is this love

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is this love

by neon_bible

Summary

> Lily: i can't wait to fuck you
> Jane: Yeah, about that…I'm nervous, Ilya.
> Lily: don't be. i will make it good for you. i promise
> Lily: you are not the first virgin i've taken
>
> Shane swallowed, licking over his lips and imagining Ilya's beautiful fingers sliding over the keys when he wrote that text: *You are not the first virgin I've taken.*
>
> Shane tried to suppress the next thought—a thought that surprised even him: *Hopefully I'll be the last.*

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

The sexting had escalated from occasional to constant, and it was making Shane *crazy*. Crazy for sex, crazy for touch, crazy for Ilya.

The texting had started early, about an hour after Shane had woken up, with a simple question from Ilya.

Lily: are you wearing underwear today, hollander?

Jane: Yes… I wear them every day.

Lily: i told you not to today 👹😈

Jane: I didn't think you were serious.

Lily: when it comes to sex hockey and vodka i am always serious

Shane grinned at his phone, fingers hovering over the keys, trying to decide what to respond. Before he could come up with a good response, Ilya texted again.

Lily: so…?

Jane: So what?

Lily: your underwear. have you taken them off yet?

Jane: Oh. You're REALLY serious?

Lily: i am serious, yes. is there different meaning of serious in english??

Shane grinned again, putting his phone down and unzipping his pants. He had 40 minutes before he had to leave for practice. Surely that was enough time for whatever Ilya had in mind.

Lily: i looked it up. same meaning

Lily: so when i say no underwear, hollander, i am serious

Jane: OK. The underwear are gone.

Lily: good boy

Lily: you are hard?

Jane: Getting there.

Lily: bad boy. i did not say you could get hard

Jane: What? Well what the fuck do you want me to do? Walk around with no underwear on?

Lily: yes

Jane: Why??

Lily: because i like thinking of you going through your day without underwear

Jane: I'm leaving for practice soon. I have to wear underwear or else it will be weird when I'm getting changed.

Lily: let it be weird

Shane sighed and looked at his hardening cock, wondering how and why he'd gotten himself into a position where Ilya Rozanov was telling him what he could and couldn't do with his clothing and with his cock.

Ilya was in Boston, their season having just started a few weeks prior, and Shane hated to admit how glad he was to be in the same time zone as Ilya again. It made sexting much easier, not to mention the actual sex possibilities that came with Ilya being back in North America.

Lily: i can't wait to fuck you

Jane: Yeah, about that…I'm nervous, Ilya.

Lily: don't be. i will make it good for you. i promise

Lily: you are not the first virgin i've taken

Shane swallowed, licking over his lips and imagining Ilya's beautiful fingers sliding over the keys when he wrote that text: *You are not the first virgin I've taken.*

Shane tried to suppress the next thought—a thought that surprised even him: *Hopefully I'll be the last.*

Jane: I'm still allowed to be nervous.

Lily: i have plan. we will take it slow

Lily: i can be nice, you know

Jane: I have a hard time believing that, Rozanov.

Lily: speaking of hard, how is your cock

Jane: Hard.

Jane: Can I touch myself, please???

Shane sighed, frustrated with himself for asking his arch rival if he was allowed to touch his own dick.

Lily: only if you send photo

Jane: Dick pics aren't my style. It's yours.

Without warning, a photo of Ilya's rock hard cock appeared on Shane's screen.

"Jesus," Shane muttered to himself, his own cock twitching.

Lily: yes is my style

Lily: and how do you like it?

Jane: Fuck you.

Shane sighed as he stroked himself and tried to ignore the plain truth: Ilya's cock was *amazing.*

It had been two years since their encounter on draft night in the hotel gym. Since then, they'd hooked up several times, jerking and sucking each other off, but never anything more. It had been nice—it was *still* nice—but now Shane found himself yearning for more. He'd admitted to Ilya, reluctantly, that he hadn't slept with a guy, and had barely done anything with a girl. Sexual intercourse would be entirely new for him.

But not for Ilya, apparently. Not by a long shot.

Lily: well?

Jane: Well what?

Lily: do you like what you see

Jane: You really get off on cock worship don't you?

Lily: can't wait to see what gets you off

Shane put his phone down and went back to stroking himself, referencing the picture of Ilya's cock as he pumped. To his dismay, another text came in, causing the screen to jump to the latest message and away from the photo of Ilya's glorious cock.

Lily: i didn't say you could, by the way

Jane: Could what?

Lily: get yourself off

Lily: not until you send photo

Shane *really* didn't want to send photos of his dick to Ilya, but he couldn't deny that the thought of it was turning him on even more.

Jane: you have to promise to delete it

Lily: no

Lily: i was going to print it off and put in my locker

Jane: I'm serious, Rozanov.

Lily: serious, yes. you always are, aren't you

Lily: fine, i will delete

Lily: now will you send please

Jane: OK.

Shane spent longer than necessary taking photos of his cock, switching up the framing and filters until he had at least 20 pictures that he was editing and swiping between to find the best one.

Lily: are you waiting for the film to develop at your local drugstore??

Lily: phones have cameras built in now, hollander

Lily: you can take and send instantly

Jane: I'm trying to get a good one for you.

Lily: why?

Lily: your cock looks amazing no matter what

Shane smiled, but then his expression faded when he saw the clock. He had to leave for practice in ten minutes. The amount of time he spent per day texting with Ilya was starting to become a problem.

Jane: Fuck me, I'm running late for practice.

Lily: i have practice too

Lily: luckily dick pics send instantly so can you hurry please

Lily: i'm leaking and dripping like fountain

Another dick pic appeared on Shane's phone, Ilya's cock grasped in his own fist, wet and slick with precome, and another glistening bead gathered at the tip.

“Fuck,” Shane said with a sharp gasp. He picked one of the 20 photos at random and sent it to Ilya.

Lily: holy shit

Lily: your cock is gorgeous

Lily: i want it in my mouth

Jane: How are you so good at sexting WHILE jerking off??

Lily: sticky phone

Shane was grossed out, but not enough to kill his hard-on.

Jane: Am I allowed to come now please?

Lily: yes but send photo of the mess you make after 😈

Shane jerked himself off quickly and efficiently, hating that he was more worried about the clock than anything else. Luckily, he only lived ten minutes from the practice facility. He worked hard and fast, and soon he was coming in hot spurts across his fist and abdomen. Before he could even process his own orgasm, his phone lit up with another photo: Ilya’s cock, fist, and abs covered in come. Shane, to his horror, literally *moaned* at the photo. He wiped off his hands, then picked up his phone to look at the photo closer, fighting the urge to make it his phone screen background.

He snapped a quick picture of the mess he’d made on his own stomach, then sent it to Ilya.

Lily: hollander we are coming together while sexting

Lily: is this love

Shane smiled at the text. He knew Ilya was only kidding with the question about their sexting being anything more than it was, but his stomach did a little flip anyway.

Jane: You wish.

Lily: for your cock? yes

Jane: Don’t get too attached. We have to delete these pictures, remember?

Lily: sorry too late i already made it your contact photo

Jane: Delete it, Rozanov. I’m serious. And I know you know what that word means.

***

Shane had not deleted any of the photos of Ilya's cock. He'd tried, many times, his fingers hovering over the delete button before he chickened out and admired it again, in all its glory. His favorite was the after photo, Ilya's cock, fist, and abs covered in ribbons of his beautiful, milky come.

Practice had gone well, though Hayden had remarked that Shane's cheeks were flushed when he arrived. Shane lied and said he'd just finished a run before heading to practice, and Hayden had looked skeptical, but hadn't brought it up anymore.

Shane showered and headed home, and when he arrived, he had another text from Ilya.

Lily: did you wear underwear to practice

Jane: Of course.

Lily: bad boy

Lily: i said no underwear today

Lily: take them off as soon as you're home

Shane smiled, dropping his bag at the front door and heading to his kitchen to grab some water.

Jane: Don't you have anything else to do than harass me about my underwear?

Lily: harass. that is new word for me.

Shane swallowed. The last thing he'd meant to do was to teach Ilya Rozanov what harassment was.

Lily: i looked it up

Lily: it is fun to harass you

Lily: you get so worked up

Jane: Do not.

Lily: do too

Lily: i bet you are worked up now

Jane: I'm fine.

Shane was not fine. He went to his bedroom, slipped off his underwear and then slipped back into his grey joggers. He snapped a picture of his underwear on the floor before putting them in the hamper, then sent it to Ilya.

Lily: good boy

Shane suddenly had the urge to hear Ilya's voice.

Shane: What are you doing right now?

Lily: harassing a boring Canadian who edits his dick pics before sending

Shane: Very funny.

Shane: Can I call?

***

Ilya had told Shane to call him in 20 minutes, and Shane had busied himself by tidying up in the kitchen and ignoring the fact that he'd literally set a timer for 20 minutes. When it went off, he set it for five more minutes, waiting until it went off to call Ilya. He didn't want to look too eager.

He called, swallowing a lump in his throat and noticing the fluttering in his stomach as he waited for Ilya to pick up. The call rang out, and went to voicemail: *This is Ilya Rozanov and I will never return your call,* followed by something in Russian—the same thing, presumably.

Shane frowned and looked back at the text. It had said to call in 20 minutes and Shane had waited 25. He didn't understand what he'd done wrong.

He waited another 10 minutes and then called again. This time, Ilya picked up on the fourth ring.

"Wow, you are anxious to talk to me, yes?"

"You told me to call you in 20 minutes."

"I said *about* 20 minutes."

"I waited 25."

On the other end of the line, Ilya snorted, a short laugh.

"What?"

"You are so cute," Ilya said.

Shane nodded, then realized Ilya couldn't see him. He looked down at his feet and shifted his weight. What did he want to talk to Ilya about, anyway?

"So, what did you want to talk to me about anyway?" Ilya asked, as if reading his mind.

“I don’t know. Nothing really. I guess I just—wanted to hear your voice.”

On the other end, Ilya chuckled again. “Cute.”

Shane blushed.

“You like my voice, Hollander?”

Shane shook his head. He didn’t like Ilya’s voice. He *loved it*. Loved his heavy and clipped accent, the deep baritone, the teasing lilt, the broken English.

“It’s all right,” Shane lied.

“So, how was your practice?” Ilya asked, “Are you ready to lose to us in two weeks?”

“I’m not losing to you. No way.”

“You will. And that’s not the only thing you’ll lose that night, Hollander.”

Shane felt a rush of blood to his cock.

“I didn’t delete the photos,” Shane blurted out.

If Ilya was upset about this, his reaction didn’t show it. He laughed lightly.

“Konechno, net,” Ilya said in Russian.

“What?”

“I said ‘of course not’.”

“You knew.”

“You like my dick too much. And you miss it. You miss me.”

“Did you delete mine?”

“Konechno, net.”

“You didn’t?”

“You learn Russian fast.”

“I told you you had to delete it, Rozanov.”

“And yet you kept mine,” Ilya said, “Don’t worry. Is safe.”

“It’s really not,” Shane said with a sigh, but decided to leave it alone for now.

“So, where are we meeting?”

“When?”

“When we play you in Montreal, of course.”

“I’ll book us a hotel.”

“I want to see your house. Want to see if it is as boring as you are.”

Shane plopped down on his sofa and turned the TV on. SportsCenter was on, and he left it on, but turned down the volume.

“You are very mean to me,” Shane said.

“And you like it.”

“You’re an asshole, Rozanov.”

“And you like that too.”

“I’ll book us a hotel,” Shane said again.

“And I will bring everything we need.”

“What do we need?”

“Lube, condoms, patience.”

“I told you, I’ve used my dildo before.”

“I am bigger than dildo.”

“You haven’t even seen my dildo.”

“I am bigger than dildo.”

Shane swallowed, a slight pit opening in his stomach. What if he couldn’t do this? What if he couldn’t take Rozanov? He didn’t want to disappoint Ilya, and beyond that, he really *really* wanted this.

“What is your address?” Ilya asked.

“What?”

“Your address. The place where you live? That is word for it, right?”

“Why do you need my address? I said I’d book a hotel.”

“I am going to send you something.”

“What? What the fuck are you going to send me? Flowers? Chocolates?”

“You wish, Hollander.”

“What are you sending?”

Ilya laughed darkly before he said, “You will see.”

Chapter 2

By the time the knock on his door came a week later, Shane had nearly lost his mind imagining what on earth Ilya Rozanov could possibly want to send to him. The romantic in him did hope it was flowers and chocolate, but when he opened the door and saw a parcel delivery driver, he found that he wasn't exactly let down—only *more* curious. Shane signed for the package, scribbling his name on the grubby tablet before taking the package and shutting his door. He inspected it. It was addressed to him, with no return address.

Shane took out his phone to text Ilya.

Jane: It's here.

Lily: DON'T OPEN IT YET

Lily: i want to see your reaction

Lily: facetime me in an hour

Jane: An hour??

Jane: Rozanov, I'm dying over here.

Jane: I've been waiting for this all week.

Lily: wait

Lily: for

Lily: me

Lilly: hollander

Shane huffed, his ears growing hot as he looked at the box. The power that Rozanov had over him was ridiculous, but he decided to wait.

Jane: Fine. I'm calling you in ONE HOUR and you better pick up.

Lily: wouldn't miss it princess

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At an hour on the dot, Shane texted Ilya: *I'm calling you now and if you don't pick up, fuck you, I'm opening it anyway.*

To his delight, instead of a text back, he was met with a FaceTime request from Ilya. Shane adjusted his hair, as if there was anything to adjust, and then he answered the call. When it connected, he was met with the sight of Ilya, lounging in bed, shirtless and with a toothpick

between his teeth. His curly hair was damp, and he was wearing the crucifix necklace that he was apparently determined to live and die in. The late afternoon sun was shining on his face, illuminating half of him in a godly glow. He looked beautiful.

"Hi," Shane said, mostly to stop himself from saying what he really wanted to: *You are gorgeous.*

"Where is the box?"

Shane lifted the box so it was in the frame.

"Set up your phone somewhere so I can see you open it."

Shane sat his phone against the kitchen backsplash and then set to work opening the box.

"Were you at practice?"

"When?"

"Just now. You said I had to wait an hour to call you."

"I was here. At home."

"You were home this whole time? Why did I have to wait?"

"Because I wanted you to. And I took shower."

"You are unbelievable, you know that?"

"Yes. Thank you."

"That's not a compliment."

"Can you open your package, please? Waiting on you now."

Shane ripped the package open, not bothering to hide his frustration.

"You are cute when you're mad."

Shane ignored the comment as he opened the box that was inside of the first box, ripping it apart to find what Ilya had nestled inside for him: a huge, veiny, pink dildo.

Huge.

Shane's eyes grew wide.

"Is this?"

"My exact size? Yes."

"Your exact size!"

“Da, dorogoy.” Ilya said in Russian, “Is my size exactly. Made just for you.”

“You had a custom dildo made? Of your dick. For me.”

“You are as smart as they say.”

“How did you—Why did you… How did you get this made so quickly?”

“I know a guy.”

Of course Ilya Rozanov had a plug for custom-made dildos.

“What did you call me?” Shane asked, circling back to the Russian word.

“What?”

“Earlier. Just now. You said something in Russian.”

“Dorogoy. It means sweetheart.”

Shane blushed at the pet name and regarded the dildo. It was impressive: thick, sturdy, well-made, and entirely fucking too big.

“Don’t worry. It will fit,” Ilya said, smirking and sitting up now in his bed.

“No it won’t.”

“Not with that attitude,” Ilya said, lifting his crucifix to his mouth to chew on it, “And besides, there’s only one way to find out.”

“Rozanov, no. I can’t fit this in my—inside of my—”

“Ass?”

Shane sighed, burying his face in his hands. What had he gotten himself into? He picked his phone up off the countertop and regarded Ilya’s perfect face in the afternoon sun.

“Yes, in my ass. No way this is fitting,” he said, trying to ignore how beautiful Ilya looked, “I can’t—I’ve never. I don’t even know how.”

“What if I show you?”

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Shane had moved to his bedroom and watched as Ilya moved around his own room, looking for something to prop his phone on so he could give Shane a show. He eventually found something, Shane supposed, because soon the phone was being propped up and angled

towards the bed. It was a fairly wide angle, affording a view of most of Ilya's bed, and Shane was struck by how oddly intimate it was being able to see Ilya climb into his bed. He got settled with his back against the pillows, and with lube and a dildo that somehow looked even bigger than the one Shane was holding in his hands.

"I do not bottom, or use this often, so I will be as tight as you are, Hollander."

Shane nodded, watching as Ilya settled onto his bed and looked at his phone. Shane wasn't sure what to say.

"You have to come on this ride with me," Ilya said, "Go to bedroom, bring dildo."

"Oh we're—um."

"Doing this together, yes, Hollander."

Shane looked shocked, and the expression didn't go unnoticed by Ilya.

"Let me guess. You have never had phone sex?"

Shane shook his head.

"Well, today you will. Go to bed. Take off your clothes," Ilya said, slipping off his own underwear and stroking his cock a few times before he laid back on his pillows. Shane did as Ilya asked, taking the enormous dildo down the hall to his bedroom and getting the phone set up at the end of his bed, wide enough to give Ilya a nice view, but close enough that he could still see enough to follow Ilya's example.

Once the phone was set up, he slowly began stripping off his clothes. His cock was growing hard already, but he was nervous about how on earth he was going to fit Ilya's dildo inside of him, much less his real cock when the time came. He began to imagine scenarios where it didn't work, where he couldn't physically do it, and Ilya lost interest and moved on to someone else who could service him better—someone who *could* take the entire dildo, and Ilya's entire cock. Shane got to his underwear, and hesitated, chewing on his lip.

"Hollander?" Ilya asked, and Shane turned his attention back to the phone, walking over to where he'd set it up at the end of his bed.

Ilya had picked up the phone and was holding it close to his face.

"Yes?"

"This is—uh. Is this OK?"

Shane felt a small smile creep across his lips. "Are you worried about me, Rozanov?"

"No," he said quickly, "Just want to be sure you are comfortable, is all."

Shane smiled.

“That’s called being worried.”

Ilya sighed, his expression growing a bit more serious. “I know I am asshole, I get it. But I do want your first time to feel good. I want it to be really good for you, and we won’t have long, and I thought that if we practice first, that when the time comes it will be easier and better.”

Shane stared at the phone, blinking, not speaking. It was the most English he’d ever heard Ilya speak at once.

“When we are together, I will bring oil for massage, and that will help relax you, but opening you up could take some time and I don’t know how much time we will actually have.”

Shane still stared, his jaw slack. Ilya had *really* thought about this. He really did have a plan.

“See? I am not total asshole, yes?”

Shane smiled again, nodding.

“This is really sweet, Ilya.”

“Ew. Otvratitel,” Ilya said in Russian, “No. I just want to be sure you enjoy my huge dick.”

Rejuvenated and encouraged by Ilya’s speech, Shane kept undressing, stripping off his underwear and not even bothering to put them in the hamper.

“OK,” Shane said, “Show me what to do.”

Ilya smiled, and Shane wasn’t sure he’d ever seen Ilya look so pleased. Suddenly, he felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude and excitement at realizing that this was the guy he’d be losing his virginity to in a week.

I’m losing my virginity to Ilya Rozanov and he’s having phone sex with me first to show me how to take his cock.

Shane’s own cock twitched in response to this thought and he quickly climbed into bed with the dildo and a lot of lube.

“We don’t need dildo yet,” Ilya said, “We start with fingers first, yes?”

“Yes, OK,” Shane said with a nod as he settled in.

“Just do what I do, OK? And relax your muscles.”

“Yes, OK,” Shane said again.

Shane watched as Ilya lubed a finger, his index finger, and Shane followed suit. Next, Shane watched as Ilya spread his legs wide and reached his lubed finger down to his hole, rubbing it lightly around the rim, his breath quickening with the contact. Shane did exactly as Ilya did, and relaxed a bit into the sensation.

He'd done this much before, at least. He'd touched himself a lot, especially since he'd started hooking up with Ilya, and he used his dildo often. The one Ilya sent was just—well—significantly larger than the one Shane had used previously. But now, he watched as Ilya pressed a finger to his entrance and dipped it inside, so Shane did the same. The sensation was always good, always welcome, and he eased further into his own touch.

Soon, he noticed Ilya withdrawing his finger and lubing up a second one, then going back to what he was doing before, rubbing around his hole first and then pressing both fingers inside of himself. Shane watched, mesmerized at the way Ilya's eyes closed lightly, his lips parted, and his chest moving at an increased rate with his quickened breathing.

I want to tell you how beautiful you look, Shane thought, but instead said nothing, and only followed suit, adding a second finger and relishing in the feeling of it. Soon, Ilya was panting audibly and then withdrawing his fingers again, and then pumping them in and out Shane did the same, allowing his eyes to shut and focus on his own pleasure.

When he opened his eyes, Ilya had stopped and was watching him.

"Krasivyy," Ilya breathed, the Russian word meaning nothing to Shane. Shane suddenly felt self-conscious, and he swallowed, retracting his fingers.

"I said, *beautiful,"* Ilya said, licking his lips and rubbing over a nipple, which he then caught between his thumb and index finger. Shane felt himself blush all the way down to his chest as Ilya repeated, "You are beautiful, Hollander."

"Fuck," Shane said softly. Soft enough that he was hoping Ilya hadn't heard. He never knew Rozanov could be so sweet. "Th—um. Thank you."

"How does it feel?" Ilya asked.

"Amazing."

"Yes? Ready for more?"

Shane nodded and again followed suit as Ilya lubed and added a third finger. Shane did the same, lubing generously before rubbing at his entrance with three fingers instead of two. He watched as Ilya angled all three fingers into his hole, slowly, but steadily. Shane did exactly the same, and found that it felt amazing. There was a lot of pressure and fullness, but he eased into it, encouraged by Ilya's words: *You are beautiful, Hollander.*

Shane couldn't deny that this entire tryst with Rozanov was pretty crazy and fucked up, but in that moment, the only thing he cared about was getting that entire custom made dildo into his ass. After a few more minutes, Shane spoke up, "I'm ready for more."

Ilya's eyes were closed, his head having fallen back against the pillow, but he lifted it now and opened his eyes.

"Ready for dildo?"

"Yes."

“OK,” Shane said, “But let’s start with the one you already had. Small boring one. “

Shane rolled his eyes, but smiled. “Fine,” he agreed.

He retrieved his small, boring dildo from the bedside drawer where he kept it and he began applying lube to it as Ilya lubed up his own dildo.

“This should be interesting,” Ilya said, regarding the dildo he held in his hands. It was huge—gigantic really.

Shane eyed it, and Ilya smirked.

“You are nervous for me, Hollander?”

“You are nervous for yourself.”

Ilya seemed confused by the phrase, but he shrugged and again said, “Don’t worry. It will fit.”

They both lubed their dildos and then Shane watched as Ilya began to press his gently to his entrance, so he did the same. Ilya slowly, very slowly, worked on just getting the tip past his tight ring of muscle, and so again, Shane did the same. They were both quiet and panting lightly as they eased their dildos in, taking their time and easing their way through it.

Shane’s was smaller, and so he got his in first, again relishing in the sensation of fullness. He’d done this before, a number of times, but never on FaceTime with someone—never with anyone else at all. He’d only ever used his toy when he was home alone, and lately he’d use it when he was home alone thinking about Ilya. He opened his eyes and focused on his phone to see Ilya still carefully working the toy into himself, his eyes closed lightly, his nipples erect, his chest flexed, and his jaw slack. He looked incredible.

“Beautiful,” Shane said softly, soft enough that it didn’t seem that Ilya had heard him. Ilya’s eyes were still shut, legs splayed, chest flushed and heaving lightly as he continued working the dildo in. *You look so beautiful,* Shane thought, wishing he had the guts to say it out loud like Ilya had.

Shane pumped his own toy in and out as he watched Ilya, his breath hitching in his throat and picking up a bit as he worked faster and faster, the pleasure increasing as he did. The dildo felt great—incredible even, and he found that he was looking forward to trying the one that Ilya sent him. It was a welcome change from the fear and anxiety he’d felt earlier.

They worked for a few more minutes in comfortable silence, the only sounds being their slightly labored breathing and panting. When Shane opened his eyes next, Ilya had stopped and was watching him.

“It looks like it feels good, Hollander,” Ilya said.

Shane opened his eyes too and looked at Ilya.

“It feels amazing.”

“You are ready for more, yes?”

“Yes.”

Ilya indicated his own dildo, big and glistening with lube.

“Promise you won’t judge me if it’s too big,” Shane asked, and the question was genuine. He felt vulnerable, and he wasn’t sure if Ilya could tell.

Ilya just shrugged. “No judgment, Hollander.”

Feeling encouraged, Shane nodded and eased the smaller dildo out of himself. Ilya sat up a bit, watching as Shane retrieved the dildo that had just arrived in the mail.

“You really had this made just for me?” Shane asked as he regarded it.

“Just for you,” Ilya said, “Do you feel special?”

Shane couldn’t lie—he kind of *did* feel special, but he wasn’t about to admit that to Rozanov. He looked at the dildo again, and also again felt a bit intimidated by its size. But if it was really Rozanov’s size, then it was in his best interest to get to work trying it out.

On the FaceTime call, Ilya had started again to work his own dildo in and out of himself and Shane watched, slack-jawed and way too turned on for his own good. He fought the urge to stroke his cock.

“Are you going to join me? Or just watch. This is supposed to be—how do you call it? Done together?”

“Mutual?”

“Yes, mutual,” Ilya said with some difficulty.

“I’m working on it,” Shane said as he started lubing up his toy.

“Take it slow, OK?” Ilya said, and Shane smirked.

“I knew it. You’re worried about me.”

“No,” he snorted, “I just don’t want you to ruin your hole before I get a chance too.”

“Nice save.”

“Is true.”

Shane finished lubing his toy and then spread his legs again.

“How does your toy feel?” Shane asked as he probed at his own entrance.

“Incredible so far,” Ilya said, “Is not all the way in yet.”

“Too big?”

“I am not usually a bottom,” Ilya said, his tone defensive. Shane smirked again, happy to have gotten under Ilya’s skin, at least a bit.

Shane swallowed nervously as he started to press the head against his rim. Even the tip felt big and blunt and huge, and he found himself wishing it were Ilya instead of a toy made to mimic Ilya. Shane took a deep breath as he applied more pressure, and was able to get the tip inside. He gasped, a sharp intake of breath which caught Ilya’s attention.

“Take your time,” Ilya reminded him and Shane nodded. The toy was big, sure, but it didn’t feel impossible. He eased it millimeter by millimeter, until several inches of the dildo were buried inside of him.

“Good boy,” Ilya said, his voice low. Shane nodded and looked at his phone. Ilya had more of his own toy buried in himself, about halfway and he was gently grinding his hips down into it.

Shane continued, slowly, but kept his eyes trained on Ilya. Ilya was making more headway with his toy, pulling out and pushing in, his moans getting louder with each pass.

“Fuck,” Ilya finally said after another ten minutes or so, when the toy was buried in him almost to the hilt. Shane couldn’t look away.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Ilya said as he pumped the toy in and out, picking up the pace and murmuring in Russian too. Shane’s eyes were trained on Ilya, legs spread wide and eyes shut as he fucked himself with the largest dildo Shane had ever seen. He was impressed, honestly.

“This is amazing,” Shane said softly, but apparently loud enough to catch Ilya’s attention.

“Not just free show, Hollander,” Ilya panted, “Mutual, yeah?”

“I’m working on it,” Shane said, “I have a couple inches in.”

“How does it feel?

Not as good as you’re going to, Shane thought, but instead said, “It feels good.”

“It’s going to feel amazing,” Ilya said, his voice still breathy, “Especially when it’s me taking you.”

I want you so bad, Shane thought, but again said something else: “I can’t wait.”

“One week, Hollander.”

Shane focused his attention back on the dildo, determined to get it to the point where Ilya was, where he was panting and moaning. He added more lube and kept working it in until he was at the halfway point. He felt so incredibly full, but he kept working, inspired by the filthy sounds Ilya was making on the other end of the call.

“Fuck, Hollander, I’m not going to last much longer,” Ilya said, and Shane looked up. He was now taking the toy to its fullest, pumping it in and out at a steady rhythm and also stroking himself in time with the thrusts.

“You look amazing,” Shane said before he could stop himself.

“Keep going, I want to see you too,” Ilya replied.

Shane nodded, and focused back on the task at hand, diligently working inch by inch until he’d taken the entire toy.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck me, that feels amazing,” Shane breathed his eyes wide.

“Yeah, how does it feel?”

“Full. I feel so full.”

Yes, Hollander. Wait until it’s my dick splitting you open.”

“Mmm, fuck,” Shane said, trying to imagine that the toy was Ilya.

“Wait until it’s my dick driving you crazy and fucking you into the mattress and making you pant and plead.”

“Your English is very good when it comes to sex,” Shane remarked.

If Ilya had something smart to say in response, it was replaced by the loudest moan yet escaping his lips. He was stroking himself faster, his eyes focused intently on the screen and wild with desire. It looked like there was a light sheen of sweat on his brow, his face flush with desire as he pumped his cock.

Shane increased his own pace, trying to avoid letting his eyes flutter closed for fear of missing Ilya’s orgasm. He gripped his own cock and began to stroke as well, pumping hard and fast until he was moaning just like Ilya, the sounds of their moaning and cursing were the only noises on the call.

“Fuck, Hollander, I’m going to come.”

“Me too.”

“Come for me,” Ilya managed to say before he shot his own load all over his fist and stomach. It was too much for Shane, and he was coming next, also all over his fist and shooting up to his stomach and chest too.

“Fuck,” Ilya said, pumping the last of the come from his cock and removing the dildo. Shane did the same, basking in the glow of sharing another orgasm with Ilya, who had let his head fall back against the headboard, his breath returning back to normal.

Ilya lifted his head and chuckled darkly, then said something in Russian.

“What?”

“I said ‘fuck that was hot, yes?’”

Shane nodded in agreement, unable to look away from Ilya’s softening cock.

“You did good job,” Ilya said, “It felt OK?”

“It felt great.”

“So it was good gift?”

“The best gift.”

Ilya got up from the bed and retrieved his phone, then sat back down. Shane did the same.

“You will tell me every time you use it from now on, yes?”

“Use my dildo?”

“Yes.”

Shane nodded.

“Good boy.”

“Thank you,” Shane said, his voice growing soft, “For the toy. And for doing that with me.”

“Felt good, but I will be sore tomorrow.”

“Me too, probably.”

“But now we know that you can take my cock,” Ilya said, “And I can’t wait to give it to you.”

***

Shane had cleaned up, showered, changed into fresh underwear and gotten back into bed. Ilya had texted five more times.

Lily: fuck you are so hot

Lily: that was so hot

Lily: you are such good cockslut

Lily: what are you doing now?

Lily: going for round two?

Jane: I was in the shower.

Lily: i can’t wait to take you apart

Jane: See you in a week, Lily.

Lily: see you next week jane

Chapter 3

Shane woke up to the sound of his phone buzzing on his nightstand. Only two people texted him first thing in the morning. His mom, or Ilya. Shane peeked one eye open to check the text message preview. It was not Yuna.

Lily: only one more day until i get to fuck you

Lily: finally

Lily: are you ready for me?

Shane smiled and sat up on one elbow, punching in a reply.

Jane: Getting there.

Jane: I used it again last night.

Lily: used what?

Jane: You know, the huge toy you sent.

Lily: what???

Lily: and you did not tell me?

Lily: i told you to tell me whenever you use it

Jane: It was late.

Lily: would have been worth waking up for

Shane smiled again, giving the text message a heart.

Lily: you will tell me next time, yes?

Jane: Yes.

Jane: But I'll see you tomorrow. I'm excited. Nervous, but excited.

Lily: still nervous?

Lily: i will make it good for you. i promise.

Jane: I know.

Jane: I trust you.

***

Shane's stomach was in knots before their game the following evening, but it wasn't the game he was nervous about. He was still feeling a bit of anxiety about his rendezvous with Ilya later, plus he'd caved and told Ilya they could meet at his place instead of a hotel.

He'd spent the day cleaning his already clean house and fussing over details that Ilya would likely never have noticed, dusting baseboards and rearranging knick-knacks on shelves. Before he'd left for the game, he'd put fresh sheets on the bed even though he knew he'd be changing them again after. None of it really mattered, but he was nervous about having Ilya in his home, and he wanted it to be nice for him.

Right before they exited the locker room to head for the ice, he received one last text from Ilya: *Are you ready to lose two things tonight?*

***

The Metros had, in fact, lost to the Raiders. And while Shane would normally be upset, irritated, and angry, on this night, he was too jittery to feel anything but anticipation for his meeting later with Ilya. He managed to get out of the locker room and get home with only a few bland press statements and inconsequential exchanges with his teammates.

When he got home, he showered again just to make sure he was extra clean for Ilya, and then the waiting began.

Jane: What time should I expect you?

Lily: i dk, around 10 i think.

Lily: lots of press tonight

Jane: 🙄

Lily: see you sooooon

It turned out that Ilya's idea of "soon" was another hour and some change later. Shane nearly texted him to cancel, the nerves proving to be too much to handle. He'd cleaned more, rearranged the pillows on his bed, vacuumed and swept floors that didn't need vacuumed or swept, and then finally just sat on his bed and doomscrolled social media until finally a text from Ilya came in: *i think i'm here.*

Shane hurried to his front door to let Ilya in before a neighbor could see, then he shut and locked the door behind him. Before he had time to think, or to be annoyed at how long it took for Ilya to get there, he was being pulled into a kiss.

The kiss was long, deep, and sensual, and Shane was already growing hard by the time Ilya's lips were parting from his.

“Hi,” Ilya said simply, his lips inches away from Shane’s and his eyes alight with desire and lust.

“Hi,” Shane responded, his throat dry.

Ilya kissed him again, murmuring something in Russian as he did. Shane didn’t ask what he said, and instead, allowed Ilya to back him against a wall and kiss him deeper. They pressed their hips together with increasing urgency as their lips and tongues collided. Eventually, Shane broke the kiss and looked Ilya directly in the eyes.

“I want you,” Shane said, his eyes never leaving Ilya’s.

Ilya smiled darkly and allowed Shane to pull him down the hall in the direction of the bedroom. Once they were there, Ilya removed his jacket and unloaded his pockets. As promised, he’d brought lube, condoms, and also a small bottle of oil.

“Oil?” Shane asked.

“For massage.”

“You were serious about that?”

“Yes. Like I said, when it comes to sex, hockey, and vodka, I am always serious. Plus, you are tense. Massage will help relax you.”

“I’m not tense.”

“Yes, you are. I can feel it in your muscles.”

“Well you left me waiting for forever.”

“I’m sorry,” Ilya said, “Lots of press tonight.”

Shane rolled his eyes, but let Ilya place another kiss on his lips.

“We start with massage,” Ilya said, reaching for the oil.

Shane nodded, but stood rooted in place.

“You want massage with your clothes on?”

Shane grinned and began stripping off his clothes, and Ilya just watched, looking as if he wanted to devour Shane on the spot.

“Where do you want me?” Shane asked once he was undressed.

“Bed,” Ilya said as he took off his shirt.

Shane laid across his bed, on his stomach, then felt the mattress sink down as Ilya knelt over him, straddling him, and kissing from the base of his neck all the way down to his feet. He

then got off of the bed, dispensed some oil onto his palms, and then knelt down next to the bed and started the massage by kneading the soles of Shane's feet.

"You're starting with my feet?" Shane asked.

"This is head-to-toe experience, Hollander," Ilya said.

"You're going to give me a full-body massage?"

"Yes, and I won't even charge you for it."

Shane shut his eyes and relaxed into Ilya's touch, savoring the feeling of Ilya working the knots out of his feet before moving up to his calves and lower legs. Ilya's fingers were strong and his touch was confident as he worked the muscles in Shane's legs, then his thighs, then his glutes.

"How are you so good at this?" Shane murmured.

"Lots of practice," Ilya said, and Shane didn't have the energy to ask where and when he'd picked up massage experience—or who he'd practiced on.

Ilya next worked his way up from Shane's glutes to his lower back, then his middle back and finally up to his shoulders, working out all the knots and all the tension. By the time Ilya was finishing with his shoulders and neck, Shane was so relaxed that he felt like he could fall asleep.

"Don't fall asleep on me, Hollander," Ilya said as if reading his mind, "I still need to fuck you."

Shane hummed in response, as Ilya bent a placed a kiss between Shane's shoulderblades.

"Was good massage?" Ilya asked softly, kissing his way down Shane's shoulder, and Shane shuddered at how tender Ilya's kisses were, not to mention the care and tenderness of the entire massage he'd just been given.

"It felt amazing," Shane said sincerely, "Thank you, Ilya."

"You're welcome," Ilya said then bit gently on Shane's shoulder, "Turn over."

Shane turned over, revealing that his cock was half-hard. Ilya stroked him lazily and licked over his lips.

"Such a nice cock," Ilya said before bending to take Shane into his mouth. He sucked him easily, and without urgency, licking up Shane's shaft with a flat tongue a few times before focusing his attention on the tip. He sucked lightly, teasing with his tongue as well, and the nonchalance of it drove Shane crazy.

"I don't want you to come yet," Ilya said, looking up at Shane, "This is just to tease you."

"It's working. You're driving me crazy."

“I know,” Ilya said, smirking.

Ilya sucked Shane’s tip again, then licked up the precome that had gathered there. He took Shane deep a few times, all the way to the back of his throat, before releasing his cock and sitting up, then reaching for the lube.

“Are you ready for more?”

“Yes,” Shane responded quickly, sitting up on his elbows to look down at Ilya.

Ilya placed a palm on Shane’s chest and gently nudged him backwards to get him to lie flat, and then once he was lying down, he lubed a few fingers.

“I’m going to open you up now, OK?”

Shane nodded, and spread his legs for Ilya, who got in between them and then kissed his belly button a few times, peering up at him with lustful eyes.

“You look beautiful like this,” Ilya said as he began lightly rubbing around his entrance. Shane blushed at Ilya’s words, then gasped at the initial contact, but he quickly eased into Ilya’s touch.

He watched for a while as Ilya worked a finger into him, but eventually he closed his eyes and forced himself to relax.

“Feels OK?” Ilya asked.

“Mmm, yes,” Shane hummed in response.

“Will you let me know if anything doesn’t feel good? Not just now. At any point.”

“Yes.”

“You promise?”

“Yes, Ilya. I promise.”

Ilya nodded, kissing Shane’s tummy again and pushing his finger in deeper.

“It was so hot doing this with you on FaceTime,” Ilya said, “Loved watching you stretch yourself open on my pretend cock.”

“It felt amazing,” Shane said.

“And I’ll feel even better.”

Ilya removed his finger, added more lube to two fingers, and then slowly worked both into Shane. They fell into a comfortable silence as Ilya stretched Shane open, with two fingers first, and eventually adding a third once Shane was ready.

“Feels OK?” Ilya checked again once he had three fingers inside of Shane, and Shane nodded, his eyes closed, lost in the bliss of Ilya’s touch. Ilya fingered him, slow and easy, for another few minutes, allowing Shane plenty of time to stretch out and get used to the sensation.

Just when Shane was beginning to wonder if Ilya was ever going to get around to actually fucking him, his eyes shot open with surprise. Ilya had touched him somewhere—*somewhere* deep inside that made him see stars. Shane moaned and bucked his hips into Ilya’s touch, his lips parting to ask Ilya to do it again, but Ilya beat him to it.

“Holy shit,” Shane breathed.

“Feels good, yes?”

“Fuck yes. What did you do?”

“That’s your prostate,” Ilya said, rubbing over it again, slow and deliberate.

“Fuck that feels incredible.”

“Wait until I’m fucking into it with my cock,” Ilya said, his voice smooth.

“Fuck, Rozanov. I want you. Now.”

“You’re sure? I am bigger than three fingers. Do you want to use dildo first?”

“No. I want *you*. Just take it slow at first.”

Ilya nodded, brushing over Shane’s prostate once more before extracting his fingers. Shane shuddered at the touch, then shuddered again when Ilya kissed his lower belly yet again, soft and sweet.

Ilya slid on a condom, then lubed his cock generously, wiping off the excess lube from his hands before positioning himself at Shane’s entrance.

“Ready?”

“Yes.”

“Promise to tell me if you’re uncomfortable or want me to stop?”

“Yes, I promise.”

Ilya nodded, then gently pressed the head of his cock to Shane’s hole, rimming around the entrance a bit and slicking it again with a bit of lube before slowly starting to push in.

“Try to relax all your muscles,” Ilya reminded Shane as he continued to push in. Shane took a deep breath, then exhaled, letting all the tension go, and letting go of the recurring thought that kept worming its way into his thoughts: *I’m losing my virginity to Ilya Rozanov.*

Shane instead focused on the feeling of Ilya entering him. It wasn't unpleasant, just a lot of pressure and fullness, and Shane didn't dislike it. He took another deep breath and exhaled the tension away, shutting his eyes and letting the sensation wash over him. When he opened his eyes again, he saw that Ilya's gaze was trained on him, careful and attentive.

"Is ok?" he asked.

"Feels good so far," Shane confirmed, shutting his eyes again so he could focus all of his senses on feeling Ilya finally inside of him. He couldn't, however, keep his eyes closed for long because he couldn't help but want to witness how gorgeous Ilya looked between his legs, taking his virginity inch by inch.

He watched as Ilya looked down at where he was entering Shane, then looked back up and leaned forward, pressing his fists into the mattress on either side of Shane and letting his hips still slowly drive forward. Shane brought his hands to either of Ilya's forearms, gripping lightly as Ilya went deeper and deeper.

"You feel amazing," Shane said, saving the trouble of Ilya checking in.

"I'm not hurting you?"

"No."

Ilya nodded and pressed his hips further forward, and Shane had to shut his eyes again to relish the feeling of being so full of Ilya.

"Almost there," Ilya said, "You are taking me easier than you took the dildo."

"You feel better than the dildo."

"I know," Ilya said with a smirk.

"But I'm glad you sent it."

"Yeah? Why's that?"

"So I can fuck myself on your cock even when you're not around."

Ilya peered down at him, his smirk growing wider. "I love it when you talk to me like that."

"Like what?"

"Like a hungry little virgin cockslut."

Shane felt his cock twitch. "And I like it when you talk to me like I'm *your* hungry little virgin cockslut."

"You are," Ilya said, "I'm taking you for the first time, so you are mine now."

Shane felt himself blush, clear down to his chest, and he hoped Ilya didn't notice. He'd never really tried talking dirty with his past partners, but with Ilya, he almost couldn't help himself.

"Almost there. I'm almost fully inside of you now," Ilya breathed, "Still feels OK?"

"Yes," Shane said, "But I'm ready for you to start actually fucking me now."

"So hungry," Ilya said, bending to kiss his forehead, "Be patient. I don't want to hurt you. I am very big."

Shane rolled his eyes, but smiled at how easy and gentle Ilya was being.

"You're so gentle," Shane said, even though his brain was telling him not to say it.

"For now," Ilya said, winking at him, "Not always. It is first time."

"I can't wait for you to be rough with me."

"You won't have to wait long."

Shane squeezed Ilya's forearms, then ran his hands up to Ilya's biceps. The feeling of fullness almost felt like too much, but then Ilya said, "Fuck you feel good. I am fully inside of you now."

He began to pull out a bit, slowly, pushing back in fully and then pulling out a bit further and pushing back in all the way. He pumped his hips slowly at first, gradually picking up the pace until he was fucking Shane slowly, but steadily.

"How does it feel?"

"Incredible?"

"Ready for faster? Harder?"

"Fuck. Yes. Fuck yes."

Ilya nodded and increased the pace slowly but surely and soon he was pounding into Shane, Shane's hands now gripping onto Ilya's biceps tighter. The bed began to creak a bit as Ilya continued to pick up the pace, his body slapping into Shane's with each repetition.

He put more weight into his fists as he leaned forward and let his hips do all the thrusting, fast and hard and precise as Shane started to moan beneath him.

"Fuck that feels amazing."

"Yeah?" Ilya said, his breathing becoming a bit heavier.

"Yes. Fuck yes."

Ilya pounded into Shane a bit harder, fucking him properly into the mattress and driving into his fists before pausing to sit upright and grab onto Shane's waist. He held Shane's waist as

he fucked into him, hard and fast and soon Shane was moaning even louder, as thrusts landed on his prostate.

“God, fuck, that feels amazing,” Shane breathed.

Ilya kept at it, fast and hard and hitting the right spot each time. Shane opened his eyes to regard Ilya, his chest now heaving lightly with the effort and a sheen of sweat having gathered on his brow. He looked beautiful on top of him, and Shane tried to commit the image to memory.

Ilya stopped, pulled out and bent to kiss Shane’s chest, then stroked his cock a few times.

“All fours,” Ilya said, “I want to take you from behind.”

Shane nodded, shifting to an all-fours position and allowing Ilya to gently push his upper body downward so he was on his elbows. Ilya applied more lube, then positioned himself at Shane’s entrance again, and pushed in slowly, but faster than he had the first time.

“*Oh,”* Shane said, “Fuck. Wow.”

“Is different, yes?”

“Yes. God that feels incredible.”

“Mmm, yes, I know, right?” Ilya said, wasting no time picking up the pace and fucking into Shane at a new angle. Shane moaned, stifling the noise with a pillow.

“No,” Ilya said, “I want to hear you.”

Shane pushed the pillow to the side and let himself go, letting himself get lost in the pleasure of Ilya fucking him, and allowing himself to moan at full volume. The moans only got louder as Ilya fucked Shane’s prostate again, and Shane felt the familiar feeling in the pit of his stomach.

“Ilya, I—” he started, “I feel like I’m going to come already.”

“Is OK,” Ilya said, “Me too.”

“But I want more of you.”

“So I will come, and then I will fuck you again. And again. And again.”

“Fuck,” Shane said, his low belly tingling, “Fuck, I’m going to come.”

“Come for me, Shane, so I can hold you and kiss you and then fuck you all over again.”

Shane couldn’t take it anymore, he came in fast hard spurts onto the duvet beneath him, shuddering and gasping and moaning Ilya’s name.

“I’m going to come too,” Ilya said, breathless.

“Come on me,” Shane heard himself saying, also still breathless.

“You want me to come on you, Hollander?”

“Yes.”

“Fuck, OK. Fuck,” Ilya said, slowing to a stop, then pulling out.

“I want to see you come,” Shane said, turning over and laying on his back, but propping himself up on his elbows. Ilya pulled off the condom and tossed it aside, then straddled Shane and got to work stroking himself, his chest and brow glistening with sweat. He stroked himself quickly, and soon his breathing was ragged, his chest heaving all over again. Shane licked over his lips and watched Ilya jerk himself off, and soon Ilya was coming on Shane’s chest, his release coating Shane in milky white ribbons. He stroked until the last drop, then breathed out a deep breath and collapsed next to Shane.

“Holy shit,” Shane said.

“Yeah,” Ilya said, “Felt good?”

“Felt amazing. Fuck.”

“Better than dildo?”

“Better than dildo.”

“Next time I come on your face, on your beautiful, perfect, freckles.”

“Fuck. Yes, please.”

“You like that?”

“Only for you,” Shane said, looking over at Ilya. Ilya looked to him, then slid closer and placed a kiss to his temple.

“Let me clean you up,” Ilya said, “Shower, come.”

Shane wasn’t sure his legs would work, but he allowed Ilya to ease him from the bed and lead him to the bathroom. Shane turned on the shower and while they waited for it to warm up, Ilya kissed him, slow and sweet, before pulling him into the hot spray. They just stood for a while under the spray, kissing without urgency, as if they had all the time in the world. They made out for longer than Shane could quantify, the water rinsing over their heads and bodies, until Ilya finally pulled him from the spray and pushed him against the shower wall. Ilya sunk down to a squat and sucked Shane off also without a great sense of urgency, sucking his cock slowly and easily in a way that wasn’t meant to bring Shane to orgasm, but purely to pleasure him.

“Fuck,” Shane said, bringing a hand to Ilya’s soaking wet curls. The slow sensuality of the blowjob drove Shane crazy, and he literally felt like his knees might give out.

Finally, Ilya released him with a final lick up his shaft and a kiss to the head of his cock.

“Can I eat you out?”

“Eat me out?”

“Yeah, have you ever?”

“No.”

“Do you want me to?”

“Yes.”

“Turn around for me, bend forward,” Ilya said, lightly slapping Shane’s ass. Shane did as Ilya asked, the water running over his body as he bent forward and felt Ilya using his hands to spread his cheeks.

“Beautiful,” Ilya said, looking at Shane’s hole and licking over him a few times before murmuring something in Russian, and then saying in English, “So good.”

Shane shuddered at the feeling of Ilya’s tongue against him, licking and swirling and pressing against his entrance. It felt so tender and sensitive from having just been fucked, and again, he felt his knees start to buckle. Ilya continued to eat him out, licking carefully and then more forcefully, and soon Shane was moaning into the shower tiles.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Shane said, “Ilya, I’m going to come again.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes.”

“Turn around. I want you in my mouth this time. Want to swallow you.”

Shane straightened so he was standing then turned around, allowing Ilya to press his back into the tiles and take him back into his mouth. Ilya sucked him with more urgency this time, taking Shane to the back of his throat and choking himself out on Shane’s cock.

“Oh, god, fuck, fuck, fuck,” Shane said as Ilya gagged on him. “God, fuck, that’s so hot.”

Ilya pulled Shane’s cock out a bit, then licked up his shaft, swirling his tongue around the head before taking Shane back into his mouth, hollowing out his cheeks and fucking his face on Shane’s cock. Shane didn’t last long.

“Fuck, Rozanov, I’m going to come.”

Ilya just hummed in response and allowed Shane to come in his mouth, which Shane did with a loud moan and a lot of *fucks*. To his amazement, he watched as Ilya swallowed it all, then kissed Shane’s thighs before standing back up.

“Holy shit,” Shane breathed, his head spinning.

“Need to sit?”

“Need to lie down. Fuck.”

Ilya smirked, kissing his shoulder and then his chest. They cleaned up quickly, shutting off the water and toweling off before collapsing back into bed, still naked. Shane laid on his back and Ilya curled up into his chest.

“A good first time?” Ilya asked.

“Yes. Fuck yes,” Shane said, still breathless.

“Good,” Ilya said and kissed his chest again.

“How are you so good at this?”

“Practice.”

“Must be a lot of practice,” Shane said, but Ilya just shrugged and nestled closer into his side. They laid like that for a while, together in comfortable silence until Shane heard Ilya’s breath even out and when Shane glanced down, he saw that Ilya’s eyes were closed, his eyelashes flush against his cheeks and his breathing easy. Shane smiled, pressed a kiss to Ilyla’s hair and shut his eyes as well.

***

When Shane woke, it was to the feeling of Ilya placing wet kisses on his chest and nipples. Shane checked the clock, it was just past midnight.

“Mmm,” Shane murmured as Ilya licked over a nipple.

“I have to go,” Ilya said, “I didn’t mean to fall asleep.”

Shane cleared his throat before responding softly, “You could stay?”

Ilya kissed Shane’s chest again, then looked up at him, his chin pressing into Shane’s pec.

“I wish. But, no. I can’t. Not tonight. Early flight.”

“OK,” Shane said, feeling himself deflate a bit and already missing Ilya’s presence, even though he was still there, in his bed, placing the sweetest and most tender kisses to his chest.

“But before I go, I need to fuck you again.”

Shane felt his heart lift.

“Yes,” he said quickly.

“I’m already hard for you again,” Ilya said, barely above a whisper, “I won’t last long.”

“I’ve already come twice so I won’t either.”

Ilya sat up, grabbing a condom and pumping his cock a few times until he was fully hard, then he slid the condom on and applied some lube. He slipped a lubed finger into Shane, adding another in fairly short order.

“Want to be on top?” Ilya asked as he prepped Shane, “Fuck yourself on my cock?”

“Yes,” Shane said, again answering quickly.

“So eager,” Ilya said, a lazy smile spreading across his lips. He finished prepping Shane, then lubed his cock, wiped his hands, and laid down, his back against the headboard. Shane straddled him, then slowly lowered himself onto Ilya’s cock. It was a different feeling, being able to control the pace at which Ilya entered him, and he *loved* it.

Underneath him, Ilya moaned.

“Fuck you feel amazing, Hollander.”

Shane hummed in response and kept lowering himself until he was sitting in Ilya’s lap. Ilya held either side of Shane’s waist, then leaned forward and kissed his collarbone.

“I’ve never been on top before,” Shane said.

“So many firsts.”

“Promise you won’t judge.”

“Never.”

Encouraged by Ilya’s words, Shane lifted his hips a bit and lowered back down, lifted and lowered, and continued slowly at first, but soon increasing the pace. He kept increasing until he was fucking himself on Ilya’s cock, boucning up and down, their hips and thighs slapping together.

“You are good at this, Hollander.”

“You’re just being nice,” Shane said.

“When am I ever nice to you?”

You’ve been nice to me all night, he wanted to say, but instead he said nothing, just continued fucking Ilya.

“You feel so good,” Ilya breathed, grabbing Shane’s ass and thrusting his hips in time with Shane. Shane kept fucking himself on Ilya until his thighs burned. Ilya must’ve known because he held Shane down on his cock, grinding into him and making direct eye contact.

Shane looked down at him, never breaking the gaze as their hips moved on each other, slow and sensual.

“Ilya,” Shane said, his voice soft and his still grinding into Ilya.

“Yes.”

“I like being full of you.”

“And I like being buried deep inside of you.”

Shane bent down and met Ilya’s lips in a kiss, slow and sweet. They made out, Ilya buried deep inside of Shane, until Ilya eventually flipped them over so they were spooning, Ilya still buried inside of Shane. Ilya fucked him on their sides, also slow and sweet, his hips moving easily and his cock pumping in and out of Shane in a steady rhythm. He kissed Shane’s shoulder while he fucked him, and their hands found each other, fingers clasped near Shane’s chest.

Ilya wasn’t fucking him particularly fast or hard, but even with a lazier and softer fuck on their sides, Shane felt like he was close.

Ilya angled his thrusts to brush over Shane’s prostate and Shane shuddered.

“Fuck. Fuck, Ilya, I’m going to come again.”

“Mmm, come for me again, Hollander.” Ilya said as he kept fucking into Shane’s prostate.

Shane came a few moments later, grasping Ilya’s fingers in his and muttering *fuck* under his breath over and over, his eyes shut tight. Ilya came right after, murmuring something in Russian as he did, and also gripping Shane’s hand tight. Ilya’s breathing returned to normal as he slowed to a stop, then kissed Shane’s shoulder again before pulling out.

They laid there, spooning in a comfortable silence and Ilya placing intermittent kisses to Shane’s shoulder.

“I have to go,” he eventually said again.

“I know. It’s OK.”

Ilya squeezed Shane’s hand again before letting him go and extracting himself from bed. He went to the bathroom and Shane heard the faucet running and the toilet flush and then Ilya was back in the bedroom pulling his clothes back on.

Shane sat up, back against the headboard, and watched him get dressed. When he was fully dressed, he lingered at the foot of the bed.

“See you next time, yeah?” Ilya said.

“Yeah, I’d like that,” Shane said, before getting up to see Ilya out. They walked back through the house and to the front door, where they again lingered.

“Let me know when you get back to your hotel,” Shane said.

“I will,” Ilya said, leaning in for a kiss. They kissed once, on the lips and then Ilya looked him in the eyes.

“Bye, Hollander.”

“Bye, Rozanov.”

***

Lily: back to hotel.

Jane: OK.

Jane: Thank you, by the way.

Lily: for?

Jane: You know.

Lily: for what? for taking your virginity?

Jane: For being so nice. And patient. And sweet.

Lily: what, you thought i was always asshole?

Jane: Well, yes.

Lily: i can be nice, hollander.

Lily: very nice 👹😈

Jane: I see that now.

Lily: and thank you.

Jane: For?

Lily: for losing to me tonight. twice.

Jane: Fuck you :)

Lily: you wish

Jane: Goodnight, Ilya.

Lily: goodnight shane

End Notes

thank you all for reading, leaving kudos, and commenting! it means a lot 🥹🥰

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