, the way his left leg is about to cramp. Reason returns a hell of a lot slower: what the *fuck just happened?* Just when Shane's on the brink of hyperventilating again Ilya groans and rubs his nose against Shane's shoulder.

"No, no, stop stupid thoughts. Just stay still yes? I want my come to stay inside you."

Shane chokes on air, thinks up a thousand response – most of which involve swear words – but then Ilya pats him condescendingly on the backside and Shane just...goes quiet. Lies there, lets Ilya enjoy his afterglow, occasionally rocking his hips gently inside Shane's arse to draw it out. Shane's just there, warming him.

When Ilya finally draws out there's a thick squelch and Shane has to bury his head back into the towel to hide his face. He can *feel* Ilya's come oozing out of him. How – how much did he come? It feels like Shane's full of it, brimming over with thick sticky come. He can hear

Ilya propping himself up and then one of those large hands reaches down, pries Shane open again, the same way he had at the beginning of...of whatever this was. But this time Ilya lets out a contented sigh at...at whatever he must see, Shane leaking his come or whatever.

“Perfect,” he murmurs, and clambers off the table.

Shane misses his warmth immediately, lying there filthy and used and bleakly aware that he’s about thirty seconds from a full-on anxiety attack. Even that last murmur isn’t enough to calm the growing panic in his head because what is he supposed to do now? How is he supposed to...just be normal, after this? How –

The towel settles back over his shoulders, thick and warm. Ilya’s bustling around him... humming to himself, apparently, whilst Shane has an existential breakdown on the table. But then Ilya’s hands are back on him, not really massaging just...stroking...through the towel, long warm sweeps over Shane’s body. It’s nice, soothing. Soon he’s calm enough that when Ilya leaves for a second that he doesn’t panic, and then there’s a thud next to his face.

“Here. Water. Drink *all* of it, yes. And then eat chocolate.”

“I’m on a pre-season diet.” Shane mumbles, and gets an irritated burst of Russian in return, so he drags a hand up to grasp the wrapper.

Shane eats the chocolate. Ilya keeps stroking him. At one point he uncovers Shane’s lower half and coaxes him to roll over a bit, so he can lay another towel beneath him, covering up the sticky proof that Shane loved every second. Then there’s a warm cloth in his hand as he strokes Shane clean, over his cock and belly and then round to his arse, tender over where Shane’s sore and aching and the cloth dips inside –

Shane whines and shifts away. He doesn’t – he doesn’t want to be cleaned *there*. He wants to keep it, his own proof that this happened.

“Shane. Hollander.” Ilya’s groan sounds like it comes from the bottom of his chest. “You are so perfect. You want to keep my come inside? I should have brought plug, left your belly full.” That does sound perfect actually, but Ilya’s still going, stroking apologetically over Shane’s dimples. “But better now to be clean, okay?”

Shane chews on his chocolate bar grumpily. He’s kept his eyes closed this entire time, his face turned into the towel, but Ilya seems perfectly happy to tend to him without any further acknowledgement on Shane’s part. When he’s clean he goes back to massaging him, up and down Shane’s limbs until he gets to his feet again, squeezing the soles gently. It’s on bare skin this time, the heat of his touch perfect. Shane wonders if any man’s touch would feel this good, or if it’s just Ilya.

“Okay, massage all done.” Ilya says. Is he...does he sound regretful? Shane turns his face further into the towel. He doesn’t want this to end, wants to stay in this earth-toned room forever. He could, couldn’t he? Ilya could just keep him here, a hole ready and waiting for him to use whenever he wanted. Shane would be so good for him. Keep him warm.

“Hollander. Massage all done. Shoulder all fixed.”

Shane's head jerks up. He twists round to look at him and – oh, Ilya's even more gorgeous than he remembered, all cheekbones and pink lips. His curls are all a mess now, a little gleam of sweat in the hollow of his throat. Shane actually gets distracted gazing at him and Ilya's blinking too, staring at him, although Shane's sure he looks disgusting, all red and sweaty still.

“What – my shoulder? You fixed it?”

Ilya sticks his tongue in his cheek, looking very clearly amused.

“Hm, yes, we say that. I fixed it.”

“What...” Shane's had three doctors and four physiotherapists look at his shoulder. None of them could explain the lingering pain. “How? Is it fixed for good? Can I play again?” he thinks he feels a phantom twinge at the words and reaches up to grip it again, only for Ilya to tut irritably and smack his hand back down.

“Is fine. Armard is asshole. Too much foul play, too much calling people *fag*. Next time you will smash him into boards for me, yes?”

“I –”

“Say yes, Hollander.”

“Yes.”

“Yes, you will...?”

“Um, I'll, I'll smash him into the boards for you.”

Ilya smiles. Oh, he's *pretty* like that. He taps a finger under Shane's chin and then drifts it up to his mouth.

“Yes, for me. Promised now.”

Promised now. Shane actually feels a bit of a thrill in his stomach at the thought. Even if he takes a penalty for it, fuck, Ilya's right, he *does* want to smash that homophobic asshole into the boards. It won't be difficult, Armard always leaves his right side open, and Shane knows he's faster than him. He nods, feeling the pad of Ilya's finger stroke over his mouth. It brushes against his lips when Shane tentatively asks.

“And...my shoulder?”

Ilya huffs and pokes said shoulder. “All fine. No injury.”

“But...”

“When you talk about hockey, you shift weight, tense down bad side, feel pain. Any other time – doing anything else –” he gives Shane a meaningful look. “Nothing. Relaxed. No pain at all.”

Fuck's sake. Shane's never going to live this down. It was fucking psychosomatic after all.

"Okay," he says. He'd thought...he'd thought he'd need follow-ups, further sessions, but now Ilya's turned away, cleaning up armfuls of towels and empty oil bottles. Shane props his head on his forearms and just watches. The room's still dim and warm and Ilya glows golden under the lighting, casting shadows over his cheeks and the strength of his arms. Shane feels better than he's ever felt in his life, and when Ilya glances over he looks like he knows it. He comes back over to the table.

Shane's ready for anything. Another grope. Another caress. Ilya to stick his thumb in Shane's mouth. Ilya to climb back on top and fuck him again. Anything – and then Ilya ruffles his hair, quick and affectionate, gripping tight to the strands so that Shane arches and whines a little, and then sliding his warm hand down to the nape of Shane's neck.

"Shower through that door, you see? I leave now, you have privacy. More chocolate in this drawer here, if you need."

The drawer is full of chocolate. Shane glares at it, furious.

"You give chocolate to a lot of clients huh."

Ilya's laugh is soft and warm. Shane has absolutely no idea how this is the same man who pinned Shane down and fucked him ruthlessly only twenty minutes ago. He's still got traces of Ilya's *come* inside him.

"No. This private stash. Only give to *favourites*. One favourite."

"Oh."

Shane smiles up, glowing, and sees Ilya's face do something complicated. The other man is looking at his lips again. Would – Shane didn't even think about that, about being kissed. That...that feels so much more than all the rest. But Ilya's pulling away and Shane feels a flare of something hurt and small inside him.

"What? You'll fuck me but not kiss me? Wow you're an asshole."

"You want kiss?" Now there's open shock on *Ilya's* face. Shane's never been the best at reading people but he's pretty sure it's shock at the idea rather than, y'know, being repulsed at the thought of kissing Shane in particular. Does – does Ilya think he doesn't get kisses? Shane's being denying himself just about everything for as long as he remembers but at least he thinks he deserves *kisses*.

The moment stretches, extending between them, in this warm cosy room where Shane's had his whole world turned upside down and now Ilya's looking like the same thing's just happened to him, like *Shane Hollander* wanting to kiss him is beyond all expectations. Or Shane hopes it's not that. Shane Hollander's not that interesting, but Shane would definitely like to kiss him. Even if it is just first-gay-sex-endorphins speaking, he really, really, wants to kiss Ilya, and he hopes that Ilya can see it on his face. Ilya's own face is softening, looking much younger than before. The hand that's been stroking Shane's face suddenly lifts and then

Ilya presses a kiss against his own fingertips. And then he brushes it over Shane's mouth. Shane watches, delighted, as Ilya suddenly flushes pink.

"There. *Needy*," he says, and Shane flops back onto the bed, beaming up at him, and Ilya backs away, clutching for his armfuls of towels again, bumps into the table twice and basically flees from the room.

It's colder when he's gone, but Shane's calmer down. And his body feels fantastic. There's a shrill voice in his head trying to tell him that what just happened was *not okay*, but Shane can't possibly imagine how that's true. He's never felt this good before. Sad, a bit, wistful, that that brief brush of a kiss is all he'll finish on, but that's okay. He'll be okay now.

He levers himself up and goes to take a shower.

Three days later, the phone rings. Shane picks it up on autopilot.

"*Mr Hollander?*"

"Er, speaking?"

"Good morning Mr Hollander, I'm calling from the massage centre. Mr Rozanov recommended you for another two months' worth of treatment – is this something you'd like to continue with? We can schedule these sessions at your convenience sir, either with Mr Rozanov or with Mr Grady, your original booking –"

Shane can't speak. For a second he's overwhelmed, his body feeling every phantom touch, every place he was opened up and filled.

"...Mr Hollander? Are you still there?"

"Er, yeah, yeah, I'm still here."

"Would...you like to book another appointment?"

Shane stares at the wall of his apartment. He doesn't know what to think, what to feel. That entire day feels like a dream. He still can't smell lavender without getting hard. The only thing he remembers clearly...is that brush over his lips.

"Mr Hollander?"

His shoulder doesn't hurt. Hasn't hurt since that day.

"Yes please, I'd like another appointment." Shane says, knowing what he wants, for himself, finally. "When is Mr Rozanov next free?"

End Notes

Hollanov are taking over my brain. I've probably got another few fic ideas to get through, please subscribe to my author profile if you want a notification when they're up!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!