

Built for This

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Built for This

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Summary

Good hockey boys didn't dream of their mouth stretched wide around another man, didn't dream of that man fucking their faces, didn't dream about what it would feel like if they came down his throat.

Notes

Millions of thanks to [blueberrybridges](#) for the beta. You made this fic so much better. You are a star.

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

Shane Hollander liked to have things in his mouth.

He had always been like that, chewing on pencils, the strings of hoodies, and lollipops and gum before they both became forbidden on his hockey diet. He sucked his fingers as a child and still sometimes would when the stress and the pressure got to be too much. The weight on his tongue was comforting, the fullness felt soothing.

When he was 16 he started to figure out that maybe he wanted something different than just his fingers in his mouth. Maybe someone else's fingers, maybe someone else's something else. He experimented a little with other things, larger things, specifically shaped things in his mouth. His favorite was when he tried a banana. (He didn't peel it, having read horror stories about people who fellated bananas only to have a piece break off and choke them. The thought of his parents finding him that way was humiliating beyond what he could tolerate). The stretch felt obscene and the banana bumping into the back of his throat was scratchy and uncomfortable but still somehow good.

When he was 18 he spent a lot of time thinking about things he wanted to put in his mouth.

Cocks. Specifically he thought about cocks. He thought about cocks and how it might feel to have one in his mouth. He also thought about what it might feel like to have one in his hand, or his ass, or skating along the v of his pelvis. He hated these thoughts, hated himself for having them but he couldn't stop. He knew that he would never, could never, try a real one. Good hockey boys didn't dream of their mouth stretched wide around another man, didn't dream of that man fucking their faces, didn't dream about what it would feel like if they came down his throat.

Shane was a good hockey boy but he was also...something else. He wanted something else. Something he could never explore as long as he played the game. A part of him he needed to lock up tight and never let anyone see.

One afternoon one of his U-18 buddies dared him to go into a sex shop and buy the most embarrassing thing he could find.

"How do I know what would be embarrassing in your mind?"

His friend laughed, "Doesn't matter what I think is embarrassing, what matters is what you think is embarrassing."

Shane went into the shop and came out with a 9-inch sparkly blue dildo. His friend almost died laughing. Shane split off from his friend to find a trash can, waited until his friend was looking away and then slipped the toy in his bag.

He tried it, of course he tried it.

He started with it against his skin first, dragging it slowly across his pecs, tracing his muscles with the soft blue silicone. It felt good, it felt forbidden, it felt just a little bit dirty. Shane loved it.

It wasn't long before he decided to try it in his mouth. The taste was strange but the weight of it was perfect and the stretch of his lips was obscene. He sucked on the head a little and then slowly slid it into his mouth. It was a little dry so he spit on it to ease the way and then slid it as far into his mouth as he could comfortably get it. The feel of it bumping against the back of his throat was amazing. He pushed harder, felt it slide a centimeter down his throat and then he pulled it out again.

Fuck.

He didn't let himself think about what it would be like to have something else in his mouth, something real, something attached to a person who could put their hands in his hair and say his name and fuck his mouth until they both came.

He fucked his own mouth with the cheap sparkly blue dildo while thinking of phantom hands on a phantom man and a phantom life he could have had if he didn't love the game so goddamn much.

Fuck

Ilya Rozanov in his mouth was like every fantasy he'd ever had but so much fucking better. From the instant Shane took him in for that first sloppy, nervous, ecstatic blowjob, he was lost.

Sometimes Rozanov was gentle, he stroked Shane's hair and murmured soft words in Russian that Shane liked to think were endearments. He cupped Shane's face, or held his hand, and repeated "fuck, so good, so good for me Hollander" until Shane wanted to cry.

Sometimes he was rough and somehow, that too, was perfect. He pulled Shane's hair, and gripped his neck, and snapped his hips roughly fucking Shane's throat. Sometimes he told him he was dirty and then came on his face. Shane loved it. Every fucking second.

Later, when they were Ilya & Shane not Rozanov & Hollander, Shane confessed to Ilya how much he liked having things in his mouth. How much he liked having Ilya in his mouth. Ilya was smug for weeks and started waking Shane up by demanding blowjobs and saying "Come on Shane, it's your favorite thing! I will do all the work, think of it as your morning treat before you have disgusting smoothie."

It pissed Shane off but he also kind of loved it and whenever they woke up in the same place they started the day with Shane on his back with his head hanging off the bed and Ilya pushing inside his throat so slowly and carefully that Shane felt precious. Treasured. Even if things sped up and Shane was gagging and gasping with tears running down his face, Shane still felt like it was perfect, that in Ilya's eyes *he* was perfect.

“No one has ever taken my cock like this before you, you are built for me, designed for my cock.”

Shane had always believed he was built for hockey, but maybe he was built for something else too.

Shane thought of himself as a very self-disciplined person, particularly when it came to things that impacted his hockey. His diet was restrictive, his exercise routine precise, he rarely drank, he rarely cursed in public, he was a good role model. None of that was hard for him. It made him feel good. And he knew that if he followed all the rules *he* was good.

Ilya made him want to break the rules and Shane couldn't get enough of him.

“You have heard of cockwarming, yes?”

Shane was lying on the couch, head in Ilya's lap while they watched a stupid show about real estate and Ilya teased Shane about his fetish. At Ilya's question he shifted, looking up to find Ilya grinning at him.

“Um, no? What's that?”

Ilya grinned down at him. “Is putting your cock inside your partner and then you don't move and they don't move.”

Shane made a face, “That sounds kind of boring, you don't move at all?”

“Well, you are boring, so you might like it. “

“Ha ha.”

Ilya cupped Shane's jaw.

“It can last a long time. Are you telling me, my boring boyfriend, that you wouldn't want to be on your knees for me, have my cock in your mouth, heavy on your tongue, tasting me, for an hour?”

Something delicious curled in Shane's stomach. “An hour?”

Ilya's fingertips traced the lines of his face. “As long as we can both stay still. As long as you can resist sucking and moving and playing with your favorite toy.”

“That would be challenging.”

“I think you could be good for me and stay still. Do you think you could be good for me?”

Shane slid to his knees and put his hands on Ilya's hips. “I can be so good.”

Ilya grinned.

It was surprisingly intense. Ilya was only half hard when Shane took him in and the sensation of feeling him harden without Shane doing anything but being there was stunningly good. Feeling the fullness of Ilya in his mouth and not being able to do anything was torture at first but then it was sublime.

Shane was hard without touching himself and his cock strained in his boxer briefs but his hands never moved from Ilya's hips. Shane's knees began to burn and his jaw ached but Ilya's hands were carding through his hair and he kept murmuring "so good Hollander, so good for me," and Shane felt like he was going to float away on the sea of good feelings he was swimming in.

Eventually his world narrowed down. All he could feel was Ilya's hands in his hair and his cock in his mouth and his own ragged breathing. This was everything he'd ever wanted or needed crystalized into one moment of bliss.

As Ilya leaned down and kissed the top of his head and breathed, "I love you" into his hair Shane knew this was who he was meant for, what he was built for, where he wanted to be forever.

End Notes

I'm elucidate-this on bluesky and hereforthecreek on tumblr. Come play!

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