

Cleaning the Ice is Nice?

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Cleaning the Ice is Nice?

by [gayslayerrr](#)

Summary

“Fuck,” Shane heard himself say, pulled out of whatever moment they’d just shared.

“The lights turn off automatically at a set time. I should go turn them back on. I need to see to clean the ice again.” Shane was rambling at this point.

“OK,” Ilya started, “Can I help you with ice?”

Shane was confused. “What?”

“We did my job together. Now we do yours. Is only fair.”

He couldn't wrap his head around the fact that the fucking Captain of the Boston Bears, Ilya Rozanov, was the same person as the man next to him. It was very confusing. But who was Shane to refuse that offer?

Or: Shane got injured before he could meet Ilya and now works as a Zamboni driver at Ilya's practice rink.

Notes

Hey everyone,

I might have gotten a little too inspired by those pics of Hudson on a Zamboni... I wrote this in 2 days and might continue with a part two, I just had to get this out rn. It's also the first fic I've written in ages so please forgive me if I've lost my touch.

Enjoy, gayslayerrr xx

It was a normal day for Shane Hollander. He woke up at seven o'clock sharp, had a protein shake, said good morning to his roommate, and left for university exactly one hour later. Everything was exactly how it should be when he showed up for work after his two morning classes. No one knew about his plans. He's been thinking about it for weeks but finally decided to go through with it yesterday.

The thing about Shane is that he loved hockey. He had lived and breathed hockey since he was old enough to put on his first skates. His mother was almost as obsessed as he was. She had been the one to sign him up for a team and pushed him to pursue his dream. And he did push, he did pursue, he did everything he possibly could. And it had been enough, if only for a moment. People had talked nonstop about the prospect Shane Hollander, a once in a generation talent. They couldn't get enough of him.

It all came crumbling down a week before his first World Juniors in Saskatchewan. One bad hit at a game and everything he'd been working towards was pulled from under his feet. Everything he lived for was taken away from him without a warning. He still thought about the day he'd put on his skates for the last time without knowing it would be the last time. Nightmares about doctors telling him about his knee didn't let him rest at night. You will never play again. It haunted him every moment, awake and asleep.

Still he tried to continue living. He was stubborn and focused to not let this be his end. So he set a new goal: sports management. After years of not caring about school, he put in the work. He managed to graduate at the top of his class and get accepted to his dream school in Boston. Saying goodbye to his parents in Ottawa hurt but he knew he had to leave. He needed to leave his previous life as a hockey player behind and look forward. Or at least he could pretend to.

He excelled in school, he had a few close friends, he enjoyed the city. He still thought about hockey. The life he used to live, his dreams, were impossible to forget. It hurt him everyday. It didn't matter how good his life was now, it could never live up to how it had been. Or rather how it could've been.

So when his roommate turned best friend Hayden had shown him a job advert after two years of living in Boston, he didn't hesitate for a second. It wasn't exactly the thing he was missing so badly. But it was still something. He missed the smell of the ice and the cold air in the rink. This he could get back apparently at least. So of course he applied for the job as a Zamboni driver in the Boston Bears' practice rink. And of course he got the job.

Now, on a normal Tuesday, he was about to do something big. He was about to put on his skates again for the first time in four years. Never in those years did he stop thinking about it.

He was scared however; putting on his skates would put him back in his previous life. It would make his loss realer.

After a few months of working at the rink, it didn't seem that impossible anymore. He had already seen the ice and the practice from a different side. So why not put his skates back on? He could do this, he could have fun skating like every other person was allowed to. He made a plan.

He cleaned the ice two times during practice and one more time after. This was usual, this was normal. After his last clean, he made sure everyone was gone then made a beeline for the breakroom. He got out his skates. His skates. The last ones he competed in.

When he got back to the ice someone must've turned off the lights. He made sure to only put the lights he needed back on. He sat down on the bench and laced up his skates. Left skate before right skate. It still felt like routine, even after all those years. He stood up and set foot on the ice.

He was back in his previous life. He was flying on the ice, flying through thousands of memories, flying through thousands of missed opportunities. Shane felt more at home than at his apartment or even his parents' cottage. He finally felt like he could breathe again. The way he moved on the ice felt more natural to him than walking. Just as he started his second lap he heard a noise.

A door opened. Footsteps. A voice.

"I thought rink was only for players?"

A deep voice. A Russian voice. Ilya Rozanov's voice.

Shane came to a stop and looked at the Captain of the Boston Bears. It was like a cold bucket of water, pulling him out of the trance he had been in while skating. Rozanov was still in his practice gear, sweaty blonde locks framing his face. There was a confused yet curious smile on his lips.

"I am so sorry, I didn't think anyone would still be here. I'll leave right-", Shane started mumbling, feeling guilty.

"Why leave?", Rozanov interrupted him, "I'm only joking. You are not player but you work here. Zamboni driver, yes? Is not like you break in."

"Still I shouldn't be here. If my boss finds out, I'm definitely going to get fired." Shane ducked his head. A blush started spreading across his cheeks. He was so surprised Rozanov recognized him

He still felt the other man's eyes on him. "What is your name?", he asked.

"Shane. Shane Hollander."

"Nice to meet you, Shane. I am Ilya. Ilya Rozanov." He said the second part teasingly with a grin. He continued: "But you probably already know this."

“Yeah, I do,” Shane answered awkwardly, “Hi.”

It wasn't like he was a big fan of Rozanov, unlike some of his friends. He was definitely aware of him though. Ilya Rozanov had everything Shane could've had and he resented him for it. So he tried to ignore him on the news and on the rink when he was working. But he could never fully escape him. This was Boston after all, obsessed with their star hockey player. They also shared their fucking place of work. He managed to live with him. He ignored him and never let his jealousy become a problem. Shane focused on the joy he felt for finally being back in a hockey space. It had worked, until now, when he was standing face to face with the personification of everything he'd lost.

“Do you do this a lot?”, said person asked. He looked surprisingly curious. This man was supposed to be an asshole. Shane was exhausted from his skating-high and starting to get confused.

Shane shook his head vehemently. “No, never. Today is the first time.”

“Didn't look like first time to me,” Rozanov argued, looking even more curious.

“I didn't mean- I used to play. Just not anymore. This is my first time skating here.”

Rozanov nodded. “OK”

Shane was happy he didn't ask why he'd stopped playing or where he'd played. He let out a relieved sigh.

“You looked good out there,” Rozanov said suddenly as he pushed onto the ice with a wink. “Come on, let's practice.”

That's how Shane ended up on the ice, skating and passing pucks, with Ilya Rozanov. He was hesitant at first, still not used to the ice and definitely not used to him. Shane wanted to leave at first but Rozanov was persistent. Ilya, as the stubborn bastard insisted he'd call him. This was so out of Shane's comfort zone he didn't really know what to do with himself. The good thing was that he didn't really have to. As soon as he had a stick in his hand and a puck on the ice below him, everything just clicked into place. All of his fears were seemingly forgotten. He was back in his old life, but without pressure or grief. He could just enjoy playing hockey and being on the ice.

The only thing that was different was his knee. And Ilya.

Ilya was smiling, seemingly impressed with Shane's skills, even though he made sure not to go too hard. Out of fear of hurting his knee, but also not wanting Ilya to ask too many questions.

“Wow, you are very good for Zamboni driver” Ilya said over his shoulder as he skated away from Shane with the puck.

Shane followed after him, pushing Ilya into the boards. Not too hard. He was laughing too now. They scrambled for the puck and Ilya pushed back at Shane, softly, more teasing than aggressive. Shane looked at him as seeing him for the first time. That mischievous smile on his lips spread. His hair was sticking to his face and when he pushed it out of his eyes, Shane couldn't help but follow the movement.

Ilya took the opportunity and sprinted away with the puck again. Shane stumbled after him.

He stumbled.

He tripped and fell onto the ice. There was a pain in his knee and he felt it spread. Panic arose in him. This was all too familiar. He couldn't breathe. He was back in that very last game. The medics rushing over to him, putting him on a stretcher, the ambulance ride—

Shane felt a hand on his shoulder and heard a concerned voice say: “Shit, are you OK?. I forget you are not professional.”

This took Shane out of his panic. He sat up and stretched his leg, testing. The pain wasn't too bad now that he thought about it. He had felt it before when he had tripped over Hayden's clothes and fell down hard once. As scared as he had been, it only hurt for a couple of days and the doctors had assured him there wasn't any new damage.

Still, everything was too much. His knee. Ilya looking at him with concerned eyes. The hand on his shoulder. The comment with the reminder of his lost dream. The reminder of the much worse pain he'd once felt.

Shane stood up as quickly as he could, without hurting his knee even more. “Yeah, I'm fine,” he said under his teeth,

Ilya didn't look convinced. He raised an eyebrow at him.

And well, Shane just needed to get out of this situation. He looked away quickly. “I'm sorry. I need to leave. I should've never- I'm sorry. I can't,” He stumbled over his words, never making eye contact with Ilya.

His eyes focussed on the exit as he skated over, biting through the pain he still felt in his knees.

“What?” He heard Ilya call after him, confused, the playfulness in his voice fully had disappeared. “Hollander, wait.”

But Shane was already gone. Not bothering to take his skates off until he rounded the corner and closed the door to the break room.

—

It was the first time since Shane had started working at the rink he didn't look forward to going to work the next day. After he'd come home with a look of panic on his face and only giving Hayden a short nod yesterday, he locked himself in his room. As soon as he closed the door behind him, he felt tears streaming down his face. He was so overstimulated. The ice,

the skating, the fall, the pain, the look in Ilya's eyes, the way home, the loud noises in the bus; it had all been too much.

Shane knew he was autistic. He was diagnosed by the therapist he was assigned after his accident. Apparently it had been obvious for anyone with a little bit of knowledge. It helped him, knowing how his brain worked and figuring out how to deal with it.

So he grabbed his noise cancelling headphones and crawled under the covers, which he quickly pulled over his head. He only left his bed to force himself to eat something and go to the bathroom. When he came to the kitchen Hayden only had to take one look at him to ask: "Do you need a hug?"

Shane nodded stiffly and then he felt the pressure of his best friend's arms around him. Hayden knew better than to ask more questions right now. He was grateful for that.

It had been a long night and Shane felt a little better in the morning. Now he felt the panic rising again, standing in front of the rink. He went on autopilot, unlocking the door, putting on his work clothes, and heading to the ice. It was a morning practice. The Bears had a game in the evening.

When he was waiting for the team to clear the ice, sitting on the Zamboni, he felt a pair of eyes on him. He pretended to check the machine so he didn't have to face Ilya. After a few minutes, when he thought everyone must've left by now, he dared to look up.

Ilya was not on the ice anymore. He was, however, leaning next to the exit to the locker room. "Hello, Shane," he said, looking at him expectantly.

"Hi," Shane answered shortly, stiffly.

He saw Ilya heading back onto the ice, skating over to where Shane was sitting on the Zamboni. "You are not skating today?" Ilya asked him.

"No, it was a mistake. I should've never done it in the first place."

"Yes, you said this before," the Russian shot back. "But I enjoyed skating with you. Was nice," he continued more softly. Shane didn't know what to say to that. He averted his gaze that had been resting on Ilya's sweaty face. He felt himself blush.

"Yeah, me too," he mumbled quietly.

"So when are we going to do it again?" Ilya was still looking at him.

"We're not." It didn't come out as definitive as he wanted it to.

"Why not? You have fun skating with expert like me and I have fun skating with you, not serious like practice or games. Just fun."

"I fell, Ilya," Shane argued, embarrassed. "Everyone falls. Even me," Ilya replied, quickly adding: "Don't tell anyone I said this." A smirk was spreading on his face again.

"It's different for me. I can't risk it."

"You are scared?" The teasing voice was officially back. "I'm not. I'm not scared," Shane said, definitely scared.

"So why not?"

"Because I fucking said so." He felt like a stubborn child, stomping their feet, saying this.

"What if I say please?" Ilya asked unexpectedly. "Please, best Zamboni driver Shane Hollander, skate with me again." And well who could say no to that. Shane suddenly had an image of Ilya begging for something else stuck in his mind. He quickly shook his head to get rid of the thought.

"Okay," he agreed, not thinking straight.

Ilya was grinning now. His eyes were lighting up and Shane couldn't take his eyes off him. "Good. You clean ice, I go drink water and say goodbye to team, then we skate," Ilya said decidedly.

Shane had to answer: "I don't have my skates with me today."

He could see Ilya looking a little disappointed at that. "OK, so next time," the blonde said.

"Next time?" Shane asked, probably with a way too excited look on his face.

"Yes, next time. When do you work again?" Ilya looked at him like this was the most obvious thing in the world and Shane was just a little confused. Why did Ilya Rozanov want to skate with him so badly?

"On Saturday, I think, in the afternoon," he said way too quickly.

"OK, we have practice then," Ilya turned away and skated over to the exit. He shot him a look back over his shoulder and said with a wink: "Don't forget skates, Shane."

Shane couldn't help but stare after him. The way Ilya was moving on the ice was mesmerising. He skated harshly, precisely, but also elegantly. Beautifully. And the way his body looked in all the gear, was making Shane's head spin. He could only imagine how he must look without it.

It was like a switch being turned. He had been so focussed on not paying attention to Ilya for years, that now when he did, he couldn't think about anything else. Stop it.

Shane was starting to wonder what was wrong with him. Why was he thinking about Ilya Rozanov skating so much? About his body? He knew the answer. He didn't let himself admit

it.

So he started the Zamoni and forced the thoughts out of his head. He had a job to do and this was definitely not part of it.

When he got home from the library that evening, Hayden was waiting for him with his favorite take-out. “Sit,” he said as soon as Shane closed the apartment door.

He did. Hayden handed him one of the take-out containers and smiled at him empathetically. “Now, will you tell me what’s going on with you, please? I haven’t seen you like yesterday in a long time.”

“Ugh,” Shane started, his shoulders sagging. “I went on the ice yesterday—”

“You did what?”, his best friend interrupted him.

“I couldn’t help myself... It’s been tempting me for a long time,” he explained defensively.

Hayden was now looking at him with a shocked expression. “Don’t get me wrong. As long as you’re being careful, I think it’s a great idea. I just wasn’t expecting it,” The look on his face turned even softer. “I know how much you miss it. I can totally see it in your eyes when you talk about hockey,” Hayden added.

Great, now Shane felt like crying again. He felt a calming hand on his shoulder. “Hey, It’ll do you good.”

When Shane calmed down a little and returned Hayden’s soft smile, he could see a shift in his roommate. He could see a teasing expression spreading across his face. “So you just broke onto the Boston fucking Bears’ ice? Didn’t know you were so wild, Shane.”

“It was late, no one was even there anymo—” Shane started but quickly stopped talking. That wasn’t exactly true. He looked away from Hayden’s curious gaze.

“Oh my god! Who caught you? Was it your boss? Or the coach? Holy fuck, Shane,” Hayden exclaimed. He couldn’t remember his best friend ever being so shocked by something he had done.

“No, it was Ilya,” Shane said quickly, meeting Hayden’s eyes again. The expression on the latter’s face was even more shocked now.

“Ilya?”

“Yes, Ilya. Rozanov,” he filled in for him.

“Why the hell are you calling him by his first name?”

“Because he told me to?”

“When? When he caught you on the ice?” Hayden looked like he couldn't even fathom what he was hearing. “Yes- I mean no,” Shane stumbled over his words. “When we were on the ice together.”

“What?”

Shane was really starting to worry about Hayden's face. He'd really never seen this expression on him before.

“You mean to tell me,” Hayden started slowly, as if working through a very hard problem. “You were skating with the Boston Bears Captain, last year's MVP, Ilya Rozanov? The biggest asshole in the league, I might add!”

“Yes?”

“Was this why you had the meltdown yesterday? Did he say something to you? Holy shit, I will fight that fucker. I don't care how famous he is.” He could hear the anger in his friend's voice rising. It was sweet, but definitely not necessary.

Shane let out a laugh. “No,” he said quickly, “Nothing like that! He was actually quite... nice”

“Nice?” Hayden repeated dumbfounded.

“Yes, nice”

His friend let out a sigh. “This has been a very confusing evening to say the least.” He paused for a second, his smile vanishing suddenly, remembering how this conversation actually started.

“But then why were you so upset yesterday?”

Shane told him. Hayden was understandably worried and forced Shane to make an appointment with his doctor first thing in the morning.

Still it felt good to talk to someone about this, someone to share this with who wasn't Ilya fucking Rozanov. Someone who was his best friend and also knew his past. Shane went to bed with a smile on his lips. He had let Hayden convince him it would be fine, skating again. Now he couldn't wait for Saturday, to be back on the ice.

He also couldn't wait for Ilya to smile at him again.

—

Saturday came quickly. Shane threw himself into his studies, spending his days studying in the library and his evenings studying at home. This was what he knew how to do, the familiarity giving him confidence. He wasn't as confident about his plans to skate again, even though he was so excited about it.

Shane drove the Zamboni out onto the ice. He'd just been told the team was done with practice. This time he made sure to catch Ilya's eyes as he skated off the ice, laughing at something his teammate said to him. He felt excitement spread through his body as they shared secretive smiles. He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel, his body tingling. The prospect of skating really did something to him.

Yes, that was the only thing you are looking forward to, he said to himself unconvincingly.

As he was halfway done with cleaning the ice, he noticed that Ilya was back from where he'd presumably disappeared to the locker room with his team. He was sitting on one of the benches, tightening his skates. His hair was sweaty again and his locks were sticking to his face now that he wasn't wearing his helmet anymore. He had taken his pads off but put his practice jersey back on. Shane only noticed he was staring at the man when Ilya looked back up. He smiled and fucking winked. "Hurry up," Shane saw him mouth.

Fuck, he really needed to finish his job.

Shane left the Zamboni garage five minutes later. He cleaned the ice fast, sloppily, probably missing a bunch of spots. But whatever, he had to redo it later anyway.

Ilya was already waiting for him on the ice, so Shane hurried putting on his skates. He saw Ilya skating over to him, stopping at the boards. "Hello Shane," he said with a warm, exciting smile. Shane's stomach did a flip at this. Weird.

"Hi Ilya," he answered too quickly, too excited.

"You didn't forget your skates this time," Ilya said appreciatively, his tone also teasing.

"No, I guess I didn't," Shane returned, feeling himself blushed. Fuck, his body really had to stop doing that.

He had been itching to get onto the ice. He couldn't wait anymore, and so he didn't. They were circles around each other only seconds later. Shane breathed. That feeling he'd had the last time on the ice was back. Everything just clicked into place. The ice under his blades, the cold air hitting his cheeks, and Ilya's gaze on him. Everything inside him was warm. That fuzzy, perfect, feeling didn't leave him for the hours they were on the ice. At least it felt like hours, he'd lost track of time somewhere when they'd started shooting at the goals, making a competition out of it.

They laughed, they talked, they touched. Ilya somehow managed to always find a way to put his hand on Shane's shoulder, or his back. It made his head spin. The blush under his freckles was probably rising with every second.

He felt himself looking at Ilya even more than last time. He wasn't wearing his pads today so Shane could really see the way his body moved on the ice. His back muscles were very distracting. Still, Shane luckily managed to not trip this time.

When they'd finally left the ice, they ended up sitting next to each other on the bench, their knees nearly touching. Shane felt the electricity between them, felt the pull. If he'd just move a few millimeters—

“Here, take water.” Ilya pulled him out of his thoughts, shaking his water bottle at him. Shane stared at him. They were both breathing heavily from the exercise they just had, and maybe, just maybe, because of something else too. Shane took the bottle from Ilya's hand, their fingers touching for a just second. It was enough to send a rush of adrenaline through Shane's body. He took a big gulp, his eyes never leaving Ilya's.

“More,” he told him. Shane couldn't help but do exactly what Ilya told him to.

The air around them was filled with tension and Shane didn't know what to do with himself. He wanted something. In the back of his mind, he knew exactly what it was. He noticed Ilya's eyes on his lips as he drank out of the bottle. His gaze was heated. Shane couldn't think anymore.

Suddenly, the lights turned off.

“Fuck,” Shane heard himself say, pulled out of whatever moment they'd just shared.

“The lights turn off automatically at a set time. I should go turn them back on. I need to see to clean the ice again.” Shane was rambling at this point.

“OK,” Ilya started, “Can I help you with ice?”

Shane was confused. “What?”

“We did my job together. Now we do yours. Is only fair.”

He couldn't wrap his head around the fact that the fucking Captain of the Boston Bears, Ilya Rozanov, was the same person as the man next to him. It was very confusing. But who was Shane to refuse that offer?

A few minutes later, they ended up climbing on the Zamboni together. Shane held out his hand, offering to help Ilya up. “Do I look like I do not know how to climb?” Ilya asked, seeming offended. Still, he took Shane's hand.

“Have you ever done this before?” Shane asked him as he started the machine. He only got a quick “No” as an answer. He felt Ilya staring intensely at his hands that now gripped the steering wheel. As Shane moved the Zamboni across the ice, he felt Ilya's gaze move. He felt him looking away from his hands, over his body, and finally settling on his face. Shane couldn't concentrate. He also couldn't stop blushing. Again.

“Are you not used to cold rink? Is that why you have red cheeks?”, Ilya asked teasingly. Shane only blushed even more.

“Do you want to help me now, or are you just going to distract me?”, Shane heard himself say, also in a teasing tone. He didn't even know where that came from. His mouth was

seemingly faster than his brain.

Ilya nodded, so Shane told him to grab the wheel. "I am good at driving cars, so I should be good at this too," the man next to him said as he put his hands on the wheel.

"It's quite different though. It took me a little while to get the hang of it." Shane told himself that was the reason why he put his hands over Ilya's, helping him steer. He heard Ilya inhale sharply. He couldn't focus on the Zamboni anymore. The only thing on his mind was the way their hands touched.

Somehow, they made it back to the garage, hopefully leaving the ice cleaner than before. Shane couldn't expect more right now. As long as he wouldn't get fired, he'd be okay. That was probably the first time he'd ever thought that in his life. He stopped the motor, already missing the feeling of Ilya's hands. He sat back. The seat was so small, they'd been pushed against each other for the whole time. He felt it now even more than before, his knees touching Ilya's, their shoulders grazing.

He looked up at Ilya and saw him already looking back at him. He felt his gaze everywhere. He felt it on his lips. And that's what set Shane on fire. Every cell of his body was burning from the tension. One look from Ilya Rozanov apparently had a bigger impact on him than skating. There was no denying what he wanted anymore. The jist was over, so he just... surrendered to the feeling.

"This was nice," Ilya said softly, quietly, so very unlike him.

Shane felt himself smile at this. "Cleaning the ice is nice?"

"No," he heard Ilya respond firmly. He had a stubborn look on his face, his eyebrows drawn together in focus.

"So what then?", Shane said back. It was barely louder than a whisper. He hoped Ilya even heard him.

He did. "You. You are nice."

Shane saw Ilya's eyes fall to his lips. He held his breath. He felt himself panic suddenly, didn't know what to do, wanting so much. "I- I want-," he started. It was a lost cause. It was too much. He couldn't put it into words, so he quickly shut his mouth again before he could say something even more stupid.

Ilya was smiling at him, suddenly looking shy. His eyes were soft and a question hung on his lips. "Is this okay?" He asked as he touched his fingers to Shane's cheek. If Shane was on fire before, he was a hydrogen bomb now. He shuddered and nodded so quickly it was embarrassing.

He looked into Ilya's eyes and saw the want he was feeling himself in them. He couldn't help it. He leaned forward and let his lips touch Ilya's.

Ilya made a surprised noise. Shane was starting to get scared if he'd read this thing wrong, it was possible it happened to him sometimes. But before he could even finish the thought, he felt Ilya's lips moving against him, softly and carefully at first.

The kiss heated up quickly and Shane got so, so lost in it. He couldn't think a single thought as he felt Ilya's lips moving against his own. Shane put his hands against his chest, feeling the strong muscles under Ilya's jersey. He let out a sigh and felt Ilya's hands grab the back of his head, weaving his fingers through his short hair. Another noise escaped him and this time Ilya slipped his tongue into Shane's mouth. Now it felt like they were touching everywhere, their lips, their knees, their hands, their tongues.

Still, Shane didn't have enough. Call him greedy, but he really couldn't get himself to care at that moment. He swung one leg over Ilya and lifted himself onto his lap. Ilya let out a long "Fuck", as Shane settled down on him. He could feel how hard Ilya was under him and he was sure Ilya could feel him too, where he was pressed against his stomach. Ilya put both of his hands on Shane's ass and squeezed. He let out a loud moan in response. Ilya's hands were pushing him harder onto his legs below him, onto his crotch below him. "Oh my God," he felt the words coming from his lips. The pressure he was now feeling was so intense.

"You like that?" Ilya asked, looking up at him with red lips, when he pulled back just a tiny bit. "Fuck, yes so much," he whined. Shane even whimpered.

"What do you want, Shane?" The question sounded soft, considerate, yet urgent at the same time. Shane loved how his name sounded on Ilya's tongue, pronounced with that beautiful Russian accent.

"I don't know. I haven't ever really— Not with a guy at least," Shane said honestly, suddenly feeling embarrassed at his inexperience.

"Really?", Ilya looked genuinely surprised at that. "You are very confident, eager for first time."

"Sorry." He had felt the need to apologize.

"Don't. I like it," Ilya said earnestly. He lowered his voice and purred into Shane's ear: "I like it very much"

Shane felt himself blush once more at that. "Let me show you what I want then, yes? And you tell me what you like or don't like, OK?" he heard the voice in his ear say.

He nodded at that. "Yes, fuck, that sound perfect."

Ilya got back to it quickly, kissing Shane even harder than before. His hands left Shane's ass and wandered to his front and "Fuck." This was exactly what he wanted, one of the things at least. He had other fantasies, of course, he let himself indulge in only on a few occasions. Only when he was in his locked bedroom and he couldn't escape the thoughts anymore. When he was in a space, where he could allow himself to just want. It was safe.

Which fuck— Led him back to the situation at hand, or rather in Ilya's hand. He felt a panic rise inside of him. This was everything but safe, this was so stupid and silly. They weren't exactly in public but still, someone could walk in and could see them. See him. See him getting it on with Ilya fucking Rozanov. This was probably even more dangerous for him. Why wasn't Ilya thinking about this? Why hadn't they both thought about this?

Ilya must've felt Shane stiffen. He pulled his hands and lips away. Shane wanted to chase them. But no.

"Not here, Someone could walk in," he explained looking at Ilya's confused face. His eyes were still hooded. He thought Ilya was going to argue but he just nodded. Shaking his head seemingly trying to get out of his trance. Shane had to look away from him to go through with this. Ilya looked so good with his wide eyes and swollen lips.

"Okay, I understand," Ilya assured him. "Where then?"

Shane couldn't help but smile at that. He got off Ilya's lap and asked, feeling very bold: "What's your address?"

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