

til the bending's its own pleasure

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til the bending's its own pleasure

by [radialarch](#)

Summary

SHANE: Ilya, I'm gay.

ILYA: Yeah, not so gay you can't fuck Rose Landry.

SHANE: Oh my god. It was like, twice. And both times were complete disasters. I'm not sure she's looking for a repeat performance.

ILYA: Oh, disasters like how?

SHANE: I'm not going into details.

Shane goes into the details.

Notes

thanks to emmy and tilly for looking this over, and to anon for the birdpick! title from [three of cups](#) by marty mcconnell.

Ilya had crowded Shane against the refrigerator two days ago and declared that he wanted to fuck Shane on every available surface of the cottage. “Not here,” Shane had said, though not with much conviction. “What if we—food.”

“You do not have cleaning supplies in Canada?” Ilya had said, and then: “Also, I have eaten out your ass many times.” This had distracted Shane enough that he had, in fact, let Ilya bend him over the island and fuck his thighs, the whole of Ilya’s weight heavy against Shane’s back. Now Shane had an ache above his hip where the marble had dug in and decidedly fewer antiseptic wipes, but there were benefits to Ilya’s quest. For instance: the past half hour, where Ilya had wrestled Shane into an armchair in the lower guest bedroom and not so much sucked Shane’s dick as kissed it all over, root to head and back.

When Shane finally came it was onto Ilya’s chin and mouth and cheek as he folded into himself. Ilya sat back on his heels, looking pleased, and waited until Shane caught his breath to say, “Now will you tell me about Rose Landry?”

Ilya hadn’t even wiped off his face. Shane stared dumbly at the come streaking down his jaw and said, “What the fuck.”

“You wouldn’t say before,” Ilya said, like this wasn’t a ridiculous conversation to be having while Shane’s underwear was around his ankles. “Because you thought I was jealous. But I cannot be jealous when I’ve had you all to myself like this, yes?”

“Um,” Shane said. “Wait, is *that* why—?” Earlier, when Ilya had pressed Shane’s hands flat against the living room windows and said *hold them there*, kissed his neck and fucked him slow without ever touching Shane’s dick, that had been, what, marking his territory? The sexual equivalent of a dog pissing on a fence?

Shane tipped his head back and pressed his forearm into his eyes. “Okay,” he said. “Okay. I want to be dressed for this, actually.”

“Okay,” Ilya echoed. He waited until Shane pulled his briefs back on, then tossed him the shorts that had been hanging on the bedpost. The t-shirt he’d used to clean his face.

“Asshole,” Shane said out of habit, but at least his dick was covered. “Okay, Ilya. Explain.”

Ilya sat on the edge of the bed and shrugged. “What is there to explain? You say you fuck Rose Landry. I want to know how. I want to know details.”

“Rose is my friend,” Shane said. “I don’t wanna tell someone about—I mean, I don’t ask you about Svetlana. It’s private.”

“You could,” Ilya said easily. “Fucking, we don’t take so seriously. But I don’t think you like to hear about her.”

Shane swallowed down his first response, which was *you were going to marry her*. “You don’t like to hear about Rose,” he pointed out. “Ilya, I want to understand.”

Ilya thought for a moment, chewing at his lip. The afternoon light fell golden on his face. “You know when we did that commercial,” he said eventually. “You said it was your first time with a man.”

“Oh, god,” Shane said, involuntary. Such a long time ago. “Yeah. I was so scared.”

“Scared?” Ilya looked momentarily delighted. “That big bad Russian man would deflower you?”

“*Don't* say deflower,” Shane shuddered. “Gross. Also, we were like the same size.”

“You were very cute,” Ilya said dreamily. “So eager to suck my cock. I wanted to teach you so many things.”

“You did,” Shane said, and flushed. Ilya's hand grabbing for his chest; the easy way he'd swallowed around Shane's dick. For months after the memories had risen up without prompting. It had been nearly impossible to jerk off.

“So I am there,” Ilya said, gesturing in Shane's direction, “with you, the first time you suck cock. And the first time you get fucked, and all the other times. But with Rose Landry—” The jealous note came back into his voice. “The first time you are fucking a woman, yes? And I am not there.”

There was probably something wrong with Shane, that he was charmed by the petulant set of Ilya's mouth. “Hypocrite,” he said, and went over to him. Ilya parted his knees so Shane could stand between them, pull Ilya's head to his chest. “You're here now,” he said, stroking Ilya's hair, feeling him blink slowly against the bare skin of his chest. “It's you. You're here with me.”

The idea sat with Shane for days. He rolled it over in his mouth, uneasily, like an ill-fitting mouth guard. He would bring it up, right up to his teeth; then it took on weight, too big to breathe around, settled dull and pulsing in his gut.

Ilya hadn't brought up Rose again. It felt like decadence, this sun-drenched week. They went canoeing on the lake and ate sandwiches by the water, stretched out on the shore. Under Ilya's interested gaze Shane demonstrated more birdcalls: the barred owl, the trumpeter swan, the quick tripping trill of the chickadee. He had a passable bittern. Ilya would stare, fascinated, at Shane's cupped hands, then pry them open to peer into his mouth. “What is your tongue *doing*,” he would demand, “that is not a real sound—no, come back, Shane, Shane,” kissing his jaw and throat and nose, while Shane laughed and tried to shove Ilya off him and only bit his fingers a little.

They fucked as the mood took them. One morning Shane got Ilya naked and rolled him onto his front, sat straddling his thighs with a bottle of lotion and smoothed his hands down the curve of Ilya's trapezius, his lats, the dip of his spine. His dick had been hard against Ilya's ass—Ilya had pressed up, trying for leverage, panted out sideways, “You can, if you want, do you want to?”—but Shane hadn't let him up until he was satisfied with his work. Ilya had

looked drunk by the end of it, pink and hazy, and Shane had thought: I have loved this man for half a decade.

Still. Still.

Ilya had a wedding next week: second line D, called up two seasons ago, slow, decent slapshot. Shane had the youth dev camp and the Emporio Armani shoot. Back out into the world, waiting for the game schedule and hoping the expansion wouldn't fuck up how many times Montreal played Boston. This, now, was what they got to have.

Ilya had asked. Shane wanted to give it to him.

"I've been thinking," he said. Ilya was leaning into him on the couch, one arm across Shane's shoulders and the other down Shane's briefs. Shane wasn't even hard; Ilya was just gently petting his dick.

"Mm, I thought you were," Ilya said. His hand, the one not on his dick, was tracing circles over Shane's chest.

"You did?" Shane turned to look at him, and found Ilya staring right back. "You didn't say anything."

"I thought you would tell me, if I needed to know. Is it serious?" Ilya sat up, started to pull his hand out of Shane's pants, then paused when Shane touched his wrist. "Maybe not so serious."

"I just thought we could try something." Shane looked at the ceiling, which was easier than looking at Ilya. "I thought I could tell you a—story, maybe."

"Okay." More petting, soft and slow, but now the hot twisting feeling was in Shane's mouth and his chest and groin, starting to fill his dick up under Ilya's fingers. Ilya made an interested noise, and didn't stop.

He must have still been looking at Shane; there was a prickle all down his neck. "Say we're at, um, a club."

"You? At a club?"

Ilya was angling for a laugh, but Shane didn't have one for him. He just nodded jerkily. "A club," he said. "We're dancing. I've had a few drinks, maybe. I'm leaning into you. I have my hands under your shirt."

In his periphery Shane could see Ilya leaning closer, the pink of his mouth. "Wow," he said softly, "lucky me." Another joke, but it didn't sound like one. Close enough for the words to brush against Shane's cheek. Close enough to kiss.

"I ask you to take me back to your place," Shane said. "You take me. We're, you know. Kissing. I ask where your bedroom is." He stopped. Pressed his tongue between his teeth. He felt tender all over, like one big bruise. "I'm walking to your bedroom." He stopped again.

Ilya rubbed his palm over the head of Shane's dick, a slow slick drag. Shane couldn't— he squeezed his eyes shut. "I. Um. I take off my dress."

A heartbeat, then Ilya said, "Fuck," wild, a cracked scraped-out sound. "*Shane.*"

Ilya was climbing into Shane's lap, he was pressing Shane down onto the couch, his hands were fucking everywhere. "Tell me," he said frantically, "tell me what happens," while he was shoving Shane's shirt up, urgent, past his shoulders, over his head. Shane arched up to let Ilya tug the shirt free, saw him toss it on the end table before he dropped back down and slid his hot mouth over Shane's throat.

Shane let himself fall back into the cushions. Ilya was a hot heavy weight on top of him, licking at the tendon of his neck, using teeth. Shane heard the breathless noises he was making but couldn't stop. "I, I go down on you. It takes a while to get you hard."

Ilya grunted. His hips were pressed flush to Shane's. "Does it," he said. When he moved the heat of his dick slid along the crease of Shane's thigh, solid, inevitable. "I think we can skip that part."

What had happened next? Shane tugged at the hem of Ilya's tank. "Can you—" he said, and Ilya obligingly reared up, let Shane push the fabric up slow. Underneath: the solid bulk of Ilya, the tensed abs and spread of his ribcage. Ilya was a liar, was still a little tender on his right. Shane put a palm there, gentle, felt the flutter of Ilya's breathing. "We're on the bed," he said. "You're on top of me. You—" Fuck. "You touch my chest."

Ilya's hand was already there, kneading at the muscle. This was one of the first things Shane had learned Ilya liked. "Your tits," Ilya said. His—the sharp certain way Ilya had spat out the *t*. All the breath slammed out of Shane's lungs. Like being checked into the goddamn boards. "I touch them, yes? I make you feel good."

"Yeah," Shane said helplessly. Ilya's thumb, dragging over his skin; the possessive press of his palm. "You always make me feel good."

Ilya made a long ragged noise. His face was scrunched up in that pained way that meant he was close. He heaved his hips up—Shane tried to follow him, but Ilya was shoving a hand into his pants, holding him down. "And when I touch you here, in your panties you wore just for me" —Shane's dick was leaking steadily onto Ilya's wrist; his heart was convulsing—"are you wet?"

"Yes," Shane said, choking on it. He was going to come. Ilya's fingers on his dick, tight quick strokes, Ilya's mouth on Shane's neck, Ilya, Ilya. Shane reached for him, fingers curling into the meat of his ass. "Ilya, yes."

"Shane," said Ilya. No more breath in him. Ilya's dick was hard against Shane's thigh, rutting against his hip. "Shane. Fuck."

Ilya above him, swearing, shuddering, forehead pressed to Shane's. Shane gave it up. His hips jerked, dick pulsing, spilling in hot sticky spurts into Ilya's fist. Always so easy for him. Shane didn't know how to be anything else.

“So,” Ilya said. He was a warm, drowsy weight on top of Shane, slowly rubbing the side of his face against Shane's chest. “That was your disaster?”

“I mean, it kinda was,” Shane said honestly. “I was thinking of you.”

Ilya twisted up to look at Shane. “Me?”

“At the end. Um.” All of Shane's courage had deserted him. He turned his face toward his shoulder. “To finish.”

Ilya reached for Shane, turned him back. He'd only cursorily wiped his hand off on his sweats; his thumb was damp against the joint of Shane's jaw. “So I am hotter than Rose Landry!”

“Gay,” Shane reminded him. “Ugh, I have to change.” His briefs were sticking wetly to his dick. “I might be out of underwear.”

“Don't,” Ilya suggested. “What do you need underwear for? I will mess you up again.”

“I don't like going commando.”

Ilya's voice slid lower. “That's not what I said.”

“Oh, my god.” Shane shoved Ilya sideways and sat up. “So was that. You know. Good for you?”

Ilya gestured pointedly at the couch. There was a pretty big wet spot. Fuck, he was going to have to do something about that before the cleaners came. “Shane.”

“I know, I know. But just. You're not jealous?”

Ilya looked at him for a long moment. “I also thought of you,” he said abruptly.

“What?”

“At the club, yes? When you danced with Rose Landry. I saw you.”

The thump of music; the hot press of the crowd. And Ilya, mouth on someone else's ear, looking directly at him.

“I thought maybe you would get married.”

“Me and Rose?” Shane laughed. “God, not a chance.”

“I know this now,” Ilya said impatiently. “But you never dated girls. Maybe you were waiting for the right one.”

“Well, yeah,” said Shane. The words came out of him without thinking. “But I guess I was waiting for you.”

“I guess you were,” Ilya said. His face looked cracked open, suddenly; then he became self-conscious, ducked down and pressed his head into Shane's lap. “Thank you,” he said, muffled into Shane's thigh. Turned back up, so he could say it clear. “For waiting.”

“I love you,” Shane said. Easy to say, now. He stroked at Ilya's sweat-damp curls from his forehead, felt something tender stir between his ribs. Ilya, and all the angles of his face, lit up with light. Shane would have held him forever.

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