i’ll be doing too

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by orphan_account

Summary

The smell of weed, the thumping bass, and a Master’s degree that suddenly feels a million miles away. Shane Hollander came to the party because he lost a bet, but he stayed because of Ilya Rozanov.

Notes

I have no idea where this came from, but I spent the last 24 hours writing this fic. My girlfriends is kinda mad at me because of it, so I hope you guys like it! I’m not a native English speaker and I definitely don't speak Russian, so please forgive any mistakes you might find.

For this fic, I wanted to write them as being a bit more communicative and upfront about what they want, stepping away slightly from the communication struggles the characters have in the books and the series. Also, even though this is a PWP, I still see them as having all those layers; they might not be the focus here, but they are definitely there beneath the surface. Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Despite Rose's best efforts, Shane knew he was a total fucking loser.

He was a grad student trying to survive an absurd amount of hours in the lab, the grueling process of writing his thesis, and his TAing duties for undergrads who couldn't care less about his research. On top of that was the punishing routine he'd set for himself – gym, diet, and a strictly controlled sleep schedule.

He knew he was trying to control things that were completely out of his hands. Like life, and the way things just... happen. But he was stubborn; he always had been.

Maybe that's why he was such a loser.

Rose had been trying to drag Shane to some stupid party with the arts undergrads since the beginning of the month. She claimed she was tired of texting him at 9:00 PM only to find out he was already asleep. She also mentioned, with zero shame, that she desperately needed to see him in something other than gym clothes.

But Shane had lost too many bets to Rose, and that was the kicker. For some reason, he always lost.

This time, he'd bet that Hayden Pike – their friend and fellow loser – would finally manage to ask Jackie to be his girlfriend. Officially. After more than six months of "keeping it casual."

Shane thought he had an easy win on his hands. Hayden couldn't be *that* stupid. Right?

Wrong.

Hayden didn't ask her out, and Jackie asked for "space" after a fight about the fact that their relationship was going nowhere. Now, Shane had spent a week dealing with Hayden moping around every corner and Rose's smug, victorious smile.

It was already 9:00 PM when Shane checked the time on his phone. Rose was at the living room mirror, fixing her makeup while sipping a beer and taking selfies. J.J. was rolling another joint, his french accent thick as he tried to hype Hayden up for the party. And Shane was just sitting there, trying to fight the urge to go to bed.

"If you make that face at the party, you aren't getting laid," Rose commented, walking over and offering him her beer, even though she knew he wouldn't take it.

"It's not like I'm looking for a hookup. I lost a bet," Shane huffed. He reached for his can of Ginger Ale and watched Rose head back to her makeup bag, bringing it over to him.

"It's been months, Shane. And last time, you said it was one of the worst blowjobs of your life," Rose replied, unscrewing her mascara and leaning in toward him.

"Makeup wasn't part of the bet." He jerked his face away from her hands.

"Shane, you need to get laid. No one can stand you like this anymore. Sometimes when I'm in the same room as you, I feel like my own ass only relaxes when you leave. You're too tense!"

Shane nearly choked on his Ginger Ale, turning bright red as he heard J.J. and Hayden burst out laughing. "Language, Rose! You'll give the poor guy a heart attack." J.J. chuckled, the 'th' sounds in his words softening into 'z's. At least Hayden was laughing – miserable, beautiful loser.

Rose pulled his face back toward her, and he finally let her brush mascara onto his lashes. It felt weird. He wasn't used to wearing makeup. He didn't have many reasons to be.

It wasn't that Shane had anything against men wearing makeup. Quite the opposite. Ever since he'd come out to his friends, he'd been more engaged with queer media, which helped him be kinder to himself and others in their various forms of expression. Internalized homophobia was a bitch, but Shane fought hard against it. He tried to educate himself so he wouldn't sound like one of those stupid guys who think they're superior just because they're "straight-acting" or strictly tops.

But he didn't usually wear it, and that was the point.

Right after he came out, J.J. mentioned he knew a queer bar, and their Instagram showed an upcoming drag performance. They went, and it was great. Shane felt safe with his friends, and he knew it was J.J.'s way of showing he was comfortable with Shane's sexuality. Typical straight guys and their weird ways of communicating.

Not that Shane was much better at communicating.

Anyway, Shane remembered that right after that night at the bar, Rose insisted on doing his makeup like a drag tutorial she'd followed. It was a fun experience, but a one-time thing. Shane hadn't been comfortable with the weight of the products on his face; the difficulty of recognizing his own features in the mirror made him recoil at his own reflection.

"Just for tonight," Shane muttered as Rose finished the mascara. He quirked an eyebrow when she came back with a brush and another product. "Rose..."

"Shane, honey, it's just a bit of highlighter and some gloss. You're so handsome, I just want you to have fun." Rose was already pouting.

"Come on, *mon ami*, it's just a little makeup." J.J. said, walking over with a lopsided grin. "Rose, put some of that eye stuff on me after. I don't remember what you call it."

"Eyeshadow?"

"That's it. Give me the glittery one. Gold. It goes with my skin." He laughed and sat next to Shane, throwing an arm around his shoulders. "You want a hit of zis, man? Might help you relax."

"I haven’t smoked since freshman year," Shane rolled his eyes, laughing at the strange tickle of Rose’s brush against his cheeks.

"All the more reason to start again, buddy," Hayden chimed in from across the room. "When was the last time you even had sex? Man, I miss high sex. Have you ever done it high? Maybe if you do both at the same time, it’ll fix your mood. Maybe if your mood improves, you’ll finally hit a PR on the bench."

Hayden talked too much when he was drunk. Or high. Even worse when it was both. And even worse when he was heartbroken.

Shane knew he was flushing at the barrage of questions. He didn’t talk much about his sex life, but he heard plenty about his friends'.

He took the joint from J.J. "The last guy insisted on bottoming. I wanted to die. The blowjob was terrible. It’s been months." The room went silent. Shane considered burying himself alive for opening his big mouth.

"You’re murdering your sex life, man.” J.J. said with a massive grin. “Whatever you need tonight, I’ll find it for you,"

"Tonight, we are resurrecting your sex life, my love. Get ready." Rose clapped her hands and gave Shane a wet kiss on the cheek.

When they arrived, it was past 10:00 PM. The off-campus house was buzzing, and Rose didn’t bother knocking, leading the group inside where the bass was thumping. Rose was immediately pulled away by friends, and Shane felt the eyes of a few girls land on him. He’d never been to a party with Rose’s classmates, though he’d met one or two in passing. Rose had mentioned a few of them had asked for his number.

A warm flush crept up Shane’s face; he knew his ears were red. He’d met Rose at a party just like this when J.J. dragged him along back in second or third year. At the time, he knew he liked men, but he thought maybe he stood a chance with a woman.

He and Rose had the worst sexual experience in their personal histories and moved on as friends. She was the first person he ever told he was gay.

Shane didn’t have much time to get lost in his thoughts before Hayden and J.J. were pulling him into the living room. A circle of girls surrounded Rose, who immediately hugged him. Shane felt comfortable in this tight circle with his friends, and the weed was starting to cloud his mind in a pleasant way. He accepted the cup of orange liquid Hayden shoved at him. Hayden was yelling something about Ginger Ale and rum, likely explaining the mix.

It tasted good, and that was all that mattered right then.

He spent the first few hours talking to the theatre girls. A nice haze permeated the party, and Shane didn't feel the music as intensely as usual – partly because he was high, and partly because he was wearing his noise-reducers. He rarely left the house for a party without them.

Another joint passed through his hands at some point. He laughed when he saw J.J. and Rose making out – something that happened fairly often when they went out. Hayden made a comment about not understanding why Rose kept giving J.J. hope that he'll get her into bed someday.

Shane started to feel a bit overwhelmed when one of Rose's classmates started giving him looks. Not because the guy was unattractive or because Shane was shy, but because the guy screamed the exact stereotype Shane was trying to avoid that night.

Shane sighed, realizing he was falling into a stereotype himself. Just because a guy was effeminate didn't mean he was a bottom.

God, he overthought everything.

"I'm gonna go grab a beer," Shane told Hayden, who was glued to his phone next to him. Probably texting Jackie.

Shane found himself alone, leaning against the drinks table, when a deep voice startled him. "You come to party wearing headphones?"

Shane turned and came face-to-face with a guy who belonged on the cover of a magazine. Curly blonde hair, broad shoulders, narrow waist. He held a cup of something that could have been water, but Shane was sure it wasn't. Bright blue eyes stared Shane down, waiting for an answer, and there was a decidedly non-innocent smirk on the guy's face.

"They're noise-reducers," he answered, reaching up to pull one out to show the stranger. The sudden roar of the music made Shane wince. "I don't like loud noise, and I have chronic migraines." Shane didn't know why he was oversharing.

The man shifted his weight and narrowed his eyes, examining the earplug. "My niece wears those, too, but because she has diagnosis of something... I do not remember name."

Ah, the accent. Shane hadn't noticed it at first, but the blonde definitely wasn't canadian or american. He was european. Slavic.

"Autism Spectrum Disorder, probably. You must be a great uncle," Shane replied. He wasn't about to tell this stranger that his parents had been trying to convince him to get a neuropsychological evaluation for years. He wasn't going to think about that tonight. Or tomorrow.

"I am not in Russia anymore, and daughter is not mine." The blonde shrugged and took a sip of his drink. "Why you are here if you do not like noise?"

Shane rolled his eyes. Great, the guy wanted to keep talking. "I lost a bet."

"Your friends need make bets to get you out of house?"

"Yeah. You got a problem with that?" He was on the defensive, and he knew why. Shane never handled certain emotions well, and desire was one of them. Desire was terrifying; it came with the urge to surrender completely and irrationally without looking where you were going. Shane hated not being in control, and desire pulled the rug right out from under him.

Desire for a man like this would probably destroy him.

"You are very... I forget word... someone who always has answer to give someone." The blonde was smiling as he stared. His blue eyes seemed to glow through the haze of the room. He was enjoying Shane's reaction.

"Thanks."

"What is your name?" the man asked. He had a charming smile that made a flush creep up Shane's cheeks, warming his whole body. The blonde smiled even wider, as if he could tell exactly how Shane was reacting to him.

Shane wanted to take a step back to see if it would help with the attraction. The guy was probably an asshole. "What's *your* name?"

"Ilya Rozanov."

The way the blonde – Ilya – said his own name was sexy as fuck. "Shane Hollander."

Ilya's gaze swept down Shane's body, lingering for a few seconds on the counter Shane was leaning against. Was he looking at Shane's ass?

"Shane does not sound like name asian guy would have."

Shane sighed. Okay, so the guy *was* an asshole.

"I'm half japanese, but I was born here in Canada. Immigrant grandparents." Shane was annoyed with himself for still answering.

Ilya noticed the irritation, and it only made his smile sharper and his eyes bluer. "And what you do here at University of Ottawa, Shane Hollander?"

"Master's in Human Kinetics."

Ilya's face lit up. "I thought you were one of those boring IT guys."

"And you're still here even though you thought that?" Shane laughed, mostly because he also thought some IT guys were boring. Except for Hayden, obviously.

"Want to know why?" Ilya took a step forward, sipping his drink. Shane felt the tips of his ears burn again.

"No. And what about you? What's a russian guy doing at the University of Ottawa?"

"I do not study here. I am just here for friend."

"And what do you do?"

"Why? You are interested?"

Shane just rolled his eyes and stared at Ilya, who stared right back. They held eye contact longer than Shane thought was normal – certainly longer than he was used to.

"I came from Russia few months ago. I was living in Boston, but I hate United States and I could not take it anymore. Svetlana, my friend, lives in Ottawa and goes to school here, so I came to visit. Maybe I stay." Ilya shrugged at the end of his explanation.

"Why Boston?"

"You really ask many questions." Ilya rolled his eyes.

"I don't know if you remember, asshole, but you're the one who walked up to me to ask about something that was none of your business. I thought that's what we were doing." Shane wasn't actually mad. He was a nice guy and wasn't usually rude, but this russian guy really knew how to be a prick.

"A relative of my mother lived in Boston. End of story." Ilya drained his cup and walked away without another word.

Shane figured he was probably an idiot, too.

He sighed and turned back to the drinks. Maybe if he got drunker, he wouldn't ask so many questions.

Shane didn't know how many minutes he'd been dancing with Rose's friend. The dance floor – which wasn't really a dance floor – was damp, and Shane could feel sweat pooling at his neck, his white t-shirt clinging to his stomach. Around him, people in various states of undress were dancing, and the smell of weed and sweat was leaving Shane in a mix of nausea and arousal.

He'd had two watery beers and smoked a bit more before Miles pulled him onto the floor. Rose was grinding against one of the theatre girls, with J.J. right behind her. He didn't bother looking for Hayden; he knew he was still glued to his phone, getting progressively drunker and more depressed.

Shane was feeling good. The theatre girls were swaying behind him, and he tried to catch the rhythm of the song.

Boys will be boys, but the girls will too, and the girl should too

‘Cause what you’re showing me, is no apologies, no rules

What you see in me, me, me

I see in you, you, you

Shane felt Miles press kisses into his neck, enjoying the way the other man’s thick lips felt against his skin. He was about to kiss Miles back when he felt a pair of hands on his waist. Hands large enough to make Shane feel small.

Shane saw Miles look at the other man, but he didn't seem bothered, still swaying his hips against Shane’s. Shane looked back and smiled when he saw who it was. "Oh, it's you, Rozanov."

"Hi, Shane Hollander."

Shane laughed at the formal way the man greeted him, feeling more relaxed around him thanks to the alcohol. He tried to keep moving with Miles, but the grip on his waist made it hard to focus on anything else.

"Miles, my friend and I are going to talk for a bit," Shane said to the man in front of him. Miles looked slightly annoyed but didn't say anything; he just left one last kiss on Shane’s neck and turned to dance with his classmates.

"You looked busy," Ilya commented, his hands still on Shane’s waist even as Shane turned to face him. Ilya’s shirt was almost completely unbuttoned, and his hair was messier than before.

"I'm free for you now." Shane blushed at his own words but smiled when Ilya gave him a devastatingly beautiful grin.

"So this is how you are when you do not want to know every detail of my life and just accept me flirting with you."

"I didn't know you were flirting with me." Shane exhaled slowly, his head spinning a little at the thought that this man was actually hitting on him.

Ilya just shook his head and ran his hands over Shane’s body – from his waist to his hips, up his arms to his neck. "Ty takoy krasivyy... Neveroyatnyy." Ilya murmured. *[You’re so pretty… Incredible.]*

Shane stared at him, confused, but flushed at the attention. He didn't understand the words, but the low, melodic sound of the russian language made his stomach flip. "What was that?"

Ilya didn’t answer. He and Ilya were barely dancing; the blonde seemed too busy exploring Shane’s body with his hands, muttering words in russian. They stayed like that for a while. Shane didn't mind, despite the self-consciousness.

Ilya was staring at Shane's face now, his hands moving through Shane's hair – which was longer than usual, another bet he'd lost to Rose. The russian's eyes scanned his mouth, his eyes. Shane tried to stay still as Ilya's hands moved to his cheeks, thumbs brushing over his freckles.

"You do not come to parties, but when you do, it seems whole room is looking at you. Men, women..." Ilya said. Shane laughed, thinking Ilya was imagining things. Ilya smiled seeing him laugh, but looked puzzled. "You doubt it?"

"I don't think everyone is looking at me. That would be pretty arrogant. Self-centered."

"I do not know what that means, but you would have every right to be arrogant."

Shane laughed again, his head dropping forward to rest on Ilya's shoulder. He smelled good – masculine cologne mixed with sweat. It made Shane want to bury his nose in Ilya's neck. He didn't realize he was actually doing it until he heard Ilya chuckle.

"Sorry. I really drank more than I should have, and I'm usually asleep by now."

"It is okay."

Shane felt something confusing and intoxicating under Ilya's gaze. Desire. He couldn't remember the last time he'd felt this much for someone, or had someone show this much for him. The kind of desire that made Shane feel like he was going to be swallowed whole, like he would melt into Ilya's arms at any second.

Ilya slid his hands back to Shane's neck and leaned in closer, their noses brushing. An explosion of electricity filled the space between them. Ilya's large hands cupped Shane's face, stroking his jaw. There was a dazed look on the blonde's face, as if he were just as caught up in it as Shane.

Of course, that was the moment Hayden chose to appear. "Dude, I think I'm gonna barf, and Jackie told me to stop texting her. I don't know what to do."

Shane pulled away abruptly, looking at his friend in a daze. Hayden looked truly wasted, and Shane felt a pang of guilt for leaving him alone knowing how he felt.

"Hayd, yeah, let's get some water and find a bathroom." Shane took a step toward his friend but felt Ilya's hands linger on his hips. He turned back to the man, who was looking at him with raised eyebrows, looking exasperated. "I have to go. Sorry."

Ilya let him go, and Shane waved. He felt sobered up immediately, yet still drunk on the almost-kiss with the most handsome man in the world.

He grabbed two bottles of water from the fridge and asked for directions to a bathroom. Hayden was at his side, staggering like a newborn deer, eyes welling with tears. Shane really didn't want to deal with this right now, especially since Hayden had talked about nothing but Jackie all week.

But Shane knew there was no escape.

"She asked for space, Shane. Six months and she asked for space." Hayden leaned against the bathroom wall when they finally found one. He clutched a water bottle, taking slow sips between sobs. "Because I'm a fucking coward."

Shane sighed and looked at himself in the mirror. He was a mess. Rose's mascara was smudged at the corners of his eyes and his face was shiny with sweat. He listened to Hayden cry while he splashed water on his face and tried to clean up the makeup with a paper towel.

"Say something, man," Hayden said from where he'd slid down the tiled wall.

"Hayd, she asked for space because she's scared you don't want the same things she does. But you do. You want to marry her and have, like, four terribly cute, spoiled kids. She just needs to be sure you're on the same page, and for that, she needs time... and space." Shane wasn't great at advice, but he tried for Hayden. They'd been friends since high school, and Shane knew Hayden would never hurt Jackie. Not intentionally, anyway, but he was still a basic straight guy, so he wasn't perfect.

Hayden went quiet, sniffing and wiping his eyes. He took another drink of water and got up to use the toilet. Shane closed his eyes and breathed deeply, leaning his head against the wall. He really just wanted to go home and sleep.

"I ruined your night," Hayden said while washing his hands. "I thought I was gonna puke, but I think I just needed a good cry. Then I went and ruined your night. Sorry, buddy." He sat back down next to Shane against the wall and opened the second water bottle.

Shane took a few sips too, but stayed silent. There wasn't much to say. He wasn't mad; he had no reason to be. Hayden needed a friend, and he'd never refuse him, because Hayden would do the same for him. But that almost-kiss and Ilya's annoyed look when he left… Shane knew he'd be thinking about that for weeks.

The chances of seeing Ilya again were slim. The russian didn't go to the university and said he was just visiting. He didn't even live in fucking Canada.

"Let's go home, Hayd. I'll tell Rose and J.J. on our way out." Shane stood up and offered Hayden a hand.

The two of them walked downstairs, joking about Rose and J.J. making out again. They laughed about a conversation they'd had with Rose a few weeks back when she swore there was zero chance she'd ever sleep with J.J. Shane was in the middle of a sentence, walking toward the living room, when he felt a hand touch his.

He jumped, but relaxed when he turned and saw Ilya again. "Nashyol tebya." *[Found you.]*

Shane smiled, having no idea what Ilya had just said. He'd only just met the man, but he already loved how he slipped into his native language without realizing it. He sounded even handsomer in russian.

"Oh, hi. I'm Hayden."

Ilya looked at Hayden for two seconds. "Ok."

Shane laughed at Hayden's offended expression. "Go tell Rose we're leaving and meet me out front."

"You are leaving?" Ilya looked at him with wide eyes, looking almost like a moody child.

"I really need to sleep, and Hayden needs to get home, too. He cried enough for one night." Shane smiled at Ilya, feeling more comfortable now.

"Why you do not send him to his house and take me to your house instead?" Ilya squeezed Shane's hand and brought it to his lips. He really knew how to use his charm to get what he wanted.

"The problem is, his house is my house." Shane laughed when Ilya rolled his eyes. "You have no shame, inviting yourself over like that?"

"Russians have no shame about anything." Ilya gave a charming smile, his hand moving back to Shane's waist and then up to his face, fingers touching those freckles again. "But I will let you go, if you want so much."

"You'll *let* me?" Shane's cheeks ached from how much Ilya was making him smile.

Ilya just looked at him. That smile, relaxed shoulders, glowing blue eyes. He looked like he'd stepped out of one of Shane's dreams, and he was clearly aware of his own beauty, perfectly comfortable using it. Shane was mesmerized. He knew people who were comfortable in their own skin, but he'd never been one of them.

Shane had avoided mirrors his whole life; his face was just a blur when he brushed his teeth or washed up. Shane wasn't the kind of person who knew how to use his looks to get things, but for some reason, he knew he could get anything from Ilya if he just asked.

"I don't want to sleep alone tonight. So, if you want to come along..." Shane felt his entire face turn crimson. He couldn't look Ilya in the eye, focusing instead on his heart-shaped mouth and stubble.

Ilya just smiled and watched Shane for a few seconds. Shane saw him reach into his pocket and pull out car keys. "Let us go before your boring friend freezes to death outside."

"Hey, he's not boring!" Shane laughed as Ilya pulled him toward the exit.

Hayden wasn't frozen, luckily, but he stared at Shane longer than usual when Shane explained the situation. Shane knew he was being reckless, taking a stranger home. Or worse, letting a stranger drive them both home when they'd just left a party where everyone had clearly been drinking.

"So what brought you to Ottawa?" Hayden asked from the back seat. He'd spent the last few minutes praising Ilya's car, asking about the price and driving in the snow. Now he'd turned his curiosity toward Ilya himself.

"Visiting friend." Ilya was serious while driving, following the GPS address Shane had typed in. His accent felt heavier now, and it was incredibly sexy.

"Hm... And did you go to school for anything?" Hayden didn't seem to get that Ilya preferred the quiet music playing in the background.

"No."

"What did you do back in Russia?"

“Hockey.”

Shane caught Ilya’s profile out of the corner of his eye. He hadn't expected that answer, especially with how uncomfortable Ilya seemed with the conversation itself. He stayed quiet, hoping Hayden would take the hint.

Thankfully, he did. Shane let out a breath of relief when Ilya pulled into a visitor spot in front of the condo complex where he and Hayden shared an apartment. The walk to the building was mostly silent, except for Hayden happily mentioning that Jackie had texted him to ask if he was okay and if he’d made it home.

When they got inside the unit, Hayden glanced at Ilya and Shane for a few seconds, shook his head, and said goodnight, looking thoroughly embarrassed. Shane would have been, too, if he were in Hayden's shoes. Honestly, he was embarrassed by his own behavior – inviting Ilya over as if this were a normal thing he did. He didn't even know why the russian had accepted.

"Bedroom?" Ilya asked, his face more relaxed now that Hayden was out of the room.

Shane was gasping for air by the time his back hit the locked door of his bedroom. Ilya’s lips were pressed against his neck, his hot breath tickling Shane’s skin as he trailed kisses along his jawline and just below his ear. His hands were frantic now, roaming over Shane’s hips before sliding down to his ass. Shane let out a low moan as Ilya squeezed him hard, at the same time dragging a slow, wet lick across his chin.

"Oh." Shane reached for the single button holding Ilya’s shirt together and fumbled it open. He pressed his palms against the russian’s perfectly defined, rock-hard abs, stroking the skin. "You’re so fucking hot."

Ilya let out a sharp huff against his neck. He moved suddenly, ripping one hand away from Shane’s backside to grab his jaw, forcing Shane’s mouth open to meet his. He caught Shane’s tongue without warning, his kiss impatient and dominating. Ilya’s body was heavy with muscle, pinning Shane against the door while his large hands explored the curve of Shane’s waist and hips, nearly reaching his thighs. Shane let out a loud gasp when he felt Ilya’s thumbs press firmly against his nipples through his shirt.

Shane felt like he was being devoured. And it felt incredible.

"Chert, ty neveroyatnyy..." Ilya growled against his lips. *[Damn, you're incredible…]*

Shane's head spun. He had no idea what the russian words meant, but the raw, guttural sound of Ilya's voice made his knees weak.

Ilya slid his hands under Shane's shirt and yanked it off with a rough, impatient pull. Shane staggered from the force of it, his stomach tight with a desire so sharp it made his eyes roll back. He felt completely powerless.

Shane gasped as Ilya attacked his swollen mouth again, his teeth nipping at Shane's lips followed by long, soothing licks. Shane felt entirely at the mercy of Ilya's hands and mouth. The russian moved down, his fingers busy with the button and zipper of Shane's jeans. Once they were undone, Ilya shoved the denim down to Shane's thighs. Shane moaned into Ilya's mouth as he felt those large hands slide inside his boxers, gripping his cheeks roughly, kneading and prying them apart.

"We should go to bed," Shane managed to say, sounding far too dazed for someone who hadn't even made it out of his boxers yet. His jaw ached from the sheer pressure of Ilya's impatient kisses.

Ilya seemed completely distracted, his hands still busy with Shane's backside. Shane felt his pulse kick into overdrive when Ilya suddenly dropped to his knees in front of him, hands yanking the rest of his jeans and underwear down. Shane's dick, already slick with pre-cum, brushed against Ilya's chin. He hissed at the sensation, his hands instinctively diving into Ilya's blonde curls, pulling his head back so he'd look up. He heard the russian mutter something under his breath – more words he didn't recognize, but Ilya raised his head anyway, his blue eyes locking onto Shane's.

"Condom?" Shane rasped.

"I do not put your cock in my mouth with condom in way," Ilya answered, his hand wrapping around Shane's length, which was obscenely on display while Ilya himself was still fully dressed. "I was hockey player, I had medical exams all time. I am clean."

Shane could only nod, his brain short-circuiting as Ilya gripped his hips with bruising force. The tip of his cock-head brushed Ilya's chin again, and before Shane could even process how different this felt from any other casual hookup he'd ever had, he was sliding past Ilya's lips.

Shane's knees nearly buckled as Ilya claimed him, his mouth warm and enthusiastic. Shane was making noises he knew he'd be embarrassed about later, his fingers tightening in Ilya's messy hair. He didn't try to pull him away; he just held on, feeling the way Ilya's head moved in perfect sync with his mouth.

He let out a moan that was definitely too loud when he felt Ilya press upward, pulling at his balls. Shane's thighs twitched as a finger slid beneath his scrotum, pushing upward just enough so Ilya could see everything if he wanted to. He felt Ilya's finger moving back and forth over his perineum while he took Shane deeper, gagging slightly. It was enough to make Shane lose his mind.

But it couldn't last, and Shane knew it. He couldn't let it end like this. Ilya was exactly what he'd needed after months of nothing, and he wasn't going to let the moment slip away. Maybe it was time he started reaching for the things he actually wanted.

Shane quickly nudged Ilya's head away, letting out a pathetic groan at the wet *pop* the man's mouth made as he let go. "You need to take your clothes off. Now," Shane said breathlessly.

Ilya braced himself on the floor for a second to catch his breath, looking up at Shane with a smirk. His lips were slick with saliva and his blue eyes were blown wide, dark with lust in the dim light of the room.

Ilya stood up, finally pulling his shirt off and fumbling with his own jeans while watching Shane struggle with his shoes and socks. Both of them ignored their painfully obvious erections for the few seconds it took to get naked. As soon as the clothes were gone, Shane threw himself at Ilya, pushing him toward the bed, no longer shy about touching him. Ilya grinned before flipping them over, pinning Shane to the mattress and giving him a clumsy, heated kiss.

"Tak khorosho, khm... Ty takoy khoroshiy, dorogoy!" Ilya murmured in russian. Shane couldn't suppress a moan at the sound of it. He was a goner – completely undone by a language he didn't even speak. Ilya could have been saying anything at all and Shane would have found it sexy as hell. *[So good, hmm… You are so good, darling!]*

"Ilya," Shane gasped, his hands gripping the russian's waist. He pressed his lips firmly against Ilya's, trying to pull his attention back from where he was currently focused: squeezing Shane's chest and teasing his nipples.

Kissing Ilya sent shivers down his spine – he'd realized that the first time, but now it felt like a fire spreading from his stomach to his throat. There was an unquenchable hunger in him, a thirst for more and more. And Ilya seemed to feel it too, his hands feverishly sliding along Shane's sides, squeezing his soft skin, dipping into the curve of his waist and digging his thumbs into his hips. He kissed Shane harder with every passing second, catching every one of Shane's ragged sighs in his mouth.

Ilya's hands continued their relentless exploration of Shane's body - his arms, his waist, his hips, his thighs. Shane let Ilya shift him higher up on the mattress, his skin breaking out in shivers as that heavy, warm palm settled firmly against his hip again. He felt Ilya's nails graze lightly over his stretch marks as the russian bracketed Shane's body with his hands, holding him in place.

Shane adjusted himself easily, locking his ankles behind Ilya's back. Their hips moved in a rhythmic, back-and-forth grind, and a muffled moan escaped Shane as their dicks pressed firmly against one another with every slide. Ilya's grip on his hips tightened, his fingers digging into Shane's skin.

"You are so hot... Moment you walk through door, I saw you," Ilya whispered into his ear, his hips moving in perfect sync with Shane's. "Ya ne mog otorvat' glaz." *[I couldn't take my eyes off you.]*

Shane let out a shaky, jagged exhale. The thought that he'd had Ilya's attention for that long made his head swim, and the physical sensation was almost too much to bear. His dick was rubbing against Ilya's defined, ridged stomach, catching on the delicious happy trail of hair that led down toward the most perfect cock Shane had ever seen.

"Fuck... what..." Shane felt like he might start praying at any second. Ilya's hands were still worshiping his hips and thighs, the backs of his fingers grazing against Shane's length in a way that made sparks fly behind his eyelids.

Ilya shifted on the bed, his eyes darting toward the nightstand and then back to Shane, who simply gave a small nod. Shane flushed when he caught the smirk on Ilya's face as he took in the contents of the bedside table: a stash of unused condoms, a nearly empty bottle of lube, and a row of vibrators in transparent boxes. Ilya shot him a wicked grin and arched an eyebrow. "I like the colors," he commented, kneeling in front of Shane, looking entirely unbothered by the display of his own impressive body.

Shane chose not to say a word, watching with bated breath as the Russian popped the cap on the lube and poured a generous, probably excessive, amount onto his long, capable fingers. Ilya stayed quiet as he settled between Shane's legs, his arm wrapping firmly around Shane's hip to pull him closer. When his fingers finally reached Shane's hole, Shane let out a soft, vulnerable moan. It had been far too long since anyone had taken care of him like this. He let his head fall back against the pillow, arching his hips to give Ilya better access.

Ilya chose that exact moment to shove Shane's leg aside, his mouth latching onto the thick muscle just above the knee to leave a hickey. He gripped Shane's thigh hard, watching him twitch reflexively as one finger became two. Ilya didn't look away for a second, his fingers curling against Shane's smooth walls before pulling back and, with zero effort, adding a third.

Shane hadn't been with anyone in a while, but that didn't mean he didn't take matters into his own hands fairly often. Still, he was reeling from the sensation, completely lost in the heat of Ilya's gaze, the feeling of his mouth on his knee, and three fingers stretching him wide. Shane's dick lurched, leaking pre-cum at the sheer sight of this perfect man devouring him.

"You are so good..." Ilya praised softly, his fingers moving faster now, his other hand steadying Shane's trembling thigh. "Yes, just like that... let me inside."

Shane let out a shaky breath at the praise, feeling more restless by the second. "Okay," he whispered, swallowing hard against the dryness in his throat, his hips instinctively rolling toward Ilya's wet fingers. "You- you can... fuck me. Please. *Ah.*"

Ilya groaned like a man who had already lost the fight, his hand sliding down from Shane's thigh.

Shane let out a delirious sigh, and the guy hadn't even put his dick in yet. He couldn't remember the last time he'd had chemistry like this with anyone. Honestly? Probably never. Ilya was strong and confident; the russian accent and that wicked edge to him only made him more irresistible. Even though Shane felt like his complete opposite, he felt comfortable enough to give himself over completely. He stared Ilya down as the man rolled the condom on.

Ilya’s mouth was a deep pink, and his high cheekbones were flushed from the effort. His blue eyes were blown out, pupils dilated, and his blonde curls were messy, sticking to his temples and forehead with sweat.

"Fuck me, Ilya. I need it," Shane murmured, spreading his legs wider to give him better access.

Ilya’s eyes went wide. “Fuck,” was the only thing he managed to say. He lined the head of his cock against Shane’s entrance, gripping Shane’s ass with bruising strength. He leaned down to kiss Shane’s flushed neck, trailing his mouth along the line of his jugular, peppering kisses across the pulsing vein.

"Come on," Shane complained, his voice strained, because Ilya was still just teasing him - only the very tip was inside.

"You are... so impatient, dorogoy," Ilya grumbled against his skin, his voice vibrating through Shane’s chest. *[Darling.]*

Then Ilya pulls back and thrusts into Shane, pinning him into the crease between hip and thigh, while his other hand slides along the soft side of Shane's body.

"Ah," Shane breathes, feeling the sudden release as the tension drains out of him. He lets out another sound, long and low, for every inch he feels advancing inside him. "Holy shit," he hisses at the searing heat, wondering if maybe he shouldn't have rushed Ilya; he could feel his walls pressing tight against the blunt intrusion.

With his eyes closed, Shane tilted his head back. Small, broken sighs punctuated the quiet of the room as Ilya slid in slowly, almost torturously. He was so good, moving like that; his large, strong, sweaty body was practically vibrating with the effort of holding back.

"Look at me," Ilya said.

Shane opened his eyes, feeling half-disoriented. Ilya’s intense, burning gaze made him give a dizzy, half-drunk smile, which made Ilya hiss through his teeth. "Bozhe, ty takoy krasivyy, kogda ulybaesh'sya." Ilya muttered as he shifted his hips experimentally. *[God, you’re so beautiful when you smile.]*

His thumbs slid over Shane’s nipples, and now it was Ilya’s turn to smirk as he watched Shane’s mouth fall open in a silent gasp, his lashes fluttering at the sensation. "Sensitive?" the deep, raspy voice asked, thick with a kind of lust Shane wasn't used to.

Shane just throws his head back, his hips moving with an impatient rhythm to meet Ilya’s still-too-slow thrusts. He feels one of Ilya’s hands slide down to his slick length, stroking him slowly. The combination of lube and pre-cum makes it easy.

"You get wet just like woman," Ilya whispers as he starts to drive his hips with more force, a mocking smile on his face as he watches Shane’s ears turn bright red and his freckles pop against his flushed, sweaty skin.

Ilya leans in to kiss Shane again, a wave of heat washing over them. The only sound in the room now is the steady, rhythmic slap of Ilya's balls against Shane's ass and the ragged sounds of pleasure coming from Shane's throat. Ilya grunts, deepening the kiss, his hips pounding harder against Shane as he feels the internal walls clench around him.

Shane tilts his head back, breaking the kiss just to try and catch his breath. He feels Ilya's lips against his Adam's apple, kissing the vibrations of his own moans. The sound of their bodies colliding is maddening, leaving Shane desperate for more.

"Look at you... look how pretty you look on my cock, all red because of me," Ilya murmurs against his neck. The heavy accent and the raw desire in his voice make Shane moan even louder, writhing and gasping underneath him.

Ilya pulls back to sit up on his heels, sweat dripping from his forehead, his hands still clamped around Shane's waist as he moves. Everything is so wet. The more Ilya moves, alternating between fast and slow, the more Shane can feel every curve of his thick cock, savouring every deep thrust. Shane feels the sweat trickling down his own neck as he watches it trail down Ilya's hairy chest. The sound of the penetration is getting louder, wetter. The russian is in total control, and Shane is completely okay with that, letting Ilya grip his waist to drive into him with a speed and intensity that leaves Shane clawing for air.

His thighs are shaking, exhausted from being held open to take all of Ilya's massive frame. His nerves are throbbing, pulsing, but he savours every single movement. His nails are now dug deep into the sheets beneath him, searching for some kind of stability against the brutality of the pace.

Shane lets out a loud, broken moan when one of Ilya's hands returns to his dick. The hypersensitivity is so intense that he barely has time to react as Ilya matches the rhythm of his hand to the rhythm of his thrusts. Ilya seems like a machine built for one purpose: to drive Shane into total oblivion without a single moment of mercy.

Shane felt the gradual, relentless build of a devastating orgasm. Ilya's cock was hitting his prostate with every single stroke, and the brutal friction of the man's hand over his own length was leaving him desperate. "Oh..." Shane pressed a hand over his mouth as he realized he'd let out a near-shriek. Ilya was pushing harder and deeper with every second.

"You going to come?" Ilya grunted, his voice a low growl of command.

"Ilya..." was all Shane could manage to gasp.

"Fuck..." Ilya looked away from Shane's face, his eyes dropping to watch the way his cock was stretching Shane mercilessly. Shane was completely out of it now, far too gone in the build-up of his own release to think about anything else. Ilya let out a low, guttural groan at the sight of himself disappearing and reappearing, Shane's hole yielding and stretching wide around him with every heavy withdrawal, the skin flushed and sticky, his perineum swollen from the effort.

Ilya's eyes rolled back in pure pleasure when Shane's walls suddenly clenched tight around him. Shane's dick, dark red and throbbing, sprayed cum across his own stomach as he finally

broke.

Shane felt deaf to the world - a high-pitched ringing in his ears that made his head throb. He threw his head back, his whole body bucking with the force of the release. He barely registered the final, hurried, blunt thrusts against his core before Ilya's body collapsed onto him, burying his face in the crook of Shane's shoulder as a long, low groan vibrated through both of them.

Shane was surprised by how long Ilya stayed there holding him, his weight still heavy, his cock turning soft inside Shane. "I'm gross," Shane managed to say once his basic brain functions started working again. The smell of sex and sweat, the dampness of the sheets beneath him, and the sticky feeling on his chest and thighs were starting to make him feel a little uncomfortable.

"Shut up." Ilya said, slowly peppering kisses along Shane's neck, jaw, and chin.

But eventually, they had to move.

Shane let out a soft exhale as he felt Ilya slide out of him. The russian looked at him with an insanely beautiful smile before reaching for the nightstand to grab a pack of wet wipes. He cleaned Shane up in silence and then did the same for himself. Shane watched him, mesmerized. Ilya seemed perfectly at ease being naked in a stranger's bedroom; there wasn't a hint of self-consciousness as he walked toward the door to grab his pile of clothes.

Groaning, Shane sat up carefully, trying not to put his weight directly on his sore backside. He'd forgotten that after being fucked like that, there were... consequences that required a bit of care.

"Can I get water for you in kitchen?" Ilya asked, pulling on his boxers.

"Um... sure." Shane watched him with a mix of surprise and confusion as the man opened the bedroom door and headed for the kitchen. He heard the sound of footsteps and the fridge opening and closing. Ilya returned with two bottles of water and what looked like an apple in his hand. He hadn't stopped smiling, not even for a second, as he cracked a bottle open for Shane and handed it over, before doing the same for himself and taking a bite of the fruit.

"You wanna take shower?" Ilya asked after a few seconds of quiet while they drank their water. Shane shook his head when Ilya offered him a piece of the apple.

"Together? No." Shane gave an embarrassed laugh at the idea of showering with someone he'd only just met.

"Ok." Ilya shrugged and went back to his apple and water.

They sat in silence for a few minutes. It wasn't exactly uncomfortable, but there was a certain weight in the air. Shane was fighting the urge to tell Ilya to leave, just so he could finally breathe normally again.

"You wanna have breakfast together tomorrow? Svetlana show me nice place, I think you would like. Has healthy and gross food like I saw in your fridge just now," Ilya commented playfully. He stared at Shane for a few seconds longer than necessary - mostly because Shane was still very naked on top of the covers. Shane swallowed hard and gave a small, tentative smile, noticing that Ilya seemed to enjoy making him feel flustered with his gaze.

It wasn't a *bad* kind of discomfort; it was just a level of attention he wasn't used to. "Is this some kind of lovebombing? I think I'm a little too old to fall for that," Shane replied, trying to stick to the narrative that Ilya only wanted something casual and that in a few hours, they'd never see each other again.

"I have no idea what this word means, dorogoy." Ilya shifted on the bed and grabbed Shane's wrist, pressing a kiss to it and smiling. His smile was infectious, a little boyish and a lot cocky, and Shane couldn't help but smile back.

"It's when someone manipulates you with a ton of affection right at the start to make you dependent on them, and then they drop you. Or something like that." Shane shrugged. He'd never experienced it himself, but he'd heard Rose talk about it. It seemed to be a thing.

"You are already dependent on me? Or is it my cock?" Ilya laughed, shaking his head. "You Americans and your stupid words."

"You're an asshole!" Shane laughed back, the sting taken out of his words. "You just want to fuck me again."

Ilya grinned and moved closer, resting his head on Shane's thighs. "Yes," he replied, sending a shiver down Shane's spine. "But I also want to go out for food. With same person. Is not how it works?"

Shane swallowed hard, feeling a mix of anxiety and restlessness. His hand, the one not holding the water bottle, slid almost involuntarily along Ilya's jaw. "I guess so."

The russian smiled at Shane's answer and reached up to touch his flushed face. "You are really very beautiful. We are lucky."

"*We*?" Shane tossed his head back, laughing.

"I am also handsome. I am just not... pretty,**"** Ilya said, seeming almost under a spell as he watched the smile on Shane's face. He let out a low, guttural sound and buried his nose between Shane's waist and pelvis, leaving soft, lingering kisses there. Shane was trying his best to ignore the fact that his dick was going to get rock-hard again at any second.

Shane let out a soft moan when he felt a slow, indulgent suck right next to his hip, his thighs spreading automatically.

"I think I am hungry now, Shane Hollander," Ilya murmured, pulling his face away from Shane's pelvis and meeting his eyes with a questioning look. He seemed to be waiting for Shane's consent to keep going.

Shane just nodded, but he couldn't help but laugh when Ilya moved suddenly, climbing over him like a desperate man.

Maybe Shane wasn't such a loser after all.

End Notes

The song playing at the party (which is also the inspiration for the title) is Doing It Too by Rochelle Jordan, please go listen to her album!

I don't have any social media accounts worth sharing here, so feel free to talk to me in the comments. Kisses!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!