

## Compatible

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# Compatible

by [Caraphernellic](#)

## Summary

Shane hires a sex worker to figure out if he likes men.

Spoiler: He is not only gay, but he also falls in love with the sex worker.

# Chapter 1: Prologue

Shane looked at himself in the mirror and tugged at his tie. What was he doing? He just put on a suit to *greet the sex worker that he hired*.

He hurriedly rips off the suit and changes into something that's more casual. He sits in a chair and tries to calm down. It doesn't work. He wipes his sweaty palms on the thighs of his pants and wonders for the hundredth time why he decided to do this.

Shane knows the answer, though.

He wants to figure out if he's attracted to men. There have been some incidents recently that have made him start to consider it. So he figured he would do some...market research.

He was a well-known hockey player, so he couldn't just go out and find someone random like other people could. He had to be more careful. He found a reputable sex worker website, the expensive kind where they did background checks on you *and* their employees. Everything was very discreet and there were NDAs involved. You could input what you were looking for once you were formally accepted.

There were photos and descriptions on the site of those that they had available. It was also partially so you knew who you were looking for, and someone random didn't just show up and claim to be the person you were about to pay for sex.

It was first names only, at least, the public facing part, and so Shane was meeting up with a man named Ilya any minute now. He was stunning, so handsome that Shane had thought maybe the photos were fake and the website wasn't as reputable as he thought after all. He could be a model. Strong cupid's bow, a smoldering gaze, and tawny curls. He looked big and broad but defined and a large part of Shane hoped he ate him alive.

Maybe all of these thoughts should've been clue enough that yes, he is indeed attracted to men, but he still wanted to be sure. He kind of wanted practice, for if it ever came down to

the real thing. He didn't want to meet the future love of his life and be unsure of how to work him over.

He was Shane Hollander, and he liked to be skilled at everything he did.

## Chapter 2: Chapter One

Even though he had been expecting it, the knock at Shane's hotel room door made him jump. This was it. He stood up and took a fortifying breath before going to the door and looking out the peep hole.

It was Ilya.

"Ginger ale." He said to the closed door, barely remembering that he was supposed to say his safe word to confirm to the other man that he was indeed Shane, the one who had booked him.

"Vodka." The man answered back, his own safe word.

Shane opened the door. "Hi. Um, come in." He closed the door and locked it behind them. He immediately felt small and boyish next to this beautiful man. He was tall, and even more stunning in person.

"Hi Shane." He greeted. He had a Russian accent, which only made him even more attractive to Shane.

Shane nodded at the floor, feeling painfully shy. This is exactly why he needed to do this, because he had no idea how to act around someone he found attractive. He planned to play hockey for a long time, so he probably wouldn't even have time for a significant other in the near future, but he didn't want to be alone forever.

Ilya takes his hand gently and pulls him further into the room. Shane had booked a nice suite. He had the money, he might as well use it.

"You are nervous." Ilya states.

“Well, yeah.” Shane responds.

“Tell me why.” Ilya says, no nonsense. He doesn’t even sound condescending, he just sounds like he actually wants to know the reason.

Shane doesn’t even know how to respond, and he flounders.

“Maybe you think you will mess up, do wrong thing, is that it?”

“Yes.”

“There is no wrong thing. You are here to learn, right?”

Shane’s cheeks turn pink, even though he had willingly volunteered that information when he made the booking. There was the option to put down an extra comment along with likes/dislikes for the sex worker to be prepared before the official meet-up. It was also the time that the sex worker would veto the booking if they were not comfortable with what the client wanted or felt like they would not be compatible.

“No need to be scared.” Ilya says, grabbing Shane’s chin lightly between his forefinger and thumb and tilting his head up.

“I’m not scared.” Shane says automatically, a little forcefully. It makes Ilya smile.

“Well, then let’s get down to business. What do you want to do tonight?”

He’s asking Shane? Isn’t he the expert?

“Um...”

“You like blow job? I suck you off?” Ilya suggests.

“Can I suck *you* off?” Shane blurts out.

Ilya’s eyes darken. “Da. You are calling the shots. You want to learn to suck cock?”

Shane nods. That’s jumping in with both feet, right? He’ll know for sure if he likes men in that way if has a dick in his mouth. He’s literally in the process of dropping to his knees when Ilya stops him, gently.

“Let’s start with the basics. You and your partner want to get in the mood. It’s four course meal, yes? Not just quick dinner.” Ilya steps up to him, backing him into the wall, but it’s gentle. Shane isn’t scared. His hands go to Shane’s hips, big and warm and slightly calloused, rubbing circles there.

They both lean in, their mouth’s half a breath away.

“Good sex starts at the very beginning. With anyone.” Ilya says, their lips now touching. He kisses Shane gently, and Shane finds himself chasing after the kiss. It’s slow and deep. Ilya’s hand roams from his hip to his chest. “You do not like anything, you tell me right away.”

“Okay.” Shane agrees. “And you’ll tell me if you don’t like something?”

“Da.” Ilya says. They go back to kissing, and Shane’s hand goes up to Ilya’s hair. It feels nice between his fingers. Ilya’s hand squeezes his pec and he starts to feel the burn in the coil of arousal that was sitting low in his stomach. Kissing Ilya is nice. It already feels better than any of the times he’s kissed women in the past.

He feels his dick stirring with interest.

He's never had someone touch him like Ilya does, and they've only just gotten started. His touches aren't rough but they aren't gentle either, and he's touching over spots on Shane's body that no one else ever has.

He puts his hands to Ilya's fly. "Can I?"

"Yes." Ilya lets his hand rest on Shane's head as he sinks to his knees. Not pushing, but following. Shane gets the insane urge to nuzzle Ilya's crotch and he just goes for it.

"Yes, that's nice." Ilya praises, and it's like a jolt of adrenaline right into Shane's bloodstream.

Shane unzips his fly with slightly shaky hands and looks up at him to confirm that it's alright if he goes inside his boxers next. The sight of Ilya, looking down at him with dark, serious, *hungry* eyes is intoxicating. Shane feels powerful.

"Go ahead." Ilya encourages. "No teeth." He reminds Shane, which is a given. Shane jerks him through his boxers for a moment, swallowing when he feels just how big the other man is. At least he's also already hard, so Shane must be doing something correctly.

He pulls Ilya's dick out and gives the tip an experimental lick. Okay, yeah, he can do this.

Probably.

Ilya tastes clean, like unscented soap. There's a slight tang of his precum, but it's not bothersome. Shane is probably lacking finesse, but he's enthusiastic. He likes to try different approaches and see which one makes Ilya moan the loudest.

Shane likes being here on his knees, that much is pretty immediately clear to him. He gags a little, pulling back slightly to wipe his mouth with the back of his wrist.

“Fuck, Shane.” Ilya hauls him up.

“Was it bad?” Shane worries.

“Opposite. Too good.”

Shane feels pride swelling up in his chest. Ilya pulls him in for another kiss and they move away from the wall.

They take a few steps toward the bed and then Ilya pulls away. He sits down on the edge. “Strip for me.” He says it like a command, but Shane knows he would stop if Shane didn’t want to do this.

He takes off his clothes, folding them neatly and setting them on a nearby chair. Ilya seems amused by this but he doesn’t comment. Shane is left to just his boxers, standing there awkwardly. He feels a little stupid again, like an ugly duckling standing before a prince.

“You’re beautiful.” Ilya says. Shane almost balks. Instead, he ducks his head bashfully.

“Come here.” Shane comes to stand in front of Ilya, who spreads his knees to accommodate him. “You do not think you are beautiful?” Ilya asks, resting his hands on Shane’s hips once again and looking up at him.

“No.” Shane says truthfully.

“I think you are very pretty.” Ilya says. “Can I blow you, pretty boy?”

Shane’s erection is quite prominent in his boxers and is currently basically in front of Ilya’s face. “Yes. Please.” He then internally cringes, but Ilya just smiles and starts palming Shane’s bulge. It feels so good that his knees almost buckle.

“On the bed.” Ilya decides, and he stands while Shane lays back on the bed. “Can I take these off?” He checks, tugging at the hem of Shane’s boxers.

“Yes. But you too. I want to see you.” Ilya had tucked himself back into his boxers when they moved across the room, and his pants are still on but hanging unbuttoned and loose around his waist. He kicks them off, then strips off his shirt as well.

Shane almost balks again. He’s decently well built himself, he is a professional athlete after all, but Ilya is chiseled in a way that Shane just isn’t. Shane is shorter and stockier, with thicker muscles, while Ilya is tall and lean with a tapered waist and big pecs. God, his pecs.

“Like what you see?” Ilya smirks, and Shane becomes aware that he was definitely staring.

“Yes.” He admits. He’s rewarded when Ilya crawls over his body to kiss him again. Their chests brush, and so do their erections. Ilya kisses down his body until he gets to his waist, and he finally strips off Shane’s boxer briefs.

Without preamble, he leans down and takes Shane’s dick into his mouth. It feels incredible from the very start. Hot and wet with the perfect amount of suction. His hands fly to Ilya’s hair. “Fuck, fuuuck.”

He’s going to finish very quickly, that much is clear. “Ilya, Ilya!” He tries to warn him, but the other man keeps going until Shane finishes in his mouth. “Fuck, I’m sorry.”

“Is okay. I like it.”

Shane basks in his afterglow for only about a minute before he tugs Ilya by the bicep back on top of him. He wraps his hand around him and the other man puts a hand over Shane’s, showing him exactly how much pressure to use to stroke him. They jerk Ilya off together until he finishes in Shane’s stomach.

Ilya kisses him after, then gets up to get a wet cloth. He cleans them both up and then they spend some time on their backs catching their breath.

“Shane?”

“Yeah?”

“I think you are attracted to men.”

## Chapter 3: Chapter Two

Shane plays a great game at their next one. The guys all tease him, telling him that he must've gotten laid and it must be the reason he's 'glowing'.

Shane hates that they're right.

He feels lighter, a little less tightly strung than he normally is. He should maybe be freaking out that not only he is gay, but he paid for sex. And he loved it.

And now it's affected his hockey in a positive way, so that's only more reason for him to not feel upset about it. In fact, he goes back to his hotel room after the game- a different hotel, this time, they're on the road- and books another session with Ilya.

More experience is never a bad thing, right?

~

"Ginger ale."

"Vodka."

Shane opens the door and lets Ilya inside. He's back in Montreal, so he booked the same exact hotel room in the same exact hotel.

"Hi, pretty boy." Ilya greets him, and Shane already feels weak in the knees. The way that Ilya says it, it doesn't seem condescending or like a jest at all. He says it like he really means it.

“Hi.” Shane says stupidly. His brain is too preoccupied with the attractive man in front of him.

“What do you want to do today?” Ilya asks him, as casually as if he’s talking about the weather.

“Can I suck you off again?” Shane asks. He’s been thinking about it. He wants Ilya to finish in his mouth.

“That is what you want?” Ilya checks.

“Yes.”

“Strip, I want to see you.”

Shane takes his clothes off much the same way he had before. His body is buzzing with excitement. He’s been replaying their last encounter over and over again in his mind. He’s never felt like that before, during sex acts or otherwise. His desire outweighs any other feelings he has about paying for sex.

“Come.” Ilya says, pointing to the spot right in front of him. He stands, fully clothed, by the bed. Shane comes to stand in front of him, and Ilya immediately pulls him into a kiss. “Show me what you learned last time.” He says after.

Okay, Shane can do that. He remembers what Ilya said about how sex starts at the very beginning, even before the foreplay. He kisses Ilya’s jaw, then down his neck. His hands find his hips.

“You are good student. Good boy.” Ilya praises, and Shane feels like lightning has zapped his spine.

Shane kisses his way down Ilya's body until he's kneeling and has reached his waist. Ilya's hand cups his jaw and without thinking, he sucks the man's thumb into his mouth.

Ilya pets over his tongue, then presses down hard behind his bottom teeth, hooking his long fingers over Shane's chin and pulling him forward by his mouth. "You just love your mouth being full." He comments. It's not a lie.

Shane looks up at him through his lashes and nods.

"Fuck." Ilya swears and removes his fingers. Shane takes the opportunity to nibble at Ilya's v-line where his pants are sliding off his waist. "Mm, I like that. You watch porn to study?"

"No." Shane says, offended. Yes. Ilya doesn't have to know that, though.

Luckily, Ilya doesn't press the issue.

Shane pulls down his pants and boxers, then lightly shoves him so he's forced to sit back on the bed. Shane shuffles forward on his knees in between Ilya's legs.

He kisses up the inside of Ilya's thighs, all the way to his hard cock. He nuzzles it, feeling a little out of his element and a little slutty but loving it. It's thrilling.

"*Fuck.*" Ilya breathes out appreciatively.

Shane smiles against his skin and then takes his cock into his mouth.

Shane strains against the pleasure he's being accosted with. He's face down on the bed and Ilya is behind him, licking into him.

Shane didn't even really know this was an option.

Yet here Ilya is, eating him out like both of their lives depend on it.

Shane fists into the sheets so hard he thinks there's a possibility that they might tear. He goes back and forth between humping the bed and pushing back onto Ilya, which is probably quite rude, but he doesn't care.

His moans are high-pitched and whiny, a tenor that he's never heard from himself. Ilya's big hands hold his cheeks open, gripping just hard enough to give an edge of pleasure-pain.

Shane feels loose and open and wanton. "Please." He begs, not even really knowing what he's begging for.

Ilya's hand reaches up to pet soothingly down his back, landing on the dimples just above his ass and kneading there.

Shane puffs against the mattress, his breath coming in quick pants. Ilya pulls his mouth away and uses the fingers on his other hand to play with Shane's hole.

"Fuck fuck fuck." Shane chants.

"Shhh." Ilya soothes. He hovers over Shane's back and comes up to kiss his shoulder. "Is alright. I will take care of you."

Shane realizes how tense he is right now and struggles to relax.

“Pretty boy, I’ve got you.” Ilya slips a finger inside and Shane whines again. He had no idea anything could feel this good and intense. “Is okay?” Ilya checks.

“Y-yeah.” Shane stutters out. He turns his face to seek Ilya’s mouth for a kiss and Ilya lets him have it.

Ilya makes Shane cum on his fingers and afterwards, he feels properly boneless and fucked out. Ilya makes him feel safe and comfortable though, and he holds Shane as he comes down from the high.

In many ways, Shane is fucked.

## Chapter 4: Chapter Three

“I want you to fuck me tonight.”

“Hello to you too, Shane.” Ilya says, bemused.

“I’ve liked when you touch me...there. And I’ve thought about it, and I’m ready.”

“Touch you where?” Ilya asks innocently. Shane should’ve known he’d make him say it.

“You know where.” He huffs.

“If you won’t say it, we can’t do it.” Ilya tells him. Yeah, that’s actually very fair. He needs to get a grip.

“My hole.” Shane says, his cheeks still burning despite his strong desire to appear casual.

Ilya backs him up to the bed and when he’s forced to fall back onto it, he follows, crawling over Shane’s body.

“Have you ever been fucked here?” He asks, hand between Shane’s cheeks even though he’s still clothed.

“You know I haven’t.” Shane tells him.

“Have you ever touched yourself here, or is it just me?”

Shane swallows hard.

“Do you think touching your ass makes you gay? Because everything we’ve done so far would also make you gay.” Ilya has a tendency to be a little snarky.

“You’re an asshole. And no one else, but...I have a thing.”

“A thing?”

“A dildo, alright?!”

“What color?” Ilya asks automatically.

“Shut *up*.”

Ilya kisses him. “I will fuck you.” He promises when they separate. “But only when you are begging for it.”

He takes Shane apart slowly, starting with his mouth and then his fingers. He opens him up carefully, checking in often and sucking kisses into his inner thighs. He’s slow and sensual and it’s kind of driving Shane insane.

“Please.” Shane gasps. He feels wet and open and empty.

“Please what?”

“Please fuck me. I want it.”

Ilya kisses the inside of his knee in response. “Hm, you did ask nicely.”

“Ilya!” Shane whines, reaching down to grab his hair. Ilya sits up and kisses him quickly before reaching for the condoms that are on the nightstand. Shane watched hungrily as he rolls one on. He’s not as nervous as he thought he might be, instead he just *really* wants this.

Ilya pushes his knees up and settles between his legs. “Still okay?” He asks.

“Yes.” Shane promises. He looks between them to where Ilya is hard and heavy between his legs. He’s so big. Much bigger than Shane’s dildo.

“It will fit.” Ilya promises, as if reading his mind. He pushes in slowly, and the stretch burns a little, but it’s definitely manageable.

Ilya kisses his face and nips at his jaw as he pushes in, distracting him from any slight discomfort.

“Okay?” Ilya is fully inside him now but hasn’t yet moved. Shane takes a few deep breaths to test how he feels.

“Yeah, yeah, it’s good.” He kisses Ilya hard. “You can move.”

He starts off slowly, and the drag is insane. Shane may never be able to use his dildo again with this to compare it to. “Feels good.” He moans.

“You are perfect.” Ilya tells him. “Pretty hole for pretty boy. Feels so fucking good.”

Shane never expected that he’d be into dirty talk, but coming from Ilya, it’s really doing it for him. “Harder.” He demands. He wants Ilya to really fuck him. “Please, go harder.”

“Okay, okay.” Ilya soothes. He kisses Shane’s forehead and then pulls almost all the way out before snapping his hips in harder.

“Yes.” Shane hisses. “Keep going.” He feels delirious with pleasure.

Ilya fucks him hard, murmuring phrases half in Russian.

Shane cries out when Ilya hits his prostate. “Close, I’m close.” He chokes out.

Ilya takes this as a cue to reach between them and start stroking Shane’s cock in time with his thrusts. Faster than he would’ve thought possible after just entering the precipice, Shane’s muscles lock up and he cums.

“Oh, fuck, Shane.” Ilya groans. Shane can feel how tightly he’s locking up around Ilya’s dick. They pant into each other’s mouth and then Ilya bites his bottom lip and finishes into the condom. He lets Shane’s legs down slowly, lightly squeezing the muscles as he does.

“Alright?” He asks immediately.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m good.” Shane feels utterly exhausted now though. He winces when Ilya pulls out, then almost flinches when the man prods at his hole. It feels weirdly intimate in a different way even if they just did one of the most intimate things you can do with another person.

“You are good down here.” Ilya says. “Feels okay?”

Despite his embarrassment, Shane is actually glad that Ilya cares so much. “Yes, it’s good.”

Ilya comes back with a wet wash cloth and a water bottle. He cleans Shane up and then covers him with the blankets. They lay side by side for a few minutes.

“You did amazing.” Ilya tells him, and he sounds sincere. “Future partner will be very happy.”

Oh yeah, Shane’s imaginary future partner. The one he’s gaining all this experience for.

Shane watches as Ilya packs up his stuff, the routine familiar now.

“I see you next time.” His phone dings as Shane sends through the other half of the money for tonight. “Bye Shane.”

“Goodbye, Ilya.”

~

It becomes a routine.

When Shane is back in Montreal, he books a session with Ilya. It continues all throughout the rest of the hockey season. However, in the summer, Shane is at his cottage a few hours away. The weeks feel long without Ilya, which is ridiculous, because he’s literally a sex worker that Shane pays for his company.

Their encounters are good fuel for his masturbatory fantasies, at least.

Shane tells himself that it’s normal that he has these thoughts about the other man. He likes him as a person, they’ve spent a decent amount of time together at this point. It’s actually been nice to have regular sex, especially with one person.

Shane didn’t consider himself overtly sexual until he met Ilya. Probably because he didn’t know that he was gay and had only had experiences with women.

A few months ago, there had been a new trade to their team. And one of the first things that Shane had noticed is that the man was very attractive.

Hockey has always been his whole life, so he's not surprised that he made it to his early twenties without discovering his sexuality. He had lost his virginity at 18 to a girl he went to high school with and briefly dated. It was fine. Nothing like other guys had always described it, but it was fine. They had sex exactly two other times before they broke up.

Shane's second partner was two years later and it never progressed after they had sex the one time.

So, finding a man attractive years down the line did come as a bit of a shock to his system. That started him down the path to hiring Ilya, and the rest was history.

He's not out. He's never acknowledged out loud to a single other soul that he's gay. He could tell his parents, he knows this, but he hasn't quite figured out how. Shane is the Captain of a professional MLH team, so he absolutely cannot be publicly gay. It's a sad truth, but the truth nonetheless.

For now, Ilya is the perfect solution.

## Chapter 5: Chapter Four

The new hockey season has started. Shane has resumed his session with Ilya. Everything is right in the world.

Everything, except the fact that Shane has been sick for days. He had food poisoning and missed their last game. He was throwing up his guts for over 24 hours. He'd stopped vomiting yesterday evening, the only small miracle, because he has a session booked with Ilya for this evening.

It was a rough few days and he needed this.

"You look like shit." Ilya says plainly.

"Gee, thanks." Shane retorts. It's the truth though, he's still pale and waxy. "Food poisoning isn't exactly sexy."

Ilya looks concerned, and Shane elaborates. "I've been better for 24 hours now."

"You sure you want to do this tonight?"

"Yes. Unless you guys have some sort of illness policy or something." Shane hadn't thought to check. This wasn't something contagious so he figured it would be fine.

Ilya shakes his head no. He's looking at Shane kind of strangely and it puts him on edge.

"What do you want to do today?" The standard question that Ilya always asks him.

Shane doesn't answer, but he walks up to him and starts kissing him. Ilya responds in kind. God, Shane really needed this.

The kissing escalates and then Ilya is falling back onto the bed and bringing Shane with him.

Except-

When the world tilts, it takes Shane an extra minute to find his balance. He doesn't crash into Ilya and continue their make out like both of them expects. Instead, Shane is dizzy and disoriented. He goes to plant his hand on Ilya's shoulder for balance and misses, his hand landing on the bed instead.

"Shane?"

Shane closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. "Sorry."

"You are still sick." Ilya accuses. He sits up, holding Shane on his lap securely.

"No, I-" Shane thought he was better, he wasn't expecting that head rush. "I just got dizzy all of a sudden."

Ilya cups his face and Shane opens his eyes. "We are done for tonight." Ilya says gently.

"Wha- no!" Shane says, then immediately feels pathetic. Ilya is a sex worker, if there's no sex, of course he's going to leave.

"I should have said no from beginning. Set boundary. Now you are feeling bad. My fault." Ilya says, a crease in his brow.

Shane climbs off his lap and sits next to him on the end of the bed, feeling stupid. He stares at the floor as Ilya types something on his phone for a few minutes.

“Okay. You lay down. Rest. I order delivery.”

“What?” Shane looks up, confused.

Ilya shakes his phone. “I order delivery to door. Gatorade, soup from place down the street. Good reviews.”

Shane is stunned.

“You need food. Drink. Ah, salt, in your body.”

“Electrolytes?”

“Da.”

Shane feels stupidly warm and fuzzy. He does lay back onto the bed properly. “You don’t have to stay.”

Ilya waves him off with a humph and Shane bites back a smile. They throw something mindless on the tv while they wait for the delivery to arrive. It’s really the first time they’ve ever just hung out together. For obvious reasons.

When the food does arrive, Ilya reminds Shane of a mother hen. “I can feed myself, you know.” He teases.

“Obviously not.” Ilya sniffs.

“It was an accident, okay?” Shane hadn’t realized how dehydrated and run down he really was after being sick. He feels a little stupid about that, but it’s already happened now. He still feels a little shaky and weak, but better now that he has food and some Gatorade into him.

“You miss last Montreal game. I had ticket.” Ilya says suddenly.

“What?” Shane says sharply. He never disclosed his last name to Ilya, just the company for his background check. But this is Canada, and he is a professional hockey player, so he should’ve known that Ilya might figure out who he is.

“Sorry, does this make you uncomfortable? I like hockey.”

Shane softens despite himself. “No, I was just surprised.”

“That sex worker has other interests?” Ilya teases.

“No. Asshole.” Shane throws a pillow at him. “I can get you tickets to our next home game to make up for it if you want.”

“Only fair.” Ilya counters. “When star player misses game.”

“I was sick!” Shane reminds him. “How many tickets do you want?”

“Just one.”

Oh. Ilya came to see Shane by himself. He hates that this gives him a weird flutter in his chest.

Another 30 minutes goes by before Ilya deems Shane well enough to leave. Shane sends him the rest of the money for their evening, and Ilya frowns at his phone, then looks up at him. "You send way too much. I reject it."

"What? That's your hourly rate, times three." Shane says. This is definitely the longest they've ever spent together, and the dollar amount made Shane wince when he looked at it, but he could more than afford it.

"We did not have sex. You don't pay me for other stuff."

"Well yeah, but you wasted your time here."

"Is not a waste to help someone." Ilya seems almost offended.

"You're right. Thank you." Shane amends. He's still feeling *something* and he needs to cut off this train of thought right now.

"You are welcome. Take care of yourself, Hollander." It's the first time Ilya has called him by his last name, and it somehow seems more intimate than Shane.

Shane closes the door and immediately begins packing up his own stuff to go back to his apartment. He needs to get out of this space where all his thoughts are about Ilya.

## Chapter 6: Chapter Five

Shane is an idiot. Positively stupid.

He became one of those people who thought that he meant more to a sex worker.

He was a client who paid for sex, and nothing more. He doesn't know why his brain can't comprehend this. Maybe it was related to the fact that he had been exclusively having sex with Ilya for more than a year, and the wires in his brain got crossed.

He failed to think about the fact that this was Ilya's *job* and he had most certainly been having sex with other people besides Shane.

It's absolutely mortifying.

He has no right to feel upset that he just caught Ilya coming out of someone else's hotel room.

Caught actually implies that Ilya was doing something wrong, which he wasn't. Shane was the issue here.

The ironic thing was, he wasn't even expecting to see Ilya at all tonight. They were in Montreal, but he was actually at a different hotel than the one he normally books for his time with Ilya. There was some 'team bonding' dinner being held here tonight before their game tomorrow. He was rooming with Hayden.

Shane had been going back to their room to grab something before dinner and happened to catch movement out of the corner of his eye. He did a double-take, because the silhouette looked familiar.

It was Ilya, slipping out of someone's room on this floor. He didn't look at Shane as he strode confidently toward the elevator.

Shane barely refrained from literally dropping his jaw before he hurried inside his room.

The sinking pit in his stomach was truly unwarranted, but he couldn't help how he felt. He let everything get to his head. The night that he was sick and Ilya went above and beyond to help him. He was just being nice. Ilya coming to Shane's games. He just liked hockey.

Shane was a paycheck to him and nothing more.

~

It was difficult, but he made the decision to stop booking sessions with Ilya, at least for now. He needed to. His mental health couldn't afford to keep seeing him without his heart getting in the way, evidently.

A month went by, then two. By month three, he was pent up. There was no other way to put it. Before Ilya, he was used to the lack of sex, but now he had gotten spoiled and his body had gotten used to it.

His arousal became a constant simmer in his veins, a buzzing in his body. His hand just wasn't the same. Neither was his dildo.

Shane needed to get laid.

Maybe not full-on penetrative sex, because he wasn't sure he was ready for all of that with a total stranger, but maybe he could find someone to exchange handjobs or blowjobs with. It wasn't ideal, because he hated the idea of that vulnerability with someone random, but he was *so horny*.

He looked online for viable options. He certainly didn't want to hire someone else from the company Ilya worked for, but he wanted something similar- a controlled, safe, *private* environment.

He stumbles across a BDSM club website. Exclusive and expensive. Exactly what Shane was looking for. Surely someone there would be looking for some release?

He applies for a membership on their website and has to wait an agonizing two days for the approval email to come through. Then he's on the road for some games before he's finally back in Montreal a week and a half after he completed the application.

At least they accepted him.

He spends a long time getting ready before he finally heads out to the club. He wants to look nice and catch someone's eye quickly, then do what he needs to do, and come home.

At least Ilya had helped him with technique so he feels at least marginally more confident in his skills. This isn't exactly what he had in mind that he'd be using them for, but either way.

The club is dark and moody. Shane tries to order a ginger ale at their bar but they don't have it, so he settles for a club soda with lime. He sits on a stool and sips it, wondering if he looks as out of place as he feels.

The air displaces as someone slides onto the seat next to him. He looks over to see a handsome yet unassuming man.

"Hi. You're new." The man observes.

Shane nods. "Yeah, I am."

"I'm Will." The man extends his hand for a shake.

“Shane.” Shane isn’t fast enough to think of a good fake name, and besides, this place was also pretty heavily protected by NDAs and other legality. It was part of the reason why Shane picked it. He was becoming somewhat of an expert on the art of sex and secrecy.

“What brings you here, Shane?”

“Just looking for a little fun.” Shane replies. It sounds like such a corny line that he almost winces.

“I like to have fun.” Will smirks.

“Maybe you could show me.” Shane says boldly. He’s thinking with his dick here instead of his normal analytic, organized, *boring* brain.

“It would be my pleasure.” Will says, standing. He offers Shane his hand again, this time to take. Shane does, letting himself be led down a hallway to a private room.

He’s nervous, of course he is, but he’s a little excited too.

“Go ahead and kneel for me.” Will says when they get inside the room. It’s pretty nice. Shane is sure it probably costs a pretty penny to rent one out.

Kneel? Okay. Shane can do that.

He kneels and looks up at Will expectantly.

“Eyes down.” Will commands. “Be a good boy.”

That, Shane can do. He's good for- he stops that train of thought right in its tracks.

Things progress and they're good, but kind of intense. There seems to be rules here, and Shane thinks he's following them, but he's not quite sure.

Will is telling him what to do, and Shane likes to follow orders, but there's less checking in than there is with Ilya.

It's fine though. He's still going to get off, so it's all means to an end.

Somewhere along the way, he starts to feel a little floaty. It's different than when he was dizzy that day with Ilya.

It's not unpleasant, but Shane does feel a little apprehensive at feeling this way in a strange place with a strange person.

They continue on and exchange blow jobs, and Shane finally gets the release he came for.

"That was fun." Will tells him with a small pat to his hip. He starts cleaning himself up.

Shane waits a minute and when it is obvious that Will is not going to be cleaning Shane up as well, he gets up awkwardly. He hastily cleans himself up, confused and still a little disoriented. That's it?

Usually even Ilya would clean him up and make sure he's okay. Will looks like he's thirty seconds from darting out the door to go about his night.

"Maybe I'll see you around?" Will asks as they both leave the room. Shane ignores him and keeps walking.

He feels...untethered. Embarrassed. Wrong.

Was he really bad, and that's why Will was rushing it at the end? Or maybe he didn't like Shane as a person, thought he was too stilted and awkward.

*Even Ilya's lessons couldn't make him like you.* A nasty voice in his head whispers.

His hands shake and he stuffs them into his pocket. On the way out the door, he's not paying attention and he bumps into someone. He looks up. It's a tall, beautiful woman, and the man with her is-

Ilya.

Of course it is.

Shane mumbles an apology and tries to push past them. He shoves the door to the club open, the frigid night air hitting him like a train.

"Shane!"

Shane ignores Ilya calling for him. He has his beautiful date to take care of. Shane will go home alone like always.

"Shane!" Ilya is behind him now, and he grabs at Shane's shoulder. Shane stops dead in his tracks. The familiar smell of Ilya's cologne fills his nostrils. Why is all of this happening to him tonight?

Ilya appears in front of him. Shane feels stupid and small and like he wants to disappear right into the ground. "Shane? Are you okay?"

*No, Shane wants to snap. No, I'm not okay. I just gave a blow job to a stranger and he gave one to me and it felt good at first but after I realized that I'm nothing.*

Ilya talks in rapid Russian to the beautiful woman, standing just to the side of them. Great, more people to witness Shane's humiliation.

"Are you hurt?" Ilya asks with concern, stepping closer to him. He reaches out for him, his hands gentle in Shane's waist, and Shane wants to crumble. He realizes he's still trembling. His teary eyes meet Ilya's and he can't speak past the lump in his throat.

Ilya must see it in his face, because he pulls Shane into his chest and cradles his head. God, it feels good. He doesn't mean to, but Shane starts to cry.

## Chapter 7: Chapter Six

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Tell me who you met with tonight.” Ilya says, his voice steely.

Shane buries himself further into his chest.

“I’m going to go kick their ass.” Ilya spits, and he starts to pull away, but Shane whimpers involuntarily.

“Please don’t leave.” He’s found his voice only because he couldn’t stand it if Ilya walked away from him right now. He thinks he would fall apart. “Please, I’ll be good.” He begs.

Ilya looks at him with an unreadable expression. “Come.” He finally says. He keeps an arm around Shane and walks him to, presumably, his vehicle. He buckles Shane into the passenger seat, and Shane doesn’t even have the energy to protest that he can do it himself.

Ilya stands in the open car door, looking at Shane. His eyes are serious but concerned. “We go to my house. Is okay?”

Shane nods. Ilya pets through his hair once before finally closing the door and getting into the driver’s seat.

“Please tell me what happened so I can help.”

Shane feels another wave of shame roll through him, hot and thick. He leans against the cool window to ground him, but it barely works. He still feels like he’s made of static.

“I...” Shane takes a deep breath. “I just wanted to get off.” He finally says.

“You could’ve booked an appointment with me.” Ilya says calmly, and Shane almost scoffs. He bites it back. At Shane’s silence, Ilya speaks again. “Did I do something wrong?”

Shane turns to look at him. He instantly feels even worse at the apprehensive look on Ilya’s face. “No. It was me.”

Ilya’s brows knit together in confusion. “You did not do anything wrong.”

Shane presses the heels of his hands to his eyes. “Trust me, I did.”

They drive the rest of the way in silence. Ilya pulls up to a house and comes around to get Shane out of the passenger seat. He steers him inside and gives him a bottle of water immediately. “Drink.”

Shane didn’t realize how thirsty he was until now. He finishes the bottle.

“Sorry, I do not have ginger ale.”

Shane didn’t even know that Ilya paid enough attention to notice that he preferred ginger ale. He doesn’t have time to dwell on it, because Ilya comes back and pulls him into his chest once more. He wraps his arms around him, warm and solid and everything Shane had been missing for months now.

“Do you know what is happening to you?” Ilya asks. Shane is a little confused by the question.

“Um.” He says ineloquently.

“Is called Sub drop.”

Sub, as in submission? Like the S in BDSM?

“You did scene with Dom, yes?”

“I went in a room with a guy at the club and he had me kneel and stuff.” Shane says, his cheeks flushing.

“This was your first time doing this?”

“Yeah.” Shane lets himself be led to a couch and covered up with a blanket before he’s back in Ilya’s arms. It’s easier to talk when they aren’t looking at each other.

“Is Dominant’s job to take care of Submissive. This man should have talked to you. Made agreement. Made you feel safe. Take care of you after, like this.”

Shane remembers the way the man had barely looked at him after.

“How do you know all this?” He asks Ilya, half-afraid to know the answer.

“I learn lot of things during my job.” He presses a sweet kiss to Shane’s hair. “I’m sorry I was not there.”

It’s Shane’s fault. He’s the one who stopped booking with Ilya. He closes his eyes, not wanting to talk anymore. They’re quiet for a long time, so long that Shane is practically dozing in Ilya’s lap. He lets the other man softly run his fingers through his hair, the rhythm almost hypnotic. Shane starts to feel more centered in his body again, like he had floated away for a time but now he was back.

He still feels shitty, but it's less all consuming. He opens his eyes and blinks up at Ilya, who is already watching him.

"Hello, pretty boy. You are back with me, yes?" Ilya asks, and his fingers graze Shane's jaw gently.

"Yeah, I think so." Then, he stupidly blurts out "I missed you."

"I missed you too." Ilya says, and it sounds like he means it. Or maybe Shane just wishes he did.

"I can start booking sessions again." Shane tells him. He's kind of tired of fighting this. He might as well go back to what he really wants.

"Ah." Ilya winces. Oh, when he had said that earlier, was he just being nice? Maybe he didn't really mean it when he said Shane could've come to him.

Shane swallows hard. "Nevermind. I shouldn't have assumed."

Ilya prevents him from getting up from his lap. "You see, I am surrounded by beautiful women all the time."

Okay, damn. He didn't have to rub salt into the wound. Shane's cheeks burn. "Yeah." He says bitterly.

Ilya pushes on. "And I like women, and I am surrounded by so many sexy women. But you see, I have this problem."

Shane watches his face carefully.

“I cannot stop thinking about boring Canadian boy with beautiful freckles. And a weak backhand.”

“I do *not* have a weak backhand!” Shane squawks.

Ilya just grins.

Then Shane registers what it is the other man had said. “Do you want that problem to go away?” He asks quietly.

“No. I do not ever want that problem to ever go away.” Ilya says softly. He doesn’t look away as he says it.

“I stopped seeing you because I...I started to really like you. As more than just someone I meet up with to get off.” Shane confesses. Ilya made his own confession, and now it’s Shane’s turn.

“Sounds like maybe we have same problem.”

Shane nods against Ilya’s thigh. “Are we stupid?”

Ilya laughs. “Maybe.”

“You cannot hire me anymore because I quit two weeks ago.” Ilya tells him.

“What?” Shane says, surprised. “Really?”

“Da. I quit agency.”

Shane finally sits up, picking his head up from Ilya's lap.

"I am trying to get job as bartender at the club from tonight. My friend Svetlana, the one I was with, works there."

"Did I mess up your chances? Were you supposed to have an interview or something there tonight?" Shane worries.

"Do not worry. Everything will be fixed. You are more important."

"Kiss me." Shane tells him.

### *Epilogue*

Shane sits at the bar, sipping a ginger ale. He's so glad they started carrying it here. He watches the handsome bartender. He moves easily, his biceps straining his tight shirt as he makes drink orders.

Shane comes here all the time just to watch him.

"Do you want another ginger ale, Shane?" Svetlana asks him as she walks by.

"I got it." Ilya says, voice clipped, appearing from the other end of the bar. He gets so possessive, even if it's just Svetlana. Shane loves it.

Svetlana rolls her eyes at Ilya but winks at Shane.

Someone sits next to him. “Hi, handsome.”

Shane doesn’t even look at him. “Sorry, I’m here with someone.”

“That’s too bad.” The man says with a pout.

“Yeah, it is.” A Russian voice says, not sounding sorry at all. Ilya slides Shane his ginger ale.

Shane loves this game. He wonders how many more people will try to hit on him before Ilya takes him to the back and fucks him. He’s betting he can get at *least* two more.

It drives Ilya crazy, but he also loves it. It makes both of them extra horny. After all, Shane was taught that good sex starts from the very beginning.

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading my first fic of the year!

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