Mutually Assured Exposure

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by cockatoo

Summary

While at the top of his game, professional porn star Ilya Rozanov is approached by the famous yet boringly untalented OnlyFans creator Shane Hollander who wants to collaborate. What starts as a transactional partnership quickly turns into a war of egos, blurred boundaries, and incredible on-camera chemistry.

As their views climb and the sexual tension thickens they're left to confront the reality that maybe their mutual hatred might be the spark for some thing far more intimate then just sex.

Chapter 1

Ilya Rozanov was as close to a household name as a porn star could be in conservative suburban America. He had come a long way from shaky-cam amateur videos in Russia where he was paid in beer and just enough money to put food on the table. Now he came on the most beautiful people in the world, has a penthouse in every major city, and good credit. It was a sick twisted irony that his bisexuality and smart mouth, the two things his father hated the most, was his golden ticket to being one of the biggest porn stars in modern history.

He lets out a tired but satiated sigh as he finally arrives home from a three-day shoot. His scene partner was a woman infamous for her squirt compilations, and even after yet another shower, Ilya still felt a little sticky. But just before he debates going for round four with his loofah, he gets a phone call from Svetlana. She speaks in English, a sign it's a call for business and not pleasure. "You just got a message from a creator. He wants to collaborate. Big numbers."

She hooks him with 'big' but loses him with 'numbers.' Svetlana was the brains of their operation. It wasn't a coincidence that both his life and career flourished under her command. She helped him build his own studio full of people Ilya could actually tolerate and mercilessly destroyed the lives of anyone that had ever wronged him. All he had to do was show up on time and point his dick where his director told him to.

"Who?" He asks, towelling off his hair.

"Some twunk from Canada." She muses, presumably around a cigarette by the way her words curl at the ends. "He does OnlyFans. Never been on a real set before. He wants to try something new."

"And I'm something new?" Ilya laughs. He abandons the towel on his waist and admires the naked glory of his window reflection. Even against the hum of the busy city, his glistening body demands all attention. He speaks to his own reflection, walking closer as if compelled by his own siren song. "I only work with professionals. I do not have time to hold hand of stupid model who just takes pictures of his asshole. Anyone with ass and phone can do OnlyFans. Even my babushka could."

"Well unless your babushka sends me photos of her ass I don't have anything to work with. We need something new. I'm getting so exhausted organising your boring shoots. *'Russian stud fucks married couple,'* and *'big dick stallion destroys tiny twink.'* It's so fucking pedestrian."

"*We* need to change it up?" Ilya snorts. "I wasn't aware you were fucking behind camera too. Maybe you join me and that can be our something new."

Her silence is deadpan enough. "In your dreams stallion. I'm just saying it might be fun. He is big name."

"And what is his big name?"

"Shane Hollander."

Ilya yawns. He walks over to his fridge to crack open a can of soda. "Never heard of him. Sounds like dentist."

"He's bigger than you."

Both his mind and his can of coke erupt in surprise. His bare chest is covered in a sticky sheen. He was having serious flashbacks. "Impossible!" He snaps. "If he's so big why I never heard of him!"

"Because you are stupid and only look at your selfies online. Shane Hollander has two million followers on Instagram and a quarter of a million on OnlyFans."

"That's nothing. I have two *and* a half million followers on Instagram. My last video with the studio had five million views in less than one month!"

"Yes, but that was released free online. Shane Hollander charges at least ten dollars a month to subscribe." A noted pause. "That's over two million dollars a month you fucking himbo."

"A month? Just for pictures of asshole? Maybe my new thing can be OnlyFans too." He could do that. Hell, Ilya could do anything.

"Maybe one day, now you focus on the studio. Maybe if you collaborated with, let's say, big platform creator you can build up interest and make lots of money."

Another, longer pause. Ilya squints "…Like Shane Hollander?"

"Obviously."

"And he will make me millions?"

She exhales. Ilya imagines her lounging on an overpriced piece of furniture, exhaling smoke rings and cursing his existence. "No, he will make *us* millions. And make studio even bigger. We join our fan bases so we can keep giving each other lots of money forever with little work."

"Smart idea."

"I know!"

"I am so smart to have come up with this idea!"

She switches indifference to Russian in a dark tone, "*Be smart enough to shut your stupid cock-sucking mouth or I will shut it for you."*

"I thought you like my stupid cock-sucking mouth, it's going to make you millions."

"It's making me so stressed I'm getting frown lines. I am too pretty to talk to you, need detox with nice man who not speak in my presence."

Ilya's cheeks twitch under the strain of his smile. He loved her so much. "Okay while you sit on man's face I will go look up Mr Bigshot."

"Shane Hollander. Sent you the link already. You will like. Fuck off now."

"Bye, love you-" But his words are lost to the static as she hangs up on him.

Ilya opens his phone to a blue link. He presses it eagerly only to be met with blurred photos and a message reading: *'Content Unavailable: Must be a silver tier subscriber or higher to view this creator's content.'* Ilya rolls his eyes. This was stupid. If he wanted to see a photo of a naked person he could just search it on his phone for free. Svetlana even set up Siri on his phone so he could just *ask* his phone to show him naked people hands-free. And normally when Ilya wants to see that sort of content his hands are busy elsewhere.

Reluctantly he makes an account with his spam email and types in a jumble of random letters as his username. His auto-correct changes it to **Goose Fork** which is, unsurprisingly, not taken. He clicks the silver tier button. It went all the way up to platinum where he had the audacity to charge seventy-five American dollars! *A month!* He better show much more than his blurry asshole to charge seventy-five dollars, Ilya muses. You could buy a real-life prostitute to suck your dick for that much. Not a high end one, but still.

Finally, he's granted access and there, in all his naked glory, was Shane Hollander.

He is, frustratingly, incredibly handsome. Not in the obvious rugged Ilya Rozanov way, but in the boy-next-door way. Like he has a great relationship with his mother and spends his weekends the way a reformed boy scout would. His body is toned and tight, muscular but slim at the hips, begging to be picked up and bent over. And bent over he is. So many posts pretend to be coy; a shirtless selfie with a smile so pretty Ilya swore he stole it from an angel, only to be scandalised by pages and pages of his round pert ass pointed at the camera with oblivious captions like *'it's so cold here in Ottawa,'* and *'wish you were here.'* It would be so laughable that if Ilya weren't hard, he'd call it an embarrassment to the industry. Instead, he keeps scrolling.

One short clip is a masterclass of desperation; a tacky slim fitting shirt stuffed in his mouth to silence a moan as he slowly strokes his pretty cock barely in the frame. It feels perverse even for Ilya, like he's watching through a door frame. The vixen in the video shuffles, showing off a plug nestled between his round cheeks. He has stretch marks on his thighs, not obvious, but noticeable if you were as much of a seasoned pervert as Ilya. Like Shane's lithe body can barely contain its own size, splitting at the seams to create a gorgeous man who quivers and writhes in painful agony.

The same banner as before pops up and Ilya tries to violently swipe it away to watch the finishing move before he reads it: *'Shane Hollander: Now Live. Join stream?'* The Russian looks down at his thickening cock. He usually liked to take it easy after a shoot day, but Shane Hollander's quiet whimpering can still be heard in the background. *Fuck it.* He'd already paid ten American dollars, he might as well get his money's worth. It takes seconds to load, but it feels like a lifetime. Ilya slips a hand into his tracksuit pants and palms at his growing erection impatiently. When the buffering stops, he is met not with the sight of a naked moaning sex god, but Shane Hollander fully dressed in a large hockey jersey laughing.

"Yeah, I just finished watching the game, I can't believe he pulled off a hat-trick," He says seemingly to himself. Maybe Shane Hollander had lost his mind. A small chirp sounds. "Thanks for the tip, Big Dog. I really appreciate it!"

"Big dog?" Ilya repeats in a horrified tone. What was going on? And how where thirty thousand people watching? There were only eleven people at his church last Sunday. Different messages pop up on the screen. Some are crude and annoyed like Ilya, a *'hrry up and take it off'* and a *'cum for me now plez.'* But most of them are *nice.*

BigDog69: *you look so good in blue. shame you support such a trash team :p*

MightyRhino: *you look tired! hope you're okay*

It was so family friendly that Ilya could have shown this in church. He was starting to get soft.

"Yeah, Rhino I'm a little tired," Shane replies regardless to his withering erection. Or maybe more in spite of it. "I took Ginger on a run today. I'm still training for the marathon so even on my rest days I have to keep it up. It's so much nicer running with a furry friend though. She loves fresh air more than I do!"

MightyRhino: *make sure you take it easy, you need some rest too <3*

ShyneNo1Lvr: *obligatory doggo mention!*

BigDog69: *give ginger a kiss from me gorgeous*

Ilya had been in the sex industry for the majority of his life now. He had seen it all, the good the bad, the downright traumatic. He had made a lot of mistakes in his career before he learned to advocate for himself. Somehow, he had come out if it all on the other side, made friends for life and learned things about the human body that only someone with his plethora of dedicated hard work could achieve. But Shane Hollander had somehow managed to achieve something that even Ilya thought was impossible:

He made sex work *boring.*

The timer showed that forty minutes had passed. And Ilya couldn't even see his tits. He scrolls back down to the chat box and types one handed, the other still attempting to resuscitate his dying cock.

GooseFork: *either show dog or show hole i falling asleep*

His comment gets lost in the sea of praise, but finally Shane Hollander's perfect smile cracks. He leans forward and lies on his chest reaching towards the screen. Maybe his jersey will lift to reveal that same plug as before. Only then will Ilya apologise. Instead, he is met with even more clothes and a pop-up warning reading:

'You have been muted by this creator. You are no longer allowed to send messages publicly or privately. To appeal the claim or learn more...'

This was a crime against humanity. Ilya was just expressing his right of free speech. Shane Hollander was a scam artist. Luring men in with a pretty face only to steal their money which he uses to buy clothes to put on his stupid hot body. Even muted he can still see the stream. Shane picks up a blanket and wraps it around himself. Now he was definitely fucking with him. In almost an hour he was even more clothed than before. Ilya angrily deletes his account and throws his phone on the bed.

Why did boring Shane Hollander reach out to his team*?* Ilya wonders. He would have more luck reaching out to a nunnery than his studio. Ilya made real porn, good porn, where beautiful people came together and… well, came together. How was he even on the Canadian's radar? Surely this boring man wasn't a fan of his. But if he wasn't then why did he reach out to Ilya's team personally?

The feeling of frustration is replaced by something far sweeter and easier to swallow. If Shane Hollander was gagging so much for a lesson in porn etiquette, Ilya was more than willing to be the one to feed it to him. He reaches back towards his phone, oblivious of his own desperation. He opens the same message chain, scowling briefly at the now purple hyperlink.

Ilya: *I'm in. Tell his people to call my people.*

Svetlana: *I am your person. And you don't tell me what to do.*

Unfortunately, Ilya can't simply throw the Canadian onto the closest flat surface and fuck the sense back into him. In the not so animal kingdom, he's forced to pretend to look at paperwork and not at the somehow even more beautiful in person Shane Hollander sitting across from him. He is wearing so many layers today, including a big fuzzy cream coloured jacket with a maple leaf on the sleeve. Ilya wants to burn it.

"It's very basic," Svetlana says from beside him.

They were sitting in one of the office rooms off from the studio floor only used for business partners and boring lawyers. Now boring Shane Hollander wrapped up like a grizzly bear like he hadn't been naked on Ilya's phone only a week ago.

Svetlana continues. "We can't say for sure what the numbers will be, but marketing predicts at least ten million views. We're happy to split revenue fifty-fifty, after our studio takes a ten percent cut of course. And with ad sales on website and sponsors we thinking maybe…" She slides a closed envelope over to Shane Hollander who was reading the business contract. He looks impressed at the notion. Svetlana had been re-watching *The Sopranos* again. Ilya could tell because she always made dramatic gestures like a mob boss every time she suggested anything.

Shane Hollander opens the envelope coyly. He had only brought one person to the meeting, a pretty red-head who looked humoured by the brown envelope as she reads over the contract herself. She looks at the number confused, not offended but searching for something on Hollander's face. And despite the promise he made to himself, Ilya pities him. Being a sole "content creator" meant Hollander didn't have a big studio team to barter for him. He was just one man dressed in many layers, pretending to know what was going on.

"Sounds good," he smiles simply. "I'm not too caught up on the money side-" He stops as the red-head elbows his ribs. He tries to maintain his professional tone regardless. "It's more of a I scratch your back, you scratch my back, kind of thing."

Svetlana and Ilya meet each other in their confusion.

"It's an idiom," Zane says from the other side of the table. He was wearing a suit too big on him.

"You're an idiom!" Ilya bites back.

Zane groans in annoyance, but it's Hollander that clears the air. "It's a saying. Like, a polite way of saying that if you help me out then I'll help you out. Like teamwork."

Ilya holds his stare. "Oh. And how would you like me to *help* you out?"

Hollander blushes and rubs his neck. Finally, in an ironic miracle, he takes off his jacket to excuse his flush. "Exposure. I want to diversify my content more and your audience is reliable but not dedicated. I think with your studio's connections and the exposure of my large audience, we could make something really… special."

Special? Ilya scoffs. Shane Hollander was such an idiom.

Svetlana nods in agreement. "That works for us. We are scratching each other." The Canadian laughs in reply, but not cruelly. "You film a video with Rozanov for our channel to build up excitement for your exclusive stream. You get half the ad revenue from video, we get half revenue for stream donations. Is fair, no?"

The red-head crosses her arms and directs herself to Svetlana, "so Shane gets fifty percent revenue of the video as long as it remains online?" At the exact same time Hollander looks at only him and says:

"What kind of video?"

And the space between them is filled with the possibility for such chaos. Ilya is finally the smartest person in the room. He leans into the sensation both spiritually and physically, elbows on the desk with his legs spread. And Hollander hangs on to every micro-movement like the touch starved fan boy that Ilya knows he is.

He makes a show out of licking his lips before he speaks, "We film *porn* video. This is porn studio, I am porn star. You know that right?"

Hollanders pretty face prickles in confusion before hardening. The remaining people at the table continue talking numbers that is tuned out as oblivious white noise. "I know that- obviously. I just meant-"

"-Obviously? Like how it so obvious you do not know what you're talking about. You message me because you want me to fuck you. Now you talk about revenue like you care about anything else."

And unbelievably, Hollander matches his tone. "No. It's obvious like how you have nothing intelligent to add to the conversation because you can only think with your dick." He holds up the envelope. "I've made more money than this during this meeting, and I didn't have to fuck anyone to do it."

"You fuck yourself, no? Like teenage boy with nothing better to do."

"Better than an aging porn star who needs three days to come because of all the Viagra he snorts."

Ilya leans even closer, close enough to reach over and drag another layer off his stupid body. "Aging porn star? I am only twenty-six. And I don't take Viagra, I'm professional! And you don't snort Viagra."

"You seem to know a lot about Viagra for someone who doesn't take it."

"You seem to know nothing about shutting up for someone who fucks himself for a living." His comeback is nonsense and Hollander knows it. Laughs at it. Laughs at him.

"Explain what I'm missing here. You're what, slut shaming me? You're like the biggest manwhore in the industry."

"I am *biggest* manwhore in the industry." Ilya gestures at his everything. "You are not even in industry."

"Yes I am."

"No. I make movies with professionals. You film on your own with phone."

"Oh!" Hollander exclaims in mock excitement, "you're an artist! Sorry I didn't hear about your Oscar nomination for *Bareback Boys Four*!"

Ilya smiles, brazen. "I was great in that. I knew you were a fan."

Hollander sighs, defeated. Match point. "I just want to make sure I know what I'm getting into."

Oh, Ilya thinks, *I'll get into you alright.*

Luckily, Svetlana interrupts before he can show the boring Canadian things he can't even name. "It's all in contract, along with full medical check-up. We don't do scripts just more…

outline with what the performers feel comfortable doing. You can write list of things off limits but we're planning for a very vanilla scene."

Hollander nods, worries a hang nail on his thumb. "Define vanilla?"

And suddenly it's even more obvious that Shane Hollander is a one man show. When Ilya's career was as new as his, he would never have asked that question. The fact it was never asked to him was another issue entirely. While not being tied to the traditional industry might make Hollander a lousy negotiator, it did mean he was still unspoiled. And if it wasn't for that naughty video Ilya had watched, where Hollander writhed on the end of a sex toy panting out desperate cries for more, then he would have called this whole thing off altogether.

It shocked him how strong Ilya's first instinct is to shield him. "Nothing you don't want to do." He reassures, devoid of ego. "You want something you ask for it. I don't want to do it, I don't do it. Same for you. Like, how you said, itching each other."

Hollander barely suppresses a smile. "Right. Just two guys itching each other. Sounds sexy."

"It would be. Everything I do is sexy." Ilya peacocks again. "We don't even have to be sexy. We can just braid each other's hair fully clothed. Your audience thinks boring is very sexy so don't stress."

The other man's eyes light up like he just understood the punchline to a joke someone told him on the car ride over. "You're like, the worst person I've ever met." But he's smiling, stupidly.

"You are like, most boring person I've ever met. I don't even think I can fuck you without falling asleep." And fuck it if he's not smiling to. Even Svetlana's sharp elbow to his ribs doesn't falter it.

"Maybe we should put in the contract that you have to be standing up then," Hollander suggests eyeing the paperwork on the table. "That way if I send you to sleep and you crack your head open, we'll at least have some good content. I think the audience would love that even more than-"

"-Even more than watching me fuck you so hard you can't walk?" Ilya retorts, revelling in the way the other man shuffles in his seat. "Maybe that says more about how boring you are in bed."

Hollander's dark eyes reflect his. "You wouldn't know."

Ilya shortens the distance between them even more. He can smell his shampoo, can see the sweat drip from his bicep down to his ridiculously fluffy jacket, still pooled at his waist. The moment Hollander leans into it, Ilya grabs a pen and signs his name on the contract. "No, but I will."

The day of their studio shoot arrives without problem. Svetlana wouldn't have it any other way. The set was deliberately designed to feel relaxed. It looked like a fancy hotel room, commercial but inviting. The only thing that betrayed the illusion was the many members of crew that walked around holding recording equipment and Shane Hollander dressed in the ugliest outfit Ilya had ever seen. He looks like a missionary with too white sneakers. His shirt was buttoned all the way to the top.

"There's so many people here," Hollander marvels in a small, terrified way.

Ilya looks around the room at the crew. They were so familiar to him now that they were basically furniture. Annoying furniture that mostly got in his way, but familiar all the same. "Yes, like I said it is production. We are making movie, not video."

The jab makes the smaller man roll his eyes, so Ilya keeps going, selflessly, to calm his nerves.

"That is Svetlana, you know her. She is studio producer. She thinks of all the good ideas. Like you. She likes you very much," he winks and points to the woman scowling suspiciously at the set curtains before yanking them off. He whistles to get her attention but she just throws him the finger. Laughing, he slowly introduces the rest of the crew in a roll call. "Most people here have two jobs. They are talent on screen but also help on set. We are like fucked up little family. Wyatt is on camera when he's not crying when he comes, Zane does lighting, Evan does sound. I forget everyone else because they bore me. Everyone else does things that you not have to worry your pretty head about."

Hollander nods along. "I didn't realise so much effort when into porn. It's like-"

"-Like industry, I know. You know there is credits after porno ends, it's not secret." Ilya grins down at him. "Although maybe you come so quick you never make it to the end. We are hot, so I don't blame you."

"Are you always this big of a dick?" Hollander chides, and when the excitement blossoms on the other's face he quickly cuts in again. "Okay, I get it! I walked myself into that one. Shut up."

"Don't threaten me with a good time, Hollander."

Luca approaches them unaware of the surge of energy. "Lighting's just colour matching the bed right now, but then we're all good to go. Why don't you guys get dressed? Or undressed, I guess. Just give us a shout when you're ready!" And just as quickly as he appeared he's lost again to the fast-moving traffic of the room.

Ilya leads Hollander to the dressing room where he throws off his own shirt. The room is incredibly clean except his clothes that now litter the floor. It was full of necessities; a dressing table with a light-up mirror, a cosy couch with a sign taped to it reading *'do not sit on with your naked ass please'*, and a door that led to a massive bathroom with a shower. Ilya

surveys the space warmly before he throws his pants onto the floor, leaving him in only his underwear.

Like a deer in headlights, Hollander looks at Ilya's body and seemingly leaves his own.

"Do I make you nervous?" Ilya chides.

Hollander gulps cartoonishly. "No!" To prove a point, he shucks off his shirt and starts folding it neatly on the coffee table. Ilya felt like he was watching an exotic animal or some highbrow performance art piece. How was it humanly possible to make getting undressed so unsexy? As Ilya scrutinises his every movement, Hollander can't help but say, "sometimes the things you do make me nervous."

Ilya is aware of how long the shadow he casts over the nervous man's form is. He reaches down and runs a finger over those flushed freckled cheeks. He tilts his chin towards him. "Does looking at me make you nervous?"

"No," he whispers, holding Ilya's hungry eyes.

Said eyes that survey every inch of newly exposed skin, fingers dancing across his thighs. "Does me touching you make you nervous?"

"No."

Ilya hides his smile in the other man's neck, tracing the shape of his collarbones with lazy lips. He can feel Hollander's heartbeat fluttering like a songbird. "Does my mouth make you nervous?" He punctuates his question with a weak bite along his jaw.

"N-No. And don't leave a mark," he mumbles directionless as his back hits the arm of the couch. He fidgets on his perch, not sure enough to sit, but not brave enough to pace. "It's just some things you do, make me a little nervous."

Ilya's legs strain from standing, so he squats slightly, now looking up at the other man. "I do many things."

"I know."

"What things?"

Hollander's voice lowers to a stage whisper. "The things you do to other people."

Ilya's eyebrows furrow. "I only joke with Wyatt. He not so bad. I am not really mean to him."

"Not that." Hollander looks like a man on the cusp of a breakdown. He searches the room like it holds the answer. But it was just a dressing room, and the closet of thin robes, the tube of concealer and the bottle of lube do not have it for him. So, he flusters. "The things you do with people in your videos."

"You seen many videos of me. You are big fan, I know."

Hollander stands up and steps on him. "You're such an asshole. I'm trying to say something-"

"-It not my fault you speak in riddle like troll that live under bridge. Say what you mean!" Ilya bellows back. The Canadian has the audacity to look embarrassed. Ilya reaches a hand towards him like an olive branch, blossoming across his muscular thighs. "If you cannot say it, we cannot do it. I can't fuck you if you do not trust me."

Hollander swallows, the sound hollow. "That's what makes me nervous."

"You not want me to fuck you?"

"No! I mean yes." His hands fidget in the air like a bird trying to land. "Just not today. Not full-on *sex* sex. I know that's the point of us collaborating. But there are so many people, and I've never done something like this before, and this is-

Ilya's face remains even. "-So, I will not have *sex* sex with you. Simple. That make you feel better?"

Hollander blinks at him in surprise. "It doesn't bother you?"

"No."

"But I thought you wanted to. After what you said in the meeting."

"I do want to. Me wanting you has nothing to do with you."

Hollander looks almost offended. "It kind of does."

"No. You have thousands of subscribers that want you, are you planning on fucking all of them?"

"No!"

"Exactly," Ilya says sagely. "They want and you are wanted. These are two very different things. It's important you know this if you work in this industry."

That same challenging smirk returns. "I thought I wasn't in your industry?"

"You are not. But maybe after today you will be. Today is about you. And a little about me, but I think of me all the time, so you don't have to."

Hollander sits up straighter. "I don't think I've ever focussed only on myself before. Even when I'm alone. It's really hard for me sometimes. I feel like I have no idea what I'm doing."

If Ilya had a heart, it would break for him. He drops his bravado. "Then for today you focus on me. I will tell you what I want you to do, you do it, or you don't do it. And when you are feeling brave you can do the same thing. We just take it one step at a time. And if you need to stop at any time, we all stop. No one asks questions or is annoyed. It is important you know this."

"Okay, so I just focus on you?"

"Yes." Ilya kisses the crook of his knee with a smile. "Only if you promise to take yourself back at end of shoot, I do not want to take troll brain home with me."

Hollander laughs, despite himself. "Deal."

When they were all finally ready, Ilya is ordered to stand behind the stage door and knock like a housekeeper. Their studio didn't like to dabble with cliché plots like most common pornos. The story for his scene with Hollander was non-existent but it still makes no sense. Because thematically, why the hell would Ilya be knocking on a door in only his underwear? Okay, maybe Ilya would. But Shane Hollander definitely would not answer said door. But he does because he was told to. And Shane Hollander likes to do what he's told.

The door is barely ajar before Ilya throws himself on the other man and sticks his tongue down his throat. A desperate moan replaces a surprised gasp as Ilya deepens the kiss even further. He steps forward holding Hollander by the chin like leading a dog on a leash. Despite familiarising themselves with the set earlier, the two of them stumble in a daze in their embrace. They kick a table sending a prop lamp to the floor. Svetlana's curse of annoyance barely audible beneath the hum of their bodies and the wet sounds of their mouths fighting for dominance. Ilya wins, of course. But only by playing dirty and pinching Hollander's nipple. The moan that leaves his dribbling mouth as they separate is the most pornographic thing Ilya had ever witnessed.

For such a stuck-up prude, Hollander sure was a total slut.

"You so worked up over so little," he teases, gesturing to the obvious tent in Hollander's too tight briefs. "Maybe I slow things down before you come all over yourself like teenage boy."

His rival reaches down and squeezes his quickly thickening cock in retaliation. "Scared you can't touch me as good as I touch myself?"

Ilya muffles his laugh into Hollanders neck, wryly kissing any inch of skin that takes his fancy. "After I am finished with you, you will never be able to come without thinking of me again." And to prove a point he takes a step back, smirking at the way Hollander stumbles without his weight. Ilya enjoys it even more when he immediately and obediently follows him.

They're standing in the middle of the room now where the studio lights burn the brightest. The two cameras move around them frantically, trying to capture the sight of Hollander's hard and flushed body alone in the empty space. It tracks a trail of sweat from his brow all the way down his toned stomach to the hem of his briefs.

Ilya follows it too. "Get on your knees."

Hollander falls to the floor so quickly that he'll probably have bruises tomorrow. It's unclear whether it’s the force or the movement or the swiftness of his obedience that causes his mouth to open in surprise. Or maybe it was simply his natural desire to be filled. Ilya runs a praising hand through his already sweaty hair. Hollander repays the favour in kind by nuzzling his crotch before pulling Ilya's underwear down all the way to the floor.

Ilya had an amazing dick. He had fan accounts and an entire subreddit dedicated to his amazing dick. And although sources have yet to confirm it, there is a great possibility that Ilya's amazing dick is the basis of a religious group that meet up weekly to worship said amazing dick. And if there wasn't it looked like Hollander might start one with the way he surveys his size in awe.

Those big bambi eyes look at the camera at their side than quickly back up at him.

"You worried I am too big for you? I know I much bigger than your play toys, but I believe in you."

While rolling his eyes, Hollander accepts the challenge and grabs the base of his thick cock and deepthroats him with a sudden seasoned act of bravery. To contradict his dedication, he gags before he can reach the base. But instead of floundering, he grounds himself. Pretty lips stretched wide over his girth as he starts to bob his head.

Unfortunately for his ego, but luckily for Ilya’s body, Shane Hollander is amazing at giving head. One of his hands squeezes the part of his shaft his throat can't accommodate while the other comes up to cup his balls. It's a simple show of skill. A reminder of how dirty he really is, despite Ilya's reservations. And this doesn't surprise him. What does is how much Hollander fucking *loves* it. And Ilya isn’t the only one who notices.

The camera Wyatt was operating pans even closer. So close in fact that it leans over Ilya and zooms from over his shoulder. Ilya shuffles to accommodate the weight of the lens. It was a necessary evil when filming scenes like this. Both Ilya and his audience love POV shots during blowjob scenes. This way the audience can imagine themselves in his place. Imagine themselves being worshipped by Hollander's tight throat. Ilya watches him stumble mid bob through the camera lens. Hollander eyes the camera nervously as he pulls back. His eyes glaze over, only slightly, before he lets out a deep breath and returns to deepthroating him.

Ilya pushes Wyatt back. "Do you mind?" He chastises the other man with a humoured tone. "I am trying to watch him suck my dick. The sound of your breathing is making me soft."

Wyatt readjusts the camera to balance the weight on his hip. "It's for the shot, man. And for the record this camera is fucking heavy."

"It's annoying. You get good view from over there. We are busy."

"Svetlana, tell him he's being a dick!" Wyatt whines childishly.

"You are being dick," the woman complies in a bored tone.

Ilya snorts. "I am dick. Dick is my job. His job is mouth. Every other job is stupid."

The orchestrated tension is cut with Hollander's small laugh as he finally pulls up for air.

Ilya strokes his hair absentmindedly. "How are your knees? Need pillow? There are many pillows on bed."

Svetlana raises her voice to be heard over the crew complying with their orders to readjust the cameras. "No! Those are nice pillows. Make set look fancy. They only for decoration, don't come on them."

"He can come on pillow if he wants to. He is sucking my dick," he gestures to the kneeling man in front of him who no longer looked anxious. "You want a pillow?"

"I'm okay," he says. His throat sounds sore from overuse.

"Good. Now keep sucking my dick please."

Ever the obedient rule follower, Hollander continues performing one of the best blowjobs that he's ever received. It's so good in fact that Ilya decides to start pulling his weight in their double act. He rocks his hips slowly and tangles his hands in Hollander's hair. Teasing with the idea of dominance. It was important to note that Ilya was good at this too. He didn't really dabble in BDSM content anymore. But his famed persona of daddy dom still followed him round from set to set. His audience still expected him to be the big bad wolf, making pretty people cry around his cock.

And Hollander's eyes are watering. Not from discomfort but sheer desperation. Asking for more. *Needing* more. Needing *him*. Ilya had the stamina of a professional, but he's forced to pull Hollander off his cock by his hair in fear of giving him the satisfaction of losing his career-long streak.

"Get up. Take off your clothes."

Shane Hollander stands to attention in more ways than one.

Ilya finger's ghost across his leaking cock. "Get on the bed."

Behind him, the newly nude man throws himself on the mattress. It takes all of Ilya's self-control not to turn around immediately. He takes a deep breath to steady himself, looks down at his cock and eyes it like it was an out-of-control puppy with company over humping the throw cushions. He concentrates on only the sets decorative pillows as he turns around and not the incredibly naked adonis of a man spread out before him.

The cameras get to him first. One takes the obvious route, panelling across his body like a vulture as it zooms on his cock flushed and leaking pre-come on his defined abs. Ilya realises it's the same pose from the video he had seen before. The good one, not the shitty livestream. His legs are bent coyly while his hand slowly strokes his sore cock. The other hand rests on his face, so flush and sinful, contradicted only by his boyish freckles and expectant expression. Because he was looking past all that and at Ilya. The camera follows his eye and when they see the hunger in the Russian's expression they scatter, clearing a path towards the bed.

Ilya crawls on top of him, leaving a trail of kisses in his wake. "You are so perfect. Nice studio lights make you look like angel. I can see every freckle." He kisses the ones across the man's face softly. "I'm not sure which one is my favourite."

Orbiting around the constellations of his skin, Ilya moves down his body slowly, savouring every gasp and new sensation of flesh warming across his tongue. He settles on one above his nipple.

"Maybe this one."

Lower.

"Or this one."

He doesn't settle until he's slithered fully down Hollander's body and mouths the swell of his ass. Obediently, Hollander parts his thighs. Ilya follows his favourite stretch marks like a ladder up to his winking hole. He gulps audibly and someone of camera scoffs so quiet that Ilya knows the mics won't pick it up.

Hollander does though, closing his legs in shame.

Ilya grabs his hand and sits up. He takes the man by the gaze and smiles. "Hey, it’s just me. No one else."

"Just you," he cries.

"Only me." Ilya kisses him simply on the mouth. "Can I eat you? Look so tasty for me."

The expression on Hollander's face is unreadable, but it definitely tourists in enthusiastic consent. Still, Ilya only continues his debauchery when he receives a nod. Then, and only then, does he return pride of place at the altar of his spread thighs.

His rim is loose slightly. Not obscenely so but just enough for Ilya to picture his morning routine. Ever the boy scout, Hollander obviously was prepared for anything even when he didn't wish to get fucked on camera today. Or maybe he was always this open, Ilya wonders darkly. Always searching for the sensation of fullness. And he looked so empty that Ilya, ever the pragmatist, vows to fill him with his tongue.

Hollander's back arches cartoonishly off the bed. "Fuck! Oh my fucking god!"

"Such a dirty mouth," Ilya chastises. The irony of him mouthing the words against the others rim is not lost on the room. To punctuate his point, he dips his tongue into the warmth.

"Oh my god! Fuck, Rozanov!"

Hollander speaks his name like he was both his saviour and the damned. Like the blinking cameras were passing judgment on the way he chose to both honour and defile him. And it was in their rivalry where pleasure burns. Maybe that's why they worked well together. Ilya consummates this in a sobering realisation with his head buried in his muse's ass. Maybe the push and pull between them was what made the air between them so electric.

But Ilya Rozanov was not a philosopher, he was a porn star. So, he stops thinking and starts fucking his tongue into the meat of the man's glorious ass.

"Don't stop!" Hollander moans, fingers tangling in curls, pushing him even deeper.

Ilya pulls back to prove a point to both Hollander and himself that no one tells him what to do. "Can I use fingers?"

"Yes!" The man beneath him groans in frustrated touch-starved agony. "Anything! Everything! I don't care just, *please."*

Ilya smirks. He was raised in a household of strict rules and taught to always use his manners, so the plea does lessen the blow of the command. Plus, he was always taught to finish his meal before being allowed to leave the table. So, he gets back to feasting on Hollander like oxygen was just a suggestion.

A member of the crew throws a bottle of lube onto the mattress. Ilya finds it immediately without having to pull himself from his studies. He opens the cap and pours a pea-sized amount on his index and ring finger. Warming the lubricant between his fingers, he moves his mouth to his left thigh and suckles on a cluster of freckles. And slowly, as if afraid of startling the other man, he works a practised finger into his hole.

"Just like that, fuck!"

Ilya looks up at him. He had a crowded view, quite literally. The two camera men huddle around them and Ilya knows from experience working with his team, that they were as elated as he was. Because Shane Hollander was a *vision.* His hand was tangled in his own hair, face creased closed in pleasure, pretty cock painfully raw and leaking. But he didn't search for his own release because Shane Hollander was a good boy and only did what he was told.

Just before Ilya can give the command to touch himself, he curls his fingers into his prostate with such accuracy that Shane yelps out and comes all over himself. Still untouched.

Ilya was visually aghast. He sits up, fingers still inside. And whether from overstimulation or shame, Hollander whimpers and covers his face.

"Fuck!" He groans. "This is so *embarrassing."*

Ilya laughs down at him. "Why is it embarrassing? Everyone already knows what a whore you are. You cannot help coming as soon as something is inside of you." He curls his fingers, and Hollander writhes like a perverted finger puppet. "I am just upset I not get to suck your cock."

His cock was still very pretty though. Even soft. Ilya would be a fool to waste the opportunity laid out before him. He waits for Hollander to push him away or at least bark back an insult. But the man is reduced to nothing but a puddle, so the Russian makes his way back up to lick the cooling come from his chest.

"Fuck," Hollander moans hopelessly. He squirms as Ilya curls his fingers once more against his sweet spot.

"You can come more for me?"

"I can't!"

"You can, I think you not *want* to." Ilya smirks at the base of his slowly hardening cock. "I think you not want everyone to know how good you are for me."

"I'm not!"

"But you are so good to me. Let me be good to you."

Like some divine miracle, Hollander hardens fully against him. It was the true bisexual fantasy. *Shane Hollander came like a woman*, Ilya rejoices. To reward the messiah, he swallows his newly awakened cock with fervour. When the other tries to arch of the bed, Ilya holds his hips down with one hand splayed across his ribs. The other still inside, now three fingers deep, unrelenting against his prostate. It was animalistic the way they pawed at each other, not fighting for dominance but something more primal altogether. If it weren't for the long litany of his many sins, Ilya would have sworn he had somehow suffocated in Hollander's ass and been raptured to a higher plane of reality.

When Hollander comes again, he moans like pleasure incarnate. Ilya swallows it gleefully. Relenting only when the other man finds his voice.

"Shit, too much! Stop!"

Ilya complies swiftly, releasing his spent cock with a wet pop. He removes his fingers gently, revelling in the way his thighs quiver.

"I knew you could be good for me," he tells the exhausted man beneath him as he kisses his way back up to his neck. "You were so perfect."

Hollander's smile is humble, his words warm. "Shut up."

"I know how much you like to shut me up. I can't work out which I enjoy taste of most, your big cock or your little ass."

He purses. "I don't have a little ass."

"You rather I say little dick and big ass? I am a gentlemen."

Hollander laughs. He uses the last of his strength to push Ilya over and climb on top of him with still trembling thighs. "You are many things. A gentleman is not one of them."

"I make you come two times, is that not gentleman enough?" Ilya hypothesises from his newfound submission. He brings a hand to the swell of Hollander's ass, but only to steady his stance as the other man settles on top of him. "And I never ask for anything in return."

Hollander smiles down at him wickedly. "Nothing in return?" He lazily drifts to Ilya's cock, still standing proud and slightly damp from his saliva. "So maybe I should just leave you like this."

Ilya's comeback is forgotten as Hollander starts pumping his cock with seasoned strokes.

"Maybe I should get you right to the edge and leave you there," he muses giving his cock an almost painfully tight squeeze. " Again and again."

When he stops, Ilya sits up like a deranged man on the stand. "No! I was so good to you. You are cruel."

"Any you are rude!" Hollander leans forward, so close he could commit every freckle to memory. A traumatic memory of neglect of course. "Say please, and maybe, just maybe, I'll think about it."

Ilya doesn't hesitate. *"Please."*

Hollander's winning smirk struts his victory all the way down to Ilya's cock. His back is arched, meaning both Ilya and the camera can see the swell of his ass crown above the image of his sure mouth swallowing him down once again. Someone curses at the sight. Ilya is not entirely sure it wasn't him because the sensation of this warm wet mouth is somehow even better with the aftertaste of the other's relief still warm across his tongue. But it could have just as likely to been one of the many men behind the camera, or even Svetlana herself. Because there was one thing they were all in assurance over:

Shane Hollander was *everything* in this moment.

Oblivious to their amazement, the man casually deep throats Ilya's massive cock. He nibbles across his shaft teasingly, rolling one of his balls in his palm and fiddling with his foreskin in fascination. When he looks up at Ilya with fluttering tear-filled eyes a fear rakes his body. Because he was on the cusp of pulling a Shane Hollander and coming pathetically after just a little bit of oral. His unshakable stamina was practically the basis of his entire porn career. Most shoots he had to concentrate to get to the edge. So why was he splitting at the seams so easy? What illegal aphrodisiac did Hollander consume that he polluted Ilya with when he came down his throat?

The answer is up for debate. But one had a far more pressing deadline.

"Where you want it?" Ilya asks, not the performer but the man himself. "You okay with swallow or you want to pull off?"

Hollander licks a long stripe up his cock and muses the question thoughtfully. "How about on my face?"

Ilya doesn't have time to answer before he complies, pulling the man off by his hair. His famed cock makes it an embarrassing three strokes before he's coming across his favourite freckles. Hollander opens his mouth like a good boy, catching the stray shots that miss his chin and forehead. He never once drops Ilya's gaze, even when the camera butts in once more

to catch the finale. He doesn't let Ilya be alone in his defeat that Shane Hollander, the boring porn pretender, had reduced the great Ilya Rozanov to nothing but a prop in his own studio.

"If you could hold it for just a second Shane, that would be great," Wyatt instructs from the side. He was practically lying next to Ilya, balancing the camera on the mattress.

Ilya barely resists the urge to cross his arms petulantly. All thoughts of frustration are lost when Hollander parades his come covered tongue for the lens before swallowing it so audibly that Wyatt didn't have to be leaning on Ilya's hair to capture it.

Ilya elbows the other men to reach a hand across to Hollander's come covered face like touching a piece of forbidden art in an exhibit. He slowly feeds the release back into his now lonely mouth. As he suckles Ilya's thumb in return, Svetlana finally yells:

"Cut."

The clapping of her hands brings Shane Hollander back into reality. "Shit."

Only Ilya captures the words, the rest of the crew scurrying off like rats. "Are you okay? I not mean to come in your eye."

Hollander laughs at his grasping hands. "It's not that. Really, I'm fine. I'm good."

Yes you are, Ilya concludes frustratingly.

"It was all okay though, right?" The now frantic man questions. Outside of his performance persona, he was a ball of anxious energy. "Are the crew taking a break? Do we need to retake some scenes because I'm pretty sure the angle I had-"

"-Everything is fine. They stop because they are happy," Ilya relays.

Svetlana huddles over the monitor from the other side of the room. She crosses and uncrosses her legs several times. Finally, she settles on her verdict. "We have it."

"Have what?" Hollander starts, but his words are lost in the rumble of the crew who start to preen around the set.

Luca, their production assistant, walks up with a smile and hands the sullied man a warm washcloth. "You were great, Shane! You're such a natural. Do you want anything else? A glass of water or something to eat?"

Someone throws over a pair of robes. Luca practically dresses Hollander as Ilya sits on the bed like last week’s newspaper.

"T-Thanks," the star of the show says with an award-winning smile, like he just won Miss Congeniality. He starts to clean his face with the cloth. "And a water would be great, thanks!"

Luca nearly trips over a wire leaving to fulfil his request.

Ilya wants to say something. Ilya should say something. But all he does is stare at Shane Hollander like a distant observer, like a camera still blinking it all in.

Hollander has the bravery to break the tension. "You should give me your number." His casual tone is betrayed when he accidentally smacks himself with the washcloth. "I mean so I can text you -about my livestream. I might need you for some promo stuff and it'll probably be easier than going through your agent. Your team seems really busy."

"Yes. That works for me."

They stare at each other dumbly, still breathless.

Ilya's cheeks are more flushed than they should be. He drops his eyes, but the room is so unmade with the very essence of Shane Hollander that he can't pull himself away. So, he settles on making the other man blush more.

"I cannot give it you now. I'm naked and I don't keep phone up my ass. And I know you also not keep phone in your ass, I was just there."

Hollander looks up at him emotionless and throws the washcloth at him. "On second thought maybe don't text me. Every time you open your mouth it makes me hate you."

"You did not hate what my mouth was doing five minutes ago."

"Well, you weren't doing much talking with your mouth full, so maybe that's the secret."

Ilya smiles, cradling the soiled cum rag to his chest like it was a favour from a fair maiden. When Hollander smiles back, he feels something deeper than desire coiling in the pit of his stomach. A feeling he doesn't dare name.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Small warning for this chapter: Shane doesn't share his lack of experience with Ilya. While the sex is very consensual, Ilya is slightly regretful of the context of the sex. Again, everyone is very enthusiastic. Just wanted to give you guys a heads up if this is a sensitive topic for you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shane Hollander was, by all accounts, a pretty average guy. He's polite and loyal to his close-knit group of friends, but doesn't go out much. He comes from a happy family who love and support him, but he doesn't call them as often as he should. And every Saturday night at nine pm, he takes off his clothes for strangers on camera for money. And then posts naked photos on every other day in between. Except Sundays. Sundays were his rest day.

His life works because he follows a strict routine. Every single day without fail he wakes up at six in the morning and runs three miles before breakfast. Even his breakfast followed the strict regime of the same macrobiotic diet he's been on since turning eighteen. Then he answers his business email and tracks his channel analytics. Then he walks his beloved dog Ginger exactly thirty-five blocks before returning home to meal prep. Then he works out some more and fucks himself with a dildo before ending up in bed, alone, at a sensible ten pm.

Except on Saturdays of course. Saturdays were stream days.

He looks at the upcoming Saturday on the calendar circled and labelled "R." He wasn't sure why he wrote it in code. He lived alone after all. Perhaps it was a deep irrational fear that someone would break in one day just to judge his life admin. He did live a very regimented life after all. It would be very easy for him to be the victim of an elaborate emotional heist. Or maybe it was simply shame.

Shame that he was so utterly obsessed with Ilya Rozanov.

His obsession started the way you would expect. Closeted teenage Shane looking for something online out of pure scientific curiosity. He would have never had the bravery to search for gay porn back then. Hell, he barely could do it now and half the results when searched were re-posts of his own solo content. But after scrolling page after page, he stumbled across a video with a man and a woman, and another man. A man so attractive that Shane had pressed play without hesitation. Looking at Ilya Rozanov under studio lights for the first time had been one of the defining moments of his existence. Everything in his entire life was either pre or post "R".

He looks at the "R" on his phone again as it pings.

R: *We are having watch party at studio tonight.*

R: *You want to come?*

Shane almost drops his phone. He looks around half expecting to find his irrational imaginary intruder bugging his apartment and relaying the information to Ilya Rozanov. But as always, he was alone. Well, he has Ginger at least, and she would never betray him like that.

He types and deletes his reply an embarrassing number of times. When he realises Rozanov can probably see the blinking ellipsis of his breakdown, he types out the first thought that comes into his head. It was Sunday today and he always watched hockey on Sundays.

Shane: *Watch party for the game?*

The rival ellipsis appears in return. It too materialises and disappears. But Shane can't revel in the victory too long because the reply makes him want to die.

R: *No stupid. Watch party for porno we filmed.*

R: *This is Hollander right? Not other man who give me number.*

R: *So many men give me number is hard for me to remember.*

Shane starts pacing anxiously with such speed that Ginger brings him her favourite toy, expecting a game of chase. And there was a game of cat and mouse going on outside her canine perspective. Shane just so happened to be the mouse. He half debates blocking the other number. But he needed Rozanov to be here on Saturday. And if it was on the calendar it was happening.

Shane: Lol sorry!!

Fuck, he was spiralling.

Shane: *I can't tonight sorry it's my friend's birthday.*

Shane: *I totally forgot the video was getting posted today.*

And before he can stop himself, he asks:

Shane: *Have you seen it yet?*

He waits a minute. Then five. Then fifteen before Rozanov eventually replies.

R: *No I want to be surprised.*

R: *Svetlana says its good though.*

R: *And she is right about everything so don't worry.*

"Don't worry?" Shane parrots back. Ginger tilts her head at him like she was Scooby joining the mystery gang. He looks at the Shiba expectantly. "Why the fuck would I be worrying? *Should* I be worrying?"

Ginger barks.

He catches his sweaty reflection in his phone as it locks itself in the neglect of his spiral. He turns it back on just so he doesn't have to see his own face again. It was eleven o'clock. He was behind schedule already.

"Go on Ginger girl, you want walkies?" He chirps and ever the perfect pooch she runs into the living room to fetch her leash. "I think we should go a little further today. Daddy has a lot of problems he needs to run away from!"

Ginger barks again. It sounds suspiciously like: *"no shit."*

He leaves his phone behind because if Rozanov sends him another message, me might just hurl himself into traffic. And if he didn't message back, then he would have to fly back to Canada and change his name. Besides he never listened to music when he ran. He loved the landscape around him. Back in Ottawa he was so in tune to the world around him that he learned to mimic the wildlife. While in Boston there wasn't much wildlife to mimic. So instead, he tunes into the trains, the gossiping of passing commuters, and the water from the harbour. He ran the same lap every day. But today when he reaches the bottom of his apartment, he can't bring himself to go inside.

So, he keeps running.

He keeps running until his muscles start to scream at him.

Sensing his discomfort, Ginger stops in her tracks. Shane drops her leash, nearly tumbling onto the sidewalk. He tries to grab the leash in a panic as a city bus comes barrelling past them, but it slips from his grasp. He nearly lets out an unholy scream until he sees his beloved dog sitting by the door to her favourite coffee shop.

She barks.

Shane runs up to her and kisses her on the snout. "Don't ever do that to me again, you scared me!"

Ginger paws at the shop's door.

"No! You're a bad girl. No pup cup for you!"

Ginger howls.

A little girl walks past them as her family enters the coffee shop. "Look dad, a doggie!" Ginger shows the young girl her belly. "What a good girl!"

Shane glares at Ginger. She was such a manipulative brat sometimes. Still, he joins the line.

The same young girl as before waves at Ginger, sitting on her dad's shoulders. Ginger's tail wags so hard in reply that Shane stops multiple times to apologise to the lady behind him. As Shane debates breaking his diet for a smoothie, the girl's father turns around and eyes him inquisitively.

"Have we met somewhere before?" The man asks.

Shane turns around but the lady behind him was obviously so bothered by his dog that she left. It was only him.

The burly man in front of him looked to be in his forties. His wife orders at the counter with a baby strapped to her chest. His daughter pulls on his hand as she points to the cake pops in the pastry case. But he was only looking at Shane. "It's just, you look so familiar. I just can't place it. Are you like an actor or something?"

"No," Shane dismisses cautiously. I mean he was technically *in* entertainment. It just wasn't the sort of entertainment you could bring up in front of kids. Or wives of men with kids. Or men in public that he meets just one block away from his apartment. "I guess I just have one of those faces."

Shane hates himself for playing into the Asian stereotype. But if it means being left the hell alone, he's all for compromising his morality. If all the dick sucking wasn't enough, Shane was now going to hell for sure.

Thankfully, the man nods along.

When Shane gets to the counter it takes a moment to find his voice again. "Uh, can I just have a pup cup please?"

The barista gasps and looks over the counter at the wagging dog. "Oh my god, of course!" She skips away and returns with a cup of whipped cream that was far too big. Still, Shane gives it to her. He goes to pull out his wallet but the barista stops him. "They're free! Unless you want something for yourself?"

Shane eyes the menu. He should treat himself. He has been working hard lately. Then he eyes the happy family, waiting for their drinks. "Actually," he tells the barista, “Could I get a cake pop please? And could you give it to the girl at the end?"

The barista's eyes crease with a smile. "That's so nice of you!"

"It's really not," he brushes off. He pulls a twenty dollar note out of his fanny pack. "And keep the change!"

He doesn't let her thank him again before he's running, no *fleeing*, back to his apartment and locking the door behind him. He struggles to gain his breath. The walls felt like they were closing in on him. Ginger trots inside oblivious and now fully satiated. Eventually, Shane drags his feet alongside her to the kitchen to retrieve his prepped salmon and brown rice from the day before. It doesn't taste nearly as rewarding as a pup cup. Searching for a burst of endorphins he looks at his phone.

One new message:

Rose: *Can't wait to see you tonight! P.S wear something slutty ;)*

"That is not slutty!" Rose cries as Shane walks into the bar. Her outfit however was. Her skimpy dress was so form-fitting that he couldn't believe she could walk in it, let alone run into his arms. She had a sash on that read *'Birthday Girl'* despite her actual special day being two weeks away. Her plastic tiara pokes him in the eye as she squeezes him.

"It's not very feminist of you to yell that word in public," he chastises as the entire bar watches them.

"Well, it's not very feminist of you to ignore my instructions."

Shane nudges her away with a smile. "I need a drink already."

"You're actually drinking?" Miles asks scandalised as Rose leads him over to their usual table. At least Shane thinks it was their usual table. He had only been brave enough to join them a small handful of times.

"I will have exactly one beer," he states as the others whine in disagreement. "And only because it's your birthday."

Rose pouts. "How about you have two cocktails because it's happy hour, and then you do shots with me because it's my birthday."

"No. Because it's not actually your birthday."

"Well, you're not here on my actual birthday because you're abandoning me for stupid Canada. So how about I raise you this: you have two beers, and then shots. And then you take your shirt off and let me do a body shot off of you."

Shane deadpans. "How about I go home?"

Rose throws herself on him. "No! I'm sorry, okay. Two beers and then just one little shot, fully clothed."

"How about one beer and one shot?"

"Fine," she resigns. Rose trots over to the bar. Her dress is low cut enough that the bartender comes over immediately. The man falls for her charm, leaning across the bar to speak to her closely. Shane feared this would happen. He'd not even been here ten minutes, and Rose had already abandoned him. She was the only social buffer he could tolerate. The rest of the group were mutual friends, but Shane wasn't as close to them as he probably should have

been. He never shone as bright as Rose and that was okay. Shane preferred the shadows anyway.

Unfortunately, JJ spotlights him. "How does it feel to be the man of the hour?" He asks Shane with a teasing smile. There was a lopsided party hat on top of his head. The table was already littered with many empty bottles.

Shane shuffles under the sudden scrutiny. "What do you mean? It's Rose's birthday."

"Fuck Rose!" JJ cries, dodging a smack from the woman herself. She had finally returned with drinks in hand. Shane places his beer on a coaster. "I'm talking about your viral video, man. You're porno with Rozanov was on my front page. And I'm not even gay."

"Yeah, keep telling yourself that. We'll check in again after your ninth beer," Miles teases.

Rose pings the string of JJ's party hat. "Why were you watching porn before my birthday party?"

"Because my dick was hard."

Shane both springs into action and slinks down in shame. "Please tell me you didn't watch it!"

"No! Not yet at least."

Miles smirks into his glass. "That's the ninth beer talking."

"I wouldn't need nine beers to do Rozanov."

"How many?"

"Two."

"How many to film it?"

"Five."

"Really?"

"Okay still two. But I wouldn't bottom."

"You could not top Ilya Rozanov," Miles taunts. "You couldn't even top your ex-girlfriend, and she was an accounting major."

"Can we stop talking about this?" Shane snaps finally. He's so loud that even strangers two tables away look over in surprise.

The group blinks.

Rose fiddles with her straw. "Well, we have to talk about something."

Miles looks at Shane. "Is it really nine inches or does the camera add five pounds?"

Shane buries his face in his hands.

Rose strokes his back. "Alright guys stop it! Sex work is real work, but it's still work. And the rule is that we can't talk about work. Let's move on to more important topics. Like me. It's my birthday."

Grateful for the distraction, Shane reaches into his coat pocket. "I actually got you a gift." He tells the red-head who outstretches her hands in excitement. " I haven't had time to wrap it-"

"-Is that the title of you and Rozanov's porno?" Rose interrupts.

Shane snatches the gift back as the group bursts into hysterical laughter. "You said you'd stop!"

"I'm sorry!" Rose cries. She leans across the table and pulls him into a hug. Her boobs squish against his face as he tries and fails to wiggle away. "I couldn't resist! And that was the last one I promise." She hooks Shane's head into her armpit and parades him to the group. "Everyone be nice to our sweet baby Shane, okay? No more jokes. Besides my joke was so funny that I killed the bit. The bit is dead. You'll never top me." She smirks. "And that's the name of the sequel."

He grumbles into her perfume, "I can't wait to go back to Canada next week."

"Don't lie, I know you'll miss me. And I know we'll all miss you."

Someone brings over a tray of shots and Shane downs one with ease. Then the rest of his beer in quick succession. Even though he sticks to his drink limit, Shane feels hazy. It made him equal parts anxious and carefree. He was so aware of everyone's eyes on him. Fearing they would recognise the sight of his flushed face. Fantasising about what they thought about it.

He excuses himself from the table and goes to the bar for a much-needed glass of water. The bartender eyes his need with a look Shane recognises. A look of humour. A look of hunger. When the bartender leans over to whisper to him, Shane instead thinks of Ilya Rozanov. Of his eyes. Of his whispered words of encouragement. Of his need. When the image of the man is fully realised it consumes all else.

Shane flees from the bar and into the night air. The cold is sobering. He recognises this street from his running route. Just before he can flee again, he's chased down by the clicking of too high heels.

Rose holds onto him, gasping. "Are you okay? What happened?"

"Nothing," Shane tries. But Rose sees through it.

She wraps her arms around him. "I'm sorry about teasing you. I'll make sure everyone shuts up about you and Rozanov, okay? No one even cares that much. And if they do then, fuck them. I only wanted to see you tonight anyway."

"It seemed like you wanted to see that bartender earlier."

"He's gay, Shane. He was asking me for your number. I don't understand how you're gaydar is so bad. Besides you're all mine so he'll have to get in line." She kisses the tip of his nose. The sticky cherry flavour stains his face further as he ruffles it in reply. "I'm serious. Fuck this bar. Let's just go back to your place and have a sleepover. I've still never been over and I'm your best friend." She pouts. "And it's my *birthday.*"

"It's not your birthday."

"It is. And I want to open you up, Shane Hollander. Like my big sexy present, let me in!" Rose slips her hand up his shirt.

"Stop! Your hands are so cold. And your nails are too long." He chastises the hands as they start tickling his sides. Shane can't stop his laughter. "Don't!"

She pushes a manicured finger to his lips while giggling herself. "I'll stop if you promise to come back inside. It's my birthday and you have to stay out late with me."

"It’s not and I did. It's nearly midnight."

"Midnight? Oh my god, and you're not turning into a pumpkin!"

"Fuck off." He pushes her hands away and holds them in the space between them. "I'm tired. And a little tipsy. Plus, I have to get up early tomorrow. I have a lot of stuff I need to prep." He realises the double meaning when Rose widens her eyes in excited glee. "Shut up! That's not what I meant. You're such a bitch."

"Not very feminist of you to call me a bitch."

"Not very ally of you to slut shame my gay porno in front of your friends."

"Not very slutty of you to go home at midnight, alone."

"Well maybe I'm a bad slut."

"No," Rose scoffs. "I saw the video. You're the best slut."

Shane nearly buckles as the air leaves his lungs. "You watched it?!"

"Of course I watched it," Rose cries in return. She throws a hand up to her mouth in horror. "I'm sorry did you not want me to? You invited me to the business meeting where I negotiated you a bonus for going bareback! I thought that was your invitation to this whole part of your life. It was such an amazing bonding experience for us!"

The city keeps moving around them. More people leave the bar and eye the two of them frustratingly as they take up the prime real estate of the sidewalk.

Rose piques their interest by wailing even louder. "I'm so sorry I watched it without asking. Punch me in the face!"

Everyone turns to them in abject horror. Shane's cheeks redden deeper. "What! I'm not punching-"

"-Punch me in the face *really* hard and I'll lose my memory, then we're even."

"I don't punch her! I have never punched her!" Shane tells the bystanders trying to wrangle the red-head into his arms. "Rose, stop it!"

Rose squishes her face into his chest. The smudge of her foundation was sure to stain. "I will schedule a lobotomy first thing Monday morning. But they'll have to get in really deep because it was very memorable." She looks up at him with her puppy dog eyes. He watches them squint. Shane knew that look. After a short game of chase with their eyes, Rose tags him with a shocked look. "You haven't seen it!"

"No."

He hadn't even *thought* about it. It was still such an abstract idea. He was so excited at the possibility of working with Ilya Rozanov that he hadn't even considered the consequences.

"You should watch it. It was made for you. *Literally."*

"I have to go home," Shane tells her, silencing her annoyance with a quick peck. "I'm not mad at you. I'm just really tired."

"Okay," Rose surrenders. "Just get home safe and promise to call me tomorrow morning. *My* morning not *your* morning. I am going to be so hungover tomorrow I'm planning on sleeping in until at least eleven."

Shane tries not to wrinkle his face in disapproval. "I will. I love you. And happy *almost* birthday."

Before he can even make it ten steps away from her she yells after him, "and happy viewing!"

Shane breaks into a small jog away from her cackling. The burning in his thighs distracts him from the flush of his cheeks. When he makes it to his apartment in record time he's panting. Ginger doesn't even greet him. She was lying on her back with her twitching paws in the air, obviously running in her sleep. Shane tip toes around her to the bathroom.

He starts taking off his sweaty clothes. As he's folding them to put in the laundry basket his phone pings. Thinking it was another drunk apology from Rose, he picks up his phone without a second thought.

R: *Told you it was good.*

Shane sits on the edge of the bath. A flood of questions flies through his anxious brain. How the hell was he supposed to reply to that? Was Rozanov still at the party? Was he tipsy like Shane? Would he regret that message in the morning? But one question burns the brightest:

Was it really *that* good?

He looks back down at his phone. Summoning the shreds of his alcohol induced confidence, he opens an incognito browser. After pulling up the site he half debates backing out. He had no idea what he'd have to search to find it. Clicking on *Centaur Studio*'s page would bring back too many memories of fanboying over Ilya Rozanov. And heaven forbid he had to click on the Asian subgenre and filter through demeaning videos of femboys.

But there he was on the front page.

There *they* were.

Luckily, the thumbnail is not so scandalous that Shane forfeits. It was simple and seductive. Ilya Rozanov was standing over him, gripping Shane's chin with a signature smirk. Thumbnail Shane looked ruined already. The video was simply titled: *'Rozanov Introduces Us To Shane Hollander.'* Like he was a thing. A thing that belonged to the other man. Shane's curiosity morphs to frustration until he realises how successful the marketing was. Because the video had over four million views already.

He clicks on the image of his face.

It starts the way he remembers it, Ilya Rozanov bursting through the door and kissing him. It doesn't show that he tasted like cigarettes. Or that they broke a lamp. Or any sign that Ilya Rozanov talked him out of a panic attack before the shoot. It was all heat and passion.

Shane watches another version of himself get on his knees. He watches with an almost scientific detachment. It was strange watching himself perform. Most of his content was live or at least natural, requiring little editing or need for re-watch. He couldn't help admiring his technique, almost feeling the ghost of Rozanov's cock on his tongue again. Fuck, he was making himself hard. Was it narcissistic to get off to this?

The editors had cut the part where Shane had stopped. The viewers would never see Ilya Rozanov drop the act to comfort him. The Russian came across exactly how he hoped to, a distantly dominating force, moving Shane's body around like a curious wildcat pawing at its next meal. Shane continues watching in a daze until they make it to the bed and the man is looking down at him.

"It's just me," video Rozanov says in his deep sexy accent. *"No one else."*

Both video and real-life Shane flush crimson. *"Just you!"* He hears himself moan.

It must be part of the movie magic that refuses to translate the gentle from Ilya Rozanov's words as he says, *"only me."*

The next time Shane sees Ilya Rozanov there was no seductive stare or possessive hands. Instead, the man is smoking a cigarette and scowling at him from the sidewalk.

"Why you bring me to creepy building? Are you planning to steal my kidney?"

Shane tries not to look disappointed by the greeting. He pulls his hoodie sleeves over his hands to shield himself from the cold night air. He had just got out of the shower, and the ends of his hair were still wet. "Depends, how much do you think I could get?"

Rozanov puts out his cigarette and crushes it under his shoe. "Not as much as from livestream where I fuck you. Our video is already big hit, and it is not even a week. Did you know this?"

Yes. It had eighteen million views last time Shane checked, two minutes before he walked downstairs to let the other man in.

"What can I say, I guess I'm that good."

Rozanov lets out one final puff of smoke. "I have not forgotten how good you are."

Shane turns on his heel and starts marching back up the stairs. He knows the other man is following because his barking laugh echoes all the way up the stairwell. Shane wants to push him all the way back down when the two of them reach his apartment and he's still laughing.

He waits for it to continue as he opens the apartment door. But instead Rozanov turns to him with a disappointing stare and says, "Where is dog?"

How did Ilya Rozanov know about his dog? *"Ginger?* Oh, she's at puppy daycare. I have to drop her off on stream days because she barks every time I close the door on her. It's sort of a boner killer for most people."

"I was excited to see dog. Maybe I go home now."

"Hah hah," Shane barks humourlessly. "And take off your shoes. The floor's new."

Surprisingly, the other man complies. He kicks his shoes off in a heap without untying them and invites himself into the apartment. Shane tries to compose himself. He was flipping from nerves to anger so often around Rozanov that he feared his heart was going to give out. Wordlessly, he picks up the other man's shoes and places them neatly down. The man's feet were so massive compared to his. Fighting the obvious connotation of such a realisation, Shane flees the scene.

Ilya Rozanov is standing his apartment, staring out at his view like he'd been here before. "You have nice apartment. Good view. Do your neighbours not mind how loud you are when you come?"

Shane brushes off the jab and takes him at his curiosity. "I don't have any neighbours. I brought the building for filming so I wouldn't bother anyone."

The nice view is obviously secondary to Shane's humiliation, as Rozanov turns to him with a wolfish grin. "You brought whole building to fuck yourself in? Are all closets filled with sex toys? Does lube come out of tap?"

"No, you fucking asshole. It's just a normal apartment that I brought for totally normal valid reasons."

Rozanov smiles down at him. "You are not normal. Maybe I scared to tell you this because you are obviously crazy. Maybe you buy new apartment just to plot revenge in."

"Well, the building next door is for sale so, who knows."

Ilya Rozanov is standing in his apartment laughing at his jokes like Shane is funny. Which he knows he isn't. Rozanov leans into the lull. "You have not offered me drink."

"Sorry!" Shane jumps into action, not sensing the sarcasm. He leads the man through the open plan living space to his kitchenette. "I don't really have people over a lot. I mean I've never had anyone here ever so…" He opens the fridge. "What do you want?"

Rozanov leans across his kitchen counter lazily. "What do you have?"

"I have water, obviously, or soda-"

"-I drink soda." He smiles as the other man flounders. When Shane hands it to him, their fingers linger on the can. He can't bring himself to pull away. The wet condensation finally causes them to slip apart. "Thank you."

Rozanov makes a meal out of opening the can with his strong forearms, and a bigger one as he chugs the liquid, throat bobbing in seductive stupor. He makes an even bigger mess when he spits up the liquid all over Shane's clean marble counters.

"What the fuck is this!?"

"It's a soda like you asked for!"

"This is not soda!"

"It's ginger ale!" Shane yells back. He pushes the other man out of the way to grab the sanitation spray from the cupboard where he was standing.

"Ginger ale is not soda. Coke is soda. This is gross." He keeps spitting on the counter as Shane tries to clean it, slapping his lips together in disgust. "Why is it spicy?"

"It's ginger!"

"It is poison! You lure me to creepy abandoned building and now you feed me poison. Are you trying to kill me for real?"

Shane all but growls at him. "If you spit on my counter one more time, I might."

Rozanov finally stops spluttering and smirks. "You are so sexy when you try to be mean." He's close again. Too close. He nods to the fridge behind him. "Can you please get me something else to help wash taste of poison away? I will clean counter, I'm sorry."

Reluctantly, Shane hands him the side cloth. If the man couldn't even take off his shoes right, how on earth was he going to get rid of all the germs efficiently? Shane doesn't even want to think about the number of bacteria living in the man's dirty mouth. Even though his test results showed he wasn't actually contagious.

He finds himself opening the fridge before his brain can even register his obedience. "I have kombucha-"

"No. Tastes like ass. Bad ass. Not like your ass, your ass was very nice."

Shane continues listing through gritted teeth. "I have protein smoothies, mineral water, or… almond milk. That's it."

"Of course you drink almond milk," Ilya complains to an audience stand in as he rolls his eyes. "You not have anything normal that normal people drink?"

"I have water."

"Fine. I will die of thirst before I fuck you. Good luck on your stream!"

"I think people would pay good money for that." Shane watches the man watch him. The other man licks his lips, so Shane looks away. "I could order you Postmates if you want? It might take a while in this area, but the stream doesn't start until nine."

"And we order food too?"

Shane worries his bottom lip. "I don't think it's a good idea if I eat before…"

"Before I fuck you?" Rozanov finishes with a smirk.

"Yes."

For the briefest of moments, Shane thinks they might start fucking right here in the kitchen. It was an unreadable electricity in the air that hangs between them. If he was brave maybe they would. If he was braver, he would reach over and bash Rozanov's head into the still unclean counter. But just as quick as he identifies it, it flees for the hills.

Then the Russian is just annoying across from him. "You should eat food. You will need energy for sex."

"I already ate."

"So did I," Rozanov shows his teeth at the double entendre. "I could still eat. Maybe pizza? Maybe sushi?"

"I am not letting you anywhere near me with sushi breath!"

The other man smiles. "I brought toothbrush. Give me your phone."

Shane crosses his arms around the device defensively. "I'm not giving you my phone."

"Why? Scared I find secret naked pictures?" He makes a beckoning motion with his hand. And Shane gives it to him wordlessly. "I will get burger with large coke and cheese fries."

"Gross."

Rozanov smiles. "You will still ask for fry though. I know you."

I know you, Shane repeats internally. He doesn't though. Shane hasn't eaten fries in six years. But Rozanov believes he knows Shane and that alone makes him feel seen. Even if the man can't be trusted with anything else that actually belongs to him.

Except Shane's phone apparently. And his body.

Rozanov slides his phone across the counter. His gratuitous order still sitting in the basket.

Shane glares. "I'm not paying for that."

"Why not? You are millionaire."

"So are you. I'm not paying," he repeats because he had to win one sooner or later.

Rozanov makes a big show of patting his pockets. "Oh no, I left wallet at home." He lifts up his shirt and strokes his washboard abs. "And I am so hungry."

"You brought your toothbrush but not your wallet?"

"Yes. In case you want me to eat your ass and also kiss you afterwards. Like I said, I know you."

Shane pays for the stupid combo meal.

When his eight thirty alarm sounds out, Shane is on his feet like a sleeper agent. Rozanov shushes him so he can pay attention to the nature documentary they had put on to soften the growing awkward silence. Shane kicks away his socked feet from his coffee table that was littered with fast food wrappers. At least Rozanov had brushed his teeth, Shane thought. Although he kept sipping his soda afterwards, so he only got half a point for effort. Shane didn't have the luxury of laziness, so he walks into the bedroom to get ready.

He uses the term bedroom lightly because he never slept in here. The room was just for filming. When he was in town he usually slept in the guest room across the hall. Still, the room was crafted to look lived in. He read an article in the *New Yorker* about how important it was to decorate your workspace. Apparently, surrounding yourself with small trinkets that brought you joy was one of the easiest ways to train your brain to love your job. The article was intended for buying a bonsai tree for your office cubicle, but Shane found a way to adapt the sentiment. The bedding was thick and neutral, dressed with a fuzzy blanket and a Shiba

shaped decorative pillow that a fan had made him. He put up fairy lights to fill the space with a warm glow along with a candle labelled 'home sweet home'. Shane lights the candle and sighs, forcing the relax to enter his body.

"This looks like teenage girl's room," Rozanov comments from behind him. He was hanging on the doorframe like one of the monkeys from the nature documentary. "Do you keep your tampons next to all your dildos?"

Shane hopes his dead eyed expression is enough of a deterrent for the man to continue his teasing.

But Ilya Rozanov was not a man but a headache with legs. Really long toned legs. "Do you want me to fuck you tonight?"

Shane chokes on his saliva. He pretends it was just the candle smoke. "O-Obviously."

"Obviously?" Rozanov stalks towards him like prey. Maybe Shane shouldn't have put on that nature documentary. He tugs on the hem of his shorts. "It *is* obvious how bad you want it. But that is not what I asked. I asked if you want me to fuck you, or are you still not sure?"

"I'm sure." Shane blinks at the speed of his reply. "I'll start my stream regularly until I have enough people watching. When I reach the donation goal you'll come on screen and we'll…"

"Have sex? If you can't say it, we should not do it."

"…Then we'll have *sex* and end stream."

Rozanov doesn't look convinced by his tone. "And how would you like me to fuck you?"

Shane looks at him puzzled. "Like, in my ass?"

"No," the Russian laughs. Shane wants the ground to swallow him whole. "I know where. I mean how. Like what position?" He gestures to the laptop, propped up on a desk in view of the bed. "I've never done this before. Your camera does not move. I need to make sure they can see us."

With a shaky hand Shane unlocks his laptop, feeling eyes on him as he bends over. The other man hums appreciatively. Shane doesn't ask if it's because of his ass or the picture of Ginger that pops up as his computer background. He clicks the video function on the system to test the shot.

He gestures at the screen as if Rozanov has any actual interest in the logistics of his career instead of wanting to watch him squirm. "I leave my laptop here because it's the best position."

"Show me."

"What?"

"Get on the bed and show me how it looks."

Shane's ass hits the bed so hard his custom pillow flies onto the floor. He awkwardly crawls to the middle to the bed. He nods to the screen. "It can focus on me here if I'm sitting up like this, or… when I lie down."

Rozanov watches him, not the screen. "What about when I fuck you? Will it focus then?"

He gulps. "Probably. In theory."

Finally, the man looks at the monitor. Probably just to watch Shane admiring him as he turns around. The narcissistic asshole. "We should test theory. We have time."

Shane scurries up further when Rozanov plops on the mattress. "Time for what?"

"To test angle. For stream."

His eyes flicker to the monitor, he watches himself flush. He already looks ruined. "Okay. Good idea."

"I am full of good ideas." Rozanov smirks. He gently manoeuvres around Shane's body. "I think you riding me reverse cowgirl will be best." He moves so the smaller man is practically on his lap. Shane feels the man swell behind him. "This way they will see me inside you, but also your cock. They will see how much you love it when you come hands free again."

Shane watches himself get hot on screen.

Rozanov watches too. "But maybe that too long for you to be on top. Might get cramp. Maybe I fuck you doggy," he narrates as he pushes Shane's head down to meet the mattress. His cheek was flush to the bed. His other cheeks are flush against Rozanov. He whispers sin in his ear. "This is good because I can fuck you nice and deep, and also they see your ass. It will be easier for them to picture themselves where I will be. See how good we look together."

He looks over to the laptop. He was right, they did look good.

"Whatever works for you," Shane dismisses in a high-pitched voice. If they didn't stop now, he'd have to start his stream with sticky underwear and a too satisfied Russian man laughing at him. Shane has to remind himself that this was his house after all. His job. His audience. He should be the one calling the shots. He falls face first on the mattress as he wriggles out of the other man’s grip. He kicks him away. "Get off the bed. I'm going to set up the stream."

Rozanov falls to the floor and cradles the Shiba pillow to his chest. "Why you so rude? First you try to poison me and now you give me concussion."

Shane snatches the pillow off him. Then lightly slaps him with it for good measure. His head sounded too hollow to worry about a concussion. Shane puts the pillow back on its pride of place and gestures to the office chair in the corner of the room. "Just sit down."

The other man cradles his head with a feigned look of pain. "Why do I have to sit in cuck chair?"

"Because I said so!" Shane snaps like a tired mother. He fixes his hair and straightens his clothes. When the Russian stomps toward the chair, he shuffles towards his laptop and brings up his profile. "Sit there until I tell you to come on. And shut up."

When Shane's hand hovers over the ‘go live’ button, Rozanov opens his mouth, but the look of stern professionalism finally shuts him up. Shane double checks the camera and the sound was on before he clicks start and sits cross legged in the middle of the bed.

"Hey guys," he says sweetly. His in-room audience starts laughing but has enough sense to cover his mouth. "I'm just waiting for more of you guys to tune in and then we can get started."

He fiddles with his hoodie strings awkwardly. He forgot how to exist under Rozanov's stare. It was like everything stopped making sense but simplified at the same time. Just the primal parts of a neanderthal's brain: food and sex and fun.

Shane was never one to overindulge. But he does start reading the chat for validation.

BigDog69: *oh my god I've never been this early before!*

MightyRhino: *notification gang unite!*

Almightyy: *you look so fcuking hot in that hoodie it makes me forget how much i hate my wife*

Spenzzer: *where rozanov?*

His eyes glance over in panic to see if the named man had read the message. But he was looking at Shane. He eyes him fascinated yet distant, like he was writing a hit piece in his head on bumbling cam boys.

Shane turns back to the camera with a practised smile. "I've got a lot of stuff planned tonight, so I really hope you guys are excited."

HardlyHen: *i am already hard with you just sitting there*

NewBee123: *i just cum from centaurs page when he get naked?*

He'd never considered the possibility that a lot of tonight's crowd would be first time viewers. He had strict rules on his profile page about stream etiquette. It was a necessity after he left one too many streams feeling like a piece of meat being plucked at by vultures. His regular loyal audience was very understanding, and always publicly shamed the ones that said something that broke the rules. Most viewers tonight were coming in blind. And there were already over eighty-thousand of them, too many for him to manage on his own.

Shane realises that he may have made a massive error, but he was live so he had no opportunity to let it show. Rozanov realises immediately. He stops standing up when the look of fear on Shane's face worsens. He mouths his words:

"Are you okay?"

Shane takes it back. Rozanov could never have been a mistake. The anxiety in his stomach meets his relief and curdles into arousal. He smiles at the man off camera and gives him a covert thumbs up.

The audience erupts into speculation.

Spenzzer: *holy shit is he there?*

BigDog69: *this is not a drill! i repeat not a drill!*

HardlyHen: *the way you look at him is making me jealous*

Shane feels a surge of something that could only be power take over him. He leans back and with a faux coyness addresses the viewers. "It's getting awful warm in here. If only someone were here to take my clothes off."

Rozanov stands up ready to spring into action, but Shane just shakes his head. He lets the oversized hoodie slip over one shoulder.

"If only there was something you guys could do to inspire me. I'm getting so hot I can't even concentrate on anything else."

Shane watches Rozanov get it, get his job, get his role. The Russian leans into his cuck chair impressed as the donations start rolling in, each letting out a musical chime. Shane hides his smile in his sleeve as the donation number ticks up and up. He reads the latest one:

NeedyWombat donated $200 with the message: take it all off bby

But he doesn't. He takes off just his hoodie and makes a meal out of removing every single item of clothing. A hundred for his shorts, fifty for his left sock, seventy five for his right. It's almost laughable how easy it is when a name Shane doesn't recognise donates five-hundred dollars for his underwear. He tries not to let the smile show as he lies down on the bed, head still blinking up at the chat with mock innocence. He fiddles with the waistband, craving friction.

He looks to Rozanov as if to say, *"can you really believe they're falling for this?"* But he realises the man has fallen for it too. Hook, line and sinker. The Russian is no longer lounging back and rolling his eyes. Instead, his elbows are on his knees, sitting on the edge of his seat. His head is in his hands, clasping over his mouth to stop himself from calling out to him. The only visible part of him was his hungry watchful eyes and the tent in his boxers.

Shane looks at him, and only him, when he finally takes off the last of his clothing. He throws them on the other man's crotch for good measure. He doesn't react at the hit. But he does when Shane spreads his legs to reveal a plug nestled between his cheeks.

"I told you guys it was a special stream today. And I know most of you have worked out why," Shane sets up as he beckons Rozanov to join him. The other man still looks dazed and doesn't sit with him on the bed. He just stands over him staring down with a salivating mouth. Shane practically kicks his feet with the realisation that this was *finally* happening.

The donation notification sound is almost deafening. But Shane can't drag his eyes to the chat to say thank you. He can only watch Rozanov watching him.

"You guys have probably already seen the video I did over at *Centaur Studios.* And I know most of you are almost as excited as I am to be joined by-"

Ilya Rozanov silences him with a wet hungry kiss. It's so consuming that Shane forgot how he had planned to do this. He was hoping to get the other man to interact with his audience a bit first. Wanted to watch Rozanov scowl at the fast-moving chat and asking him personal questions without the bravado of editing to hide behind. Maybe hoping he would blush like Shane. Hoping he could be the one in control for once.

But as he submits fully to the kiss, he stops caring about anything but the feeling of the other's body mapping its authority over him. Shane loves feeling owned like this in front of a crowd of nameless strangers. He doesn't think he can go back to being a solo act after the way Rozanov takes him apart. After the way he was going to take him apart tonight.

Rozanov kicks off his clothes and Shane swallows the sudden rush of nostalgia. Except this time, he refuses to swallow the other man's leaking cock.

"You're being rude," Shane scolds, leaning away. "Not even a 'hello,' or a 'how are you?' I don't know what you heard Mr Rozanov, but I'm not that kind of girl. I need a little romance before I can even think about sex."

It's a pantomime of their composing ideologies. Ilya Rozanov knows this. Plays into his role of grumpy sceptic with such passion that most of the audience will never know. "That is funny because last time you barely need my name before you are falling to your knees for me." He tries to peck his mouth again to punctuate his point, but Shane turns away unimpressed. He's fully horizontal now, with the other man leaning over his back. Rozanov kisses the back of his head and whines into his ear. "Fine: *Hello! How are you?!* Can I fuck you now? I waited so well for so long."

Shane looks over his shoulder at the defeated man. "I'm not talking about saying hello to me, I'm talking about them."

Rozanov follows his pointed finger to the laptop before them, a wall of text flickering across the screen a mile a minute. The Russian groans into his neck. "I not want to talk to computer. Computer not naked. Computer not rubbing ass on my cock."

"Computer is writing your cheque," Shane corrects under his breath.

Rozanov eyes the constantly chiming machinery suspiciously. "Hello to computer and people inside computer." He brushes against Shane's butt plug and taps it. The sensation sends a ripple of pleasure down his spine. Rozanov continues his victory lap. "I think everyone in computer agrees with me. I think they are tired of frigid cam boy like I am. So much talking and whining and keeping his body for ransom. Even though he likes nothing more than showing his slutty body to the world. I think he would do it for free."

The chat's messages chime out in agreement. They were like a disloyal pet, waiting outside their favourite spot for a treat they hadn't earned.

"You know what guys I'm actually starting to feel a little cold." Shane fake shivers. Rozanov puts a concerned hand to his forehead, not catching on. "Maybe I'll put back on all of my clothes and get under the covers. And it's pretty late so maybe I'll just fall asleep."

The chimes grow frantic, like a cardiac monitor for a very distressed patient.

Rozanov scowls down at his foul play.

"And since I'm so frigid maybe you'll just have to go find someone else," Shane ponders as he eyes the bedroom door.

The surrender is immediate. "I am sorry! And computer is sorry!" He points to the screen. "Computer tell Shane you are sorry. He is being so good to us."

Shane doesn't need to read the chat to know their parroting out apologies. He smirks and grinds his plug against the Russian's thigh. "Well, if you're sorry I guess I'll have to stay. But you better make it worth my time."

On command the chiming intensifies, hundreds of dollars of donations streaming in. Each one is tagged with a message more desperate than the last. They sound like men pleading on the stand. But no one was more pleading than Ilya Rozanov. He blinks his big puppy eyes down at the toy. He wants to play too.

"If someone gives you one-thousand-dollar donation, will you let me take it out?"

Shane looks to the chat and considers it.

"And if they give you three-thousand-dollar donation, will you let me put it in?" Rozanov asks, brushing his drooling cock across the dimple of his back. It felt so much bigger from behind. Shane had a lot more second than first hand encounters with Ilya Rozanov's infamous cock, but he had choked on it for what seemed like hours back at the studio. And in those quiet and lonely moments since, he could recall the sensation of every vein on his tongue. The taste of its musk on his lips. But the thought of it being inside him was almost too much to bear.

Oblivious to his inner turmoil, Rozanov eyes the chat expectantly as the massive donations are sent in. They've hit the goal already. Shane wordlessly nods the order as the other man starts to tug at the plug. Instead of pulling it out, he plays with it. Shane watches his gleeful fascination on screen with the way his body sucks the toy back in hungrily. He gets a forecast warning from the monitor before Rozanov sits up and kisses his cheek.

"You, okay?" He whispers quietly into Shane's ear. The shiver is wrongly conveyed as panic, so he speaks his next one with a kiss. *"We have made enough. Can stop now."*

Shane disagreed. They hadn't done anything. Not really. It may have felt like everything to them but to a passive outsider, Shane had just been a brat. They had just skimmed across the

fantasy that had excited him every night since he was a teenager in front of a glowing computer screen, waiting for the famous Ilya Rozanov to take him completely.

Now he says his words under the same computer screen glow. "I need you. Please, I need it all."

Rozanov removes the plug swiftly and throws it on the mattress beside them. "You sure you are wet enough?"

Shane lets out a groan and nods into the comforter. He scrambles to steady himself as Rozanov pushes his upper back down. When he feels the blunt head at his entrance, he bites down to stop himself from crying out.

And finally, after a lifetime of only his toy box of great pretenders, Ilya Rozanov enters him.

In his fantasy it's all at once. All consuming. The reality is of course far more prudent. Rozanov reads every micro-expression of his body before deciding to go deeper. It doesn't hurt. Shane had been preparing for this for so long after all. But it was such a foreign invasive feeling that Shane had to really focus on unwinding his tightly wound body to submit to it. To submit to *him*.

A familiar spark shocks him back to his performance as the head of Rozanov's cock brushes his prostate. It was so much better than a toy. It was so hot and alive and pulsing and *real*. Shane struggles to ground himself in the sudden chaos of pleasure. He looks up at the monitor to watch his mirror image hunched over and taking inch after inch of the other man's cock. Shane has to look away. It didn't help. Of course it didn't help. Instead, his anxiety intensifies as he realises Ilya Rozanov wasn't even halfway inside.

"Fuck, Hollander! You are so tight!" The Russian marvels, tone somewhat horrified with the way Shane gapes under him and the camera. "You take it so well."

Shane relaxes immediately at the praise, and another inch breeches him. He doesn't think he'll ever get used to being alone in his own body ever again. The place Rozanov makes inside of him will be there forever.

After what feels like a lifetime, he finally bottoms out. Shane leans back to confirm he got it all. Rozanov moans at the sensation while pulling Shane up by the chin. His intense eyes meet Shane’s and reflects an expression of joint ecstasy. But beneath the pleasure there was an apprehension, a non-verbal nod asking if he was okay.

Shane answers his question by rotating his hips and setting up the rhythm of his own undoing. Rozanov fucks into him with fervour. The sound is wet, each slap pulling Shane back to the reality where he did what all thought was impossible:

He took every inch of Ilya Rozanov's dick like a champ.

His reward is the feeling of said cock sliding warmly against his walls, hitting his prostate with every retreat and invasion.

"Fuck! You're so deep! I can feel you in my throat."

"Jesus!" Rozanov exclaims, impressed by the energy. "I knew you were made to take it. Take it from me. Only from me."

"Only for you," Shane whines in reply, he grasps Rozanov by the hand. "Only you. No one else."

MightyRhino: *don't do it for him do it for me*

NewBee123: *holy shit look at how he fcking takes it*

OperaticWall: *id do anything to be you right now*

The viewers chiming syncs up with the impossible pace of Rozanov's thrusts. It's so perverse, so obscene, that Shane can barely believe he's a witness let alone a participant. He shuffles slightly under the weight of the man's pelvis as his pleasure threatens to peak too soon.

Shane sits up, the man still buried deep inside of him. "I'm so close! Don't stop!"

Rozanov grabs his cock and Shane is relieved to get some friction that wasn't just humping the bedsheets. His prayers aren't answered as the wicked man behind him instead loops two fingers around the base of his dick and holds him there.

"Not yet. I am not finished with you."

Shane is hoisted higher into the air as the other man scoops him into his arms, Shane's knees hanging over his elbows. He's forced to close his eyes because he knows what he must look like. He wouldn't be able to ever look at his reflection again if he saw himself as debased as he knew he was. Fucked like an object built only to take. Like an empty-headed doll who could only blink slowly while being tossed around by larger hands.

The large offending hand still refuses Shane's needed release. The other strokes along his abdomen, trying to feel the outline of his own cock through the skin.

Shane's vision starts to spot. "Please, please. Let me come! I'll do anything."

"You are already doing everything," Rozanov pants into his ear.

He tries to decipher a way to compel with his demands. He'd do anything in this moment just to make it end. And then he'd get on his knees and beg, steal, and barter to bring it all back.

Rozanov grabs his chin and points it towards the screen. Shane squints his eyes to protect the last remaining shreds of his dignity. The foreign accent behind him deepens dangerously. "I will let you come if you say thank you to computer."

"That's so fucking stupid," Shane tells him, the request so absurd it makes him laugh. The hiccuping breaths almost painful as his abdomen is descended to its limits. It gets even worse when Rozanov continues assaulting his prostate.

"Why not?! They have been so patient with you. It is so hard being patient around you. You make me so mad."

Mad. Shane immortalises it forever. That was the word he was searching for. They were so mad at and about each other. He whines in frustrated agony. *"Fine.* Thank you, computer."

Rozanov rumbles behind him. "That was good, but you are too late."

Shane's eyes snap open, turning his head to groan at the other man. "That's not fair! You said-
"

"-New rule is I let you come if you watch yourself when you do it."

Precariously, Shane looks down. The sight of his own cock and Rozanov's thrusting thighs disappearing under him causes him to start crying. But he doesn't receive the praise nor the freedom he deserves.

"No, not down. Look at yourself on screen and I will let you come."

Shane winces, eyes still downcast. "You promise?"

"I promise."

So, Shane does the most terrifying thing he can think of and rests his eyes on the monitor. Every anxiety comes true. He was flushed beetroot and leaking pre-come so wantonly that it had created a puddle beneath him on the bed spread. But there was another part of his torment he realised as he watches Rozanov's cock disappear inside him. And that was that he looked good. He looked the best he ever had.

And just as the thought settles, Rozanov releases his hold and Shane comes so violently that he swears he loses consciousness. When he comes to the thrusting is stilled.

"You are so fucking good!" Rozanov tells the screen then to only him, *"You need me to stop?"*

Shane blinks up at him drunkenly. "No! I need it."

The force of thrusts softens with every overstimulated whine that leaves his lips. Shane has never felt so aware of his own body before. It was like finally coming home. But he's reminded of his lonely when Ilya Rozanov pulls out and releases across his burning skin. The wet jerking sensation feels so dirty that he's not sure he'll ever feel clean again. The man's weight crushes him before Shane's flipped onto his back, kisses littering his skin.

"You are so good. So good for me."

All Shane can think of is that the angle is terrible. Needs to remind himself of the context. Needs to tell Rozanov to flip him back over so the viewers can admire his gaping hole and the proof of the other's desire staining his skin. But he can't find the strength to protest when the other man is looking down at him like they were alone in the world, together.

Rozanov grabs his chin softly. "You need rest now. How do you turn off stream?"

At the sobering reminder of their audience, Shane tries to sit up. As soon as he attempts to put weight on his backside, his whole body gives out. He looks up at the man boxing him in. "I can do it just… just give me a second."

Rozanov kisses him on the tip of his nose. "You are stupid. I have fucked the brains right out of you. Just lay down and I will do it."

Shane resists the urge to grab the man as he leaves. He can't work out if the thought of his audience knowing how desperate he was for Rozanov fills him with dread or joy. Luckily the audience are left instead with the Russian scowling into the lens as he presses random buttons. He changes the aspect ratio, makes them black and white, then erases them entirely when he gives up and turns the whole laptop off.

When it was finally over, Shane tracks him walking to the door and all but whimpers.

Ilya Rozanov turns back towards him with his signature smirk. "Do not stress, Hollander. I am just getting cloth to clean you up. I very much like looking at you so ruined. But I am a gentleman. A gentleman who fucked you so hard you can't do it yourself."

"I'm fine," Shane tries to say, but his voice was so breathless. "And I keep wipes in the bedside table."

Following his quivering directions, Rozanov starts rooting through the draws. Shane thinks of all his toys and regrets it immediately. But his only teasing comes from the man's touch as he softly wipes Shane's skin. The artificial fresh lemon scent from the wipes invades the air between them. Wordlessly the man cleans him. Their only witness is the moon, large and unblinking outside of the bedroom window.

Shane looks up at the clock. It was past midnight. They had been at it for hours.

He looks at the man between his legs. "You could stay if you wanted." His casual tone is betrayed by his grasping hands. When Rozanov stills above him he quickly interrupts himself. "I mean it doesn't have to be a big deal. I have a spare room down the hall, and you probably have to leave early. We won't even see each other. I think I'm going to need to sleep in after all this cardio."

But it isn't true. Shane would wake up at six like he did every morning. Except maybe this time not so alone.

Rozanov considers it. "I am not sure that is good idea. I am not sure I can sleep knowing you are here like this."

"Why? Did I do something wrong?"

"No," the other man smiles. "You are so right. Too right. Maybe that is the problem. And to think you so worried about sex on camera. You are a natural."

Shane blushes, despite his pride. "You really think? I've never done anything like this before. I feel like everyone could tell."

"You saw yourself when you came. You know how you look," Rozanov gestures at his flush stained body like it alone was gospel. "It is harder to fuck on camera, to be you but not you. But you must trust yourself. It is not so different than regular sex."

"Well, I wouldn't know," Shane says before he can stop himself.

The humour leaves Ilya Rozanov's face in an instance. His voice is sobering. "What you mean?"

Shane shuffles on his still numb backside. "Like I said I've never done anything like this before."

"Like on camera?"

"Well, I mean yeah. Or like, at all."

Rozanov is suddenly standing. "You have never had sex before today?"

"I mean not *sex* sex-"

"Stop saying that!" Rozanov bellows as he starts dressing himself quickly. "You should have told me. I can't believe you not tell me. You do not trust me at all."

"Stop making it a big deal. It's fine," Shane looks around the room for an invisible bystander to side with him. But they were finally alone.

Ilya Rozanov speaks down to him. "It's not fine! You know nothing of fine. You don't know nothing about anything. You should not have had first time on camera. It belonged to you, not them."

Shane's humiliation fuels his fury. "I'm not a fucking child! I know what I'm doing. The whole losing my virginity thing was going to happen anyway, I might as well film it." It was like experiencing every stage of grief while watching the man ready to leave him. He moves on to bargaining as he arches his back the way he knows Rozanov loves. "You should be happy," Shane tries with a seductive smile, "imagine how much credit you'll get when everyone knows the great Ilya Rozanov popped my cherry on camera. Imagine the views."

But Ilya Rozanov has grieved his reality with such certainty that he's already accepted the end to whatever they had become. "I am not happy. Sex is not a thing you have. Sex is something you do, *together*. We did not do that together." He points at Shane's laptop angrily. "They will lie and tell you it is there's. You are so stupid you give it to them."

The once comforting presence feels like a ghost now. Cold and uncaring. Yet another invisible bystander in the room.

Rozanov opens the door letting the darkness in. "One day you will keep giving parts of yourself away to people. Then there will be *nothing* left to give."

And Shane has nothing left to say, even to the silence. He lays there on top of the soiled bedsheets staring at the ceiling until his morning alarm rings. And rings. And rings.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much to everyone for all the love you've shown so far! I can't wait to share the rest of this story with you. If anyone feels I need to tag or expand the chapter warning as well, please let me know. I will see you all next Saturday!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Ilya wants to get out of his head, he gets into trouble. In Russia it was simply fucking other men. Sometimes on camera for money, mostly just for the thrill of taking part in something forbidden. Then it was day drinking shitty American vodka living in hotel rooms he didn't pay for. For a while it was party drugs and casual sex that was only slightly less transactional than cash in hand. Then bar fights with the victory of picking off scabs from his knuckles the next morning, knowing he had done *something.* But now as he stares across at Shane Hollander, Ilya can't do anything at all.

It was Svetlana's idea. Inviting Hollander, not the party. They always had a party at the end of every business quarter to celebrate the studio's hard work. Most of the time it was just the production team. But after their joint projects had gone viral, Svetlana was the one who thought to share the success with her new favourite cash cow. And Ilya didn't dissuade her. Only because he knew Shane Hollander was an uptight bore who would politely reject the invitation the way only a Canadian could. Yet here he was, wearing a fucking *suit* to a porn party, looking so ridiculous and delicious and unobtainable.

Ilya downs his drink when Hollander catches his piercing gaze from across the room.

"I will get you signed jersey," Svetlana tells the distracted man. "My father will think it's funny that someone still remembers him playing."

Hollander's smile doesn't quite meet his eyes. "That would be amazing, but I wouldn't want to put you out."

"Don't be silly. It is nothing. You have done a lot for me," Svetlana preens as she tops up his already full glass. "I will give it to you next week."

"I'm actually heading back to Canada tomorrow."

The room erupts into groans. Hollander looks taken aback by his growing crowd of fans. He was sitting on one of the ugly couches dragged up from the lobby. Svetlana sits beside him, casually and deliberately straightening his dress shirt. The rest of the team were sitting on the floor, staring up at Shane Hollander like the sun shines out of his ass. And it didn't, Ilya reminds himself but not the room. The team should remember unprompted considering they had once spent the best part of an hour shoving a camera up there.

Ilya pours himself another drink from the vodka bottle on the desk, wishing it was something stronger.

"What, no way!" Harris cries out. His desperate tone is made more desperate due to the fact he had his head in Troy's lap. The two of them where easily the drunkest here. Every party the two of them would hook up in one of the abandoned studio rooms and promptly forget

about it the next morning. Despite their bumbling avoidance at the beginning of the party, it was clear tonight would be no different. Ilya just hopes they didn't invite Hollander to join them.

Shane Hollander smiles, oblivious to the concept of desire. "Yeah, I'm running the marathon in Ottawa next week."

"That's so cool!" Luca praises. "Is the Ottawa marathon easier than the Boston marathon? Is that why you're going back?"

Hollander smiles and attempts to hide it in the rim of his glass. "No. All marathons are the same length. It's just Ottawa is still technically home so…"

Ilya watches the room fawn over the intruding man. He leaves his brooding perch on the desk. He needs a cigarette. Needs to busy his hands with something that's not remembering what if feels like to have the other man beneath him.

When Ilya gets to the roof, he turns his scowl to the skyline. He feels like an intruder in his own office building. Like a backseat driver in his own body. Maybe he shouldn't have drank so much. Maybe he should drink some more. He quietly seethes in his lonely before a voice calls out behind him.

"I didn't think you were the sort of guy to hide out at a party."

Ilya doesn't need to turn to know it was Shane Hollander. Because of course it was Shane *fucking* Hollander. Everyone else knew when to let well enough alone.

The voice gets closer, joins him on the balustrade. "You know I only came to this party because I thought you invited me. If I knew you were still mad at me, I wouldn't have come."

Ilya takes a deep drag from his cigarette. "I am not mad at you."

"Yes, you are."

"No, I am not!" Ilya snaps petulantly. "I am not anything at you."

"Then why won't you look at me."

The breeze on the roof is just strong enough to send the scent of Hollander's aftershave his way. It was minty, more cooling than the air. Ilya pollutes it back with a smoky exhale. "Because there is nothing to look at."

"God, you are such a fucking asshole!" Hollander bites back. "You know you make it really hard to apologise when you act like such a dick all the time."

"Oh, this is apology? It looks a lot like you are bothering me. All you do is bother me!"

"Sorry that I'm so fucking bothersome! Sorry I'm so boring that you can't even look at me!" Hollander tries to compose himself after the outburst. He grips the railing with bone white

knuckles. "I *am* sorry. I'm really sorry. All I've done for the past week is think about how sorry I am."

Ilya finally turns toward him. The man looks so pathetic and mournful that Ilya must immediately turn back to the nothingness of the night to distract himself. Or heaven forbid he'll do something stupid like press Hollander against the railing to kiss him or push him over the edge. Ilya wasn't sure which was worse.

Hollander translates his coldness to vulnerability. "I didn't realise how shitty it was for me to ambush you like I did. But I get it now. I should have told you that I… I should have told you that it was my first time. But I thought if you knew you wouldn't want to. And actually saying that quiet part out loud makes me feel like an even bigger piece of shit. I was selfish, and stupid, and I can't tell you how sorry I am."

Ilya lets his cigarette extinguish. He drops it into the night below. "There is nothing to be sorry about. It happened."

"It did. And I can't take it back. I would if I could even…." His words trail off. "…even if I don't really want to. And maybe that's the worst part. Or maybe the worst part is that after all of this you still hate me."

"I don't hate you, Hollander." Ilya's voice quivers slightly. He puts another cigarette between his lips to muffle his words. He tries to light it and fails. The clicking of the lighter acts as a metronome to the draw of his words. "I hate who you could have been."

"What do you mean?"

Ilya prays for the strength to leave. Prays to never have to look into Shane Hollander's too brown eyes and hurt him again. But the light pollution that voids the sky of stars is so unforgiving that Ilya's prayers bounce right off.

So instead, he speaks.

"I hate who you would be right now if your first time was different. If you had reached out to different studio instead of mine. I know what those men are like. I have seen what they do to people like you who don't know better. I know what they would have taken from you."

He feels Hollander stiffen beside him. His dress shirt was thin. He was probably cold.

Ilya's words are not warming. "That is why I can't look at you. Because I see what those men could have made you. It makes me sick."

The silence stretches on. The other man braves against it with a tired sigh. "I know that this is ironic to say to the guy who took my virginity, but you do know I'm not some innocent sheltered maiden, right? I know how to look after myself."

Ilya lets out a short humourless laugh around the now burning cigarette. "No, you don't. You would not have asked me to stay if you did."

Hollander appears in his peripheral, his elbow brushing against Ilya's. "Then I guess it's a good thing I chose you then."

"No. I think that is the worst thing."

The worst thing is that Ilya wanted to stay with him that night. The worst thing is that Ilya knows how much the other man had needed him to. The worst thing is that Ilya would love nothing more than to ruin Shane Hollander for anyone else.

But this touched yet untouchable version of Shane Hollander can think only of everyone else. "I'll take the livestream down. I can't stop people re-posting it online, but I'll copyright strike anyone I find. I'm hiring people to help me with stuff like that now. I think you're right. It's too risky trying to do this on my own anymore." Then he looks at Ilya with a look bordering on desperation. "And you can have the money from the livestream, all of it."

"I don't want your money, Hollander." Ilya spits.

"I know it's not about the money. I just don't know how to make things right between us again. I want to go back there. Back to when it worked."

Maybe the real worst part is that they did work so well together. Ilya knew everything Shane Hollander was going to do the exact moment he did it. He was like a phantom limb, reckless yet united by the same initial impulse.

"You should keep livestream up," Ilya tells the man in a hopefully even tone. "It was good."

Hollander smiles. "It was good. *Really* good."

Their elbows brush against each other. This is the perfect storybook ending for the two of them. A clean sever right down the middle, each of them leaving perfectly even halves. But Shane Hollander ruins it the way he always does, with a sincere tone and pretty unblinking eyes.

"And it was always going to be you. It couldn't have been with anyone else."

His sweet words can't echo a victory lap before Ilya cuts in. "I think you should quit while you are ahead."

"Why?" Hollander smirks, leaning closer towards him. "Scared of a little competition?"

Ilya looks at him, really looks at him, and his heart turns like a spit inside of his chest. "You terrify me, Shane Hollander."

Everything returns to its regularly scheduled programming first thing on Monday morning. Before he even has time to digest his fast-food breakfast, Ilya is balls deep inside a woman.

He's trying his very best to put on a good show even if all he can think about is the look on Shane Hollander's face before he left for good. His scene partner's black hair and freckles weren't helping either. Maybe he'll feel better if Hayley stops riding him and turns over. They had been fucking for hours, and his treacherous dick couldn't pick out an orgasm from a lineup. Ilya wasn't even doing most of the work and he was exhausted.

The feeling is obviously mutual by the way the woman on top of him stills. Svetlana has her head in her hands as she yells, "Cut!"

Despite his absentmindedness, Ilya is conscious enough to remember his manners. He helps Hayley off his half-hard cock and onto the sweat drenched bed sheets. The dark-haired woman pats him on the shoulder with a look of mocking pity. "Don't worry, stallion. It happens to every man."

Ilya sits up with a huff. "I am not every man. I am Ilya goddamn Rozanov. This does not happen to me."

Hayley smiles into her water bottle that Luca hands her. "Yet here we are. We've been fucking for so long I think you might have given my vagina friction burn."

"I am sorry, are you okay? I did not mean to hurt you," Ilya frets.

The woman slaps his concerned hands away with a laugh.

He rarely worked with the same performer twice, but Hayley was a lot of fun. She once was officially signed to their studio before semi-retiring a few years ago. She only volunteered for a shoot when she was bored or wanted some extra spending money. Their last shoot together was while she was raising money for her and her wife's IVF. Years later, her twin daughters called him Uncle Ilya and the stretch marks on her body were the only sign that time had passed between them. They were still comfortable with each other. And worse than that, Hayley could still read him like a book.

"I guess I'm just not doing it for you anymore," she says with feigned offence.

Ilya tucks a strand of hair behind her ear. "Never! You are so beautiful."

"Just not quite as young and beautiful as a certain Canadian cam boy?"

"I don't know what you mean?!" Ilya dismisses desperately. "I am just having off day. There is bird outside window watching me. It is making my dick shy."

Hayley looks to the set window. The painted backdrop of the sky as bare as the two of them. "You are famously very shy when you have sex. Do you want me to close the curtains? Should I have all the cameras leave? How about some missionary in the dark?"

Ilya crosses his arms. "You are right, maybe it is you that makes my dick soft."

The other woman's cackling is cut off by Svetlana's hard expression as she approaches the bed. "We stop filming today. I am sorry, Hayley. We will still pay you for full scene. We will try re-shoot later when works for you."

Hayley picks up the robe tossed on to the bed. She stretches like a feline as she pantomimes her exit. "Oh no, I'll have to go home early with full pay and help my beautiful wife make a pot roast. How will my ego recover from this crushing blow?"

Svetlana joins her laughter.

Ilya feels humiliation between his aching bones. "No, we can finish shoot. I am ready."

The two women look down at his now soft dick. Zane joins in with a sincere professional insight. "I mean we could use cetaphil to fake a come-shot. That way Hayley doesn't have to travel all the way again. We haven't used it since… ever. But there might be a bottle hanging around here somewhere."

"I do not need fake fucking come-shot!" Ilya bellows righteously. Although not many things sound righteous coming from a naked man with a wounded pride. "I do not need to fake things. I am good at sex. The best at sex. I just need a second without everyone bothering me."

Svetlana kicks the bed. "We do not have a second. You have fucked poor Hayley for so long she needs to sit on an ice pack. You should say sorry for wasting time, not yelling like spoiled brat!"

A retort dies on his lips. Ilya looks at the floor. "I am sorry, Hayley. And to Hayley's sore pussy."

Hayley kisses him on the forehead. "Don't stress handsome. You still on to babysit on Thursday?"

The thought makes him smile. "Of course. I will feed babies lots of sugar and train dog to shit in house."

"Then I will tell everyone on reddit about your erectile dysfunction," she teases back while pinching his ear.

Ilya leans into her hand as she moves it to rub his cheekbone, head dropping when she leaves both him and the set. He tries to avoid Svetlana's stare, scared he'll find genuine disappointment there.

Instead, she hands him a robe. "Come upstairs to office when you are tired of sulking. We need to talk."

When she leaves Wyatt offers him a pitying look. "Don't worry man. It happens to all of us."

"Fuck off, Wyatt. Tell that to your dick next time you come two seconds into shoot."

In an act of pathetic defiance, Ilya refuses to shower before following Svetlana. It has everything to do with radiating authority in his baby pink dress robe as he struts through the office. It definitely has nothing to do with dodging another teasing remark about his lacklustre performance from the crew. Svetlana wouldn't tease him. But she would play with him.

As he knocks on the office door, she has the audacity to ask, "Who is it?"

Ilya kicks the door open. "Obviously me."

Svetlana puts on her lens-less glasses and pretends to type on her keyboard. "You know the rules. Do not storm into my office. Go outside and knock again."

Embarrassingly, he complies.

Once again, "Who is it?"

"It is handsome Russian man who will punch your stupid door if he has to wait any longer."

"I don't know any handsome Russian men. Do you have an appointment?"

"Svetlana!"

"Fine, come in." She was still looking proud behind her desk. She juggles a bunch of empty papers with the illusion of professionalism. "You can take a seat."

Ilya throws himself into the office chair across from her. He was aware that his spread legs left nothing to the imagination as the thin robe flutters open.

Svetlana eyes his dick and then his face with equal annoyance. "Are you going to tell me what's going on with you?"

"Nothing is going on."

"Don't lie to me." Her eyes flicker serious. "You have never lied to me before."

"I am not lying." But Ilya can't hold her gaze.

"Did something happen during the livestream? You were so excited before-"

"-I was not *excited,"* Ilya ruffles, "I am not a puppy."

"You were excited. I know you. And I know you have been different since then." Svetlana follows his face as he fascinates himself with her office decor.

She has a plastic plant that still looked like it was dying. There's a mirror behind her revealing that she was halfway through a game of minesweeper on her computer. There's an obnoxiously loud clock whose ticks stretch long through their silence.

When all else fails, she nudges his bare leg under the table. "I like Shane Hollander very much. I think he is a nice boy. He is very pretty. Has made studio a lot of money," she says, sincerity turning biting. "But if he hurt you, I will drive to Canada and bash his pretty face in with a sledgehammer."

Ilya smiles at the absurdity. That Shane Hollander could hurt a fly, not that Svetlana wouldn't commit a felony for him. She had done a lot worse to a lot more powerful. He turns their

shuffling feet to a game of footsies. "You are so sexy when you are scary."

"And you are so pathetic when you try and distract me." She dodges his feet. "What happened?"

"Nothing happened."

The woman turns back to the game on her computer unconvinced. "Fine. So, you will work with him again?"

Ilya winces as she hits a mine. "No."

"Why not?"

"No reason. He is boring."

Svetlana raises an eyebrow and scoffs. "I watched livestream. I know you were many things. Bored is not one of them." She eyes her next target. "Then if Shane Hollander is too boring for you, he will work with someone else. He will be good with Luca."

Ilya takes the bait and jumps up with a cry. "No!"

"Why not? He is very interested."

"He is a total bottom," Ilya summons as an excuse. "What will they do, scissor?"

She huffs. "Fine. Then Troy. He's versatile."

"No! Harris will be too jealous."

"Harris is a professional. And they are not even together. What about Evan?"

"No! He is more boring than Hollander. It will send viewers to sleep."

She smirks so fiercely that Ilya swears he sees fangs. "Does he like women? Maybe I will have a go."

"No."

"No he doesn't like women? Or no like you have something rude to say about me too?"

Ilya pouts. "Just no."

She throws her hands in the air. "Well, I have run out of people. Since you're such an expert, why don't you describe perfect scene partner for Shane Hollander. I will walk the streets and scout for him." She grabs one of the papers from her neat pile and wields a pen like a dagger. "Let's think," she narrates as she starts drawing. "Maybe six foot three, nine-inch cock, stupid punchable face, likes to lose my studio money." She holds up a caricature doodle of Ilya's frowning face. It was scarily accurate. "Where do you think I can find a man like this?"

Ilya deadpans. "Maybe we sell studio and you can do stand up. You are so funny."

Svetlana puts the drawing into her outgoing box, ready to frame it later. "We do not need to sell studio if studio keeps making money. Shane Hollander makes us a lot of money."

The thought of the other man causes a ripple of need to surge through Ilya's body. He tries to disguise it with a shrug.

It doesn't work. Svetlana scowls. "He will go somewhere else. Is that what you want?"

The thought of other men touching Shane Hollander causes a ripple of anxiety to surge through Ilya's body. He tries to disguise it with a scoff.

It doesn't work. "Hollander will do whatever he wants. He always does. He is not my problem."

"But you are my problem," Svetlana rivals.

Ilya sinks into his chair, hoping the world will swallow him whole.

Svetlana gets up from her chair and sits on the desk in front of him. Her hands are soft and familiar as they tangle into his hair. "I will never make you do something you don't want to do. So, I will drop it for now." Her grip in his curls borders on uncomfortable. "But when this blows up in your face, don't say I didn't warn you."

Ilya might get Shane Hollander out of his life, but he can't get him off his timeline. His phone has a really bad habit of showing the man's Instagram page when his name was in the search bar. Ilya wasn't a technology guy, so he has no idea what he's supposed to do about this glitch. He left helpless as he scrolls through pages of posts into the early hours of the morning until his eyes hurt from the artificial glare. Even with his eyes closed the images were still there.

Shane Hollander with his cute dog on a hiking trail. Shane Hollander in tiny swimming trunks and glistening abs. Shane Hollander holding a medal at the end of a marathon with a big smile on his stupid face.

The only interruption comes in the form of a text.

Svetlana: *You know your Instagram likes are public?*

Svetlana: *Very embarrassing for you.*

Ilya has no idea what she means. He didn't use social media often. Harris started restricting his access last year after Ilya posted one little dick pic. Okay his dick wasn't little. It was actually very big and the lighting and framing was exceptional, so of course he had to share it with the world. But it was such a little issue that he didn't understand why the studio's social media manager had yelled at him for so long. How was Ilya supposed to know that it was

"violating the terms and conditions"? And how come the picture of Hollander with his pert ass wrapped in sinfully small shorts doing yoga wasn't *"violating the terms and conditions"*? It was violating every second of Ilya's consciousness.

He clicks the image to make it bigger. It was such a naughty photo. It was also the picture of innocence. Shane Hollander looked happy. Like he has a normal life with friends and family and hobbies. Like he leaves his house and did things instead of sitting alone in his bed on a Saturday night staring at a phone he didn't understand.

But it was kinder to be cruel, Ilya was taught that lesson early in life. By abandoning Shane Hollander, he had let him live the normal life that he was supposed to. Besides, Hollander looks better in natural lighting. He looks tangible, like Ilya could reach out and touch him through the screen. It was all a deliberate part of the act. But Ilya sees parts of the real man in his selfies. The way he holds himself upright. The way his smile is never sure of itself. The way he can't quite look at the camera.

Ilya scrolls through pages of pictures until the most recent one catches his eye. It was of Shane Hollander sitting pretty on a loveseat dressed only in a thin robe, a man's hand on his upper thigh. The caption reads:

‘I had an amazing day *@KingfisherStudios* thanks to the wonderful *@ScottHunter* for being so accommodating!’

In his surprise, Ilya accidentally drops his phone on his face. He sits up with a curse. But he doesn't nurse his wounds for long until he's frantically searching for his phone on the crumpled bedsheets. He reads the caption again and again, hoping it was all an elaborate hallucination. Because it sounds an awful lot like Shane Hollander was fucking his arch-rival.

Okay, maybe arch-rival was a little strong. Ilya secretly has a lot of respect for the other porn star. Scott Hunter was boring and weirdly prudish and so old he definitely needed Viagra to keep it up. But he was objectively *nice*. And Ilya didn't do nice. Except the time he did Scott Hunter. And it wasn't a nice time. It was years ago now and Ilya remembers fucking Scott Hunter like he was a household chore. Said man was equally unimpressed when Ilya told him such. Ilya had endured the encounter by pretending the albeit handsome man was someone more exciting. It was a long shoot of vanilla sex and bickering that had produced a very mediocre porno to middling success. The two of them vowed to never work together again.

Although, Ilya made that same vow to Shane Hollander. And the universe has a sick sense of humour.

He analyses the caption again hoping to prove his suspicions wrong. Ilya wasn't sure if it was his insomnia or his general poor language skills that were making it so unthinkable. He googles the word accommodating.

'Accommodating: willing to please. For example: *He was an open and accommodating host.'*

Ilya seethes. Of course Scott Hunter was "willing to please" Shane Hollander in his boring studio. Of course Shane Hollander was going to "open" to his precious host. Of course two of

Ilya's mistakes would come back to bite him in the ass. Or should he say, fuck each other in the ass while he watches on. Except he shouldn't watch it.

Or should he?

He opens another tab with little hesitation and types in *Kingfisher Studios*. There, at top billing, sits their video. It was titled *'Stud Scott Hunter Takes Bottom Shane Hollander Under His Wing.'* Well, that was false advertising, Ilya critiques. Hunter was too old to be a stud. He was like one of those old lame racing horses that was on the cusp of being turned into glue. And he couldn't take anyone under his wing if he tried. Even someone as unexperienced as Hollander knew how to take it better. Scott Hunter couldn't even take a fucking joke.

The video plays on regardless of his annoyance. A soft seductive piano plays in the background as it opens on them kissing. They were both simply clothed and their mouths were barely open. It was like watching two missionaries lose their virginity on their wedding night. Ilya clicks the dislike button when they finally make it to the bed. The camerawork was equally as uninspiring as the subject matter. It focuses on Scott Hunter's hands and not the other's thighs as he's laid bare to the world. When the camera finally pans to Shane Hollander, Ilya drops his phone again in sheer disbelief.

Because they concealed his freckles. The stupid makeup team made him look like a bare faced doll. Ilya knew it was a cosmetic blush on his cheeks too. Ilya knew what it took to make the other man turn red and Scott Hunter's missionary was not it.

He thinks back to how nervous Hollander was all those weeks ago. Ilya pauses the video and tries to search for any sign of discomfort in the other man's face. Scott Hunter wasn't small by any shot, but he was not as impressive as Ilya or the diverse array of sex toys in Hollander's bedside table. When he hits play again Hollander's moans are like Hunter's thrusts, short and shallow. He wasn't in pain. And he was looking at Scott Hunter with a genuine spark of desire. It was definitely exaggerated though. Every time the scene cut to another lacklustre position Hollander's eyes search for more. Not enough for the regular viewer to notice. But enough for Ilya to pride himself on.

Ilya watches every twenty-three minutes of the porno. He waits for it to get more exciting. Then he waits for it to get more scary. Luckily, it coasts by in the realm of mediocrity. Hollander comes all over himself at the end. Just once, Ilya notes with scathing criticism. Scott Hunter takes off his condom and meets the mess with his eyes closed. Like he didn't have Shane Hollander lying underneath him like a prize.

Ilya tries to dislike the video again, but he just undoes it. He dislikes it again and scrolls down to the comments to give the studio a piece of his mind. He pauses when he finds genuine praise.

SammiX: *need more from this bottom*

JackkOff: *the chemistry is so fcking hot i can't work out which one i want more*

Anon69: *thought scott hunter would have the balls to finally creampie this bitch!*

He reports the last comment for enticing hate speech. Only a random porn account with no profile picture would spout such stupid to the world. Like Scott Hunter had bigger balls than Ilya Rozanov. It was bullshit. Almost as bullshit as thinking a random nobody can order around a performer that they never have a chance with. Ordering around Shane Hollander was Ilya's job. Or at least it was.

He wonders if Hollander was reading these comments too. He cares a lot about what other people think of him after all. Ilya tries not to read negative comments on his site, mostly because he actually made good content and his audience loves him. But he was aware that some viewers had been annoyed that he and Hollander hadn't had penetrative sex during the video on their site. The distant eyes of these strangers didn't know about Hollander's nerves before the shoot. Most of them wouldn't have cared anyway.

Ilya's stomach curdles with anxiety. He thinks of Shane Hollander reading comments from their video, hunched over and vulnerable. Was Ilya's fanbase the reason he felt pressured to lose his virginity on camera? The accusation is so sudden and sobering that Ilya closes the tab in disgust. Had Hollander reached out to Scott Hunter just to prove to Ilya that he was wanted? The terrifying nightmare snowballs each anxiety into the next. The next question makes bile rise in Ilya's throat:

What was Shane Hollander going to do next?

It was Saturday today. Hollander always streamed on Saturdays.

His fingers shake as he pulls up Svetlana's message chain and clicks the familiar purple hyperlink. The even more familiar warning pops up: *'Content Unavailable: Must be a silver tier subscriber or higher to view this creator's content.'*

Of course, Ilya deleted his account in rage last time. He decides to create a new profile. When it asks for a username, he can't muster enough logic to lie. **IlyaRozanov.**

Taken.

Taken?! That was his name. He should file a police report for stolen identity. Right after he files a missing person report on Shane Hollander's audacity. Fine: **OfficialIlyaRozanov.** Taken. Fuck this. What was his old account again? Maybe he could just log back in. **GooseFork**. Taken. Yeah, no shit. But what was his password? He thinks back to the last time he scrolled through the man's OnlyFans. He used the same password for everything to Svetlana's annoyance. But Ilya must have typed it in wrong because he was too busy stroking his cock with the other hand. God, he was such an idiot. He was running out of time. He'll just pay again and create a new account.**FuckingGooseFork**.

'Sorry your password cannot contain inappropriate language.'

Inappropriate language?! The stupid page was just a glorified gatekeeper for the most inappropriate content Ilya had ever seen. And he was a porn star. He sighs. He was a smart man with interesting innovative ideas. He could solve this riddle. **FckinGooseFork.** Accepted.

Finally.

It takes a while for the profile to load. Ilya barely has time to admire the new photos of Shane Hollander's naked body before he's joining the livestream.

It takes even longer for Ilya to return to himself when he sees the now live and mostly undressed man. He was alone. For now, at least. The stream timer shows it had been going on for over an hour already. Hollander was mid-monologue.

"-or maybe you guys would prefer it if I kept it on?"

Shane Hollander fiddles with the edge of his hockey jersey, his pert cheeks barely on show. Ilya forgets his noble cause the moment he sees the freckles on the man's inner thigh. And the ones sitting pride of place on his flushed cheeks. The crowd of fans block Ilya's view with messages. Ilya searches the chat for criticisms or any sign of Scott Hunter's name, but it was moving too fast for him to read.

Despite himself, Ilya decides to join the noise. He types in the chat-box.

FckinGooseFork: *when is scott hunter???*

Hollander arches his back and bites his lip like a shy virgin. And both Ilya and the rest of the viewers came here from the video of him getting fucked on camera, so they knew it was all a facade. But it didn't stop it looking so good. Hollander basks in the attention like a lazy cat in the sun. He stops preening when he reads Ilya's message.

"Sorry to disappoint everyone but I'm all alone today," he reaches down to stroke his still covered cock. "And I'm *so* lonely."

Ilya snorts at the absurdity. Then revels in his victory. Of course Scott Hunter wasn't invited back for a repeat performance. Of course Hollander was just as unimpressed with him as Ilya was. He wonders if Hollander had to sit through a boring explanation of whatever murder podcast Hunter was listening to between takes. He wonders more darkly if he had a similar encounter on a rooftop where Scott Hunter yelled at him and left him with tears in his big brown eyes.

Then Hollander bites the hem of the jersey revealing his pretty cock, then Ilya thinks of nothing else.

His strokes are controlled and deliberate. He was already leaking all over his hand desperately. Ilya wonders how much teasing he had missed while he was watching the man's latest collaboration. His own cock had sat through Hunter's boring porno without so much of a twitch, but now it was standing to attention at the mere sight of Hollander's body. Because he was actually enjoying it. Enjoying the mastery of his own hands. Enjoying the feeling of falling apart live in front of so many faceless strangers.

Hollander spreads his legs revealing his hole, pink and empty but full of so many wicked possibilities.

Ilya strokes his cock in time. He thinks of the last time he bore witness to the sight. The room Hollander was currently streaming from was unfamiliar to him. But Ilya remembers that he was travelling back home to Canada. Was this his actual bedroom? Ilya hopes pathetically. Where these his real bedsheets he was defiling? Was the view outside his window the one he woke up to every morning? The thought makes Ilya's cock twitch. The fantasy was somehow even better than the reality of the man currently spread out in front of him. The thought of Shane Hollander waking up in the morning, usually tamed hair a mess to match his pillow as he turns towards Ilya and grinds against his morning erection.

Unlike his last shoot, Ilya comes in three measly strokes. The humiliation burns like wildfire across his skin.

Shane Hollander outlasts him on screen.

"Don't forget about the blind auction guys," he plugs mid tug, "winner gets a private show from me."

Ilya stands to attention once more. Mentally not physically. His dysfunctional dick too spent from his premature release. *Blind auction?* Was this another idiom. Surely the man wasn't selling himself so openly.

Thousands of hungry messages invade the screen, desperate pleas for more even if Hollander was already presenting all the goods he has to offer.

"You guys are so good to me," Hollander lies in stereo. "I think you've earned a treat."

Ilya moves to the chat-box to voice his anxieties before Hollander shuffles over to his bedside table. His ass was on full display now. He was so open. So, *accommodating.* The word makes Ilya cringe.

As he moves back into frame, Hollander is wielding a very impressive sex toy. He points it at the screen like a perverted teacher schooling a rambunctious class. "How about we have a contest? Whoever donates the most money in the next five minutes gets to control the speed of this."

He clicks the button at the base and a loud humming sounds out.

The chat goes wild. They weren't even talking anymore, just opening their wallets like they were watching the shopping channel.

OperaticWall donated $200 with the message: *plz bby let me*

Wolfmann donated $500 with the message: *i can make you feel better than that toy*

NeedyWombat donated $1000 with the message: *say my name when you come*

Hollander's smile threatens to twitch into a smirk. "Oh Wombat, you're so sweet." He spreads his legs again. His hole winks at the camera. "Promise you'll be nice to me. I've never done anything like this before."

Ilya audibly gags at the memory of those same words from those same lips.

He exits the stream.

He's left alone with his own thoughts. His only company is Hollander's profile picture. His seductive smile is haunting. There's a link in his bio to his 'silent auction.'

Suddenly, Ilya remembers every man and every paycheck he cashed in with perfect clarity. He remembers every touch and direction. Every sobering regret and anxious performance. He thinks of those same hands on Shane Hollander. He thinks of every man worse than Scott Hunter asking for more. Thinks of Shane Hollander as an empty well and the thirst he has for him. Thinks of every dollar amount in his bank account as he lies parched and alone at the end of every stream.

Ilya clicks the link and donates ten thousand dollars.

From the moment he wins the auction, Ilya doesn't sleep. It doesn't help that Svetlana calls to yell at him every hour in deafening Russian since checking his bank statement. Apparently, it looks suspiciously like money laundering when you move large portions of money to a random Canadian bank account at midnight. Ilya wasn't the brains of the operation, so he has no idea how he was supposed to know that organically. Svetlana probes him about his motivation hoping to sort out this mess before he gets investigated by the IRS. But the threat of the woman knowing where and why he spent that money is far worse than any prison sentence. Besides, Ilya would do well in prison. He was attractive and he might finally get some free time to wallow in his own misery.

Normally he'll throw himself into his work until he collapses from exhaustion. But he's still avoiding Svetlana like the plague and his erection was still on sabbatical. Other times he'll go out and get drunk. But if sober him was this stupid then he fears what he'll do if his inhibitions were even lower. Maybe drive to New York and smash up Scott Hunter's practical eco-friendly car with a baseball bat. But the traffic was always shit this time of night.

Instead, he sits in front of his laptop waiting for Shane Hollander to enter the virtual room with the realisation that he has no idea what he was doing. Was he hoping to humiliate the man with a scathing review of his most recent porno? Or was he going to reveal is identity so they could bicker once more just so Ilya can get the last word? Or should he have the man reenact every dirty fantasy that crossed his sleep deprived mind?

When Shane Hollander appears on screen, Ilya remains muted both online and in person. He was wearing an oversized white dress shirt and what looked like nothing else. His legs were crossed in his signature pose in the centre of the mattress, the material just long enough to cover up whatever dignity he has left.

"Hi," Hollander says with an awkward shuffle. He looks so tiny in the middle of Ilya's screen. The big empty bed around him looks like it was ready to swallow him whole. "Sorry if this is awkward. I don't really know how I'm supposed to start this. I usually just wait for everyone to arrive, but it's just you. And you're already here."

Except Ilya wasn't sure he was really here. It was like his own personal hell and heaven all tied up in a pretty little bow.

FckinGooseFork: *hi*

The beautiful man on screen smiles. And like every time he performs, it doesn't quite meet his eyes. He flutters his eyelashes as he focuses on the black screen, pretending it was a lover. "Hi! Congratulations on winning the auction. I had no idea that someone was going to be this generous."

He leans forward, showing the curve of his ass beneath the billowy material. Ilya remembers that identical pose before Hollander swallowed him whole at the studio. Ilya remembers being deep inside him in front of that same camera. Then he remembers the aftermath and his fickle cock dies once more.

Oblivious to his breakdown, Hollander bites his lip. "I can't wait to show how grateful I am. It's not very often someone gets me all to themselves. I'm sure you've got lots of ideas on how I can thank you." He arches his back even more. "I'm sure I can be very *accommodating* to all your requests."

Ilya's hatred of that word spurs more.

FckinGooseFork: *ok can you stop?*

In his offence, Hollander drops the act entirely. What's left behind is an unsure man fidgeting under the weight of his insecurity. "Sorry. Did I do something wrong? Do you want your money back?"

A small spike of guilt twist in his gut. Ilya has no idea what he was supposed to say or do.

FckinGooseFork: *no i want you to have the money*

Hollander squints trying to read the message. He doesn't look any less confused when his face relaxes. "I just feel like you're not really into it- *which is fine!* Honestly. It's a lot of money and I'm not really earning it."

Ilya's fingers move on their own accord as he types: *'you are enough just as you are.'* But he can't muster the strength to send it. He deletes it and settles on a simple:

FckinGooseFork: *just want you to talk to me*

But that wasn't true. Ilya wants the other man to scream for him. If he can't have Hollander here, he wants him everywhere all to himself. Wants to know what he sounds like full of passion in any context. Wants anything but the indifference of him from so many miles away poorly translated through the tiny pixels of Ilya's crappy laptop.

Ilya wasn't sure if the silence is long, but he knows it's awkward.

Hollander wraps his arms around his knees and brings them to his chest. "I don't really have anything to say. I'm not that interesting."

FckinGooseFork: *i know i like it*

This makes him laugh. The sound is so authentic that Ilya grins like an idiot right back. Hollander can't see him obviously. But he musters enough imagination to sound charming. "You're supposed to disagree. Tell me I'm smart and funny and totally worth ten thousand dollars an hour." Saying the number out loud looks to sober him a little. "What do you usually like watching me do?"

Ilya likes watching him scowl from across the room. Ilya likes making him blush and fluster under the smallest amount of pressure. Ilya likes watching Hollander watching him the most. But he can't say that without giving his identity away, so he settles on a dry swallow lie that's easier to stomach.

FckinGooseFork: *i like your cute dog*

"Ginger?" Hollander perks up, tone somewhat confused. "Yeah, she's the best. She's downstairs. I normally have a friend dog sit when I'm streaming but she's been really well behaved today. I could wake her up so you can meet her, if you'd like?"

Idioms still confuse him, but Ilya was fairly certain there was a saying somewhere about letting sleeping dogs lie. But Ilya can't leave anything he wants alone for long. That's why he was here after all.

FckinGooseFork: *that okay? i not want to be annoying*

"No, It's fine!" Hollander replies but his tone says otherwise. For a moment Ilya thinks the man will deflate again or finally give Ilya the dismissal he knows he deserves. But Shane Hollander was so *accommodating.* He stretches out his long legs as he climbs off the bed. Ilya can see a hint of his bare ass under his oversized shirt. The man on screen smooths it back down as he walks out of frame. Then he runs back and jump-scares with his face too close to the screen. "I'll just be a second. Wait here!"

Ilya looks around his own empty bedroom. Like he has anywhere else to be.

The sounds of faint footsteps can be heard as the man races back out of frame. It must be a big house considering the amount of time it takes him to return. When his socked feet sound again, it's followed by the clicking of paws on the hardwood floor.

A wagging tail is the first thing in frame. Then Hollander's swaying backside. Both so eager to please.

Hollander has a treat in his hand. He dangles it just out of reach. "Ginger, sit!"

She does.

Ilya coos like he was watching the most absurd circus act of all time.

FckinGooseFork: *she is such a good girl*

Hollander smiles at the screen. "Only when she wants to be. She's very food motivated. I don't really mind it when she's naughty because it means she loses some weight." The dog seems to take that as a challenge as she escapes from their cuddle to lie down on the comfy bed. "Bad girl, *off!"*

Both the dog and Ilya blink at him dumbly. Neither of them moves.

"Ginger! You know you're not allowed up there. Your paws are dirty, off!"

When she whimpers, Ilya comes to her defence.

FckinGooseFork: *i will pay for dry clean pls let her stay!!*

The chat notification sound finally makes Hollander take his hands off his hips. Ilya can sense his mental turmoil even through the screen as he tries to work out his lone viewer's angle.

"Fine," Hollander surrenders, because of course he does. Ilya can't imagine a better place to be than in bed with a cute dog, but the man on screen sits on the mattress like he was waiting to be sentenced.

Ginger however, basks in it. The perfect pup rests her head on Hollander's lap and looks at the laptop with mild interest. If she could read, she would be thanking her generous donor. Ilya strokes her tiny head on the screen, leaving a large smudge across the monitor.

FckinGooseFork: *she is so cute!! you can leave now*

Ginger's head bobs as Hollander lets out a guttural laugh. "You're such an asshole! If you don't want me to stroke my dick, you at least have to stroke my ego a little."

FckinGooseFork: *no asshole no stroke just talk*

It's another test of obedience. Hollander pushes back. "Do you want to use the voice chat? It might be easier for you to talk that way."

Ilya's hands falter on the keyboard. He imagines another reality where he was brave enough to try, see if the man could recognise him. Somehow that reality is worse than this one where he remains anonymous.

FckinGooseFork: *no my english not good*

Luckily, Hollander buys it. It wasn’t far from the truth after all. "Oh, okay. Where are you from?"

FckinGooseFork: *i not want to talk about me*

FckinGooseFork: *i am even more boring than you*

When Hollander looks offended, Ilya quickly adds:

FckinGooseFork: *i just like your voice it makes me sleepy*

Hollander summons a teasing smile that Ilya's sure he taught him. "So, I'm so boring I make you fall asleep? That's a line I've never heard before." He looks around the room for inspiration. His unsure hands find purchase on his dog. He tangles his worry into her fur. "I don't know what to say. I guess you like dogs. Ginger's a rescue from my local shelter. She was anxious so they couldn't find a good home for her. But she's really settled with me. I got one of those dog DNA things last Christmas because the shelter thought she was a cross breed. But I think it was a total scam because it said she was half chihuahua. Which is bullshit because she's actually taller than most shibas. And I think it's like physically impossible for a chihuahua to be able to mount a dog that big."

Ilya laughs at the insane image and the ruffle of the man's brow as he fills the air with calming nonsense.

The man continues to rebel against the silence. "I got her when I started my channel. Maybe you knew that already. I don't know if you've been a subscriber for long. I don't think I recognise your username. A lot of people are new."

FckinGooseFork: *lot of people came from rozanov?*

"Yeah, a lot of new people. Most of them are really nice. Some of them don't get it. Like the whole camming thing. And it makes sense. It's not immediate gratification the way regular porn is. But it's not all about jerking off. I guess you know that more than anyone." He eyes the screen suspiciously. "Unless you are jerking off to this. Maybe you are. It's a weird kink but I guess there's something for everyone."

FckinGooseFork: *yes your boring is very hot for me*

FckinGooseFork: *you should do crossword*

Hollander smiles. "Maybe I'll read the *New Yorker* next. That'll really get you going"

Ilya looks at the clock in the top corner. He only had twenty minutes left of the man's undivided attention. It was a precious currency, but Ilya has no idea how to exchange it for something worthwhile. In the emptiness of his bedroom, Ilya wants nothing more than the warmth of someone next to him. And with the knowledge that wasn't going to change he settles for finding the truth instead.

FckinGooseFork: *you like rozanov?*

The mention of his name strikes fear on Hollander's face. Ilya's struck a chord. This would be the perfect opportunity for Hollander to refuse. The perfect opportunity for him to leave Ilya alone again with only his regret for company.

It takes a while for Hollander to answer, but he does. "Rozanov's… a lot, but also not."

Ilya was always too much. Too brazen. Too cocky. Too self-destructive. Too much, but never enough.

When Hollander continues his voice is almost a whisper. Ilya has to lay his head on his laptop to catch the confession. "I don't want to break the illusion for him in case you're like a big fan of his, but he's actually a great guy. His studio is really nice too. They all really care about what they do. It's different to what I'm used to."

The admission makes Ilya relax. He can't stop himself slipping deeper.

FckinGooseFork: *you like scott hunter?*

"Yeah. He's a really great guy. It was different there too."

How come Ilya was just a great guy and Scott Hunter was a *really* great guy? That was bullshit and entirely grounded in the realm of plausible believability. Ilya types his next message like a gossiping teenage girl writes in her diary.

FckinGooseFork: *good different??*

"Different different," Hollander says diplomatically. "Filming at a big studio is just a different day in the office, I guess. I like my job. I'm very lucky that I get to make a lot of money doing what I do."

It's a dismissal, finally. Hollander doesn't wish to entertain his interrogation anymore. His eyes glaze over just like it did when he was fucking Scott Hunter. The *really* great guy. Ilya wants to meet him in the place where his mind wanders too. Wants to pitch up a deck chair and bathe beside his version of escape.

FckinGooseFork: *talk about boring day again i am so close*

Hollander laughs again. Ilya wants to bottle it. "Well, I've had a very boring day, so I hope you're ready. I went to the post office because I opened this PO box so my subscribers could send me stuff. But apparently there had an issue with one of my parcels. And I was super stressed in case someone had sent me something weird. Most of my viewers just send me dildos or letters. The lady at the post office was asking what was inside this parcel they received and I had no idea what I was supposed to say. Like maybe there were batteries…."

Ilya finally falls asleep to Shane Hollander's droning voice in stereo.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the lack of sex this week. Next chapter will be really exciting because it follows Ilya being investigated by the IRS. I'm joking! Next chapter is actually my favourite and it's very sexy I promise. It will however be posted on Sunday instead of Saturday, so you'll have to be extra patient with me please. Thanks so much for reading!

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shane is uncomfortable in his own company. He tries everything to feel wanted again. He eats dinner with his parents every week, but looking at his childhood photos was like watching a boy he didn't know grow up through the eyes of a camera lens. He gets back in front of the camera, but the nameless eyes of the viewers make it easier to leave his body. He even has sex with someone else, but nothing compares to the memory of Ilya Rozanov taking him apart for the first time. For the last time. A time the other man so obviously regrets. Shane tries to cauterise the festering wound that Ilya Rozanov leaves him with by pretending everything was okay.

His parents buy it. His audience buy it, then buy access to his body. The only one who comments on it is Hayden Pike. The two of them are on their usual running route through their shared neighbourhoods. It was easier for Shane to emulate ordinary as he does the same route at the same time with the same man every day without fail. But for some unforeseen reason, Hayden peers into his heavy heart.

"Are you good? You seem… different?"

Shane tries to take the comment in his stride. "I'm fine. Just tired. Emotionally not physically."

"Obviously not physically, you run like a racehorse. I'm struggling to keep up. I can't believe you ran the entire marathon in three hours!"

"Yeah, I was having an off day. I was aiming for two and a half."

Hayden looks at him horrified. "You have the stamina of a Greek god. Or a porn star I guess."

Shane laughs.

Hayden was also an OnlyFans creator, although their content differed wildly. He was a personal trainer who had no idea when he created his profile that the platform was mostly used for porn. When he first reached out with a question about audience engagement, Shane shyly explained that he had more followers because men like looking at him naked. Instead of freaking out, the man simply replied asking Shane to drop his workout routine. Hayden was his only subscriber that viewed his content with the safe mode on. It was refreshing to be friends with a straight guy who championed his sexuality. Hayden also found it absolutely hilarious to tell everyone he met that he did OnlyFans, much to both Shane and his wife's annoyance.

"I just don't get it, why with him of all people?" Hayden huffs as they pick up the pace. He was a lot more out of breath than Shane. But he was determined to keep going to work off his

'baby weight.' Shane made a deliberate effort not to point out that eating an entire pie while your wife breastfed their newborn was not 'baby weight.'

"No offence Hayd, but I don't think gay porn is something that you can get."

"Hey! I love your gay porn. It has you in it," he nudges Shane with a smile, "I just don't want to *see* it."

Shane looks at him with mock offence. "You're such a homophobe!"

"Fuck you! I'm the best ally ever. I support everything you do. Except doing Rozanov."

Hearing the man's name said out loud feels unforgivable. Shane picks up his pace, hoping to outrun its echo. "How do you even know who he is?"

"He does straight porn as well you know. Or is it still bisexual porn? I don't know."

"Homophobe."

Hayden shoves him playfully while trying and failing to keep up. "Fuck you! I'm serious though. Why do porn when your OnlyFans is so popular? If I had the number of monthly subscribers that you did, I wouldn't do anything else. I'd retire and go off grid."

"It's good for my channel that's why. Plus, I know I'm not going to be doing this forever. All the money I'm earning I'm investing. When I'm old and washed up at thirty no one will want to see my content anyway."

"Thirty is not old, asshole. I'm thirty-three and I'm still hot! I can't keep my wife off me. Hence the four children."

There jog turns into a sprint. Shane revels in the strain. "You also have to keep working to support your four children. Either that or get a vasectomy."

"How much does a vasectomy cost?"

"We have free healthcare. And it's *way* too late for that, man."

Hayden halts, hands on his knees and panting. "Maybe me and Jackie could start a couples OnlyFans. That's a thing, right?"

Shane keeps running while standing still. "Yeah. But no offence dude I'm not sure how much money you'll make with your scheduled Friday night sex while the kids are asleep."

"Scheduled sex is the best. It's so much hotter knowing you have to hurry up and stay quiet. Maybe we'll start one, give you some ideas."

"I think Jackie could start one and make a killing." Shane teases while running laps around him. "You on the other hand…"

Hayden swats at him. When Shane dodges it effortlessly, he picks up the pace and starts chasing him down the road. "Hey people like dad bods! You're just jealous that I'd have more subscribers than you."

"Sure, Hayd!"

They keep half-play-fighting half-jogging until they make it to Hayden's home. Every house in the cul-de-sac was virtually identical and picturesque. His was identifiable only by how lived in it looked with toys littering the lawn and children's laughter flowing through the open windows.

Before he can depart, Hayden tackles him into a hug. "Love you man. Don't forget about the barbeque on Friday! Bring your gross soy protein patties."

"You're rescheduling your Friday night sex for me?" Shane marvels while wrangling himself from the man's strong grip.

"No. Me and Jackie will be fucking upstairs," Hayden releases him and quickly runs away from Shane's inevitable comeback. "Good luck babysitting my monsters, you little shit!"

Shane flips him the bird even though the man was already gone. Maybe if Hayden could keep pace like that for their whole circuit Shane wouldn't have to slow down. Maybe then it would be easier for him to run away from the impending doom of his own poor decision making.

He puts on his headphones to quell the rising thoughts of self-loathing and runs home in record time.

Ginger greets him excitedly as he walks through the door. Her tiny, excited jumps try and communicate to him as he walks past her. With his headphones still on he enters the kitchen to get a well-earned protein shake. When he closes the fridge door he's jump scared by a looming figure.

Shane flinches back with a cry, spilling his shake all over the kitchen floor and his mother's expensive shoes. The well-dressed woman looks offended, like he had somehow surprised her.

"Fucking hell, mom!" He cries as he takes off his headphones. The tinny thudding of music still heard. "You scared me."

"Don't swear!" She scolds.

"Sorry, mom." He says on instinct. "I just wasn't expecting you. How did you get in?"

"You gave me a key."

"For emergencies!"

"This is an emergency."

Shane drops the paper towel he was using to clean up the mess. His heart flips in anxious suspense. "Oh my god what happened! Is it dad?! Is he okay?"

His mom waves her hand like she was shooing a pesky fly. "Of course he's fine. He's busy sulking after he lost at scrabble. I'm here about work. I just got off the phone to the loveliest girl at-"

"-Oh my god, so this is not an emergency?"

"Yes, it is," She presses, tone firm. "It's time sensitive. Which is why I came over. You were the one who asked for help managing all your work emails. This is part of my job now. I've been managing you since the day you were born. I'd like to say I'm very good at it."

Shane needed a shower even more after her speech. He knew asking his mom offhandedly to help him with one email would lead to her taking over as manager for his porn career. When did his life become a parody of a trashy reality show?

He still cleans up her shoes because despite it all she was very good at her job and he did love her. "I don't have anything time sensitive on the calendar. If it's the guys from *Durex* you can tell them that I'm not interested. Like at all."

"It's not that." She grabs his busy hands and smiles giddily. "It's from the award committee. You've been nominated!"

Shane blinks dumbly. "What award show? You're not making any sense."

"For the AVN Awards! They're the biggest award committee in the adult industry, you haven't heard of them?"

More importantly how had his mother heard of them? Shane swallows sick as she leads him over to the kitchen island. Of course, she had brought her laptop to do admin at his house at eight o'clock in the morning.

She points to her desktop where there was an email invitation for an award show and a list of nominees. She points to his name. "See, you're nominated for 'Newcomer of the Year.' Isn't that so exciting! And it's the most difficult category to win because you can only be nominated once. Every winner has gone on to be one of the top industry earners. I've been researching it all morning. The only strange thing is that sometimes they spell it different, like: N-E-W-C-U-M-"

"-Okay!" Shane interludes with a panicked cry. "That's super interesting. But I'm not going."

She puts on her reading glasses as she looks at him. "Why not? This will be great for you. And you're already nominated. They're just inviting you to the ceremony as a formality. They want to fly you to Vegas first class. And they've reserved you a beautiful room in a five-star hotel. Which means you'll definitely win because I called around and the other nominees are staying at a motel downtown."

"Just because they want me to go doesn't mean I'm winning. And this is the first I've ever heard of an award ceremony. I can't just drop everything to go to the porn Oscars, mom."

"All your booked projects are flexible," she ensures turning back to her laptop. She was typing an email reply so fast Shane couldn't keep up. "I've already called-"

"-Mom! I love you but you can't just decide things for me." He attempts but they both knew it was a lie. Yuna Hollander has and always will do whatever she wants. "It's just one award. I'm not travelling all the way to Vegas for a trophy I don't care about."

"It's not one trophy. You've been nominated twice." She changes the tab back to the page of nominees. She points at his name again under the award *'Best Scene - Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander.*' Shane feels something akin to dread take root in the pit of his stomach. His mom continues regardless. "I've put out feelers on that award so I can't say for certain. But between you and me the other entries are very uninspiring."

How did she know that? Oh my god why was his mother so suddenly interested in gay porn? He looked around the room hoping a camera crew will jump out and reveal this was all an elaborate and sadistic prank show.

But he had a very strict no filming rule at his cottage. So, he is alone in his misery.

Shane looks at Ilya Rozanov's name with apprehension, scared it'll jump out from the screen and bite him. His tone is deliberately casual. "So, are the other nominees for this category also staying at the hotel?"

Luckily Yuna Hollander is so busy in momager mode that she doesn't school his desperate expression. "Yes. All of *Centaur Studios* are staying at the same hotel. They've been nominated for a lot of awards. They win every year."

She isn't wrong. Their studio is nominated many times. Most of them are for the production awards like 'Best Studio' or 'Best Producer,' but one of them is in such a large font that it overshadows all the others:

'Best Top - Ilya Rozanov'.

"So, when is it?" He asks, not breaking eye contact with the headlining name.

"In July. It'll be hot but a tux is professional. The award ceremony is held at your hotel, so you won't have to be out in the heat that much." She caresses his cheek. "I know how much my baby hates warm weather."

Shane headbutts her hand away. He can't stop himself from smiling. "Fine. I'll go."

"I know, sweetheart. I already sorted it all out. I'm just letting you know as a formality."

"A formality?" He snorts. "Gee, mom. Thanks for keeping me in the loop."

"Less sarcasm, more thank you."

"Thanks, mom. I appreciate you helping me. But you really don't have to go so hard with the whole…*researching* thing."

"Sorry for taking an interest in my son's career! Sorry for being proud of you!"

Shane waits for the punchline. But when he looks in his mother's eyes, he just sees his own. "You're seriously proud of me? This is what you pictured for your only son when I dropped out of college and became a cam boy."

Her face flickers with fear. Before Shane can mistranslate it, she grabs his face in her warm hands. "I am so proud of you. I know it hasn't always been easy for you. And it takes so much bravery every day for you to wake up and be who you are. And I love who you are, Shane. You'll always be the most precious perfect boy in the world to me, no matter what you do." She kisses him on the forehead. "Besides, no other mom at my book club has an award-winning son. Just wait until I wave one of your trophies in their stupid faces!"

Shane clings to her like a lifeline. "Please don't show your friends my porn trophy. Besides I might not even win."

"You will. You're my son. Winning is genetic."

"Well dad lost at scrabble, maybe I inherited his losing genes."

She raises an eyebrow at him. "No. You got my looks and winning genes. You have your dad's potty mouth and inability to spell. I checked your sent emails, Shane. Your grammar is awful. It's 'yours sincerely' not 'yours sincerity.'"

Shane sincerely wishes for some serenity. Maybe he'll find it again in Ilya Rozanov. Maybe he'll lose it again there too.

Rose offers to be his date to the award show. She had created an entire slide show presentation about why it was such a great idea. When the final slide read: *'I can be your business/wing woman for the Rozanov trilogy porno,'* Shane politely declined. However, as he enters the hotel ballroom to a sea of beautifully intimidating strangers, he wishes more than anything that someone was there beside him.

Luckily, he spots a friendly face in the crowd. Scott Hunter looks as polished as always in his tux. He commands the space in a way Shane didn't think was possible. He was tall but not overbearing and when he spoke, he always welcomes a response. Shane genuinely liked talking to him between takes at the studio. It didn't hurt that he was hot and good in bed. Not life changing, but honestly Shane had very little reference to call upon. He pinches himself at the intrusive revelation. Why did all roads lead back to Ilya Rozanov?

Shane leads himself back to the path of righteousness and towards Scott Hunter. Despite being mid conversation, the other man lights up and beckons him over. There was an incredibly handsome man standing close beside him. A man Shane hasn't met before. Still, he's greeted with a warm smile.

"Hollander, I was hoping you'd show up."

Shane isn't quite sure how to be proper under such improper circumstances. They had seen each other naked but still had a professional distance. Ignorant to the etiquette, Shane settles on a slightly shy, "Hi." He turns to the man on his arm and offers his own to shake. "And this must be your boyfriend. It's Kip, right?"

"Right! Well mostly right. I'm technically his fiancé now," he confesses showing off the expensive looking ring on his finger.

"Holy shit, congratulations!"

Scott tries to wrangle the smitten from his smile. "I'd say we should toast to it, but you've not got a drink."

"No, I don't really drink much," Shane admits and busies his empty hands by flailing them in the air. "You're not supposed to mix business and pleasure after all."

It's a crappy joke, but the two of them laugh anyway.

Scott sips his champagne flute. "That's admirable. I can't get through one of these things without one."

"Neither can I." Kip's ring clinks against his glass as he talks. "It's a great distraction from the fact I'm surrounded by people that have fucked my fiancé."

"…Right." Maybe Shane should have a drink.

Sensing his anxiety, Kip puts a warm hand on his arm. "I'm joking. I actually think it’s kind of hot. Besides I think you're amazing."

"You do?"

"Of course. Not many creators would agree to donate their revenue to charity. We're so lucky that someone with a platform as big as yours was interested in working with us."

This makes Shane blush more than the consensual infidelity. "Don't mention it really. OnlyFans is a steady stream of revenue. I'm mostly interested in branching out and collaborating with people. I'm really lucky that I got to work with *Kingfisher Studios* and your charity. It's really inspiring to work with people that really care about what they do."

"Better than Rozanov's studio I bet," Scott snorts into his glass.

Shane isn't the best at picking up social cues, but he notes the man's tone. He feels a sudden irrational urge to defend Ilya Rozanov. "*Centaur Studios* have a great team too. Even though

they're more improvised than you guys they're really big on consent and checking in. They really went out of their way to make me feel comfortable. I don't think I would have had the confidence to work with you guys if it wasn't for them."

Scott shrugs in reluctant agreement. "Well yeah, that's sort of their whole mission. I mean after all the bullshit with Crowell you can't blame them for wanting to start over."

Crowell? Shane repeats internally. The name wasn't familiar to him. He thinks of what Rozanov told him on the rooftop, of all the bad men that he feared Shane would work with. The sort of men he had worked with before.

Kip nods along. *"Centaur Studios* are great. Svetlana is a powerhouse. She'll definitely win the producer award."

"And Rozanov will win 'Best Top.' He always does," Scott's tone is bristly and it makes his fiancé laugh. "It's a bullshit system. He has twice the amount of screen partners than I do. It's all a numbers game."

Kip elbows him in the ribs. "Sweetheart, you're sounding a little biphobic."

"I didn't mean it like that," the man cries, jumping to his own defence. "I just mean that he never works with the same performer twice. As soon as they realise what a massive dick he is, everyone runs for the hills. Just ask Hollander."

"Yes, ask Hollander about my massive dick." Rozanov intrudes.

The three of them turn towards the voice. In a room full of beautiful people, he somehow rose above them all. As if everyone else was below him. Only half dressed with a bow tie hanging lazy around his neck as he saunters towards them, glass of vodka in hand. He was already rolling his eyes in bemusement. Like they had nothing to offer but mild entertainment as he kicks them with the toe of his somehow already scuffed dress shoes.

Scott Hunter notices too and braces himself by downing his champagne. "Rozanov. Always a chore, never a pleasure."

Rozanov laughs so loud Shane can feel it reverberating through his torso. "That is not what you said when I fucked you. I think it was more like: I will never have a man as good as you."

"Tell that to my fiancé."

"Okay," he turns to Kip, "He says he will never have a man as good as me."

Kip musters a rival smirk. "I find that hard to believe somehow."

"Yes. It is hard to believe he can get any man. He is so boring in bed, but you know this, I'm sure."

"Yet we're nominated for the same reward," Scott retorts through grinding teeth. "If only your dick was as big as your ego, then maybe you wouldn't have to worry about losing."

"I am not worried. You won't win," Rozanov says with such an unshakable clarity. "Calling you a top is an insult to industry. The only one less likely to win than you is Hollander."

Shane perks up at his name then deflates at the context. He tries not to let the hurt show when he looks to Rozanov to school his expression. But the man isn't even looking at him. He's only looking at Scott Hunter as he summons another comeback.

"If you don't mind, we're sort of in the middle of something. Me and Hollander are starting a support group for men you've disappointed in bed."

"And you invited your fiancé? That is what they call wishful thinking, no?" Their noses were so close they were almost touching. Rozanov winks at Kip. "He is very cute. Maybe after I win award he can see for himself what 'Best Top' is like."

Scott advances. "Maybe I'll kick your ass."

"Maybe you will fracture hip and have a fall. Then I will have to step over you to collect award. Will be very sad. Make me look like an asshole for beating old man."

"You're an asshole all on your own."

Surprisingly Rozanov is the one to back down. He keeps his bravado by fake yawning as he backs away. "All this talk of your asshole is boring me. I should leave. I have so many fans to meet and greet." He turns to Shane. "Hollander."

Shane swallows stale air. "Rozanov."

The man leans towards him, not close enough to touch but close enough to remember what touching him feels like. He looked so deliciously handsome yet so intangible, like a mirage. "Do not forget to thank me in your acceptance speech," he says to Shane. Then he turns to Scott. "And don't forget to thank me after mine."

Then he does what he does best and leaves Shane in his humiliation. It would be easy to find him again in the crowd. Everything in the universe exists in his orbit. Shane refuses the pull.

Scott lets out the breath he was holding. "God, he is such a fucking asshole."

"Yeah," Shane shuffles. "He's the worst."

"He's so hot though," Kip adds.

Scott turns to him with full offence. "Hey! He's already going home with my trophy. He can’t take my fiancé with him too."

"Why don't you take me to my seat then. Before another sexy man propositions me."

Shane watches the two of them kiss sweetly, unbothered by the crowds of people beside them. He can't imagine loving someone in such a simple way. He can't imagine bringing an actual date to a work function and it not being the most absurd thing in the world.

Kip is kind enough to include him in their departure. "You coming, Shane? The ceremony is starting soon, and it'll be nice to sit together. If I sit next to you, they might show me on screen when you win. It might be my only chance considering my fiancé is a lost cause."

"Nice for the support, babe!"

Shane laughs and follows behind them. "I'm probably not going to win."

"You will," Scott assures as they find their seats. "You're easily the best in that category. Even if you're only credited for two scenes this year. You're like Anthony Hopkins."

Shane picks up the program from the chair before he sits down. He squints at the mass of names. "Is he one of the other nominees?"

Scott laughs. "No! He's an actor. Like a real actor. He won the Oscar for 'Silence of the Lambs.' He was only on screen for less than twenty minutes but still took home the trophy."

"Great. So, I'll just try and be like him."

"Well don't be completely like him. He was a cannibal and he cut off a guys face to escape a mental institution. The character, not the actor, obviously."

Shane shuffles in his seat. Scott Hunter talked a lot about serial killers. If he wasn't such a great guy Shane would be worried. *"Obviously.* I'll try real hard not to do that."

The man eyes him with mock suspicion. "Maybe we shouldn't sit next to each other. I'm too delicious to resist."

Kip snorts from the other chair. "You wish. The only thing getting eaten tonight is a big slice of humble pie when you don't win 'Top of the Year,' again."

"I'll remember you said that later when you beg me to eat your-"

Luckily for Shane, the no doubt traumatising retort is cut short as the lights dim. Orchestral music sounds out through the speakers. It was far more professional than Shane was expecting. He feels a bit like a snobby jackass for expecting anything less. The only adult references where the insane categories and the fact the two award hosts were wearing less clothing than a normal family-friendly broadcast. The two of them banter and most of the inside jokes are lost on Shane. Maybe he should have watched more porn to prepare. Maybe he shouldn't have let his mother peer pressure him into going. Maybe he shouldn't have assumed he was welcome here.

The imposter syndrome worsens as they get to his award category.

"And the award for 'Newcomer of the Year' goes to…" The hostess on stage opens a large red envelope. When she reads the name, she smiles widely. "Shane Hollander."

His body freezes. Scott and Kip both move to congratulate him. But his eyes are locked on the screen display that shows his own shocked expression. Attending this ceremony was a poor excuse to meet Rozanov again. And he had achieved that, then failed it disastrously. He

hadn't even considered what he would do if he won. The last public speaking he did was at high school when he had to present a project about endangered loons during geography class. He had turned beetroot and stuttered out nonsense as his class laughed at him. The memory still plagues his thoughts as he lies in his bed at night. Almost as much as the memory of Rozanov leaving him.

He doesn't know what he was supposed to do. All he knows is that he has to move. He gets to his feet with fawn-like legs. The crowd cheers around him, strangers pat him on the back as he ascends the stage. Both hosts kiss him on the cheek as they hand him the award. It was made of glass. It feels fragile. Maybe it was made for him.

With the blinding spotlight pointing at him, it was hard to separate the crowd from the ethereal roar of applause. It wasn't unlike streaming. He feels hundreds of eyes on him, waiting hungrily for his next move. It was anxiety personified. As his eyes adjust, he picks out a few familiar faces, from both real life and watching on screen. He finds a large crowd jumping up and down. It was the whole of *Centaur Studios*. They were all smiling and hollering.

Except Ilya Rozanov who remains seated. Watching him. The weight of his stare is heavier than all the others.

Shane clears his throat, aware of the long awkward stretch of silence. The microphone's feedback makes him wince. "Sorry, I don't really know what I'm supposed to say. I guess I should start by thanking you guys for being so open." The crowd laughs at the double meaning even if it wasn't intentional. Shane feels himself flush under the spotlight. "I'm really grateful for everyone who has supported me and helped me grow. I definitely couldn't have done this on my own. I mean I tried to do it solo, and it wasn't the same." Another laugh.

He looks down at his trophy hoping to steer his stream of consciousness. He sees his own face reflecting back at him. The spotlight makes him glitter. He swallows a lump in his throat. It was actually making him emotional. There was something so therapeutic about being named the best at something. Even if that something was fucking on camera. Because it showed that even when he was stripped back to his barest form, he was still wanted.

He looks back up at the crowd. They were still smiling patiently at him. "For a long time, I was really closed off. I think the closeted teenage version of myself would be both terrified and amazed if he could see me now. So, thank you, for seeing me."

The crowd roars its approval. Shane feels the echo pass through him. He steadies himself in its current.

The rest of the award ceremony continues without him. Shane drifts in and out of concentration. He comes back to his body when the lighting changes. Scott tells him they

save the biggest announcements to the end of the show to keep audience retention. Apparently, the ceremony was being livestreamed across the world. The thought hadn't even occurred to Shane, that people out there cared what was happening in this room. It felt so unserious. He just hoped his mom wasn't watching along at home.

'Bottom of the Year' is announced and one of the most beautiful men Shane has ever seen climbs onto the stage. The presenters introduce him as Fabian Salah. He drinks up the praise and throws kisses into the crowd. The people around Shane actually jump up and try to catch them. Fabian has an exaggerated blush on his cheeks and long fluttering eyelashes. He was the epitome of a crowd-pleasing bottom. Shane wishes he brought his notebook to write down every movement so he could replicate it later.

As Fabian leaves the stage the crowd genuinely mourn him. It doesn't last long.

"And the award for 'Top of the Year' goes to," one host says. Before the envelope is even open the other announces:

"Ilya Rozanov!"

Because of course he does.

When he reaches the stage Rozanov kisses one of the presenters on the cheek as he's handed the award. The other looks on longing, perking up only when Rozanov kisses him too. Shane swallows the swell of envy as the room watches him take everything on the stage. He wants to know what it's like to look at Ilya Rozanov with clean unburdened eyes. Wants to see if that version of himself is just as infatuated by his persona. Wants to know what it would feel like to be touched by him too.

Around him the crowds' cheers are almost deafening. Except Scott Hunter, who turns to Shane with a shake of his head as if to say: *'are you seeing this bullshit?'* And he is. Shane watches Rozanov's bullshit bravado with such crippling loathing that he has to excuse himself.

"I'm just going to the bathroom," he tells the two men sitting beside him.

"You all good?" Kip asks, turning away from the stage.

"Yeah," Shane turns his voice to a whisper hoping to cause less of a scene as he gets up, "I'll catch up with you guys later."

He doesn't wait any further to excuse himself. Scared he'll crumble under the tiniest amount of scrutiny. Because Shane was a bad liar. And the truth is a reality he can't stomach. That even after everything the man has taken from him, he was still utterly infatuated with Ilya Rozanov.

And so it seems is everyone else.

Shane pushes through the crowds of people. Maybe he should get a drink after all. Maybe he should take himself to bed and crawl under the covers. But it was in his bed that he most

thought of Ilya Rozanov. So, he decides to cower in the bathroom until it was socially acceptable to leave and forget the man ever existed.

As he walks towards the ballroom's bathroom a man blocks his path. Shane tries to politely sidestep him, but the stranger becomes an unmovable roadblock as he raises his arms in greeting.

"Shane Hollander! Just the man I've been looking for."

The stranger was short. He looked to be in his late forties, with greying hair and an aura that made him seem larger than he was. He smells like too much cologne. While Shane didn't recognise the man, he recognises the look on his face. He eyes Shane like a thing, a thing he needs to touch.

The stranger grabs his hand and shakes it. His grip borders on too tight. "Congratulations on your award!"

"Thank you," Shane smiles politely. One hand holds his award as the other remains in the man's unwavering grip.

"I'm Marcel Theriault. I work with an agency that represents young emerging talent. We've had our eye on you for a while, Mr Hollander. We think you'd be a great fit for a new project we're putting together."

"Oh, I'm not really looking for another big project yet-"

"-We're especially hoping to represent a more diverse clientele. Diversity is something that's really important to us. Trends are showing there's a growing demand for Asian men in the industry."

"I'm Japanese-Canadian," Shane corrects.

"Even better! It's the best of both worlds. American audiences really respond to fresh faces. 'Submissive Asian' has shown up in the most searched categories for over thirty-one states over the past six months.

Shane finally gives the man his full attention. He tries to school the annoyance out of his tone. "Yeah, I'm sure Asian bottoms are really hard to come by these days."

The man cackles. "Well not all Asian bottoms win 'Newcomer of the Year'!" He looks up and down Shane's body several times before he continues. "It's important to capitalise on your sudden success. Your name’s trending and if you play your cards right, you could become a star."

"I'm still recovering from winning this award," Shane attempts to dismiss again. He was quickly running out of patience.

Finally, the man steps back. "Of course. I'm sure you're very busy and have a lot of celebrating to do. But if I could leave you my card?"

Shane looks past the man to the stage. Rozanov was still doing his self-aggrandising speech. He could feel the rattle of his deep voice even from the back of the room. And for a moment Shane swears he was looking back.

"Sure."

"Fantastic!" Theriault roars, thumb caressing his pulse point as he slips the card into his hand. "I think this could be the start of a very beautiful relationship, Mr Hollander."

Shane drops the hand like it's scolding. He puts the business card in his back pocket. "I have to go."

He feels the man's eyes follow him as he rushes into the bathroom. He splashes water on his face in an attempt to baptise the thoughts of wrath and envy from his mind. Shane watches his drenched reflection hunching over the basin stare back at him like a stranger. Despite his award balancing on the edge beside him, Shane feels more insignificant than ever. As he tries to steady his breathing the bathroom door slams open behind him. As Shane lifts his head to politely ask for some privacy he's met with the sight of Ilya Rozanov in a fury.

"Give it to me!" The intruding man demands, marching towards him in great strides.

Shane grabs his award, wielding it like a weapon as Rozanov pushes him against the tiles. "What the fuck is your problem!?"

"*You* are my problem," Rozanov snaps. They wrestle against the porcelain with confused desperate hands. "Fucking give it to me!"

The 'it' in question remains nameless as the man's rampage continues. When Rozanov slips a hand into his pant pocket Shane dares to call it desire. But the man was not searching for the objectification of his body but the small business card he received just moments ago.

When Rozanov snatches it and tears it up, Shane pushes back. "What are you doing?"

"I'm doing you a favour!" Rozanov says like it was obvious. "You are so stupid that I can't leave you alone for two minutes! I have better things to do tonight than babysit you."

"Babysit me?! You haven't talked to me in months. You act like I don't even exist. And the only time you do it's to humiliate me. You've made it very clear that you don't give a shit about me. So, drop the bullshit and tell me the truth."

"I told you the truth." He sprinkles the fragments of card in the small remaining space between them. "I told you to stay away from men like this."

"Why?" Shane presses, like putting pressure on an open wound. "Does he work for Crowell?"

The name darkens Rozanov's expression. It was a look of contradiction on a man so self-assured. Like a confident cowardice, a terrified nerve. "How do you know Crowell? Did he reach out to you?"

Shane feels suddenly small and shameful. "No."

"Good. Stay away from him. And stay away from Scott Hunter. Keep doing what you do best and go home to Canada and keep fucking yourself."

"Why don't you go fuck yourself!" Shane rivals, pushing the man's chest away. Without their shared body heat the room is suddenly cold. It informs Shane's tone. "You know what? I think you're jealous."

"Jealous?! Of Scott Hunter?"

Shane scoffs. "No, of me."

Rozanov looks around the room bewildered. He laughs. Like it's a joke. Like he was a joke. "You think I am jealous? Of *you*?"

This time Shane advances, cornering the man against the sink. "Yeah. I think you can't handle the fact it only took me two projects before I fucking made it and it took you years. You can't stand the fact that I'm good at what I do because you're too stupid to understand anything but shoving your dick wherever you're told."

Rozanov sneers. "You win one little award and suddenly you are Mr Porn Star. You are a tourist here. You were a *virgin* before you met me."

It's cruel, and hurtful, and most of all correct. Part of himself will always belong to Ilya Rozanov. The thought used to excite him, keep him up at night with nervous unpractised hands as he took himself apart. Losing his virginity to Ilya Rozanov was never supposed to fix him, but it was never supposed to be like this.

He stares up at the man hoping his tone gave him gravitas in the other's shadow. "Fuck you!"

"I already did!" Rozanov sneers. They were close now. Too close. Shane can smell the cigarettes on his breath. Can feel the stoic majesty of his body thrum against him. His anger is dwarfed by his longing. And Ilya Rozanov knows this. He leans close enough to take a bite out of him. "And I know that you want me to fuck you again. I know it's all you think about."

Shane moves away hoping to hide the way he quivers under the man's stare. Rozanov grabs him by the chin, body flush against his back. Their hips slam against the sink as Shane's thrust against it.

He whispers mockingly into Shane's ear. "I know you, Shane Hollander. I know how much you love pretending you're not a slut. I know you'd let me bend you over and fuck you right now in this dirty bathroom. Even if someone walks in right now, you'd still let me. I think you'd like that better. I think you would get off on it. You love being watched as I ruin you. And they would love to ruin you too." He swallows the moan out of Shane's mouth, spits out messy sin in its place. "Maybe I will let them have a turn after I finish. I'd watch as everyone in this building took a turn at your award-winning hole. Because none of them will ever fuck you as good as I did."

Shane shudders. He's not sure if he was gasping or moaning at the audacity of his seductive suggestion. The thought of hundreds of hands on him but only one set of eyes such an ironic

turn of fate.

Ilya Rozanov holds his gaze in the mirror. "I won't be the last to fuck you, but I will always be the first."

It was humiliating how quick he falls for it. How quickly he falls for him. Shane steadies his weight on his elbows as he pushes back against the possessive force. He smirks at the man's reflection as he feels his hard cock, rubbing desperately against the swell of his ass. "You definitely won't be the last. Maybe you should invite everyone for a turn. Maybe then I'll get to feel Scott Hunter all over again."

"Scott Hunter cannot fuck you like you deserve," He grabs Shane's chin again and flips him. His eyes are alive with fury and need. "Only me."

It's so sick and possessive. The only valid response to such a cocky statement is disgust. He should push Rozanov away and kick him in the balls. He should match his barbaric rage and tell him every cruel thing he should have said on that rooftop all those months ago. The last thing he should do is kiss him.

But Rozanov is doomed to be the last thing Shane ever does. He is the death that Shane was born to die. And nothing has ever felt as good as the man kissing him back.

"Only you," Shane whispers between hungry kisses.

Then he's literally taken off his feet as the man grabs him and lifts him onto the sink. Their kisses are open and wet. Hands scrambling to find purchase on any body part they can reach. Rozanov's grip on his jaw remains, trying to force more of himself into Shane's moaning mouth. The feeling of their clothed cocks thrusting against each other is somehow dirtier than sex. Because this was wrong. They should hate each other. And maybe they do.

Or maybe it was worse than that.

"Fuck me!" Shane cries. It’s not an exclamation but a request. A need to be taken despite his better judgment.

Rozanov laughs against his jaw. "I told you that you would let me fuck you here."

Shane can't scavenge enough fragments of his pride to feel embarrassed. All he can do is trust back against the man wantonly. "Then do it!"

They bodies were trying to prove something. The point being that they didn't need each other. The desperate connection of their bodies too caught up in each other's orbit to recognise the hypocrisy. It would be so easy for them to divulge into their primal needs. Maybe Rozanov would fuck him here in the dirty bathroom. Maybe someone will walk in and laugh at how much he loved being sullied by the man. It would ruin anyone else that wasn't him.

"Ask nicely."

"Please!"

"Such a good boy," Rozanov teases, slow kisses peppering his every word. His hands find Shane's dress shirt that had become dishevelled during their struggle. Despite his need, Rozanov buttons them all the way back up to his gulping throat. "But no. I won't fuck you in this dirty bathroom. We are award winning performers. We have a reputation to keep."

Shane's breath is laboured. "I don't know, fucking in a bathroom next to your porn award feels very Ilya Rozanov."

"But not very Shane Hollander," Rozanov matches with a smile. "Let's make a deal. We will go back to our seats. Watch the rest of this boring show. And then, after we win award for best scene, you will come to my hotel room and *then* I will fuck you."

It was simple. But it was everything to Shane. The thought of having Ilya Rozanov all to himself was even more absurd than winning a reward for doing it on camera. A chance to be with him without the bravado of movie magic. A chance for Shane to see him, really see him. A chance for them to be together again.

"What if we don't win."

Rozanov's smile is all teeth. "We will win."

They win. Of course they win.

Even if it feels right, Shane barely makes it to the stage without his legs giving out under the weight of expectations. It's a blur, a thunder of applause, a blaring spotlight. The only thing that grounds him is Ilya Rozanov's hand on his lower back. The man's deep voice speaks into the microphone. Shane is in such a daze he can't hear what he's saying. But the crowd is cheering and wolf-whistling. Rozanov was good at this. Shane wonders briefly how many awards the man has won over the course of his career. Wonders how many scene partners had stood beside him on a stage, tucked under his arm, smiling to the crowd like a prop. As his acceptance speech continues, Rozanov's hand slips down his back and cups Shane's ass. He squeezes it, voice even into the microphone, as he slips something into his back pocket.

When it was finally over and Shane descends the stage alone, he reaches into his pocket. Where once held the business card sits a key card to a hotel room. *His* hotel room. Shane searches for the man in the crowd for further confirmation, but he was nowhere to be seen. He was probably off basking in praise. He was probably at the bar ordering a round for the room, or outside chain smoking cigarettes. Shane only knows one thing for certain, Ilya Rozanov was not beside him. And that fact alone undid everything else.

Many people approach him to offer their congratulations, but Shane only hears the thudding rush of blood in his ear. He tries to summon enough of his character to politely excuse himself before he's fleeing the scene. Shane only realises where his feet are taking him when he's in the ascending elevator staring at his reflection.

This was ridiculous. He was spiralling. He wanted to take himself out of the equation, take himself to bed and go home in the morning. He wanted to never feel Ilya Rozanov's name on his lips ever again. But outside the rigidity of his wants Shane is a stranger to his need. And above all else he needed to know that Ilya Rozanov was somewhere waiting for him.

When the elevator dings and opens, Shane double checks the room number. He stands outside the correct door for a while. Then he submits against his better judgements and knocks.

Silence.

Shane presses his ear against the door. Nothing. This was stupid. Shane was stupid. Of course, Rozanov wasn't being serious. It was a test of obedience. One Shane continued to fail again and again. He fails it once more when he holds the key against the lock and lets himself inside.

The hotel room was almost identical to his own. Except, annoyingly, it was slightly bigger. Rozanov was as much as a slob as Shane remembered, piles of clothes litter the floor. The smoke alarm has also been disabled, Shane notes the pack of cigarettes on the windowsill with a shake of his head. But it was similar to Shane's most of all by the fact that only he was in it. When Shane reaches the empty unmade bed, he sighs in defeat. As he turns around, he's met with Ilya Rozanov standing in the open doorway.

The man is smirking like he's won. Won again and again and again.

Shane feels like a prize under the man's hungry gaze, fragile like one too. He puts down his trophy before stepping back to maintain a respectable distance. The back of his legs hit the bed causing him to thud onto the mattress.

Rozanov laughs. "You are so eager. I don't even have to say a word, and you are climbing into my bed." He advances slowly while licking his lips. "You're not even pretending to not want it anymore. It is shame. I like it very much when you play pretend."

He swallows the saliva that pools in his mouth. "We should talk."

"Talk?" He eyes the erection in Shane's pants with a smirk. "I not think that's what you want."

"We need to talk."

Rozanov is close enough to touch him. But he doesn't. "Talk about what?"

"Talk about us." *Us.* Shane cringes at the suggestion. The implication that they were united by anything but heat and loathing.

The other man muses the word on his tongue like it was foreign to him. "Us?"

"Of what happened between us. We should talk about it. Properly."

"Okay, so we talk. So proper. How about we start at the beginning?" Rozanov leans over him, whispers hot in his ear. "Like when you got on your knees for me."

The command unlocks a deep hidden part in Shane's mind. His body submits to it, but his stubborn streak hangs on for dear life. "I'm not getting on my knees."

"Why not? You are so good at it. You won award for it, or don't you remember?" The crucifix on his neck hits Shane's flushed cheeks. "Then what is it you want Shane Hollander?"

The question is so philosophical. What did Shane not want? He wants to tear off the man's clothes and then tear him into ribbons. He wants to wear his love bites proudly then publicly denounce their involvement. He wants to leave his hungry gaze and stay in his arms forever. But perhaps the biggest contradiction was wanting him at all.

"I want to feel good," is what he settles on. But it isn't enough. Nothing was ever enough.

Rozanov smirks into the crook of his neck. "Then you came to the right place. Take off your clothes for me. Quickly. Not like your stream. I wanted to see you naked since the moment you first arrived. Only you could make a suit look so slutty."

Shane glares at him but still obliges with his command. Rozanov steps back to watch him. As he unbuttons his shirt and folds it beside him the man laughs. Rozanov places his trophy on the drink cart and pours himself a drink. A musical ding sounds as he toasts the trophy. He takes a seat opposite the bed and waits.

"Are you paying for a private show?" Shane mocks. The memory of their stream together still raw.

The man flinches in his chair. He tries to hide his panic by taking a long sip. "No. Not when you are so eager to give it to me for free."

"I'm not doing all the work." Shane crosses his arms over his bare chest. "Or are you only 'Top of the Year' when there's a camera pointed at you?"

Rozanov scoffs but still obliges with his command. "Are you only good for me when there is a camera pointed at you? You are such a brat."

"I'm not a brat."

"That is what a brat would say."

Shane can say nothing else before the man grabs him by the waistband and pulls off both his slacks and his underwear in one swoop. His sudden nakedness makes him moan, once for pleasure then once for shame as the man parts his thighs to look at his most intimate area.

Rozanov gets on his knees, a victory Shane can't revel in as he tries to cover himself. "Why are you embarrassed? We are literally at porn show. Everyone is having orgy in penthouse." He schools Shane's scandalised expression. "Oh, were you not invited? So sad." His fingers trace the stretch marks on his inner thigh. "Only boring people were not invited. Like Scott Hunter. He is next door crying over loss again. Maybe we should cheer him up, put on a show for him."

"Scott Hunter is next door?!" Shane cries, then quickly covers his mouth. He bites down on his lip, so terrified of being perceived.

Rozanov notes the irony by biting the crook of his hip. "Do not worry. He won't know it's you. Scott Hunter doesn't know what your real moans sound like. He only knows fake moans. This is real."

Real? The thought is unthinkable. Rozanov has colonized his fantasies for so long there was no way Shane was going to let him lay claim to his reality too.

Shane looks down at the man as he mouths the base of his cock. "Maybe my fake moans where with you and Scott Hunter got the real deal."

Rozanov ponders this as he grabs the lube and slicks up his fingers. Two enter Shane without warning, quickly curling against his prostate. He laughs when Shane arches off the bed with a cry. "No. I have met that moan before. Maybe once more to make sure?" Then he swallows his cock whole. When Shane moans even louder the man laughs around him. The vibration makes him moan again. He feels like a perverted instrument. Eventually Rozanov pulls off with a wet pop. "I am the best at this. Or maybe you are only good for me."

"Can you hurry up?" Shane groans. His cock was already leaking. He could only imagine the smug look on the other's face if he came too soon. Even smugger than the one he presses into his thigh as he massages his prostate in lazy circles. "If I wanted to listen to you monologue, I would have sat through your fucking acceptance speech."

"You didn't listen? But it was so good. Maybe I will recreate it for you."" He holds Shane's cock like it was a microphone. "First I would like to thank God, then my agent-"

Shane kicks him away. He can't stop the laugh from escaping him. Rozanov laughs too. The sound harmonises in the dank air. "Did you thank me in your speech?"

"Of course," Rozanov assures, "I thanked my loyal fans watching at home. I know you are my biggest fan."

"You're such an asshole."

His wicked fingers return to Shane's shuddering entrance. "Did you say something about asshole? I could not hear over all your moans."

"Then let me spell it out for you. If you don't fuck me in the next five seconds, I'll go find someone who will."

This ignites a fire inside the other man. Shane wasn't entirely sure if it was desire or anger. He wasn't sure he could differentiate the two anymore.

Suddenly Shane's knees are thrust to his chest. It knocks the remaining air out of his lungs. He can't mourn the loss for long as he's filled completely with three of the man's fingers, stretching him to his limits. Rozanov's hands were so much rougher and practised. It causes Shane to chastise his own body as he holds onto his thighs for dear life.

The teasing continues. Shane feels his orgasm already coiling in the pit of his stomach. "Hurry up!"

"You are gagging for my cock that badly, krasivyy."

Krasivyy? If he wasn't so occupied Shane would rush for his phone to translate. It sounds degrading though. Knowing Rozanov it was probably filthy.

The fingers leave him empty. Shane tries not to whine at the sudden loneliness that echoes inside him as Rozanov grabs a condom from the overflowing bedside draw. Of course this was planned. Maybe not with him but with someone. There was no way Rozanov would go to bed alone tonight. Despite his eagerness, Shane hadn't planned a thing. Condoms weren't something he'd considered. He was so used to having a full STD panel at the start of every shoot. Scott Hunter wore one anyway, said it was setting a good example for their impressionable audience. And the sex had left a different impression. It was more rehearsed. More distant. At least he tells himself that was why.

Rozanov slicks up his cock with more lube. He looks over at Shane who was still holding himself open pathetically on the bed. His smile is all teeth when he speaks. "Are you as ready as you look?"

Shane scowls. "Are you as-"

The comeback is silenced as the man enters him in one sudden thrust. The sound that leaves his mouth is more a scream than a moan. It was such an impossible pleasure he couldn't comprehend it. It was somehow exactly as he remembered and so much better. He wasn't having to worry about the angle of their bodies or the feedback from strangers. It was just him and another person working in tandem. Another person who just so happened to be the object of all his desires.

The sound of their bodies slapping together is worse than pornographic. The only thing worse is the thudding of the bed slamming against the shared hotel wall.

Shane reaches back to try and quiet the thudding of the bed frame. Rozanov meets the challenge, tangles their fingers together and uses their hold as leverage to thrust even harder. The slamming sends one of their trophies to the floor. Shane hopes it wasn't his.

"No one can fuck you like this!" Rozanov grunts hotly into his ear as he drives into him with full force. "Tell them. Tell the world who fucks you this good."

It's so degrading. The metal of the man's zip digs into his upper thighs. Shane realises the man wasn't even properly undressed. His shirt was unbuttoned and his slacks were hurriedly pushed down. Hell, even his shoes were on the bed. It was so dirty and improper, and Shane can only lay beneath him and bear witness while completely bare.

"You! Only you."

Rozanov grabs his chin. "Tell them my name!"

Shane tried to ground himself, but the punishing pace makes him breathless. He was drooling all over the man's hand. It was obscene. "Rozanov."

"No. No cameras. No pretend." The grip on his jaw tightens. Shane is forced to look into his eyes. It's the highest definition he's ever seen. "What's my name?"

"Ilya!"

His dominating hand drops to Shane's hips. The pace quickens impossibly more. But there was a tenderness there. "Fuck, *Shane!"*

Shane comes all over himself with a cry. Rozanov- *Ilya* follows close behind. The feeling of the man stilling inside him is equal parts grounding and distracting. He wonders what it would feel like without the condom. To feel the warmth of the other man lay claim to the secret most internal part of him. To hold his release hostage for as long as he can.

Ilya bends down and kisses him, completely out of breath. His mouth is directionless. Shane wants to draw it a map back to his mouth. Wants to look him in the eye again. So, he takes, the way the man taught him to. He grabs Ilya's face and kisses him. Tries to convey every wordless feeling that he doesn't dare name. The other man looks down at him. An unreadable expression flickers in his eye. Not quite fear, not quite admiration.

It makes Shane's stomach flip. He waits for it to make itself known as the man pulls out and flops down on the bed beside him. Their sudden equal level gives Shane the bravery to say something he knows he shouldn't.

"Does it always feel like that?"

Ilya turns towards him with a furrowed brow. "It?"

"Sex. Like real sex, not on camera. Is it always that…" Shane tries to find the right word without giving too much away.

Ilya finds it for him. "No."

Words aren't enough, so Shane kisses him again. Ilya deepens it before pulling away with a sudden sobriety. He sits up.

"I should go shower."

Shane deflates. "Yeah. Of course."

Even after he leaves the outline of his body still remains. Shane feels that same sweat turning stale against his skin. Still feels the ghost of his lips on his. Still feels the space the man etched inside him.

In the wet spot, Shane sits up and cleans the come off his chest with tissues. He can't see a trashcan to properly dispose of the soiled material. The room is somehow even messier than when they began. The used condom lays discarded and forgotten on the floor. Just another thing in the litany of messes Ilya Rozanov leaves for someone else to clean up.

Shane dresses himself quickly as the shower sounds distantly in the background. His shirt is creased and he can't find his bowtie. If he bumps into anyone as he leaves, there's no way they won't know what he was up to. And worse who with. Fucking Ilya Rozanov always feels like both a compliment and an insult.

As he double knots the last of his shoes, the Russian emerges out of the shower. The towel on his waist is so low Shane can follow the happy trail down to his still dripping abs. Maybe saying goodbye would be harder than he thought.

Rozanov shakes his wet curls. "Where are you going?"

"Back to my hotel room," Shane says slowly. Wasn't it obvious? "I have an early flight tomorrow."

"Oh."

The silence stretches out awkwardly. The man stands in the bathroom doorway for too long. Was he waiting for a review or a thank you? Was he hoping Shane will get on his knees again?

Shane makes a very conscious effort to stand.

"I also have early flight." Ilya Rozanov sits on the bed they unmade together looking smaller than ever on the king-sized mattress. "You sure you don't need shower?"

Shane looks at his appearance in the mirror. He looks like a dishevelled whore. He picks up his trophy to justify it. "I'm fine. My hotel room is close by."

The other man nods. He drops his stare. When Shane makes it to the door he finds his voice again. "Wait, Hollander!"

He tries to resist it. But Shane's body conforms without his brain.

Rozanov looks surprised too. His words are even more surprising. "We should work together again."

Shane blinks. "…You want to work with me again? Even after-"

"-I want. Or maybe I need to. It is what the fans want after all." He nods to their trophy in Shane's hand. "We should not disappoint them."

Shane clutches it to his chest with a small smile. "Of course, for the fans."

Rozanov chuckles. "For the fans."

He tries to hide the giddy from his step as he turns back towards the door. When he opens it again the man interrupts him once more.

"And Shane?" The name makes his heart thud in the shell of his chest. "Sleep well."

Shane looks at him, almost naked, unmade and stunning in front of him. The sight was so much hotter than any adult movie, award committee be damned. Shane wants to take a picture of the man and keep it all to himself. Wants to hoard him.

Instead, he leaves him there, committing his need to memory.

"Goodnight, Ilya."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for being patient with me! You'll be glad to hear we're back to our regularly scheduled porn next week. This chapter was a beast to write but hopefully next chapter will be easier and posted on Saturday again. Thanks for reading guys!

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

I wrote this story to be lighthearted and hopefully funny. However this chapter and a few of the others from here on out will touch on, but never fully describe in detail, the uglier sides of sex work. This story deliberately starts in a place where both Shane and Ilya are comfortable and happy in their careers. All previous struggles have already been overcome, but the characters will talk about their pasts as the open to each other.

In this chapter Shane confesses to Ilya that he was a victim of revenge porn that led to him being outed to his parents. Again, it is mentioned in passing but if this is a sensitive topic for you please let me know in the comments and I will signpost you to the part of the chapter to skip.

Despite this warning I promise this chapter is very light and very sexy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ilya knows nothing about relationships, but he still understands that sometimes two things just work together. Like good Russian vodka and ice. Like his body and a close-up. Like orgasms and cigarettes. But none come close to Shane Hollander and studio lights.

The man had been balancing on Ilya's balls for the best part of an hour. They had swapped positions so often that Ilya was getting dizzy with it. The only thing that grounds him is the unshakable certainty of Shane Hollander's tight heat around his cock. He was, annoyingly, now facing away from Ilya and towards the camera. His movements were full of determination, but his pace was lacking slightly. Shane had come twice already. Ilya was tired just watching him.

Ilya looks away from his cock disappearing inside of the man and over his shoulder to check his moans were still for pleasure. The entire studio was entranced watching Shane bounce up and down, mouths open, heads bobbing, like they were watching a perverted game of tennis. Even Svetlana can't escape his majesty. She wasn't even watching the monitor like she was supposed to but the man himself. So enchanting and ethereal. It was like watching a divine miracle.

A miracle that didn't include Ilya Rozanov. Hollander had been riding him for forever and not once had the camera panned to him. Ilya realised that his cock was barely in frame. Both Zane and Wyatt zooming in on Shane's blissed out expression and his hard cock still covered in his previous releases.

Ilya stops bucking. "How much longer is this going to take?"

The room doesn't react, but Shane Hollander does. He swivels on Ilya's cock and glares down at him. "Oh, I'm so sorry, am I boring you?" He clenches down just to prove a point, and Ilya tries not to whimper.

"No. But audience will be bored. We have been doing same position forever and I'm not even in frame," he points to the camera, and the crew slowly rouse themselves from Hollander's siren song. "This is bullshit. He might as well be at home and not in studio. You are all treating me like dildo."

Shane snorts. "No, my dildos are quiet and do what they're told."

"See! This makes me feel *objecty*- what is word? Like how women feel all the time."

The only woman in the room speaks in an unimpressed monotone. "Cut."

Holding his head up high like a true teacher's pet, Shane lifts of his dick. "I think the word you're looking for is *objectified.*"

"Shut up, Hollander. Of course you read boring dictionary for fun," Ilya groans but still helps steady the man regardless. As he settles on the soft mattress, he lets out a hiss of pain. Ilya tightens his hold. "Are you okay? Are you in pain?"

"No, it's just cramp," he hisses into a wince. When Ilya winces too Shane smiles to calm him. "I'm going to be sore tomorrow. Although I've definitely earned a rest day after all this cardio."

Svetlana casts an intimidating shadow over the two of them as Ilya massages Shane's spasming thighs. "We have great angle, great pacing, and you ruin it all for fragile ego. Audience is excited for Shane Hollander to return. We finally have him back and we are showcasing him. *You* are supposed to be showcasing him."

"I am showcasing him!" Ilya cries in offence. He holds Shane's leg to his chest. "I make him come two times already. Camera didn't do that. You didn't do that. Only me."

"He was doing most of the hard work."

Shane joins in, so eager to please. "Yeah. I wouldn't let it go to your head. I have a very short refractory period. It's sort of my whole thing."

Ilya pushes his long legs away. "That is funny because you only come once with Scott Hunter. First movie here I make you come two times and it is short shoot. I bet I could make you come four times today. Easy."

"You could not!" Shane cries. He hooks his strong legs into Ilya's and attempts to flip him. They flail on the mattress like play-fighting children. "Everyone knows the only reason you stopped was because you were about to come."

"I was not! I am professional. I've been fucking you for hours and I'm not even close."

Shane smirks at the hard cock rubbing his thigh. "Bullshit. I bet you can't even make me come once more without blowing your load."

"Deal!" Ilya sits up and de-tangles himself from the other's body. He extends his hand. "Shake on it. If I make you come before I do, you have to do something for me."

Shane eyes his hand suspiciously. "And what if you come first. What do I get?"

Ilya smirks. "Same thing."

They lock eyes. Ilya feels something surge inside him. They were like magnets, equally drawn and repelled from one another. Ilya wants to give into it, fall into the dark depths of Shane's eyes headfirst.

They shake on it.

Svetlana shakes her head. "Men are so annoying. I wish we made more lesbian porn. Maybe then I would get home on time." She looks at the space between them with a knowing expression. "I do not care which one finishes first as long as you do it on camera. Are you both ready to start again?"

"Yes," the say in unison.

"Perfect. Which position you want?" She asks as she sit back down in her director's chair. "Let cameras know and we will start."

"The last position seemed to be working for everyone," Shane teases while looking down at him.

"No! That position is boring."

"You're such a baby. What position will shut you up?"

The crew move around them readying themselves. Zane adds his sage insight. "What about Hollander lying down and Ilya on top?"

"Missionary is even more boring," Ilya chastises.

Zane sighs. "Not missionary. It's the one where the bottom has one leg up over the top's shoulder. I can't remember the name." He turns to Troy. "What's it called? It's the one you did that time with Adrian in the valentines day video that we're not allowed to talk about."

Across the room Troy stops adjusting the lights to groan at the ceiling. "Yet here we are talking about it. It was hot though. I think the name has something to do with pirates."

"Pirates?!"

"Yeah. I don't remember. I was too busy trying not to smother him with a pillow. It's a good position, gets in deep. But it's hard to get a good camera angle because it's mostly just back shots. Might cover most of what the viewers want to see."

Ilya bristles. "Fuck you."

Troy flips him off without hesitation. "You can't go wrong with doggy. Could get one camera in front to capture Hollander and one at the side for the Primadonna."

Harris rests an arm on Troy's shoulder. "Yeah. It'll be easier for me to edit Rozy out that way."

The crew all laugh. Shane joins in.

Ilya sits up and crosses his arms. "Maybe I should leave so you can all have big funny orgy without me. And when none of you make Hollander come, you can call me back in to finish the job."

Shane smiles. "No. I'd put on a good show. You'd come just from watching me."

The teasing is playful, but the reality is daunting. Surely Shane isn't aware that it was him behind the anonymous private show that cost him ten thousand dollars. If he was aware he'd be even more smug than he was now, preening at all the praise.

Sensing his absentmindedness, Shane crawls into his lap. "How about I ride you? Facing you this time. Then you can watch me. I know that's your favourite thing to do."

"Don't forget you are *my* biggest fan," Ilya teases as he grabs Shane's hips and squeezes them just tight enough for him to squirm. "You have watched all my videos. You love watching me teach people a lesson with my cock."

"And what lesson am I supposed to be learning here?" Shane asks with a tilt of his head.

"That you will come before me and then beg me to fill you up."

Then they're kissing so suddenly and passionately that they barely hear Svetlana yelling: *"Action!"*

Scared of losing momentum, Shane sits back on his cock without hesitation. Sliding inside feels like coming home. He’s wet and loose, moulded perfectly into the shape of his dick. Ilya can't believe how used he's got to the feeling of being inside him. He tries his best to distract himself, knowing that he'll peak too soon if he focuses on it.

He closes his eyes to travel to an alternative universe where he never met Shane Hollander. He thinks of everything he hates as much as he needs him to starve off his release.

Shane's hair tangles into his curls and tugs. When Ilya opens his eyes in shock he's met with the sight of the big brown eyes full of heat. "No, look at me. I want you to know who's making you feel this good."

Ilya gasps, thrusting into the heat. "Fuck Hollander, you're so good! It's you."

"It's me."

The rest of their words are swallowed into hungry kisses. Ilya watches the man writhe on his lap. Watches his stretch marks buckle. Watches him work for it. It's at this moment does Ilya know he's a lost cause. He picks up his pace, hoping to hit Shane's prostate with such vigour that he's forced to follow him.

"Where?" Ilya says in a mild panic. "I'm so close. Where you want it?"

He can feel Shane smirk into his kiss. "I knew you wouldn't last five minutes." His pace speeds impossibly more. "I want it inside. Want it deep."

"Are you sure?" Ilya thinks back to the comments under Hunter's video, of the pressure to perform acts he knows Shane's never done before. As much as Ilya loves sullying the untouched tapestry of Shane's body, he's aware there's boundaries that belong only to the man himself.

Shane's moan flutters into his mouth. "I need it. I've been dreaming about it every night."

The thought of Shane alone is what gets Ilya there. The knowledge that outside the set, outside the camera's blinking lights, that Shane Hollander thinks of him when no one else is around. That he's just as infatuated with him as Ilya is.

When his pace stills Shane comes all over their chests untouched. Ilya barely has time to marvel at its majesty before he too is spilling inside the eager warmth of his body. He comes so hard he writhes under Shane's weight. He moans nonsense, squirms like a man possessed. Each time he pumps a load inside, Shane moans, tired and desperate against him. Shane can no longer hold himself up above him, falling into the mess he made.

"That's great," Wyatt says, bringing them both back to the present. "If Rozanov could pull out we can get the creampie shot. Hollander stay right where you are, you're arched just right."

As Ilya pulls out, Shane lets out a choked-out cry. Ilya kisses his sweaty forehead.

Wyatt moves in closer. "Perfect, Rozanov can you pull his cheeks apart for the camera?"

Fully spent, Ilya follows the instructions wordlessly. He hoists Shane up his chest so he's more settled. Then he reaches around to hold the defined globes of his ass. He was built out of marble. Like a work of art. The virtue is undermined by the wet sound of his now empty gaping hole. Ilya can feel his own come dripping down his fingers. He had come a lot.

They stay suspended in the moment for a while until Svetlana yells, *"cut!"* Finally, they both let out the breath they had been holding. Ilya smiles down at the mess that Shane Hollander has been reduced to. He kisses him. The other man deepens it, snaking up his sticky body until he's looking at Ilya in the eye.

Shane smirks at him. "I win."

"No, you did not," Ilya barks. His hands on Shane's ass start to redden the skin. "You came before me."

"Tell that to your come leaking out of me."

"Tell that to your come all over my chest."

Shane stops arching his back and turns towards the crew. "I mean everyone saw Rozanov come first, right?"

Ilya pushes Shane off him. "That is not fair. They are biased. Everyone in this room is rooting for my downfall."

"That's not true," Shane says as he sticks his landing on the mattress. To disprove his point, Luca runs over and helps dress him into a robe. He also hands him a bottle of water, a clean washcloth, and a painfully starstruck smile. "You agree with me, don't you Luca?"

Luca nods his head before he even processes the question. "Of course!"

Ilya grabs the washcloth and throws it at Luca. The boy needs to hose himself down anyway. "You are a liar and a menace. Go away! And where is my aftercare? Does nobody care how thirsty I am?"

Wyatt snorts as he sets the camera down. "Everyone knows how thirsty you are, man. That's why you came first."

"Bullshit!" Ilya stands, still fully naked. "Check the fucking tape! You will see him come first."

Svetlana lets out a quiet scream into her hands. "No! No checking tape. Me and tape are going home. You can all see who is winner when video comes out next week."

Ilya stomps over to her director's chair. "No! Then you will just edit it to make him win. We have to check tape before it's tampered with. It is evidence that I am right."

The look Svetlana gives him is so cold it makes Ilya suddenly aware of his nakedness. "The only right you will get is my right foot up your ass if you try and order me around again. And Hollander is right, you did come first."

Shane cheers behind him. He slowly makes his way towards them. When he gets close Ilya can see the gleamy dew of sweat across his skin. The robe was so short on him. Ilya watches a dribble of come drip down his thigh. He was so fucking edible.

It just spurs Ilya's anger. "If everyone is so sure, why don't we watch? If I am wrong, I will admit it."

"Bullshit!" The crew yell.

Ilya puts his hands up. "If I am wrong, I will apologise to everyone. And I will stay behind and tidy up after shoot." He follows the come trail Shane made from the bed to the monitor. "And I will not complain about it."

Svetlana sizes him up. He really wishes he had a robe on. "Fine. We will watch."

She leans over to the monitor and the entire crew swarm over. The whole group of them hunch over one another as they play it back. Ilya watches the shoot happen in a montage of moments. He sees Hollander on his knees for him, watches him come untouched, watches his eyes roll back into his skull so at home in his own body. Ilya can't wait to watch the finished product.

Finally, they make it to the end. Shane's pace is just as impressive as he remembers. Ilya watches the on-screen version of himself marvel just as much. They way he looks at the man above him makes his stomach twist with anxiety. He looked like a disciple to Shane's biblical level of beauty. Like a follower, a prop. Ilya realises that he may have made a grave error in insisting for a re-watch. Maybe not for the way he originally feared.

The two of them are both nearing their climax. It was so obvious. Shane is leaking against his stomach. Ilya is bucking wildly. The entire audience lean closer to the monitor in anticipation. The moment Ilya's thrusting stills, Shane spills all over his chest.

Svetlana plays it back. They watch the moment again and again.

Shane points at the screen. "You clearly come first."

"No!" Ilya slaps his hand away. He actually touches the screen. Then Svetlana slaps his hand away. "You come everywhere before I do. You can see it on my face. You are so tight when you come that I follow. Everyone sees this, right?"

The room is divided. Svetlana turns off the monitor. "It is photo finish. There are no winners here. Now can I please leave. I would like to be in a room that doesn't have your penis in it." She walks away before he can think of a good comeback. The rest of the crew depart, grumbling at the knowledge they were going to have to clean up the set.

Shane looks defeated as he still sullies the floor. "So, it's a tie. What does that mean?"

Ilya runs a finger up his thigh and licks it clean. "It means we are both winners. You do something for me. I do something for you."

"W-What kind of something?" The blushing man stumbles. He leans into Ilya, hoping he'll catch him.

But Ilya watches him stumble. "You will have a shower and come meet me outside. Then I will let you buy me lunch."

Shane's blinks away his desire. His glare prevails. "You'll *let me* buy you lunch?"

"Yes, it is like fan meet and greet. You will buy me lunch, and I will bless you with my company."

He pulls the dress robe tighter around himself. "Wow, what a tempting suggestion."

Ilya grins down at his blush. "That is not a no."

As compromise, Ilya lets Shane pick the restaurant. It's one of those pretentious places in the gentrified part of Boston that Ilya loathes. Everyone around them was either a hipster or a yoga mom. It didn't even call itself a restaurant but an 'eatery.' Whatever the fuck that was supposed to mean. But Shane looks so edible in the sunshine that Ilya puts up little fight. He holds on to his ego knowing he at least wasn't paying extortionate prices for whatever 'fusion food' was.

Across the table Shane Hollander still looks fresh from the shower. His cheeks are flushed pink and his hair drips past the collar of his shirt. The only thing uncanny is that he smells differently. He smells like the studio's body wash. He smells like Ilya.

Ilya resists the urge to lean forward and inhale the dominating scent. Resists the urge to follow the droplet with his tongue. He tries to do the most civilised thing he can think of and picks up the menu to distract himself. But the words are nonsense. After being in America for nearly ten years now his English was past competent. Not perfect but passable. He has come a long way since only knowing the basics: *'harder,' 'there,' 'action!'* But he still found reading the foreign alphabet confusing. He looks across the table to check Shane hasn't noticed his illiteracy. But the other man was scrolling on his phone.

Ilya slams his menu on the table. "I am so sorry, am I boring you?"

Shane's innocent eyes blink up at him in confusion. He realises his rudeness and puts his phone down. "Sorry, no! It's just my wellness app. I'm checking how many grams of carbs I have left for today. I have to update it every time I eat."

"Why?"

"Oh, I'm on a diet."

Ilya rolls his eyes. "You are so boring. Why are you on a diet? You're not fat."

Shane looks offended, like Ilya has just said the most inappropriate thing he's ever heard. And it definitely wasn't because Ilya has asked him how he likes to be fucked on camera before. "It's not about being thin or fat, it's about looking after yourself. It helps me stay healthy. Helps me stay…"

There was something else there, but Shane looks uncomfortable, so Ilya doesn't press it.

He picks up his menu again and pretends to read it. "I think it is stupid and boring."

"How do you stay in shape then?"

Ilya smirks. "I do a lot of cardio."

"You don't get built like you with just cardio." Shane's eyes are fascinated even though the topic of conversation couldn't have been drier. "What's your routine? I mean you must do weights at least. What can you press? How much protein do you have in your diet?"

Ilya watches his eyes sparkle with a smile. "I do not worry about how much food I eat or when. I am not a bottom."

Shane looks around the room, worried a prudish patron will overhear. When nothing happens, the man leans in closer. "Have you ever bottomed?"

A lump forms in Ilya's throat, he swallows it before it can choke him. "I have. But not anymore. Not…"

There was a something else there, but Ilya is obviously uncomfortable, so Shane doesn't press it.

"Why?" Ilya continues. "Are you looking to become a big daddy top? Want me to give you some lessons?"

Shane actually laughs. The sound is freeing. "I couldn't imagine something I'd be worst at."

Ilya starts to disagree. The whole binary of sex was always bullshit to him. Top and bottom, dominant and submissive, were just porn buzzwords. Sex was more complicated than a battle between two forces. But Ilya supposes Shane only had a limited understanding of sex. Or perhaps it was a truth universally acknowledged that Shane Hollander was destined to be a bottom.

The waitress interrupts Ilya's reply before it can materialise. She was young and had a pretty practised smile. Ilya looks at her name tag clipped to her chest that reads 'Jane.'

"Hello, Jane," he greets.

Jane looks shocked, like he had interrupted her usual welcome speech. "I totally forgot I was wearing a name tag," she blushes. "I was like: *'oh my god have we met before!*' But obviously we haven't. I would definitely remember if we had."

Ilya smiles as she flusters. Shane very unsubtly clears his throat.

"Sorry! I've been such a scatterbrain today." The poor waitress jumps. She finally turns her attention to the other patron. "Uh, what can I get you guys to drink?"

"I'll just get a glass of water please, with a slice of lemon," Shane smiles.

Ilya watches it not quite reach his eyes. He turns to the waitress and winks at her. "Go crazy! Give him two lemons." When Jane laughs, he leans into it. "And I will have a beer."

"It's not even the afternoon!" Shane scandalises.

"Fine. I will have a soda." He gives Shane a pointed look. "A *coke.*"

The waitress writes in her pad. "And to eat?"

Shane chews on his lip as he orders. "Can I have the salmon grain bowl but substitute the sweet potato for kale. And instead of satay sauce could I have your house salad dressing on

the side, please?"

Jane's writing is frantic. "Of course, that's no problem at all."

Ilya hands the confusing menu to her without reading it. "And he is paying so I will have the most expensive thing on the menu."

Shane glares at him as the waitress nods along.

"Of course, we have a surf and turf burger. It's overpriced like everything else, but it's good. How do you like your meat cooked?"

His smile is all teeth. "I like it raw."

She blushes and takes his menu. Shane snorts as she eventually takes his too. "I'll go put your order through. My name is Jane- wait you already knew that. So, if you need me just call me. I'll come right away."

She lingers a little too long. But eventually they are alone together again.

Shane eyes him coldly from across the table. "She was… *friendly.*" He spits the last word out like it was anything but.

"Yes. It is her job," Ilya smirks. He brushes his foot across Shane's leg under the table. "It is your job too."

"She probably thinks we're on a date," Shane says like it was a conspiracy. He eyes him cautiously. "Does it bother you?"

"What?"

"That she thinks we're… together."

"We are together."

"You know what I mean," Shane maintains. He looks down at the empty table. "It's just you two seemed to hit it off. Maybe you should tell her the truth, and you could get her number."

Ilya's foot moves higher. "Maybe I should tell her the truth. Like how an hour ago we were in front of camera and you were sitting on my dick-"

"-Shut up!" Shane exclaims, kneeing his wondering foot away.

"You are so easy to tease," he grins at Shane's pout. "I do not want her number. The only woman who has my number is Svetlana, and she is annoying enough. She calls me hundreds of times a day. If I don't answer, she leave me angry voicemails in Russian."

"Yeah, she's intense. Good intense but intense."

Jane returns with their drinks. Ilya makes a deliberate effort not to drop Shane's stare.

His reward is the man continuing when she leaves. "Do you and Svetlana work together a lot? I mean obviously you run the studio together. But like on camera."

"No. We used to. Is how we met, on set. We worked at same studio together when we were eighteen. She was also from Russia. It was nice. Maybe the only nice thing back then. We had fun together, but our boss was very… strict. He asked too much from us. She wanted to leave, asked me to come with her. And it is her so of course I say yes. We have been partners ever since."

"Of course," Shane gives him a small slightly sad smile. "She's amazing. How long have you guys been together for?"

Ilya chokes on the bubbles of his soda. "Oh, we are not together like that. We are business partners. I love her very much. But not like that. She is out of my league. She tells me this often."

Shane swirls the citrus around his glass. The ice cubes clink together. "So, you're not seeing anyone?"

"No. Dating does not interest me."

He stills. "Really? Have you ever?"

"Not really. I have fun. But it is hard. Doing what I do. There is not much point looking for other people when I am with people all day at work." He takes another sip. "Are you? Dating?"

"No!" Shane condemns, like Ilya was suggesting something absurd. "At least not for a while. It is hard. Doing what we do. A lot of people don't understand it."

"How long is a while?"

"A while. My friend Rose set me up a Grindr account. It was a disaster. All those guys wanted was sex."

Ilya snorts. "And you are a prude?"

"Obviously not," Shane glares. "I just want something more. Or at least I did."

"More how?"

"You want me to explain basic human connection to you?" Shane sips his water. The number of lemons obviously too much as he pinches his nose at the sour sensation. "It's nice to be intimate with someone. Not just sex. To get to know someone. For someone to know me, really know me, and still stay."

It's a heart-wrenching confession, but it felt to Ilya more like a condemnation. Because all Ilya does is leave. He's haunted by the memory of Shane Hollander lying in the wet spot after Ilya took his virginity. He'll never forgive himself for making the man feel like it was

acceptable. It obviously taught him bad habits because Shane left Ilya in his hotel room after the award show. So at least they were now as unredeemable as each other.

The waitress brings over their food. Ilya's plate is overloaded, the mass of food nearly overflowing onto the table as its set down in front of him. Shane's small bowl looks comical in comparison. Ilya didn't care what his stupid wellness app said, it wasn't enough food for a bird, let alone a person.

Ilya holds up a fry. "You want?"

Shane eyes the food longingly. "I'm good."

"I know you are good," he smirks. "That is why I am asking. It is reward."

"I'm not supposed to have carbs."

"It is only one little fry!" Ilya cries. He holds it up to Shane's nose. The man sniffs it suspiciously. "You have burned a lot of calories today. You need to eat more than salad to fill you up. I should know. I'm an expert at filling you up."

Shane grabs his hand and eats the fry hoping it'll shut him up. And it does. Ilya strokes his fingers against his lips as he chews. It was like training a puppy.

Before he can preen the man with praise, Shane's phone starts ringing on the table.

"Oh no, is it diet app? Does it know you ate one whole fry?" Ilya teases as Shane moves away to grab his phone. "Is it calling police to lock you away?"

Shane looks down at device and grumbles. "No, it's worse. It's…" He declines the call and looks across at Ilya. "Can I tell you something embarrassing? You have to *promise* not to laugh."

"That depends," he leans in, intrigued. "Tell me."

"My mom is taking over managing my career-"

"-Your *mother* is your porn manager," Ilya laughs loudly.

Shane puts a hand to his mouth to silence him. "You *promised* you wouldn't laugh."

"No, I did not. Even if I did, I could not help it." When Shane moves his hands, his face chases it. He leans far across the table as Shane sits back, desperate to distance himself from his humiliation. Ilya tries to mediate. "So, your family is supportive of your job?"

"Yeah. They're trying to be very… *sex positive.*"

"Sex positive? Like swingers?"

"No!" Shane cries, flushing beetroot.

"Well, if they look like you maybe you should give me their number. I would very much like to be the meat in a Hollander sandwich."

"You're a disgusting pig," Shane snaps. But he's smiling. Ilya wants to bite his dimples. "I can't believe I told you."

"You are so pretty when you blush," he reaches out to trace the freckles on the man's red cheeks. "Maybe me and your mother will make more of you."

"Fuck you!"

"I am kidding. I think it is sweet. Weird but sweet. Your family must love you very much."

His smile is uncomplicated and genuine. "Yeah. They're supportive. Probably too supportive. But it's better than the alternative. They didn't get my career at first. They were worried I was doing it for the wrong reasons."

"Why?"

"It's sort of a long story." His statement is followed by a long bout of silence. Ilya busies himself eating, trying to move on. Just when the silence moves to comfortable again, Shane disrupts it with his words. "Before I officially started my channel, I had a…. folder of photos. And they found out about it. I mean someone told them about it. Or showed them, I guess."

Ilya is silent for a while. "Who?"

"My boyfriend at the time. If you could even call it that. We weren't super serious. Obviously we never…" He lowers his voice to a stage whisper. "…*slept together.* Properly. I mean we did stuff but- I'm getting off topic." Shane takes a moment to ready himself. "He would ask me to send him pictures as a compromise."

"A compromise for what?"

"That we weren't-" He motions to the empty air like it was answer enough.

Ilya groans. Shane's constant nervousness acts like a commercial break to an action-packed show he's desperate to continue. "I hate it when you talk like this. Say what you mean, it drives me crazy."

Shane takes a deep breath. He looks at his plate of food and picks at it noncommittally. "Because I wasn't ready for sex he wanted pictures so when I riled him up but couldn't follow through, he had something to… *look at* when he left. So, he took photos of me after we were together and I sent some videos. Just to him. And eventually we had this huge fight. I don't even remember what we were fighting about it was so long ago. I just remember that he posted the photos on my college's social media page. And then sent them to my dad's work email. And my dad obviously had no idea what it was, so he opened them and rightly freaked out. He didn't even know I was gay, let alone…"

He tries to clear his throat to hide the wobble of his voice. But Ilya hears it anyway. He hears it in his own voice when he talks to his therapist. When he travels in his memories for so long

that he forgets it’s something he overcame and not something he has to suffer through again.

Ilya gives him all that he can, patience and space. And it's in this silent comradery that gives Shane the strength to keep talking through it.

"My dad was working for the Canadian government at the time, so when he opened the email it got flagged in the system that he was looking at inappropriate content at work. And there was this whole tribunal. It was like my worst nightmare come true."

Ilya leans across the table to catch one of Shane's flighty hands. It perches in his, still restless. Ilya squeezes it. "And where is he now?"

"My dad still works at the treasury department, it all sorted itself out-"

"No. I mean your ex-boyfriend," his grip tightens dangerously. He softens the action by tracing Shane's pulse point with gentle fingers. "I know people that will break his kneecaps for you. Tell me his name and I will arrange it."

Shane laughs warmly, despite the chill of his words. "He's a total nobody. He works a shitty low-wage job and I'm a multimillionaire. That's karma enough I think."

"I do not," he lets the hand leave his. "If you change your mind, you let me know."

"I will."

Ilya continues eating. The fries are cold. "It must have been hard for you. I know what fathers are like."

"It was hard. But ironically it really brought us together," he says as he picks up his fork. He only takes another bite as Ilya does. They continue filling each other in synchronised bites until their plates are empty. It feels like a hollow victory. Because now they would leave each other the way they always did, satiated yet hungry for more.

He looks across at Shane, and his heart eats itself out of its chest. "I am happy for you. That you are successful. That you are happy." *That you are here with me, despite it all,* Ilya adds internally.

"I am happy," Shane says with a small but sure smile. "I take a lot of pride in my work. My OnlyFans was a way to reclaim it all back. It felt like my body didn't belong to me for a while. I was so scared of people looking at me. I still am sometimes. But mostly I love it."

Ilya tries to keep his tone casual and aloof, all the things he isn't in this moment. "Promise me you will tell me. Tell me when you feel that way. I never want to make you feel like that."

"You don't. It's more the opposite in fact." The way Shane looks at him takes him to a place like nowhere else. "Working with you makes me feel like I'm coming home to my body. I like it. I like you. You make me feel like I'm someone worth wanting."

Ilya thinks of all the ways he wants Shane Hollander. He thinks of it the next time he's alone and licks the remains of their overpriced dinner from the pocket of his cheek.

Ilya was having withdrawal symptoms. He smokes two packs of cigarettes before he realises it's not from nicotine. Every time the nausea churns in his stomach and his eyes hurt in the artificial light, he thinks of Shane Hollander, and it all goes away. He knows it's wrong, so he banishes the thought from his mind. He tells Svetlana he doesn't have the energy for the watch party, so they cancel it. The thought of seeing Shane in his dress shirt and overwhelmed expression is equal parts comforting and nauseating. But Ilya still needs him, needs to see him, needs a hit of dopamine again.

Ilya picks up his phone. He wants to express his need openly. But he doesn’t. He hides it behind work fearing the man would ignore him otherwise.

Ilya: *Do you want to come to watch party at my house?*

Ilya: *It is okay if you are busy.*

It was casual. Maybe too casual. It was the sort of message that Ilya would ignore. He had seven thousand unread emails on his phone. It drives Svetlana crazy. But luckily for him Shane Hollander is a professional. Ilya's phone dings minutes later.

Shane: *Sure! Do you want me to bring anything?*

Ilya: *Just yourself.*

Shane: *I can manage that just about. What time?*

Ilya: *I am free now?*

Was that too eager? Just before he debates turning it off, his phone chirps again.

Shane: *Okay I’ll head over.*

Shane: *Wait where do you live? I have no idea lol.*

Ilya: *I thought you would know already because you are my biggest fan.*

Shane: *On second thought maybe I won’t come…*

Ilya: *You already came. That is point of watch party.*

He sends over the address and waits for a confirmation. He waits and waits and waits. His leg bobs up and down on the sofa. Ilya was a shell of himself. He wishes the real him was here so he could kick his ass for being such a simp. He grabs his phone again like a man possessed.

Ilya realises it's a lost cause after twenty minutes and still no reply. He was supposed to work with Hollander again in two weeks time. The thought of looking at his stupid beautiful face

after being ghosted is a humiliation like no other. No one had ever rejected Ilya before. He was always the one doing the rejection. He was hot with a big dick and good credit. Shane Hollander was boring. And beautiful, and funny in a way that was never on purpose. And Ilya couldn't get him out of his head. He should go out, get drunk and hook up with a stranger. That will show Hollander. That'll show himself that he was more than capable of being with anyone else.

As he's putting on his shoes there's a knock at the door. Ilya walks towards it suspiciously. Through the peep hole he sees Shane Hollander looking just as perfect as his greatest nightmares. He was wearing an oversized hockey jersey and sinfully short shorts. Ilya stares at him dumbly. When the knocking continues, he finally opens the door.

Shane smiles at him. "Hey."

"Hey," Ilya repeats. "You didn't answer my text."

"Sorry, I was driving." He moves to grab his phone. Remembering his embarrassing messages, Ilya jumps up with a cry.

"It does not matter. You are here now. That is all that matters."

All that matters, Ilya cringes. He gestures to the open doorway. Shane tip-toes inside and wipes his spotless white sneakers on Ilya's dirty doormat.

"Do you want me to take my shoes off?"

Ilya smiles at his Canadian politeness. "You're good."

Shane stands in the doorway and marvels at the large open space. He does a lap of the room. His starry eyes crease after his self-governed tour. "Is it just me?"

"Yes. I know you don't like parties." Ilya fidgets in his own house like an intruder. "Is that okay?"

"Yeah. Of course." His smile widens. Ilya wants to take his picture and hang it in his entryway. Surely such a pure sight could ward away evil spirits. Maybe then he wouldn't have to worry about the IRS. "Your house is amazing. I was admiring the architecture outside. It's so modern but homey."

"Yes. It is home." Except not really. Ilya only slept and ate here. In his mind it was exactly like a solitary prison cell. Except a massive mansion. Okay, maybe not exactly like a prison. But it was stoic and cold. It reminds him of his father.

Shane is oblivious to this, however. He walks through the kitchen like it was a show room. His fingers trace the countertops. "It's beautiful. I love what you did with the kitchen. Is it real marble or resin? And oh my god, you have a vaulted oven! I'm so jealous."

"It is oven. It cooks food."

The man covers the cookers ears like it can hear him. "This beautiful house is wasted on you."

It was so much easier to picture Shane as part of him as he stands in his kitchen. Ilya can imagine the man cooking breakfast in the morning. Can imagine him swearing at Ilya's confusing coffee machine. Can imagine him wearing that same hockey jersey, only that hockey jersey, and bending over the countertops.

Sensing his desire, Shane slowly paces towards him. "Do you have like a velvet clad cinema room in your basement?"

"No," Ilya says with a smile, "basement is just sex dungeon."

The space between them is slowly eroding. Much like Ilya's patience. Shane stands close enough to touch and looks up at him through his eyelashes. "So where are we watching our premier?"

Ilya nods behind them. "In living room."

Shane's face furrows. "Just out in the open? Next to where you eat food?"

"It is not a four-d cinema experience. You do not need poncho to protect you from your comeshot. Don't worry."

Shane kicks him as they walk towards the couch. Ilya trips and falls against the plush cushions. He can't even summon enough of himself to feel embarrassed. Not when Shane Hollander looks down at him with a wicked smile.

Ilya can't enjoy the fluttering in his chest for long. When the other man sits beside him, he's immediately back on business.

"Have you seen it yet?"

Ilya grabs the remote and filters through his apps. He didn't watch a lot of porn for fun, but he did like watching himself. Not in a narcissistic way, just in a purely business-like way. Plus, it was totally hot to see himself rake up so many views in such a short amount of time. As he flicks to his newest video with Hollander, it's no different. "No just stuff we both saw at studio. It looks good though. Already has six million views."

"Who's watching porn in the afternoon?"

"People in other time zones, stupid. People watch porn when they are horny," He turns to the other man with a smirk. "I also fucked you at nine in the morning. Most people are just getting to office while you were on your knees for me."

Shane kicks him again. "Just click play, asshole."

"See, you are so eager."

He clicks play and the video starts. It was a little awkward sitting far away from Shane in real life while their onscreen counterparts where as close as two men could get. Ilya can feel Shane's body nervously fidgeting through the sofa cushions. Can feel him thrum with every short exhale. He was excited by this.

On screen, Hollander is swallowing his cock hungrily. His lips stretched comically wide as the room fills with wet chokes.

Ilya watches in admiration. "You have a good mouth."

"Is that supposed to be high praise?" Shane snorts.

"From me? Yes. I have had many mouths," he turns to the man with a smirk. "Shame yours is so annoying when it's not full of cock."

Shane throws a cushion at him. "Fuck you!"

"I will don't worry, it's next scene," Ilya teases as he swats the cushion away. It flies through the air and crashes into something behind them. Ilya didn't care.

The video continues in front of them. Their bodies dance masterfully around each other. The team barely had to edit out directions. Shane Hollander understood his body in a way no one else could. It was such a cruel irony that in real life Shane was so conscious of all the space he takes up. Even now he's taken his shoes off so he doesn’t stain Ilya's cream couch with his spotless sneakers. He's scrunched up in such a tiny ball at the opposite end of the sofa. If anyone was to enter, they probably wouldn't notice him. But no one ever came here. He was Ilya's and Ilya's alone. He watches Shane watch himself with interest.

"I didn't realise I had freckles there."

"Yes. You have big cluster on your love handles."

Shane turns his attention to him. "My what?"

"Is skin above ass."

"I don't think it's called that."

"Yes, it is. I would know. I'm the expert."

Shane turns back to the television where he's currently deepthroating Ilya eagerly. "I don't know, it looks like I know what I'm doing."

Ilya licks his lips. "Yes. It does."

"It's edited well."

"Yes," Ilya says, glad for the change of topic. "Harris is amazing."

"Is Harris the tall one with the blue eyes."

"No. That is Troy, Harris is the one with the beard who follows him around like a puppy. They have big crush on each other."

Shane smiles. "Yeah, I think even I noticed that."

"Everyone knows but them. It is cute."

"Yeah. Do they work on set together?"

"Yes, but not on camera," Ilya explains. The whole conversation would be casual if it wasn't for the sound of their choked-out moans in the background. "Harris doesn't want to. He thinks he does not have right body type. Is bullshit but if he doesn't want to, he shouldn't."

Shane looks at him with a furrowed brow. "Does the industry really care about body types and stuff?"

"Not really. People like different bodies. Is harder in gay porn, gay men are vain."

"I know. When I was on Grindr there was a quote people used to put in their profiles: 'no fats, no fems, no Asians'."

Ilya sits up on the couch in full offence. "People said that to you?!"

"Not to me. More around me," he shrugs his shoulders. "People are assholes."

"They are." Ilya thinks of all the hunger the universe has for Shane and his tiny portions of food. Thinks of all the viewers throwing requests of how he should contort his body. Thinks of all the comments on this video still asking for more. Suddenly the world feels too large for the two of them. He tries to soften his tone casually as he looks at Shane again. The man was watching himself with a scientific detachment, correcting his technique even now. "People will say a lot to you, but you shouldn't listen. You are enough just as you are."

Shane turns towards him with parted lips. They close and open, trying to form a reply. His eyes look shinier than they had before. Instead of replying he just shuffles towards him on the sofa. Ilya hardens his posture, scared to frighten him like a wild animal. But Shane is brave when he settles close and rests his head tentatively on Ilya's shoulder.

He pushes Shane's head against his chest with a smile. As his hair tickles Ilya's nose, he inhales the scent of his shampoo. He smells like seaweed, organic, real. The rest of him smells like refreshing mint. Every inhale is like a baptism of fresh air that flows through his smokers' lungs. It feels more like breathing than anything else. Colder and crisper than the air of his homeland. Ilya wants to tourist in the sensation for as long as he can, build a rental spot in Shane's arms and visit the man there often.

Ilya kisses him softly on the crown of his head. Shane shuffles against him before submitting fully. His head goes lax against his chest. Their breathing synchronises.

His state of relaxation is invaded as Shane's hand drifts lower. It was barely noticeable at first. It was easily excusable as a casual readjustment. But everything Shane Hollander did was sin with the illusion of innocence. He lets out a breathy exhale and slowly moves his

hand to Ilya's leg. He watches the man's devious fingers slowly stroke up and down the swelling mass. Ilya was half hard already. Obviously. He was watching the two hottest porn stars in stunning HD on his wide screen television.

Shane pulls out his cock and strokes it casually. His eyes are not on Ilya's, at least not the real him. He watches another version of him on screen and plays with his cock absently. Ilya's hands, his real hands, are desperate for more. As Shane leans down and licks the precome from the head, he snakes a hand down the back of Shane's shirt needing to touch him, ground him in his reality.

Then Shane swallows his cock, then he loses himself entirely.

"Fuck, Shane!" He cries.

The other man replies, but his mouth is too full to be understood. The vibrations around his cock make his moans more desperate. Shane's eyes are trained on the screen. Because of this he can't get the best angle to deepthroat, Ilya's cock bulging in his cheeks as he tries to match his own pace on screen. The sound of sucking is in stereo. It's both the hottest and dirtiest thing Ilya's ever heard.

He strokes Shane's back in soft circles in rebellion with his thrusting hips. "You are so good for me. So eager to please."

On screen it cuts to the two of them fucking. Hollander's back is arched as Ilya drives home. The way Rozanov enters him looks brutal. Harris had trimmed the fat of Ilya slowly working him open and kissing his back.

In the present, Shane pops off his cock with a cry. "Fuck me," he demands.

Ilya kisses him, swallowing the moans in his mouth. Shane was sitting on his lap now as Hollander lets out desperate whines, already full. It was hard to move with the other man's weight on him, but Ilya manages to open his wallet from his pushed down bottoms and fish out a packet of lube and a condom.

"Had big plans?" Shane teases, but his tone is dry.

Ilya bites his neck. "As big as this? Never."

Shane snatches the condom off him and struggles to open the packet. He squints down at it with furrowed brows. Ilya kisses his neck as he laughs into it. "I can do it!" Shane insists. Eventually he does, he opens the packet with such vigour that it flies into the air.

Ilya catches it with a smirk. "You are so desperate for me."

"You have no idea." He watches Ilya put on the condom impatiently. When he starts to slick up his fingers, Shane stops him. "It's fine I prepped at home. You can go straight in, I'm loose enough."

Was that why Shane was running late? Was he texting Ilya with his hole stuffed? Was he busy filming content for his channel? Ilya was cocky but not cocky enough to think he laid claim

to any part of Shane's subconscious. Shane's reality however was so eager for him as he throws off his slutty shorts. He was only wearing his hockey jersey now and his white socks. Ilya can't revel in the sight long until Shane is shifting on to his knees and balancing over his cock.

As his hole hits his head, Ilya halts him with his hands. "Are you sure you are ready? We can slow down, there is no rush."

Shane slowly sinks onto his cock in reply. The two of them hiss in tandem. The two of them on screen moan as well. As Shane starts slowly moving, Ilya can see the screen more with every inch he takes. They looked so right together on screen. They felt so right together right now. He grabs onto Shane's hips and gives into the pleasure.

When he bottoms out, Shane's moans get breathier. "More!"

More? Ilya has run out of cock. He bucks up with more defined thrusts, tries to get deeper, tries to carve a place for himself inside the other man.

Still, he's desperate and writhing. "More! More!"

Ilya picks Shane up by the hips and places him down on the coffee table without pulling out. The new position seems to give the other what he was searching for. It's an awkward angle for Ilya. He has to put one leg on the table to keep his punishing pace up. Beneath him Shane sobs, his sweat already making a perfect indent of his body on the glass. He isn't looking at Ilya, he's watching them on screen, head hitting the edge of the coffee table as it hangs over the edge to get the best view.

Both Shane's moans meld into one orchestra of euphoria. They're both pleasured but one is acting, and one is real. One is the fan-favourite cam boy, the other is the man Ilya had laughed with, yelled at. One is Shane one is Hollander. Ilya isn't sure which one he's fucking. Ilya isn't sure who he is anymore. It's so intense it defies all logic, all sense of time and place.

When Rozanov wraps a hand around Hollander's cock, Ilya does the same for Shane. And not even one full thrust later they're both coming synchronised and sobbing. Ilya doesn't last long either. His on-screen counterpart has far better stamina. Then again Rozanov didn't have the sight of Shane's jersey hiked up to reveal his pretty pink nipples and the splatter of come all over him.

Ilya comes inside the condom with an almost pained grunt. He kisses every inch of Shane's skin that he can touch. He's so hungry for more, so needy. Shane just relaxes into it, completely spent. Ilya mourns the loss of their connection as he pulls out.

"Holy fuck!" Shane pants out beneath him. He laughs to himself as he slowly gains control of his limbs. As he sits up, he notices the splatter of come on his jersey. "Fuck! Oh my god, do you think this will wash out? This is one of a kind!" He shuffles around the coffee table trying to find the tag. Finally, he tangles himself in a heap, head down, ass up. He waves the tag in the air. "Ilya can you read it, what does it say? Please don't say dry clean only. I can't show my face at a dry cleaner with a stain like this."

Ilya puts a calming hand on Shane's pert cheeks. He marvels at the appearance of his fucked-out hole. "I'm not sure," Ilya says while licking his lips. His cock was already twitching at the possibility of a rematch. "Maybe I need a closer look?"

Shane senses his intentions and kicks him away. He's smiling. "You're fucking insatiable. My ass is officially on vacation."

Defeated, Ilya sits on the sofa with a huff. Above him their porno continues. On-screen Shane was fully submitting to him. Ilya pauses it hoping to dissuade his erections' resurrection. Unfortunately, the very real and here Shane Hollander takes off his jersey and sits across from him fully naked. His beauty is undermined only by the look of intense concentration as he reads the label.

"Okay, it says I can wash it on a cold gentle wash. That's good news. I just hope it doesn't wash off the autograph."

Ilya can't believe he finds the sight endearing. He hides it behind a scoff. "The best news. Thank God you tell me. I would not have been able to sleep."

Shane glares across at him. "It's your fault I stained my jersey in the first place. You didn't even let me undress, you just bent me over like a barbarian."

"Barbarian? You were the one who started sucking my cock out of nowhere."

"You were the one who invited me to your house to watch a porno! What did you think we were going to do, a crossword?"

Ilya imagines it. Imagines Shane Hollander fully clothed sitting on the sofa next to him. Imagines them going to the supermarket and doing a weekly shop. Imagines growing bored beside him. There must have been something catastrophically wrong with his brain because the thought of simply existing in the same space as Shane is even hotter than sex both on and off screen.

Shane translates Ilya's zoned out expression as victory. "Can I use your shower? The shirt might be a lost cause, but I'm not."

"Sure, it is down the hall. My bedroom has ensuite. Door should be open."

"Thanks."

Ilya follows each one of his footsteps in his mind. They fill the empty space with noise. In his loneliness he tidies up. He throws the used condom in the trash and wipes the sweaty indent and come off the coffee table. He looks up at the paused porno. Shane's face is stuck in pleasure as Ilya is finally sheathed inside of him. Ilya watches the blissed-out blush on his freckled cheeks mournfully. When real Shane enters the room, he quickly turns it off.

They look at each other and speak at the same time.

"I think I should-"

"Do you want to-"

Shane laughs. He's wearing one of Ilya's shirts. Even though he's toned it hangs loose around his collar bones. "Okay, you first."

"No, you are guest."

His smile dampens. "I was just saying that I should probably head out. I borrowed your shirt. I hope that's okay?" As he gestures to the shirt it gapes obscenely and Ilya sees a red patch at the crook of his neck. He left a mark.

Ilya swallows. "Yes. Is fine."

"I'll give it back to you, next time I see you," he continues as he tugs on his shorts. He pats his pockets, ready to leave.

"And when will that be?"

Shane smiles dumbly as he ties his shoelaces. "We've got another shoot in two weeks. I'll bring it then."

Two weeks feels like a lifetime. Ilya doesn't think he'll make it that long. He was having withdrawal symptoms already. He wonders if the mark on his neck will be faded the next time they meet. Wonders if Shane will conceal it for his next livestream. Conceal the memory that they were ever together at all.

His father always told him that the idle mind was the devil's workshop. Ilya knew he only weaponized the saying to influence him. He was never doing enough in the man's eyes, always too lazy, too distracted. Even after all his success and riches the man still yelled it at him through the phone in deep Russian. It meant something different then, that Ilya was a sinner, that he would be punished by burning in hell one day.

But Ilya can't imagine a worse punishment than his days of solitary confinement. So, he tries to busy his idle mind. He sits down on the couch. The smell of Shane still prevailed. It had seeped into the fabric. Ilya wasn't sure he could get it out. He wasn't sure he wants to. He turns on the television to distract himself but no such luck. It plays on from the exact moment they had paused it earlier. Shane Hollander's blissed out expression fills the screen as he rides him with reckless abandon. Maybe the studio team was right. They should have kept going in that position forever.

As he gives into it, the door knocks. Maybe it was the devil.

"Open up!" Svetlana orders from outside. Okay, so Ilya was pretty close. "You are not answering phone, so I come over. You worry me. I bring food. Let me in, it's getting cold."

She presses her face against the door. "I know you are in there, *mudak!* Your ugly car is in driveway. Let me in."

Ilya can't move. He watches Shane on the screen. Watches them together.

He doesn't know how long it is until she sighs and uses her key to enter. Ilya still can't look at her, but he hears her place a bag onto the kitchen island. The food smells amazing. The thought of eating makes Ilya's stomach flip. His insides felt like a bottomless void that nothing could fill. He turns off the television, mourning the sight of Shane as he disappears again.

"I brought food from nice Polish restaurant downtown. It is not quite like food from home but their pierogies are very good. Reminds me of your mother's pelmeni." She walks into the living room and offers him a plate. When she looks at his grave expression she halts. "What is wrong?"

"Nothing." Ilya cringes. His voice sounded so hollow. He puts the remote on the coffee table and tries to offer her a smile.

Svetlana holds the plate out of his grip. "Is someone here?"

Ilya wrestles the plate from her. He sets it on his stomach. "Yes, you are here. Even though I did not ask you to. You love bothering me so much."

Under her scrutiny Ilya bites into the dumpling. It did taste like his mother's. Not exactly but it felt like the ghost of her. Hauntingly comforting yet completely out of reach.

Svetlana sits beside him, her knees bumping his. She grabs a dumpling off his plate. " Who *was* here?"

Ilya puts a protective arm around his plate. "No one."

She holds up the stained hockey jersey that was nestled into the couch cushions. "So, what is this?"

Ilya gulps. His mind moves a mile a minute. He should have planned a cover story. Should have rehearsed it in the mirror this morning like a desperate alibi. But he was too distracted by the memory of Shane Hollander soiling said jersey that he settles on a very unconvincing: "I have never seen that before in my life."

Svetlana glares at him like a foreign germ under a microscope. "Oh, you haven't? I have. It is good material, cotton mesh blend, not cheap polyester. Hockey merch in stadium is very cheap. This is a real jersey. This is one of my father's real jerseys. And I know he only kept two when he retired. One is in his home framed in office. The other I gave as present to Shane Hollander." She holds the jersey up to the light, long fingernails teetering on the edges to ensure none of the dried come touches her skin. "So, you either brought Hollander here and fucked him, or you fucked my father. So, which is it?"

In this moment of vulnerability, there was an opportunity for smugness. Ilya puts his plate down and holds her hands like he was breaking bad news. "I am sorry, Svetlana. It is hard for me to talk about. But me and your father have become very close. I know this is difficult for you, but maybe one day you will accept it. Then you can call me your new daddy,"

She whips him with the jersey. "You wish, asshole!" Then she throws it at him. Ilya catches it and cradles it to his chest. "I am not an idiot. I know you're fucking Hollander."

"Obviously. We fucked on camera. You should know, you were there."

"But you fucked him here," she gestures to the room. It was so large and empty that her voice echoes throughout. "You have never invited someone over before. I know. I manage your accounts. When you fuck people, you go to hotel room or backroom of shitty club. You have never once in your life brought someone to your home. This is different. This is a big deal."

"No, it is not." Ilya throws the jersey on the couch beside him. "It is nothing. So, we fucked. It is what we do. He came over and we fucked."

"Yes, but you fucked him *here!"*

Ilya throws his now empty hands in the air. "Who cares?! So, we fuck here. It is convenient. He is convenient."

Svetlana drops her defensive stance. "Convenient?"

"Yes. It is nothing more than that." Even if Ilya secretly wishes it was. Even if he wishes more than anything that Shane had stayed the night. Maybe then he would be sitting beside him, and Ilya would know what to say. But he supposes it wouldn't matter in the end. Because Svetlana was the only one in the world who really knew him. And if Shane was sitting beside him, she wouldn't have even asked. She would just know.

She follows his train of thought and meets him at his desperate destination. Thankfully she also follows him into his game of pretend. "Okay. So, it is convenient for the two of you. This works for us. That means he will keep working with us at studio. Where it is *convenient."*

Ilya nods.

Svetlana sits on the coffee table in front of him. Where Shane had sat not even a day before, shucking off the jersey and naked in front of him. Not even a traumatic head injury could separate his brain from the image. He was so unbelievably beautiful. Ilya can picture every freckle. Follows them with his eyes in his imagination.

Before him, Svetlana connects the dots too. She smiles. "I have a great idea. For your next project with Hollander…"

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for reading! All your comments, bookmarks and kudos really motivate me to keep writing. This story is not pre-written and these 10k chapters are taking forever. So I'm working my butt off to post the next very romantic chapter on Valentines Day, but I'd rather it be right than on time. So thank you for continuing to be patient with me!

Chapter 6

Troy Barrett is very handsome. It's the first thing Shane notices about him. He has beautiful blue eyes and as he takes off his shirt, he reveals a toned six pack. The second thing Shane notices about him is that he's a good kisser. His tongue is teasing but never dominant, sliding against his expertly. The third and most important thing Shane realises is that Troy Barrett is not Ilya Rozanov.

Shane is sure of this even as his mind starts to drift, because the real Ilya Rozanov is currently pressed against his bare back. While Troy's tongue is a worthy contender for his attention, it comes a close second to Ilya simply existing in the space behind him. Still, Shane is a professional, so he puts on a good show for the cameras.

The threesome was not originally his idea. Obviously. Svetlana had brought it up as a suggestion, making it very clear that if it made him uncomfortable it wouldn't happen. She specifically prefixed it with the phrase; 'or you could do same planned shoot with just Rozanov, business as usual.' *Business as usual.* How had fucking Ilya Rozanov become usual? The 'R' on Shane's calendar was now a bi-weekly necessity. That was more than Shane deep cleaned his apartment. He had a dish sponge that was older than Rozanov's hickey. But business as usual still meant business. Ilya had made that clear enough. Even if the two of them fucked off camera it was always casual. Because Ilya Rozanov didn't do relationships. Ilya Rozanov filmed with other actors on the days they were apart. Ilya Rozanov always leaves him with an empty ache in his bones.

That being said, Shane was happy the man was here. He was like a co-dependent security blanket for working with another performer. Troy was friendly but Shane was very socially awkward. As he sits in front of a camera in only his underwear sandwiched between two equally undressed men, he is aware of the irony.

As Troy deepens the kiss Ilya nuzzles his neck, the same place the faded mark from their last meeting was. It makes Shane shudder. Troy follows the vibrations with his hands. He strokes across his arms and down his sides. As he reaches the waistband of his briefs Shane slaps his hand away.

The slap resonates throughout the studio. The only sound that follows is his own shocked gasp and Ilya's barking laughter. Shane covers his mouth, his words come out quick and muffled. "Oh my god, I'm so sorry. I don't know why I did that! Are you okay?!"

Troy laughs. "I'm fine. Don't worry. *I'm* sorry. I didn't know you were ticklish."

"I'm not," Shane states. He feels everyone's eyes on him. "A-At least I didn't think I was. I'm really sorry. Are you sure you're okay?"

"I'm okay," Troy assures. He brings a tentative hand to Shane's rib cage, strokes it softly. "Is this okay?"

Shane can't trust himself, so he simply nods.

Behind him Ilya presses a laugh into his neck. "Do not feel bad, Hollander. You have to train him like puppy so he learns to kiss you right."

Troy glares at the man over Shane's shoulder. "I don't need you backseat fucking, man. I know what I'm doing."

"Obviously you don't."

Troy kisses Shane again, not dropping eye contact with Ilya. Shane feels like he's stuck between a rock and a hard place, quite literally. He feels Ilya's erection digging in his back as Troy pushes against him. As he moans into the kiss Troy pulls back with a wicked smirk. "See," he chides childishly.

In response, Ilya grabs Shane's chin and kisses him without warning. It was a wet dirty kiss, possessive where Troy was tentative. It made Shane feel like an object, a piece of meat being fought over by stray dogs. And maybe as he lies in bed tonight, he'll feel ashamed about how much he loves it in this moment. He moans even louder as Ilya pulls away.

Ilya sneers, "See."

"That doesn't mean shit! Hollander's just trying to protect your fragile ego."

"Bullshit!" Ilya cries. He sits up, shoving Shane's head forward. "I will prove it. Kiss me and I will show you how it's supposed to be done."

Troy rolls his eyes. "Fine. Prepare to be amazed." And then they're kissing. Or fighting. Shane isn't entirely sure. All he does know is that it's hot. They both lean over him as they try and devour each other whole. It makes Shane's dick twitch. It makes something possessive coil in the pit of his stomach.

Eventually they separate, both smiling like they've won.

Troy slaps his lips together like he was criticising a dish. "You taste like fucking cigarettes. You couldn't have taken a breath mint before the shoot?"

"Cigarettes are sexy," Ilya says as he places his chin on Shane's shoulder. "You wouldn't know sexy. You kiss like fish."

"You kiss like a psychopath. Your teeth knocked into me so hard I think I taste blood."

"You are such a pussy, Barrett."

"I'd rather be a pussy than a dick!"

They get closer and closer as they yell until Shane is fully squished between their chests. He's rescued by Svetlana yelling: "Children!" The two deflate. "If you are going to get in a dick measuring contest, can you at least show your actual dicks? I am drier than Sahara watching your toxic masculinity."

Ilya smirks as he throws off his boxers. "Maybe we should measure actual dicks, Barrett. Or are you scared of losing again?"

Troy follows suit. "Everyone knows it's not about size but the way you use it, man."

"That is what people with tiny dicks say."

"Why don't we let Hollander be the judge of that?" Troy suggests as he kisses him with a convincing level of passion.

From being thrown around in their battle, Shane now perches between the two of them facing toward the camera. He's the only one not naked, but he looks the most vulnerable as the two men tower over him. They battle for his attention as they grab and kiss every inch of skin that crosses their territory. It's dirtier than Shane's most perverse fantasy. He feels equal parts flattered and forgettable, completely lost in the current of pleasure.

As their hands grow more persistent, Svetlana brings them back on mission. "We will move on when everyone is ready. Shane you are calling the shots. It's up to you which position. Most threesomes are either like spitroast or like daisy chain. It is up to you."

Shane tilts his head as Ilya bites the crook of his neck. "Sorry. I don't know what that means."

"They're positions," Troy offers helpfully, free of judgement. "A spitroast is where one performer is performing oral while being fucked. A daisy chain is like a line, where one performer is fucked by someone while fucking someone else."

Svetlana chimes in. "Or everyone can take it in turns. It might be too much, two at the same time."

Shane tries to stop the blush gushing down his torso. Everyone in this room was very familiar with Shane's most intimate areas. The camera had captured freckles and moles that not even Shane was aware of. But talking about sex acts like they were mundane changes in the weather was still jarring to him. It was too much to fathom let alone do. Shane was mostly a solo act. He had mimicked oral sex on a toy with another inside him many times on his streams. But to do it in real life with two breathing pulsing men was another task entirely.

Shane rouses himself with a hopefully sure smile. "W-Whatever works for you guys."

"This is about *you.* Making *you* feel good," Svetlana repeats. "We do as much or as little as you want."

"And you don't have to bottom if it makes you nervous," Troy offers with another friendly smile. “You can top me if you’d prefer.”

Ilya snorts. "It does not make him nervous. Hollander can't come without something inside him."

Shane opens his mouth to protest. But Ilya was technically correct. Besides bottoming wasn't making him nervous. And he wasn't nervous he reminds himself. He just felt a little overstimulated. Shane musters the remains of his sexual persona to shove Ilya. "Maybe

Troy's right. I think this shoot might be a lot easier if you had something shoved in your mouth."

Ilya beams at him. "You're so sexy when you pretend to be dom. Is that what you want, Hollander? Want to fuck my mouth while Troy fucks your greedy hole? Bet we will break record for your quickest finish yet." He cups his mouth in his hands to project his voice. "Can someone check stats? How quick was it last time? Sub two minutes?"

The discomfort rolls of Shane's back as he laughs. "You're such a fucking asshole."

"Yes, fucking your asshole sounds very nice," he wraps both his hands around Shane and squeezes his still clothed behind. "Maybe I will go first, show Troy how it's done."

Shane kisses him with a jarring lightness as he settles onto Ilya's lap. "No, I want it like this. I want to watch you while…"

"While what?" Ilya brushes the hair out of his eyes while the other arm holds him tight. "That is our rule. If you cannot say it, we cannot do it."

"I want to watch you while he fucks me. I want to look at you." *I need to,* Shane adds wordlessly. Because Ilya Rozanov was so wrapped up in his definition of sex that Shane's not sure he can finish without being reminded of his existence. Even while alone during his streams it's Ilya's name on the tip of his tongue when he comes.

Ilya looks over his shoulder. "That work for you, Barrett?"

Shane can't see him, but he feels Troy shrug behind him. "Whatever works for Shane works for me."

The room feels thick with anticipation. Shane gives into it. He blinks up at Ilya. *"Please."*

Svetlana calls: "Action!" And Ilya kisses him. It's devoid of sweetness but never tenderness. He licks into Shane's mouth like he's trying to spell something. And Shane isn't sure if it's in a foreign alphabet, but he can't quite make it out. Or perhaps it's the presence of Troy's wandering hands that distract him from the truth.

With his eyes closed every sensation is multiplied. The unknown feeling of Troy's hands feels stranger still. His hands are so soft compared to Ilya's large, calloused hands. His path is unpractised, each freckle unmarked territory that he treats with concern, scared to adventure. It feels good. But it also feels wrong. It's not fear or pain that overcomes Shane but something uncanny. A strange unnameable sensation that rejects the pleasure. The sudden rush makes his pulse quicken. His body tenses then goes limp. He still feels their hands and mouths on him, but he can't tell them apart anymore. It was like he was sitting in the director's chair watching it all happen to someone else.

He's reunited to his body by Ilya Rozanov saying his name. "Shane? Are you good?" His voice is full of concern. There was no bravado, no characteristic tease or insult dressed up as flirting. It's just Ilya delicately holding his face and looking into his eyes.

Shane smiles in a daze. He opens his mouth to reply but just a whine leaves his lips.

Ilya sits up. *"Stop!"*

The booming command makes Shane coil further into himself. *Stop?* Stop what? Shane can't stop anything. He can't do anything. His body and mind are slipping away from one another. He's not sure which one he reaches for as the room comes alive around him. Everything moves too quickly. It's a montage of moments. Shane just remembers feeling cold as the heat on his back disappears. He feels the rush of air, a sudden moment of weightlessness, then the cold embrace of silence. But the only through-line he can follow is the smell of Ilya's shampoo and the shape of his arms as he holds onto him just as tight.

When Shane comes back to himself his head is in between his thighs. Ilya is across from him, sitting on the floor rubbing circles on his back. He's repeating something in Russian. The nonsense sounds like a melody to Shane's ignorant ears. Regardless the sound is grounding. Shane realises he's no longer in the studio but the dressing room. He feels the couch cushions on his bare skin. He jumps up. "Oh, shit!"

Ilya flinches at the sound. "What? Are you okay?"

"I'm not supposed to sit on this couch without clothes on," Shane panics as he picks up the warning sign. "Do you think it’s okay?"

"You just have panic attack and first thing you ask is if couch is okay?" Ilya deadpans. He picks up the piece of paper and scrunches it up. "Stupid couch will be fine. Having Shane Hollander's ass print will probably make it more valuable. Couch is lucky to have you." He traces a thumb across Shane's cheekbone. "Are you okay?"

Shane flushes and refuses to meet his eyes. "I'm fine. And it wasn't a panic attack."

"Looked like panic attack. You froze. I looked at you and you weren’t there," his voice wobbles. "It *scared* me, Shane."

"Sorry for scaring you."

Ilya drops his face and throws his hands into the air. "Stop saying sorry. First to stupid couch and then to me. There is nothing to be sorry about. *I* am sorry. I think maybe you feel pressured to keep going. This is my fault. I should have stopped it sooner-"

"-No!" Shane grabs one of his waving arms. "It's not that. Really, I wanted to. I really did. It's just…" *It's just my body can't stomach the thought of being with anyone that isn't you*, he wants to say but he can't. Because it's insane and selfish and entirely too truthful to be said aloud. He tries to scavenge a lie from the remains of his dignity. "I’m just not feeling well. I think I’m coming down with something. I wasn't feeling great this morning-"

"-Then why did you come to shoot? Why you not stay home?"

"Because I'm stupid. And I thought it wasn't a big deal." But it was. It was officially a big, now undeniable, deal. That Shane was completely and utterly enamoured with him. The

realisation makes him actually nauseous.

The feeling worsens as Ilya moves away. It vanishes entirely as a cold can of ginger ale is pressed into his palm. Ilya opens it for him. "This will help, ginger good for sickness, right?"

"You hate ginger ale. You called it poison."

"It is poison. But you like poison."

Shane cradles the can to his chest. "You really brought ginger ale? For me?"

"No. I told runner that you like it and they brought it for you. I am too busy and famous for grocery shopping," He preens. Shane smiles at the act. "I even told them about your gross protein date bars. They brought them too. Do you want one?"

"No," Shane dismisses with a smile. "The ginger ale is helping though. Thank you."

"Stop saying thank you. And finish the whole can. Then you will get dressed and I will drive you home."

"I'm fine! We can keep going-"

"-You are not *fine,* Shane!" Ilya bellows. When Shane shrinks at the sound he kisses his knee softly. "Even if you say you are fine, which you're not, *I* am not fine. I cannot go back on set after seeing you like that. Neither can Troy. Neither can anyone. Everyone is worried about you."

It was supposed to be comforting, but it was Shane's greatest fear that people talked about how worried they were for him behind his back. It reminds him of his parents after he was outed. Of hands too nervous to touch him and whispered words every time he left the room. "I know how to look after myself."

Ilya holds his gaze. "Maybe you not have to look after yourself anymore. Maybe people care about you. Maybe you should shut up and drink stupid poison soda and let me drive you home."

Shane takes a big sip. He fiddles with the can. "I need my car."

"Then I will drive your stupid car."

"It's a stick."

Ilya sits up, suddenly offended. "I am Russian. You think I not know how to drive manual car? Do you have any idea who you are talking to? I think you are very sick, maybe you have brain tumour. Makes you like stupid ginger ale and say stupid stuff all the time."

Shane laughs. "Maybe I do have a brain tumour, it's the only logical reason I'd agree to work with you in the first place."

"Maybe we keep it in then," Ilya winks. "We will have sexy threesome with me, you and tumour."

It's absurd and inappropriate but so is Ilya. And Shane likes him so much it makes him ache. He thinks back to their last heart-to-heart in this same room, in this same position, before their first ever shoot. Ilya will never know how much his patience had meant to him then. Ilya will have no idea how much it means to him now.

Ilya drives too fast. He doesn't respect traffic laws and Shane's car lets out an overheated cry as they pull up to his apartment building. The ginger ale in his stomach churns under the surge of adrenaline. It flips in rhythm to his nervous heart as Ilya follows him up the stairs. He's close behind, like he's prepared to catch Shane when he falls. But he doesn't. Shane succeeds at something for the first time that day and lets himself inside without humiliation.

As he opens the door he hears the scrambling of tiny paws on the wooden floor. His beloved Shiba emerges from around the corner, obviously still blinking away sleep, not expecting his return so soon.

"Ginger!" Ilya greets excitedly. He bends down as she runs into his arms. Shane watches his once loyal dog run at Ilya full speed and lick his face. It was objectively gross and completely against her training. But the sight of Ilya Rozanov squealing in joy is one of the sweetest sights Shane's ever seen. His heart flips in his chest. Then his stomach churns.

He steps away. "I'm going to have a shower."

Ilya finally looks at him. He smiles indifferently. "Okay."

When there's nothing left to say, Shane walks away. He locks the bathroom door behind him and resists the urge to slide down it and sit on the floor. He can't quite meet his reflection's eyes as he takes off his clothes. It feels weirder to be naked on his own somehow. If only Ilya was here with him. The scalding heat of the water burns the thought away as he steps into the shower. Shane doesn't even wash himself, just stands under the stream and lets the day wash away. When he starts to feel lightheaded, he turns off the water. As he dries himself, he hears his front door slam closed.

Of course. Shane has no idea how long he's been in the shower, but it didn't matter. It was enough opportunity for the man to leave. The studio probably wouldn't want to work with Shane again after today. He'd cost them so much time and money. Would he ever see Ilya again? Maybe at the next award show where he'd watch Ilya win another award with another performer before they left for his hotel room. Maybe on another rooftop where they would

reminisce about who they used to be before leaving for good. Maybe in another lifetime where the absence wouldn’t hurt so much.

Shane splashes cold water on his face and braces for the silence. As he exits the bathroom however he's assaulted with an annoying squeaking sound and the sight of Ilya Rozanov standing in his kitchen. The island is littered with shopping bags.

Ilya turns as he enters. "I making tuna melt, you want one?"

"Y-You want to make me a tuna melt?" Shane says slowly, still trying to put the pieces together.

"Yes. I know if I order fast food you will be annoyed so I cook. I DoorDash groceries. I check your stupid meal plan. It says fish is good protein. Also says no carbs but that is bullshit. You eat like tiny mouse living in the walls. You need real food. No wonder you not feeling well."

For a moment Shane wonders if he'd collapsed in the shower and hit his head. There was no logical reason why his favourite porn star would be lecturing him the same way his mother did. But even if this was a concussive hallucination, Shane isn't entirely sure he cares. Because Ilya Rozanov is touching his things, standing in his house, *cooking* for him.

He's so dumbfounded that all he can say is. "Tuna is a fatty fish."

Ilya rolls his eyes. "Shut up, Hollander. And sit down, you need to be resting."

"I'm fine."

"Sit!"

Both Shane and Ginger sit obediently. It was humiliating. Ginger gives him a knowing look. She had a massive plush octopus in her mouth. Shane scowls at it. "Where did you get that?"

"I brought it for her," Ilya says proudly. "She is the goodest girl."

Shane looks more closely at the shopping bags. Half of them are filled with dog toys and treats. "She doesn't need all this. She's already spoilt enough. She'll get fat."

"Do not push your stupid diet culture on your daughter. She will get a complex," Ilya yells over the extractor fan. "She told me all about how awful you are. I tell her I will rescue her."

Ginger squeaks the toy animatedly in reply. Ilya coos at her.

"You're both so annoying."

"You are annoying. Go sit down on couch and I will bring you food."

Shane obeys wordlessly. Again. This was *his* house. Ginger was *his* dog. He owned *his* body. Shane should be annoyed. He should be a lot of things in this moment. But he settles on grateful as he settles on the couch.

Last time they had sat on this couch together was before the livestream where Shane still had his virginity and the confidence that they were simply colleagues. He had a plug inside the entire time they made awkward bantering small talk. Now he was empty and his only promise of being filled was the home cooked meal Ilya places on his lap. Shane takes a bite to quell the rumble.

Ilya nods to his plate. "You like?"

"Yeah. It's good. Thank you."

"Don't say thank you."

Shane takes tentative bites. It was good. Last time he ate cheese was three years ago after Rose got him drunk at a wedding. The couple had both a chocolate and cheese fondue. It was so disgustingly indulgent. Rose told him to live a little and shoved a cheese covered marshmallow into his mouth. The memory still made his stomach churn. He puts the plate down after finishing half.

Ilya picks it up and shoves it back into his hands. "Eat."

"I'm not a dog," Shane bristles.

"No. Dogs do what they are told. You are just a bitch. Eat."

Shane glares but takes a bite regardless. "You just like ordering me around. Are you going to tell me to chew next? Tell me to swallow?"

Ilya speaks with his mouth full. "I do not have to tell you to swallow, you love it so much."

He eats the rest of the tuna melt with a stubborn slowness. Ilya watches him and doesn't complain. The man takes his empty plate. "Are you feeling better now?"

"I'm good. I don't know what it was." He feels himself slipping into the other's concerned eyes. "I don't think I was actually ill. I think it was my head."

Ilya brings a hand to his forehead. "Head is hurting?"

"No," Shane leans into it. "Not physically. More…"

"Emotion?" Ilya suggests. Shane nods against him. "That makes sense. Today was too much for you. All more reason for you to eat and rest. You need to take care of yourself. I worry."

"You worry?" Shane says with a humoured tone.

Ilya's voice is even. "Yes. I worry you not look after yourself. Not just physically," he gestures to Shane's body, "you obviously look after yourself. But you have to look after brain too. You work too hard. You not eat enough."

The observation makes him shuffle. "I'm fine. Really. I'm mostly just embarrassed."

"Why are you embarrassed?"

"Because I freaked out over nothing."

"That was not nothing," Ilya assures. He has a hand on his knee. It was intimate but not sexual. It feels strange. "You tried something new in a room full of people with a camera pointing at you. I think everyone asks too much from you. It is all so new to you. You not know what you want yet."

Shane grabs his leg in return. His grip is bruising. "I want to keep working with you. I like filming with you. I don't want to stop."

Ilya tangles his hand in his, then slowly moves it away. "Now is not the time to be thinking about that. You should be resting."

It's a cruel imitation of victory when Ilya leads him into his streaming room only to tuck him in. It reminds Shane of his mother. Of being small with the flu and having her force him to sweat it out. But Shane has tried to sweat out Ilya Rozanov. He's fed the fever. He's starved the cold. There was no cure.

The cause of his symptoms looks more contagious with a caring smile. "I will leave you. To rest. Don't do anything for a few days."

Shane shuffles against the pillows. "Fine. I've not got anything until my livestream tomorrow anyway."

Ilya stiffens. "So, cancel it."

"I can't cancel it!" Shane cries. He struggles against the tightly tucked bed sheets. "Plus, it's a charity collaboration I'm doing with Scott Hunter"

"Scott Hunter is coming here?!"

Shane flinches at the sudden loudness. "No! It's a solo stream. But it's for his charity. It's a bunch of different creators. It's been in the diary for months. I've signed a contract."

"You can still cancel. Scott Hunter is not an asshole. He will understand."

God, if Ilya was defending his rival, then he must be desperate. Still, Shane refuses to fall for it. "I can't. I have to do it."

"No, you don't!" Ilya yells, running a frenzied hand through his curls. "You don't listen to anything I say. You don't *have* to do anything!"

Shane meets him in his irrationality. "I want to do it! It's important to me!" He hears the pathetic rattle of his voice echo. Feels ashamed by the sound and the way Ilya winces at it. "And it won't last long. As soon as I hit my donation goal, I'll end stream."

"That is worse! Then you cannot stop until they say you can." He glares out the window. "How much is donation goal?"

"I’m aiming for twenty-five thousand, give or take. But I'll reach it in no time."

Ilya sits on the bed. "I don't like it."

"I'm not asking you to, Ilya." Shane reaches out and strokes his arm. He was shaking. "Thank you for the tuna melt, and for driving me home and… everything at the studio. Thanks for looking out for me. Even when I don't need you too."

Ilya frowns at him. "If you listened to me, you would not say thank you for this."

If you listened to me you would stay, Shane wants to say. But he's wordless as Ilya kisses him on the cheek and readies to leave him again. Maybe for the last time. He's still in reach when Shane thinks of that fact. He lets him slip away regardless.

Still, Ilya looks back once before leaving. "Get some sleep, Hollander."

His stream starts the way it always does, with a coy smile and the weight of so many expectations. Shane isn't in the mood for the stream, but he's prepared regardless. He's dressed like he wants to. He's dressed like he *wants*. His underwear is concealed underneath shorts that are somehow even tinier. He was like a seductive physics-defying puzzle just begging to be scrutinised, flipped over by curious hands thumbing at his seams. It would work. The more they wondered the more he made. And the more he made, the quicker he could leave.

The total currently sat at five-thousand dollars, and he's pulled out a lot of his teasing tricks. Most of his clothes are off. He shoves his bare torso against the mattress to hide his sigh. Then he points his still clothed ass at the camera. The streaming donations chime in praise. Shane tucks his smirk into the crease, hides it behind a smile as he sits up.

HardlyHen: *do that again for me bby plz*

BigDog69: *look so pretty*

Almightyy: *i give you more if you show hole*

He tries to hide his yawn into his wrist as he starts to slip his shorts down, but he makes an embarrassingly loud mewing sound like a cat. The donations keep pinging.

NeedyWombat: *so fucking cute bby!*

MightyRhino: *cant work out if i want to fuck you or tuck you in*

Shane spreads across the comforter with a smile. "Sorry, I had a late night. I had so many naughty thoughts keeping me up." The existential kind, he wants to add. The realisation that no man will ever want to spend the night with him. The realisation that he can't even be with another man that's not Ilya Rozanov without having a public breakdown. The realisation that he's probably going to die alone.

Trying to persuade himself more than the viewers he pushes down his shorts to reveal lace panties. Shane detests the idea. But surveys showed it was one of the most common requests from his audience. He had brought exactly one pair discreetly online months ago. He'd had them tucked in his bedside drawer in preparation for desperate times. And he was getting pretty desperate to reach his goal. He looks at himself on camera. He looks both pretty and desperate. But he doesn't want to be pretty. Shane works out excessively in the hopes his body would appear as masculine as possible. He had no problem with men wanting to be feminine but as an Asian man he feels like he has more to prove. So often has he been reduced to a submissive stereotype and feminised by strangers. Shane tries hard to be seen as a man. He just so happens to be a man that likes submitting to other men. And honestly Shane can't think of a more masculine thing than taking nine inches without flinching.

He thinks of Ilya Rozanov. Thinks of his words. *"You are enough just as you are."*

Shane squirms at the memory. Then more as he reads the chat.

OperaticWall: *you are so fucking pretty*

Almightyy: *i will pay you for those wet panties*

Spenzzer: *you r such a dirty girl*

All their words blur together. It didn't matter who was right about him. They all muddied in his brain. Because when Shane looks at himself, he sees nothing at all. He feels himself slip away. His body doesn't need his brain. His hands tug at the hem of his panties on autopilot. Was it self-soothing or self-destructive? Shane is too exhausted to care.

But just before he can take them off a loud chiming pings and then the sound of canned applause. That means he's hit his donation goal already. Shane sits up in shock. He looks over at his laptop and squints in a way that was definitely not sexy. His waits for his contact lenses to settle. But his eyes were not deceiving him. One lone donor pushed him to his goal. He reads the message:

FckinGooseFork donated $25,000 with the message: get some sleep hollander.

Shane's heart and stomach flip in time. He reads it again. But the voice in his head is not his own. It's Ilya's. The same voice and phrase he left Shane with yesterday. It can't be a coincidence.

He tries to hide his panic unsuccessfully. The chat continues flying.

MightyRhino: *damn big spender*

BigDog69: *sugar daddy alert!!*

Wolfmann: *you have to do something now at least take off the fcking panties*

Then Shane does something he knows he shouldn't. He ends the stream.

His profile page sits in front of him. Someone would be annoyed at him. Not his manager obviously. He has the privilege of being her favourite and only son. And Scott Hunter wouldn't care. Shane had hit the goal. But that omnipotent *someone* would be so angry at him. So many someones who wanted to see him all, wanted to watch him fall apart on camera. They would be so angry at him.

Sitting in only a pair of women's underwear and a blush, Shane is angry at himself. Then he's angry at his donor. Angry at Ilya. He finds the username on his donation history and clicks it. **FckinGooseFork.** That was the same user who won his auction months ago. The analytics show up. *'Top 1% of donors.' 'Total Donation Amount: $35,000.'*

Each fact is more damning than the next. This means Ilya Rozanov has been watching him for months. He subscribed after their argument on the rooftop. Even when the space between them was at its widest, Ilya Rozanov has been watching him. Paying for access to his body. Commenting on it. Shane reads through the comment history to solidify his theory. Most of them are so Rozanov. So offensive and possessive.

FckinGooseFork: *when is scott hunter???*

FckinGooseFork: *i am even more boring than you*

But one of them is so Ilya.

FckinGooseFork: *you like rozanov?*

It was so juvenile. So pathetic. It was also so unnecessary. Because it was Shane's worst kept secret that he's liked Ilya Rozanov since the moment he first saw him on screen. Shane wasn't just watching him, he was studying him, like he was a test with a passing grade. Hell, the entire reason Shane decided to get on camera in the first place was because of Ilya Rozanov. The man has been plaguing Shane's thoughts for so long that he could claim squatters' rights on his frontal lobes. Rozanov's legal team could claim monetary reparations for every orgasm Shane has ever had on camera. Because Shane's alter ego was forged in the fire of his desire for him. And from the moment Shane met him in real life he always knew the reality would burn him. That the man behind the camera could never give Shane what he really wanted.

Because even after every large paycheque and earth-shattering orgasm, Shane only wanted the man to answer him. Answer how he could call Shane terrifying on a rooftop and then compliment him under a different pen name. Answer how he could gift Shane tens of thousands of dollars and then refuse to pay for lunch. Answer how he could unmake Shane's bed and then expect him to sleep in it alone.

Or how when Shane finally picks up the courage to ask him all of this, he only gets his answering machine.

Shane's desperate plea comes in the form of a work email. He copies in Svetlana. Names the subject: *'OnlyFans Collaboration Request.'* He wants to but doesn't write, *"if you want me, come and get me."*

After their reunion is pencilled in the calendar with a shakily scribbled 'R', Shane prepares for battle. He writes a cheque for thirty-five thousand dollars and dedicates it to Ilya Rozanov. Labels the reason for issuing: *'refund for goods and services.'* Then he changes his mind and shreds it. Then he changes it again and sticks it back together with tape. It's unreadable and unusable but his bank is closed on Sundays so he can't get another. But Shane needs both Ilya and the universe to know that he knows, and the heat of knowing powers him as he walks towards the knocking door.

Ilya Rozanov looks unbothered in Shane's hallway. He has an unlit cigarette in his mouth. Already teasing with the idea of rebellion. The man smirks around it. "Are you being chased? Why are you so out of breath?"

Shane feels himself flush. He isn't sure if it’s from anger or embarrassment. But his voice is not strong with either as he says, "you didn't answer my call."

Fuck. This wasn't how this was supposed to go. Shane was supposed to be a force to be reckoned with. He should be reducing Ilya Rozanov to his knees to make him grovel. But looking up at the handsome man only makes Shane want to fall to his knees and repay the favour in kind. Give him a blowjob worth thirty-five thousand dollars with a torn cheque in his back pocket. Like a whore with no morals.

Although Shane supposes he's more than halfway there already.

"I do not answer any calls." Ilya tilts his head. "Did I offend you, krasivyy?"

Shane's moral compass spins again. He feels dizzy with it. "You called me that before. After the award show." Then more quietly he adds, "in bed."

This makes his smile turn wicked. "Are you asking me if it's a dirty word? You want to know what it means?"

"Yes."

Ilya squints at him. Debates it. "I will tell you after."

"After?" After Shane summons the courage to demand it? After Ilya takes everything else and leaves him an empty husk of a man? After Shane crumbles into nothingness waiting for

them to be something?

"After we film," Ilya clarifies. "That is what you wanted me here for, no? To be returning guest star for your little show?"

Little show? God, he was such an asshole. Shane goes to reach for the torn cheque, tries to reach into the depths of his body to pull out hatred. But there was nothing there. Ilya Rozanov empties him of everything but longing.

"Let's get down to business then. We're not streaming, obviously. I just need some footage to cut down into clips," Shane says as he walks Ilya down the hallway. Like the other man can't find himself there on his own.

As they enter his stream room it's perfectly made up. The fairy lights are on, the candle is lit. But as Ilya does a lap of the room, he takes a closer look at the things out of the camera's view. He fingers the spines of the books on his shelf, studies the photo of his family on the dresser, picks up his reading glasses on the bedside table. Ilya holds them in the air. "I didn't know you wore glasses."

"They're just for reading," Shane dismisses. He sits on the bed and starts taking off his clothes. Ilya watches him with the same interest as the rest of the furniture. As he strips down to his underwear, Ilya finally decides to comment.

"You cutting straight to the good stuff?"

Shane folds his clothes aggressively. "I guess. I only need a few clips. I have enough videos of me taking off my clothes."

"I know."

"You do?" It's a challenge, a gamble.

Ilya considers his reply carefully. "Yes. Is your job, no? What is my job, just to watch?"

Like you did during my stream? Shane wants to ask. *Do you touch yourself when you think about me? Do you think about me at all?* Instead, he lies down on the bed. If he can't have answers, he at least can get the man's attention. He gives Ilya access to his body hoping he'll do something interesting with it. Something revealing. Shane lies back on the bed like it's an operating table. Whether Ilya tries to heal him or scavenge him for parts it doesn't really matter. Either way Shane will go under, leave his brain for a while and leave all the crushing insecurity that comes along with it.

And with the omnipotent power of endless possibilities, Ilya Rozanov kisses him. His lips are soft and knowing. He graces Shane's cheeks, his neck, his collarbones. They're all places he's conquered before, but it feels new. More confusing. More maddening.

"What do you want from me?" Shane cries. The sound is so desperate, so accusing.

Ilya leans back to study his face. "What do you mean? I not want you to do anything."

"But what if you did? What if you could do anything you wanted with me?" Shane sees his own piercing gaze reflected through Ilya's dilated pupils. "What if you were one of my viewers and you had me all to yourself? What would you ask me to do?"

The man scuffles under the scrutiny. "I don't know what you mean."

Shane wants nothing more than to bare his neck and submit to the indifference. But he decides to bear his heart instead. "Then pretend you do. Like we're roleplaying. My content is different than all your films at the studio. I'm selling the boyfriend experience. It helps if I know what you want. It's easier to pretend that way."

"You want to roleplay for camera?" Ilya smirks, he kisses along his pulse point, trying to read the lie. "Want to play role of blushing virgin for me all over again?"

Shane holds his breath. "You know what I'm saying. What would you do if it was just us?"

"If it was just me and you?"

Shane nods.

Ilya reaches over him and towards his bedside table. Shane braces himself for a bottle of lube and to come apart under those dexterous fingers. He braces himself for a condom and to be flipped over and fucked hard the way he craves. But nothing could prepare him for Ilya holding up his reading glasses. "I would ask you to put on these for me. So, I could see how pretty you look."

Pretty. There was that word again. It doesn't rattle him as much as when strangers say it, but it still stings. Ilya was equally as mistaken as his audience if he thought Shane would look good with his glasses on. His contact lens subscription was the only thing Shane was completely loyal to. He hated wearing his glasses. They remind him of being young. Of being nerdy and unpopular. Of being the only Asian boy in his class and getting teased for being too pretty. Shane never thought he could grow into a man back then. Certainly not the sort of man another man could fall in love with.

Shane takes the glasses and hides them in the drawer. He pulls out his camera. Ilya visibly deflates. "No. They're just for reading. And they make me look stupid. The viewers wouldn't like it."

"You did not ask what viewers want. You ask what I want."

"What else? Anything else I'll do." Shane pleads. All ambitions of calling Ilya out on his bullshit completely vanish.

Ilya sighs. "I don't understand you. You asked me here. What do you want from me Shane?"

"I want you. I want you to fuck me like you mean it." Like he's mean with it. Messy and spiteful with it. He wants Ilya to fuck him dirty just like he wanted him to in the hotel bathroom. Wants to be defiled in a public space. And there was no space more public than

Shane's bedroom. As Ilya submits to his want, Shane grapples for the camera. "Wait! Can you hold it?"

"Hold it?" Ilya asks. He grips the camera like the weight was foreign to him.

"Yeah. I only use my laptop for streams. My handheld has better quality. It's expensive so don't drop it. The record button is-"

"-I know how to use camera! I own a studio." Ilya fiddles with the display, pointing the camera down. "How you want it?"

"Whatever you want, like I said." Shane takes off his boxers and throws them to the floor. He spreads his legs, let's both Ilya and the camera slot between them. "Do you want me like this?"

Ilya eyes him through the lens. "No. I can't get all of you in frame."

"You don't need all of me." *You wouldn't want it anyway,* Shane adds internally. "Just pretend you're the viewer. What would you want to see?"

The camera pans up from his half-hard cock to his face. Shane blushes and pushes it away. Ilya stops focussing on the camera and lets out a frustrated sigh. He sounds suspiciously like Svetlana. "You tell me to do what I want, then you push me away. You make no sense, Hollander."

"You make no sense," Shane retorts. Ilya takes it as a childish quip and not the truth. Not the damnation of every lie that comes out of his mouth. "Take off your clothes."

He does. He throws both the camera and his clothes on the bed with equal carelessness. Shane cradles the camera to his chest as Ilya pushes the mess onto the floor. He makes a beckoning motion for the camera again when he's finally naked.

"Do you want me like this?" Shane repeats.

The hand not holding the camera caresses his thigh. "You look very nice but might be hard for me to prep you."

"I'm already prepped. I'm ready for anything."

Ilya squints at him, one eye covered by the viewfinder. "Anything? That is dangerous thing to tell a man."

If only he knew how dangerous this was. How fatal this could be to blur their professional boundaries even more. Because the first time Ilya was with him in this room, he was taking Shane's virginity and leaving him spent and gasping. The last time Ilya was with him in this room, he was tucking Shane in and kissing him goodnight. Shane wants the man to blend the two together in messy strokes.

Shane spreads his legs wider. "Do you need a condom?"

"It's up to you. I'm clean. I have shoot tomorrow and got test results this morning. They are on my phone if you want to see."

"I trust you," Shane says even though he doesn't. Not about his status but his motivations. His voice is tight. "Who are you shooting with?"

"Fabian Salah."

Shane recoils. Fabian was pretty. Far prettier than him. "Oh, okay. I saw him at the award show. He won 'Bottom of the Year', right?"

"Yes. We always collaborate after award show. But I have been busy, so we rescheduled."

"Busy? With me?"

Ilya sighs again. He relaxes the arm holding the camera. "I thought you wanted sexy video. You are talking about stupid schedule. Not everyone is like you, Hollander. No one else thinks calendars and admin are sexy."

Shane glares up at him. Of course. Shane is not sexy just pretty. Never wanted. His only purpose is to be looked at from far away, a pretty prop for the camera. He spreads his legs wider in acceptance of this fact. "Then do something sexy. I'm waiting for you. You're the one in charge."

"You like it very much when I'm in charge," Ilya smirks as he lifts the camera back up to his eye. "Then be a good boy for me and get the lube."

"I told you, I'm already prepped."

"Get the lube," he repeats. "I am not going in dry. It will hurt."

Shane wants it to hurt, wants to be punished by it. Still, he reaches into the drawer and pulls out the bottle of half-empty lube. Luckily, Ilya doesn't joke about his overindulgence. He simply slicks himself up while still holding the camera.

He gestures to his dick. "You will need to help me. I cannot put it in with one hand. I am too big."

"No, you're just lazy," Shane teases. He reaches down and grabs Ilya's lubed up cock. He can feel the man's heartbeat quicken with every pulse as he slips it inside. Ilya was right about one thing, he was too big. Taking every inch of the man was an odyssey in itself. It felt impossible yet somehow his body opens up every time. Like it was his sole purpose to consume Ilya Rozanov completely.

It isn't sexy the way Shane shuffles down the bed to take every inch. But as his ass hits Ilya's pelvis, the man moans like it's the hottest thing he's ever seen. "You're so tight. You are like a vice. Move. You can't just hold me forever."

Shane wishes he could. He moves his hips as much as the bed allows him to. He pushes his body in shallow bounces. He doesn’t have enough leverage. He needs it deeper and all

consuming. Ilya tries to thrust back, but with one hand holding the camera and the other holding him open it's nearly impossible to set the right rhythm. The two of them rut against each other before Ilya drops the camera so he can put both hands on Shane's hips and drive into him full force.

The forgotten camera bounces up and down. Shane assumes it's capturing mostly ceiling. He opens his mouth the correct the man but then he expertly hits his prostate dead on, so just a loud moan leaves his lips. It feels amazing. It puts everything right again. Even knowing that being with Ilya will complicate everything further Shane can't care in this moment. Because right now they are just two bodies dedicated to bringing the other to the edge. The thrusts quicken, both of them babbling nonsense. One is so forceful that it sends the camera to the floor with a crash.

Ilya looks guilty, remembering the purpose of their sex. Because this was for business not pleasure. He goes to pull out but Shane won't let him. He wraps his legs around Ilya's hips and pushes him all the way inside.

"The camera," Ilya reminds him. "Let me get it. I will put it somewhere safe, so we don't have to worry about it."

But all Shane does is worry. Eventually he lets him go. Ilya pulls out with an alarmingly wet plop as he picks up the camera. He squints at the display. Shane swallows. "Is it okay?"

"It is fine," Ilya assures. He places it on the bedside table and readjusts it a few times. He flips around the display to check they were both in frame. He was such a professional. "This angle will be good. But we should change position." Shane lets himself be manhandled. He's lying on his side facing the camera as Ilya lies behind him. He picks up one of Shane's legs and speaks to the version of him on the display. "Is this good?"

The camera can perfectly capture Shane's naked body like this. His cock and toned torso were perfectly in frame. This was the best position for his audience to see him getting fucked. But Shane can only see the camera and the beige walls of his apartment. "I can't see you," Shane protests aloud despite his pride.

Ilya kisses his cheek. "I am still here. I'm not going anywhere. But we can do something else if you want?"

I'm not going anywhere. It was such a cruel fantasy. Shane takes a deep breath. "Do whatever you want."

So, Ilya enters him in one thrust. He's so much deeper like this. Shane can feel him in his stomach. As Ilya starts thrusting, he feels distended to his limits. Like there's not enough room in his body for his thoughts. Shane moans breathlessly as he drives into him. He grabs onto the bedding for purchase and resists the urge to bury his head in the pillows. Because the audience needed to see him, this was for them and not for him.

Shane eyes start to well up. It's so overwhelming. Ilya is so deep but somehow not deep enough. He wants the man to feel at home in his body. Wants him to stay inside for so long

Shane forgets what if feels like to be alone in his own body. The thought of his lonely makes the tears flow.

Oblivious to this Ilya keeps hammering into him, hitting his prostate with every thrust. When he moves to kiss his cheek, he stops when he tastes salt. He stops moving, cradling Shane's face in his hands. "What is wrong? Are you hurt? Why are you crying?" When he moves to pull out Shane stops him, reaching a hand around to Ilya's ass forward so he's completely inside again.

"No," he sniffles as he tries to set the rhythm. "It's too good. It's perfect. It's just so much, so deep."

Ilya coos against his damp cheeks, kissing each tear away. "It is so perfect. You are so perfect for me."

This makes Shane sob louder. Luckily, it's disguised as moans as Ilya picks up the pace again. His thrusts are still hard, but he punctuates each one with a soft roll of his hips. Each one sends a rush of pleasure to his addled brain as he submits fully to his undoing. Tasting his own tears in Ilya's mouth as he kisses him pushes him further to the edge. It was so organic, so intimate and revealing. He wasn't even looking at the camera. It didn't matter. The only thing mattered was that Ilya Rozanov was fucking him like it means something.

"I'm close," Shane tells him.

Ilya moans in his ear. He reaches down to Shane's cock with his hand still slick with lube. Shane's body was smeared sticky with it. But he can't muster enough energy to care as Ilya starts stroking his cock in time with his thrust. "Let go for me," he whispers in his ear. "I've got you, krasivyy."

And with that Shane's coming with a cry. His orgasm doesn't seem to end. He comes in ribbons all over Ilya's hand and the bed. As his release leaves him so do his tears. He sobs wantonly as Ilya stills behind him and empties into his body. The pulsing heat feels like a baptism.

He can’t bask in it for long. There's one final kiss pressed to his shoulder before Ilya pulls out. Shane bites his lip hard enough to draw blood to stop his sobs escaping. Ilya reaches over to grab a tissue to clean Shane's come from his hand. Shane reaches for one too to tidy away his tears. When Ilya notices and goes to comfort him, Shane moves away.

"I'm fine. My brains just being stupid again," he tells the worried man. Shane tries to smile but he's sure his red puffy face is not convincing. "I'm fine. You should go. You have an early shoot tomorrow and you need to rest."

Ilya puts a hand to his wet cheeks. Despite his best attempts he's still sticky. "You said I can do whatever I want, right?" Shane nods. "Then let me stay with you."

The tears flow freely now. "You want to stay?"

"Yes. I will stay the night." He moves to stand up and Shane holds onto him. "I am just getting a towel. If you could see yourself, you would understand. I have made quite a mess of you."

That was the understatement of the century. Ilya Rozanov has ruined him for everyone else. "No. Don't go anywhere. Just stay here with me."

"You will be annoyed at me in the morning. You will be so crusty."

Shane falls back onto the mattress and takes Ilya with him. "I don't want to think about the morning."

Ilya spoons him from behind and stops fighting it. He cradles Shane to his chest with one arm as he leans over him with the other. "Let me at least turn the camera off. I think I want you all to myself for a while." He fiddles with the camera and clicks the record button again.

"You have me," Shane says. *Just don't let me go.*

They cuddle as they watch the window fade from afternoon to evening. Shane feels exhaustion take over him, both his mind and his body completely spent. Just before he can slip away Ilya anchors him back to consciousness.

"Krasivyy," Ilya says to the growing silence. "It means pretty. Is masculine form of beautiful."

Shane feels tears well up in his eyes again. Pretty in a masculine way. It makes his heart swell. Everything makes sense again. His body makes sense again. He pushes it back against Ilya. "You're so stupid." But it sounds suspiciously like: *"I love you."*

All the anger and uncertainty disappears. Nothing else matters in this moment. It was just the two of them, wrapped in each other’s arms and drifting to sleep. Shane is so enamoured with the warmth of Ilya's body that he doesn't notice the red now blinking light of the camera on the bedside table.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

> This chapter is a lot in both word count and subject matter. Warning for talk of coercive sex work. In the past Ilya was targeted by a shitty studio who financially and emotionally exploited him. While all his projects were consensual, they existed in a grey area that meant he wasn't in the position to be doing them of his own volition. If this is a sensitive topic for you, please leave a comment and I will signpost you to areas for you to avoid.
>
> The only warning for something that happens in present time is one moment of non-consensual groping. It happens briefly and is resolved quickly. Because of this there is another warning for on screen violence in correcting this behaviour. There is a quite a few references to blood.
>
> This being said, after this chapter the angst is over I promise!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ilya exists as a walking and talking contradiction. He wants nothing more than to be wallowing in his bed alone, but he's at a nightclub surrounded by friends celebrating another record-breaking business quarter. He texts Shane noncommittally inviting him as a mere suggestion, but spends the entire night scanning the crowd for his face. His restraint is indulged when he finally sees the guest of honour standing at the edge of the dancefloor wrapped in too many layers.

Ilya approaches him on sight, uncaring about his eagerness. Up close he can count each of Shane's freckles. He can colour match his blush from the redness of his own hangnail that he picked at waiting for him to arrive. How did the man get prettier with every passing day?

But there was no correct answer. So instead, he asks, "Why are you late? Did bouncer not let you inside? Does he not know you're famous?"

Shane, a man of equal contradiction, rolls his eyes but leans against him. "No, asshole. I was late because I was debating if I should even come." He shuffles his weight from one foot to the next. "I'm not even sure anyone wants me here. Everyone is probably still angry of how I acted during the shoot."

Ilya scowls at his insecurity. "No one is mad at you. Everyone is excited to see you. They have not shut up about you, is so annoying. And even if everyone was mad it does not matter. I want you here." *Want* is a pale description of the truth. Ilya *needs* Shane Hollander all the time. Needs to breathe in his every exhale. Needs to be inside his every pore.

"You want me here?"

I want you everywhere, Ilya wants to say. But instead, he leads him towards the private booth. Svetlana has gone all out. Money was practically printing itself. The last video with Shane where the man rode him into oblivion has over fifty-million views. He had more fans than ever before. None more so than here.

"Oh my god, it's Shane!" Harris yells loudly.

As the two of them approach, the entire studio borderline breaks into applause as they greet Shane. Ilya takes off the man's ridiculously large jacket to show off more of him. He revels in the blush that deepens in reply.

"Hi guys," Shane greets somewhat shyly.

The group make space for him in the centre of the booth. Svetlana pulls him down and immediately starts smoothing out the creases of his shirt. Harris jumps into a long-winded funny anecdote to make him smile. The rest of them surround him, but not in an intimidating way. Like they were sheltering him from the rest of the room, conscious of his insecurity. Ilya watches the scene with a smile on his face. It was a fantasy of his deepest darkest desires. That Shane Hollander could fit into Ilya's life so easily. That he could fill the empty chasm of his chest with something so much more complicated than joy.

Svetlana watches his smile form with a shake of her head. She slings an arm around Shane's shoulders. "Go make yourself useful and get us a round of drinks. We have to toast to our success."

"Yes!" Harris jumps up with a cry. Troy pulls him back down against his chest. Harris leans into it with a grin. "We have so much to celebrate."

Ilya rolls his eyes. "You and Troy are old news. Everyone got bored waiting for you to finally get together."

Troy snorts. "That's rich coming from you."

Ilya squints. "I am very rich. Is why you want me to buy round of shots."

"Not shots! Get some champagne," Wyatt orders. He was already wasted.

"Champagne is shitty. We drink liquor like grownups," Ilya turns to the youngest of the group, who was orbiting around Shane. "Except Luca. He gets apple juice."

"I'm twenty-two!"

"You are foetus. But bar not sell breast milk so apple juice will do." The group laughs. Ilya picks Shane's out of the noise and locks eyes with him. "What do you want?"

Shane shifts in his seat. "I don't know. Maybe I'll have a proper drink. You know, to celebrate."

The group cheer again so loudly the other VIP tables scowl at them. Maybe Ilya should ask the bartender to put water into shot glasses to sober them up. Most American vodka tasted

like water anyway.

He walks over to the bar. The club is very familiar to him. He used to come every Saturday night to get his dick wet. But now Shane Hollander streams on Saturdays, so instead Ilya sits in front of his laptop in seething lust. It was the only way to get his fix until Shane's team marketed a way to inject the man directly into his veins.

He's pulled from his delusion as the bartender approaches. "Can I have twelve shots of your top shelf vodka and a bottle of your shittiest champagne, please. Oh, and a Moscow mule."

The theatre of the drinks being made is lost on Ilya. He watches Shane finally relax from across the room. His contract with the studio was unofficially finished. On paper they still had another shoot to schedule, but the memories of Shane's panic attack quelled the desire for more content.

Maybe one day.

He thinks of the futures they'll never have as he struggles to balance the tray of drinks across the dancefloor. When he finally sets it down on the table, Svetlana grabs the bottle of champagne and pops the cork, stealing all his glory. Ilya shakes his head and picks up Shane's cocktail, searching for a more reliable form of validation. But Shane is absorbed in a conversation with Luca. A spike of jealousy pierces Ilya's heart, even though Luca's voice is void of flirtation.

Ilya slams the drink in front of Shane. A lime wedge lands on Luca's lap. It leaves a little wet patch. Ilya smirks.

It morphs into a grin as Shane finally turns towards him. "Is this for me? What is it?"

Ilya pushes Shane's drink closer towards him. "It’s a Moscow mule, ginger ale and vodka. A little bit of me and a little bit of you."

Shane blushes as Luca rolls his eyes and leans to whisper into Svetlana's ear. But Ilya's attention is solely on the Canadian as he takes a sip. He waits with bated breath before the verdict is in. "I like it."

A surge of irrational power floods through Ilya's body. "Of course, I have great taste. Now quickly drink it. You will need liquid courage."

"W-Why?"

"I want to see if you dance as badly as I know you do."

Watching Shane's pretty blush turn to an angered scowl is Ilya's favourite sight of all time. "Why do you think I'm a bad dancer? I do a lot of yoga. I'm very flexible."

"Oh, I know how flexible you are," he smirks and pushes the glass up, so the man is forced to take a long sip. "But dancing is not about being flexible. It's about feeling the music. And you are too uptight to listen to your body. You need your brain to tell you what to do."

"I'm impulsive," Shane gasps as he comes up for air. "I came here, didn't I?"

"You came here because I asked you to," Ilya replies with a sharp smile. "That is not impulse. That is obedience."

Shane's face flashes in time with the strobing lights. He looks aroused, then offended, then settles on something unreadable. "Then show me how."

Of course he needs a command. Shane and Ginger have so much in common. "Give me your hand." Shane lets himself be led to the middle of the dancefloor. He keeps the distance between them and holds his arm up in perfect ballroom posture. Ilya laughs at his stiffness. "Is not prom night, Shane. Put your arms around my neck."

He does. Ilya can feel his breath there too.

His grip ghosts across Shane's hips. "Can I hold you here?"

"O-Of course," Shane stutters. They sway together without rhythm or reason. Ilya doesn't want to correct his technique. Every misstep and stumble is so completely Shane Hollander. The man looks up at him and presses against his body. "Are you sure this is how you dance? It reminds me an awful lot like something else we do together."

"That is the point. Dancing is like foreplay." And being with Shane is like music. Ilya's brain is an entire orchestra of desire every time he looks at him. It's nonsensical and maddening but his body is so in tune to the rhythm that every second of silence is even more lonely without it.

Ilya wants to close the gap between them while the world watches but can't capture. He wants to kiss him and pretend they were two strangers having a meet cute at the club. But they were never strangers to each other. Never strangers to the world. Ilya is so aware of the fullness of the room that he can't bring himself to kiss him. He leans back, letting the air flow between them once more.

"Can I cut in?" A voice calls out. Ilya turns towards it, surprised to see Troy.

"Fuck off, Barrett. I don't want to dance with you. I might catch your two left feet."

Troy rolls his eyes. "I don't want to dance with you either, asshole. I was talking to Shane."

Ilya looks over at the owner of the name. The man flushes at the implication that someone would want to dance with him. As if the entire room wasn't lining up waiting for a turn. "Uh, sure."

Sure? There was nothing sure about it. Certainly not in his tone. Ilya feels a wave of possessiveness overtake him. Before he can stop himself, he says, "Why don't you ask your boyfriend to dance?"

Troy laughs. "Calm down. I just want to steal him for a chat. I'll bring him back, I promise."

Ilya glares at him. Troy glares back. They knew each other so well both on and off set that they can communicate non-verbally. Troy was teasing him, baiting him to say something he knows he'll regret. Something he knows Shane will hate.

So, Ilya backs down. "Fine. I will leave you to talk about how good I am in bed. Try not to step on his toes."

Shane's laughter joins Troy's. Ilya stomps over to the studio's private booth and throws himself down on the leather. He only uncrosses his arms to down a shot. His glare prevails as he watches Troy put his hands on Shane's hips. The same way he did at the studio. The same way he did before Shane started to panic. Ilya searches for any sign of distress. When all he sees is Shane's pretty smile, he's somehow even madder.

He elbows Harris who is scrolling on his phone, checking the studios analytics even now.

"Can you believe him?" Ilya asks, nodding over to the pair on the dance floor.

Harris nods in agreement as he drunkenly chases his straw. "Oh my god, right! I can't believe he cut off the best part of the song for a dub-step remix of *All The Things She Said*. That's like sacrilegious. If this was a gay club there would be a riot."

Ilya only knows what half of those words mean. And none of them made sense in this context. "Who the fuck are you talking about?"

"The shitty DJ. Who are you talking about?

Ilya points at Shane and Troy embracing. "Your fucking boyfriend feeling up another man."

Harris laughs. "My boyfriend has sex with other people on camera. You think I'm jealous that he hugs someone? And he's not just another man, he's Shane Hollander. But obviously you know that because that's why you're jealous."

"I'm not jealous," Ilya scoffs as he downs another shot.

Across the room, Troy leans close and says something into the shell of Shane's ear. And he laughs. Ilya knows Troy very well. And the man was many things, but he wasn't funny. So why the fuck was Shane laughing so hard he has to hold the other man's bicep.

Harris watches him watch them. "Okay, so you're not jealous? That's great. So, say if me and Troy were interested in making Hollander the sexy man meat in our co-dependent little sandwich, you'd be fine with that?"

Ilya turns away from the offensive sight to glare at Harris. "You wouldn't!"

"We wouldn't," Harris mediates. "Not because he isn't sexy but because Shane wouldn't want to. He didn't want to at the studio. And it really fucked Troy up. He's been so worried that he pressured Shane in to doing something he didn't want to do. After everything that happened with him and Dallas Kent, it brought back all sorts of memories. He's wanted to apologise to Shane for the past two weeks."

God, now Ilya felt like a complete asshole. When he met Troy, he wasn't in a good way. He was working with the worst people in the industry and after he spoke up about his working conditions, they tossed him aside like trash. Svetlana scouted him when he was at his lowest and assigned him to backstage, not wanting him on camera until he was in a better place. Now Troy was three years sober and had become the sort of man that Ilya respected. Because even after everything, Troy still showed kindness to other people. And Ilya commends him for it, even if those people just so happened to be Shane Hollander.

"He should not feel bad. He didn't do anything wrong," Ilya assures.

Harris shuffles. "I know. And he knows that. It's just hard to unlearn everything. You know what Troy's like."

He did. He remembers all the nights rinsing the drunk man under a cold shower. Remembers holding the crying man when he told Ilya that his life was over at only twenty-two. Remembers all the sets where he mooned over Harris only to tell Ilya that he didn't deserve to be loved back.

Ilya watches the new version of Troy stabilise Shane in the crowd, teaching him the rhythm of the music. The two of them look so innocent, so unaware of how every eye in the room was watching them. How Ilya was watching them. He doesn't look away when he speaks. "How does it not kill you to see him with someone else?"

Harris eyes join his, he puts a head on Ilya's shoulder as he ponders his reply. "Because I know he's mine. The world can borrow him for a while. He's so handsome and talented and kind. I like that the world knows that too. Because every night I get him all to myself. He cooks me dinner, and we watch shitty movies, and walk my dog together. And that's the real him. That's the him that belongs only to me."

Belongs only to me, Ilya repeats internally as he looks at Shane. It was the most innocent yet perverse fantasy. Of possessing Shane Hollander's boredom. But Ilya could never have him like that. At the end of the night, they would go their separate ways.

Ilya watches Shane find his footing. He stands up and grabs his jacket. "I need some fresh air."

He doesn't wait for a response from Harris, simply flees the sight. He opens a door he's definitely not supposed to but luckily, it's not alarmed. The outside air of the alleyway is sour with the smell of the dumpster. Still, Ilya inhales and lights up a cigarette to further curse his lungs.

As he leans against the wall, he hears a voice call out. "I don't think you're supposed to smoke here."

Shane Hollander looks even more perfect in the backdrop of moonlit trash. He nods to the 'no smoking sign.'

There are so many contradictions he wants to compare the man to. But Ilya settles on teasing where there was a genuine desire for honesty. "Are you going to tell on me?"

"Maybe," Shane smiles. He steps closer with a raised outstretched hand. "Can I try?"

Ilya looks at his smouldering cigarette, then back at the fire behind Shane's eyes. "No."

"Why not?" He pouts.

"Because you would not like it. You are only asking because you're drunk."

"I'm not drunk."

"Yes, you are," he smirks around his cigarette. "You are all red, moy pomidor."

Shane blushes despite his dismissal. "What does that mean?"

He wants to know if Ilya still thinks he's beautiful. And he does but he can't say that without giving too much away. "It means tomato." He purposefully leaves out the 'my.'

"Fuck you!" Shane cries as he holds his cheeks. "It's the Asian flush, the curse of my ancestors. I get it as soon as I have a sip of alcohol. I've only had one drink. You should remember, you were there." He tries to act casual by leaning on the wall beside him, but he stumbles.

Ilya laughs. "Oh, so you are just acting drunk?"

"Or maybe I'm just feeling brave." Shane grabs onto him for stability.

Ilya can't help but tense up as he moves closer. He takes a deep drag of his cigarette. Before he can exhale, Shane's mouth is on his so ferociously that he steals the breath right out of him. Ilya moans at the sensation of his teasing tongue. Then he winces at the thought of polluting him.

Shane pulls away with a cough. His face is even redder as he searches for purity in the air. When he doesn't find it, Ilya takes another drag.

"I did say you wouldn't like it."

The spluttering man stares up at him. He stands up and pushes Ilya against the brick wall. "I like it." Then he's kissing him again.

Ilya should protest or at least redirect their passion. But as Shane deepens the kiss he can't do anything but fully submit to him. He's vaguely aware of Shane's nails scratching his skin. He claws deeper, as if he's attempting to find the seam where Ilya wasn't stitched up quite right and crawl inside. And Ilya wants to let him. He wants to be reduced to skin and flesh that litters the floor. He wants Shane to be all that's left of him. And he's so conscious of his wants that he leaves his reality until Shane undoes his top button.

As those cold hands find his warm cock, Ilya jumps. "What has gotten into you? We are in public!"

Shane jerks him off like a man possessed. "I want you in me."

Then he's falling to his knees. The floor of the alleyway is disgusting. But the sight of Shane taking his cock into his pretty mouth is dirtier still.

"Holy shit!" Ilya cries out as he’s met with the wet heat. He feels as shocked and impressed as he had during their first shoot together. Where Shane first got on his knees for him. Where it all began. Shane wordlessly seems to be aware of this too as he swallows Ilya's large cock with practised ease.

The sounds he makes are perverted. Soft chokes and muffled moans almost as loud as the club music. Ilya can feel the vibration of noise from the brick wall. There were so many people inside. Anyone of them could open the door and see them. See the famous Shane Hollander on his knees for him in the highest definition. He can't tell if the thought terrifies or excites him. But he knows how shy Shane is when he's sober.

"We should not be-" He's interrupted by Shane deepthroating him. He carries on the sentence while biting his lip hard enough to bleed. "Someone could see us."

Sensing his reluctance, Shane pulls off. But not completely. He speaks his words against Ilya's shaft. "Then you better hurry up and finish." He swallows him whole.

Once more, Ilya feels his breath stolen from him. He realises he's still holding the cigarette. It's burned down to the filter. A sharp pain is lost in the sea of pleasure as it scorches his fingertips. He drops it to the ground to extinguish it. It meets the mess that is Shane Hollander choking on his cock.

Ilya tangles a hand in his hair. "Fuck, your mouth is so good! Always so good."

Shane moans wantonly. He pulls off, breathless. "Pull my hair. Fuck my face."

The words are so commanding. Ilya feels like he's on set. That a director is ordering him the proper way to defile Shane Hollander. But there was no proper way to defile him. He was undefilable. Undeniably perfect in every way. He tangles a loyal hand in the man's hair while the other one thumbs his stretched lips. Touches the place they join.

"I don't care if anyone sees us," Ilya grunts as he thrusts inside the open mouth. "No one will ever get you like this. You are all mine."

Shane moans around him. The sound comes out wetter than his tears. Ilya moves the hand holding his hair and brings it to his flushed freckled cheeks. He wipes them away.

"You are so perfect, krasivyy. So perfect for me"

The hopeful shine of Shane's eyes is so overwhelming that Ilya feels his orgasm threaten to spoil the moment. He tries to pull the man off but Shane swallows him to the hilt and presses his face against Ilya's pelvis. The feeling of being consumed sends him over the edge. He comes so much at the sight that his release trickles from the corners of Shane's lips even from so deep in his throat. When he pulls off, he shows the come collected on his tongue on instinct. Like there was a camera to capture this moment.

But it was just them. For once they have avoided the eyes of strangers.

Ilya pulls him to his feet before he can swallow to kiss him. The thick sticky taste of his own release is visceral. But the sweet taste of Shane's tongue and his even sweeter moans make it palatable. They swap spit until they're both pulling away, a long line connecting them still as they both swallow his come.

Shane is so red that Ilya's surprised he still has enough blood left in his body to harden his cock. His jeans are soaked, from both the filth of the floor and his own precome. Ilya starts unbuttoning his jeans.

But the man stops him. "Wait! Not here."

"Why? Are you suddenly shy?"

"No. I don't know. Just not here."

The music changes. Ilya can hear the people in the smoking area. He was too overwhelmed by his own pleasure to realise how public they really were. "Fine. So, we go home."

"Home?"

Fuck. They didn't have a home. They were too separate beings. Every time they became one body it became harder and harder to remember this. "Your place. My place. It does not matter. I will buy fucking hotel room if it means I get to touch you." He squeezes Shane's hard cock through the fabric. "I cannot leave you like this. I would not forgive myself."

Shane moans lightly but steadies his hands. "But we just got here. I'm having fun."

"We could be having more fun."

"I want to dance some more."

Ilya sighs. The thought of every man in the room watching him move makes him feel possessive. The thought of every man in the world watching him makes him realise Shane will never belong to him. He looks down at Shane's flushed face and still wet eyes. "But I want you all to myself."

Shane kisses him. He still tastes like him. "You have me."

But he didn't and he wouldn't. But Ilya is fine playing pretend one last time with Shane Hollander. He kisses him back. "Fine. One more song."

Shane licks his lips. "And one more drink? My throat is kind of sore."

"Yeah, I wonder why?" Ilya laughs then lightly bites him on the neck.

"You're not helping!" They both look down at his erection. "Go get me a drink and I'll join you when I've… calmed down."

Ilya pushes off the wall and tucks his spent spit-soaked cock back into his jeans. "Fine. I will see you soon," he tells Shane. Then looks down at the obvious tent in his jeans. "And I will see *you* later."

"Fuck off!" He yells as he hides his crotch. "Make yourself useful and go order me a drink. Can I have a-"

"-Ginger ale. You don't have to tell me. I know you."

Shane blushes impossibly more at the implication.

Back inside the music is just as crap and deafening as he remembers. He catches his reflection while walking up the stairs and attempts to hide the evidence of what he was doing outside. Only Svetlana was smart enough to put it together. But Ilya deliberately avoids her eyes as he walks up to the bar.

She finds him anyway.

"Having fun?" She asks with a knowing look.

Ilya rolls his eyes. "I was. What are you doing here? Why aren't you bothering that boring finance bro from earlier?"

"Because it is not proper to bother a man in public," she teases. "Besides I thought you might need a *helping hand."*

He pushes her lightly and she pushes him back harder. Ilya has to steady himself on the corner of the bar to not fall. "You are never helpful. You are a menace."

Svetlana holds her heart in mock offence. "Me? I am an angel."

"You are the devil," he snaps playfully. "I know you set up the threesome shoot just to get Troy and Harris together."

"Was not the *only* reason."

Ilya scowls. "There is no reason. Troy was very upset. And Shane is not a tool for you. He is a person and you should keep him out of your bullshit schemes."

Svetlana has no tolerance for men yelling at her. She is usually a vision of feminine rage. But now her face softens. "I am sorry. I did not mean it to end like that. I thought…" she sighs and leans on the bar. "I thought it would be fun shoot with good results. I did not mean to hurt anyone. I would never hurt Troy, or Shane, or you."

"I know." Ilya clarifies as he kisses her cheek. Even after years away from their old studio, the memories of difficult shoots and demanding directors was still a fresh wound. The two of them had been through so much together that even the thought of pressuring a performer was too much to bear. Ilya supports the weight of her head on his shoulder. "I did not mean to hurt your feelings."

She headbutts his shoulder. "You could not hurt me even if you tried. You have a weakness for the people you love."

Ilya searches the room on instinct. He spots Shane by the door. His path is blocked by a tall man, leaning close so he can speak beneath the music. When Shane recoils Ilya moves on instinct. He doesn't hear the bartender asking for his order or Svetlana cry out as her head is suddenly left unsupported. He only hears the stranger.

"Come on! I'm you're biggest fan. Just one little picture? My friends will totally freak out if they see us together."

He's big. Almost as big as Ilya.

Shane looks even smaller in his shadow. Still pink and ready to appease. "That's really sweet. But I'm not feeling very photogenic right now."

"Are you kidding? You're even prettier in person." He grabs Shane's hip and holds his camera up. "Just one of your signature smiles with those bottom eyes, that's all I'm asking for."

Shane winces as the man’s pelvis is shoved against him. "Please. I just want to be left alone."

"I bet you get really lonely during your streams. It might be nice to-"

Ilya snatches the phone off him. "-He told you to leave him alone."

The stranger turns his attention towards him. His anger flashes to recognition. "Holy shit! You're here as well. You're my idol! I can't tell you how many times I watched your stream. Watching you finally split him open was so hot I can't even be jealous. You can get in the picture too."

Ilya holds the phone up higher, revelling only in the man's pathetic jumps to reach it. "No. No picture. Fuck off."

The offending man stops. He squares his shoulders up. It was a prelude to a threat. "It's not like I'm asking for a picture of your dicks. Even if I was it's not like the world hasn't seen them anyway." He squeezes Shane's hip so hard he recoils. Ilya seethes.

"If you don't get your fucking hands off of him, I will rip off your dick and take a selfie with it like I caught a tiny fish."

His grip doesn't loosen on Shane as he reaches for his phone again. "Fuck off! Give me my phone."

"Let him go," Ilya orders back. "You don't get to touch him."

The stranger laughs. His hand slips up Shane's shirt, the material still crisp and clean despite everything. "Touch him? Hollander's practically public property now. You made sure of that."

Ilya throws the man's phone onto the sticky club floor and stomps on it. The man finally lets Shane go, giving Ilya the perfect opportunity to punch him without consequence. The pervert

falls to the floor beside his phone. As he reaches for it again, Ilya stomps down on his hand for good measure. Ilya smirks at his cry of pain. The man won't be touching anyone else for a while now.

The cry however alerts the surrounding crowd. Someone screams something. Maybe it was Shane. Maybe it was Svetlana. Maybe it was another stranger. The assurance of his surroundings is stolen as the man punches him back. The hit is hard and dazing. Ilya barely registers the pain before tackling the man back to the floor. He sits on his chest and punches him again. Until the man is objectified by his actions, becoming meat beneath his hands.

Someone pulls him off. Someone bigger and stronger than him. Ilya tussles in the strong arms that prevent him from finishing the job.

A security guard runs over. "What the hell is happening here?"

Ilya simply growls.

The puddle on the floor gasps and points an accusing finger at Ilya. It looks broken. "He's a fucking psycho. He just attacked me out of nowhere! Just ask his whore."

When the finger moves to Shane's terrified face, Ilya breaks from the hold. Nothing could stop his fury in this moment as he punches the man in his lying face.

Nothing but Shane's hand on his. *"Ilya, stop it!"*

He does.

Ilya comes to in the centre of the room. His hands were swollen and slick with blood. The ringing in his ears is so loud he can't tell if the music is still playing, if people are still dancing. The room was spinning. The only thing that isn't is Shane.

He's saying something but Ilya can't make it out. All he can do is blindly follow the man as he steps back, like he was herding a wild animal. Shane looks to Svetlana who is standing between Ilya and the growing security team. She says something to Shane. Her voice is like static, tuning in and out.

"You don't understand… take him home and… let me fix-"

Ilya blinks and suddenly he's sitting on the sidewalk. The tarmac is unforgivably hard and cold beneath his body.

The stillness of night is interrupted by a voice. Shane's voice. Ilya only picks up phrases between the pounding in his ears, each thought interrupting the last. "I can't believe… you could have… no taxi will take you looking like…"

When Ilya looks over hoping to read his lips, he sees the man is shaking.

"You are cold," Ilya interrupts. Or maybe he doesn't. He can't say for sure.

Shane turns to him with red rimmed eyes. "I'm not cold, Ilya. I'm completely-"

The pounding in his head worsens. He feels blood in his mouth. "You are cold," he repeats. He takes off his jacket with much effort and drapes it around the man's shoulders. "Put it on. It will warm you up."

Shane grips the jacket by the bloodstain. "What's wrong with you! You're so-"

Ilya shushes him. He moves Shane's body for him, dressing him like a doll. He wraps the fabric tight around him. "There. You need to look after yourself. Until then I will do it for you." He caresses Shane's face, trying to remove the smudge of red from his cheeks. "I won't let anyone get to you. Not even the cold."

The chill of the wind swirls around them. It passes through the space between them. Ilya shuffles closer trying to shield him. But Shane doesn't stop shivering.

His house is dark when they arrive. It was so imposing that Ilya just wobbles in its shadow. He has no idea how they got there. Luckily, Shane is wearing his jacket still, so he has both the sense and the opportunity to unlock the door. He doesn't ask for an invitation, Shane simply stomps inside without looking back. Ilya follows him blindly. His knuckles still bleeding. His head still pounding.

As Ilya plops down on the couch, he searches on his phone for the symptoms of a concussion. The first symptom is sensitivity to light, but the glare from the screen is so bright that it hurts too much to read. So, he decides he's probably fine and throws his phone onto the coffee table. He stares straight forward at the black television in front of him. His bruised face stares back at him.

Behind him, Shane rummages through his kitchen cabinets. "I'm trying to find something cold for the swelling. Which one of these stupid doors is your freezer?"

Ilya blinks at himself dumbly.

Shane takes his silence for the incompetence that it is. Eventually he slams one open and cries in victory. "Found it! And you tell me off for having no food. All you have in your freezer is vodka."

"That is how you store vodka." When the man brings an ice-cold bottle to him, Ilya cracks it open and takes a long sip. He lets out a refreshed sigh. "And it is good for the pain." Shane snatches it and closes the lid, pushing the cold bottle to Ilya's eye hard enough to leave another bruise. "Ow! You are shitty nurse."

"I'm not your fucking nurse," Shane snaps. He walks back over to the freezer and slams it closed.

Ilya creases his brow and winces in pain. "You are angry."

"Wow, Ilya! What an obtuse observation."

"My English is no good but I'm pretty sure saying is acute observation."

Shane's face scrunches up. He was such a *cute* observation. "I said what I said."

Ilya beckons him over and pats his lap. "Come here. I make you feel better."

"No. I'm angry at you," Shane yells as he finally turns towards him. "You had no right to do that. No right."

Maybe Ilya has a concussion after all. It was the only logical explanation as to why the mood had suddenly shifted. "No right to do what?"

"To assault someone! You could have gotten into trouble. You could have been arrested."

Ilya rolls his eyes. "Arrested for what? Tiny punches? Piece of shit is lucky he is still walking. He deserves worse."

"He didn't deserve that. No one deserves that."

"He grabbed you! He called you a whore!"

"I am a whore!" Shane screams.

Ilya isn't sure if it's the sudden sound or the wrongness of the admission that makes him wince. "How can you even say that?"

"Because I take my clothes off for money. Because I fucked you on camera for money. What does that make me if not a whore?" He's standing on the steps between the kitchen and the lounge. He's technically higher than Ilya but he looks smaller as he sways in the empty space. "I planned to lose my virginity to a porn star. I sucked your dick in an alleyway. That's what makes me a whore, Rozanov. You *made* me a whore."

Ilya jumps to his feet. "I didn't make you anything. You only think that way because of them. Your audience treat you like you are a thing. They want to make you a whore so they can buy parts of you that are not for sale."

"How dare you say that to me!" Shane spins back towards him.

Ilya feels dizzy with it. "Say what? The truth? Maybe you not want to hear it. You just want to play pretend porn star like it is all a game to you."

"Get off your high fucking horse!"

Ilya gestures to the void of the room. "Horse? What horse? You are not making any sense!"

"It's an idiom!" He yells so hard his voice breaks. His next words come out dry and scratchy. "It means you don't get to be angry about something then do it yourself. You don't get to be angry at my audience when you're just like them. You are them."

The accusation is damning. Paired with the harsh artificial light of the room Ilya feels like he's in police custody. The television feels like a two-way mirror. Because this was a public matter made private. And Shane was his judge, jury and executioner.

His voice is cold and condemning. "I know you paid ten-thousand dollars for a private show with me. I know that you watch me when you think I'm not looking. And it might surprise you, but I exist even when you're not watching me. I'm a whole person, Ilya."

"I know that! Of course I know that! I see you all the time," Ilya cries in his own defence. He's too desperate to edit his confession. "Sometimes it is like you are the only person I have ever seen."

Shane lets the words wash over him. For a moment Ilya thinks it works, that Shane is charmed by him again. But with the blood of another man staining his knuckles, the last thing Ilya can achieve is a light sentence. And the worst punishment he can imagine is Shane leaving him again. As the man turns away in condemnation, Ilya grabs his arm.

"No! You don't get to say all that and then leave."

"Why not!? That's what you do." Up close he can see the tears in Shane's eyes. "You took my virginity and you left me."

Ilya should comfort him. Should apologise. But he's blinded by his ego. "You left me! You left me in the hotel in Vegas even though I wanted you to stay. You left me right here! And every time I'm home it is all I think about. How you were here and then you weren't. So don't go. You can't go."

Shane's body sags. "You're right. You're not like them. You're worse than them. Because you won't let me go."

Ilya looks at his hand on Shane's arm. He's gripping him so hard that he's pulled his shirt down exposing his throat. Ilya can feel his panicked pulse beneath his fingertips. His eyes are wet and wide. Ilya drops him like he's scalding.

Of course, Shane was right. Ilya was just another username in a sea of anonymous faces, tuning in to revel in Shane's pleasure and misery. He loves to order him around and turn his body over in amusement like he was a toy. Worse than that he was no different than every scummy producer in the industry. Because he had defiled Shane, had taken a part of his innocence that could never be returned. And Ilya has enjoyed every second of it. Even though he knows he should leave Shane to grow into his own person, Ilya can't let him. Because he's so terrified of being alone that he's dragged the other man down to his level and shackled him with obligation.

Ilya crumples to the couch. His body starts to heave out sobs. He can't stop the panic leaving him. Hot wet tears fall from his eyes. He wraps his arms around his body, disgusted at the feeling of his own hands. The horrible memories of nameless men emptying him are so loud that he couldn't hear the door close even if he wanted to.

But he can feel the softness of Shane's footsteps as he approaches him cautiously. "Ilya."

Each of his words is interrupted by a hiccup. "No. Go. Please."

He hears a shuffle. He sees Shane's too white shoes in front of him. He sees a speck of blood on them. Was it Ilya's or the man from the club? Did it matter? Which was worse?

Or was the worst thing the gentleness of Shane's voice. "No. I can't leave you like this."

"You have to. *Please,* Shane. I can't ruin you too." He tries to shuffle away like he's contagious.

Shane grabs him with a sanitised softness. He climbs onto Ilya's lap and holds him there. It was a parody of their last encounter on this same couch. Of when Shane had scrambled hungry on top of him as their porno played in the background. Now there was an apprehension where there was once desperation. Now there was a tenderness where there was once heat. Now there was an emptiness where there was once an abundance.

Ilya's tears splutter out of him. Shane catches each one. When his presence causes a flood, he pushes Ilya's wet face into his neck and holds him there. He was still wearing Ilya's jacket. He smells like him. He smells like *them*. It was stained with another man's blood. It makes Ilya cry harder, holding Shane so close they become one body. It reminds Ilya of his mother. Of being loved unconditionally. But his feelings for Shane were conditional. Ilya had made it that way. He'd footnoted every time they had sex with a contract and a paycheque. And even those times off camera Ilya still made it transactional. He withheld comfort and aftercare for no logical reason except fear of letting the man get close enough to see him. Because Ilya knew the truth, that beneath all the bravado he was a broken man who didn't deserve forgiveness.

But Shane gives it to him anyway. "I'm so sorry, Ilya I shouldn't have said that. I didn't mean it. It's not true. Of course it's different with you."

"No! Only I should be sorry. I'm sorry for not telling you about the private show. I'm sorry I react badly after first stream and that I left you alone. I'm sorry you're stuck here with me instead of dancing."

Shane combs his hand through his curls. "I like being here with you. I think I like it a little too much. Maybe that's the problem."

"I don't want to be a problem for you. I don't ever want to make you feel like… like I think any less of you." He leans back to look Shane in the eye. "I know when we met, I was rude about your OnlyFans. I'm just not used to it. It is hard for me to forget that things are different with you. Different for you. You are so much stronger and smarter than I was when I first started."

"When did you start?" His voice is deliberately casual.

"I started when I was eighteen. But I was very… I forget the word. Like my brain was younger than it was."

"I don't know like, immature?" Shane shuffles on his lap. "No, not that word. That sounds mean."

Ilya lets out a wet laugh. "No, mean is good. I was a cocky shit. I started amateur work in Russia. It was quick easy money. My family is very… broken. They needed money. They needed a lot of money. And there were more opportunities in Russia for…" He stumbles, gestures to the space between them like it could solve anything. "I don't know word for it in English. It is like porn that is not legal."

"Oh my god!" Shane cries in shocked horror.

"Not illegal like that! Sorry. My words aren't good sometimes. I only talk about this in Russian before." Only his therapist and Svetlana were the ones who knew the whole story. It felt like it happened a lifetime ago. It was too grainy to recall completely. Most of the time he can't even form the words in his native tongue. It sounds even more foreign in the language he was forced to learn. "It was illegal because I film with other men. It is not illegal to be gay in Russia, but it is illegal to film gay porn. They think it is propaganda. My father was police. My brother was police. Even though they liked the money they did not like what I was doing. It was not safe for me anymore."

"Did something happen?"

"No. I did not stay long enough to find out. There was a man. Roger Crowell." Ilya feels Shane stiffen. "He found me from my videos online. He said he would sponsor my visa if I came to work at his big studio in America. It sounded too good to be true. It was too good to be true."

Ilya doesn't remember being young. He remembers being smaller than his brother once. He remembers what it felt like to be held by his mother. Everything else was white noise. The only thing he had kept from his past was his mother's rosary. He didn't even have a suitcase when he travelled to America. He had clung to the necklace on the plane, his first ever flight, and prayed for a safe landing. Even if the rosary never worked, he still held onto it all these years later.

He holds onto it now. "It was good at the beginning. I moved into big house with other performers. Is where I met Svetlana. Everyone else was nice but only nice when I was doing what they want. Studio had lots of rules. They paid cash and took fifty percent. Then more for room and food and travel. I was working all the time, but I made almost nothing, I had no savings. I had to keep working all the time to make payments back. I worked all the time with no days off. It was… I don't know the word."

Shane's voice is small. "I don't think there's a word for that, Ilya. That was…"

"Work. It was my job. It was what I had to do to survive. It's what we all had to do. It wasn't all bad. I did not have it as bad as others. We had safe words and studio would listen. But if it was end of month and I was filming, even if it was too much I would think: 'just get through it, then you can go home.' But Russia is home and Russia hates me now. And if I lost job, I lost visa and I lost everything. I had no money to leave and Crowell took my passport, so I had nowhere else to go."

Shane jumps, the force makes Ilya's thighs tremble. "That's illegal?! He can't-"

"He could. He did. I came into country illegally. But Crowell has connections. So many people in industry are young and not know any better. I did not speak English. I signed contracts I did not understand. Because I had nothing to lose. Yet I still lost everything." He turns back to Shane, strokes the furious flush of his cheeks. "That's why you terrify me. Because you signed contract at my studio with no lawyer. Because you had never even had sex before me. Because you are so eager to please people who do not deserve you."

Shane gets off his lap and steps back. Because he should. Because it's what Ilya deserves after everything he's taken from him. But instead of leaving, Shane stands in the centre of the room and dissolves into tears.

Ilya can't resist the urge to comfort him. But he does resist touching him. His hands shadow his every sob with a panicked grasp reflex, waiting to unlearn itself. "Please don't cry, krasivyy. I cannot stand it. Please."

His breathing sounds pained. "I can't. I-I… I've watched all your videos-"

"Yes, you are my biggest fan I know this already."

Shane doesn't laugh. "I watched them without thinking about what was happening to you behind the camera. All this time you were feeling like that. And I was *touching myself* while…" He tries to catch the disgust from his words. "I feel sick."

Ilya shushes him with a soft kiss on his forehead. "No, I promise. All videos from those days are long gone. Svetlana's too. She has many men on rotation. She knows man who corrupts videos. Most of them are gone for good. The others are so buried with good videos, shoots that I enjoyed with people I care about and have fun with. It was all worth it in the end." *It was all worth it to meet you,* he adds internally.

Shane lets himself be held. His sobs turn into deep tired exhales. But Ilya selfishly wants to see his smile again. He needs it. Especially if this is the last time he'll ever hold the man again.

"I got my happy ending, Shane. You have given me many happy endings." He smirks. "I have video proof that I have given you many happy endings too. Sometimes four times in one video."

"It was only three," Shane corrects, because of course he does. But Ilya will take the loss because Shane is smiling again. He's smiling so simply, so devoid of the memory of misery and shame. "Are you really happy?"

"Of course, I am happy." Ilya strokes his cupid bow. "How could I not be. I have amazing studio where we look after performers and pay them well. I have more money than I know what to do with. I have new legal passport with a very handsome picture that I use all the time."

Shane's smile gets impossibly wider. "You do? Where's your favourite place to go?"

"I like hot places. My visa is still fucked so I have to leave every six months just to be safe. I have lots of money and good lawyers, but I don't want to piss off immigration. Not if I want to become citizen someday."

"When are you leaving again?"

And there it was. The reminder that this moment was not infinite. That they were fleeting. Ilya just hopes that he doesn't lose his mind like his father, that he holds onto the memory of Shane Hollander forever. That way he can travel back to this moment and relive the sensation of touching him.

He kisses Shane's forehead to hide the return of his tears. "I not want to think about leaving. Not now."

Shane leans into him. Maybe he recognises the finality of this moment too. He takes Ilya by the hand and leads him through his own home like he belongs here. "Then let's go to bed. Together."

Ilya watches Shane's infamous ass wiggle in front of him. He commits that to memory too. "You are so hungry for me."

"To sleep, Ilya!"

And they do. And that's all they do.

Ilya is convinced he's still dreaming when his first sight in the morning is of Shane Hollander smiling down at him. But he realises it's reality quickly enough. Because in Ilya's dreams the man would be pressed against him barely clothed and not standing at the side of his bed fully dressed.

Although he's wearing the same clothes from yesterday, he looks freshly washed. The smell of Ilya's body wash on his skin does little to sanitise the sight of his stained jeans. "Sorry I didn't mean to scare you. I thought I should wake you up before I left. Ginger's been alone all night without a sitter. I wasn't expecting to be gone this long. And I need to give her breakfast."

Ilya rubs the sleep from his eyes hoping to capture the fleeting details of his face. "Oh, okay. Sorry for keeping you."

"No, don't be sorry. It was nice. I think we both needed it." Shane runs a hand through his curls soothingly. "I just didn't want to leave without saying goodbye."

He leans into Shane's hand when it reaches his lips, speaks his reply in his palm. "I do not want to say goodbye."

"Me neither."

There is nothing Ilya wants more than Shane's freedom. He wants to watch him flourish outside of a camera lens. He wants Shane to understand his sexuality outside of set directions. But Ilya's desire to hold onto him is stronger still. And it's because of this that he lets him go.

Still, Shane doesn't leave. If anything, he gets closer. His voice comes out quick and careful. "Look I know you have to leave the country soon, but I was thinking, you know if you don't have any plans, that you could come up and stay with me in Canada. I'm heading back soon to stay at my cottage. It's like my safe space. I don't work or film when I'm there. It's relaxing and private. And I thought maybe you'd like it there too." His words are tumbling over one another. He flushes at the sudden pause, desperate to fill it again. "I mean I know you like hot places and it's not that-"

"-It sounds perfect. It will be good for you." *But not us,* is the implication that thrives in the silence. "You deserve a break. You work too hard."

"So do you," Shane tries again. He's sitting on the edge of the bed nervously. "It's just an idea. But you know my door's always open for you."

Ilya pinches the scuffed material of his knees. "Oh, I know how open you can be for me."

"Stop, I have to go!" Shane protests weekly. He writhes under Ilya's hands. He was so ticklish, so sensitive.

Ilya tries to paint his tone with the same sensitivity. "So, do I. I have stupid shoot this morning. I should probably get up too."

"Of course," Shane deflates. "You're busy."

"You want me to drive you?"

"No. I'm fine. I've called a car." He gets off the bed and Ilya feels cold without his body warmth. Shane puts on Ilya's jacket hastily and looks down at his phone. "It's probably waiting outside actually. I should go."

And because Ilya is a heretic to his own moral code, he goes after him. "Wait!"

Shane's hand on the door handle pauses. He looks over his shoulder. His face is hopeful.

Ilya walks over to his closet and pulls out the signed jersey Shane left behind. The same jersey Svetlana found as damning proof of his desire. The same jersey he finds himself holding every night, thumb running over the space where a stain used to be. He holds it out. "I got it dry cleaned for you. We work with nice lady at studio. She is used to getting come stains out."

"Thanks." Shane smiles. He takes off all the clothes on his top half. Ilya revels in the sight of his toned abs before they're covered by the jersey. He picks up the jacket Ilya gave him and holds it out in equal offering. "I guess I can leave this here then."

He pushes the hand away. The same hand that caressed him so softly last night. "No, put it on. It will keep you warm."

Shane does. He wraps it around himself and inhales in the fabric. "I guess I'll give it back next time I see you then."

"No. You should keep it," Ilya offers when he has nothing left to give. "Looks better on you anyway."

It's a dismissal. A dissection. Shane's voice is thick with the realisation. "Of course. Bye, Ilya."

Then he leaves before Ilya can say goodbye.

He gets dressed in a daze. It didn't matter anyway. Not when his clothes were damned to be taken off and thrown onto the dressing room floor. The sight of his black eye stares back at him dully in the mirror. He was a vision of grey and purple. That didn't matter either. Not when the camera would only focus on his body.

The moment he returns to his body is when he's already twenty minutes into his commute and he realises he's driving in the wrong direction. He was driving towards Shane's apartment. Ilya does an illegal U-turn while gripping the steering wheel tightly. When he finally makes it to the studio he's late.

Luca is sitting in the lobby with an uncharacteristic lack of urgency. He's wearing sunglasses inside and sipping a large iced coffee. As he notices Ilya he chokes on the straw. "Uh, Svetlana wants to see you."

"You are hungover," Ilya notes gruffly. "I told you not to drink."

"I think we all did stuff we weren't supposed to last night." He nods to Ilya's bruised face.

Ilya snatches his coffee and takes a large sip. It was sickly sweet. "You are feeling brave today. You were brave last night too."

"Honestly I think I'm still drunk. I'm going to go home and sleep until noon."

"You are not staying for the shoot?" Ilya asks with a raised brow. The motion stings.

Luca settles back into his usual clumsy self. "Uh, I think you should go talk to Svetlana." He snatches his coffee back and rolls his desk chair down the lobby, fading from view.

Ilya sighs, submitting to his fate. He walks like a man on the way to his execution. Only the taste of sugar on his tongue gives him the energy to knock on her office door.

His reply is a tired sigh. "Who is it?"

"Me. Obviously. You scared everyone else away."

"That is funny coming from you."

Ilya thuds his head against the door to spare his knuckles. "Yes, I am supposed to be coming for you. Is that not whole point of the shoot?"

"Just open the door, Ilya!" She says with a resigned tone.

As he walks inside, he's surprised to see her office neat and tidy. Svetlana has obviously been reorganising her stationary waiting for his arrival. When Ilya sits down in the chair opposite her, the force of his body clutters them again.

She glares at him and moves them back. "You look like shit."

"Fuck you too," Ilya snorts. "I am fine. You should see the other guy."

"I did. Maybe you have concussion and forgot I was also there last night. Or maybe you only notice Shane Hollander anymore." Her words are purposefully piercing. Ilya feels them bite into his bravado. "I warned you that this would all blow up in your face. It is time to say I told you so."

Ilya sinks into his chair. "Then say it."

"I told you so."

"See, that wasn't so hard. Do you feel better now?"

"Do you?"

Ilya uncrosses his arms. His smirk caves in on itself. "Yes. No. I don't know. I am glad I punched that asshole in his stupid face. I am not sorry. He grabbed-"

"-I know what he did. I dealt with him. I am asking about you. Do you feel better?"

That was a question Ilya had been asking himself since he learned to think. Back in Russia he didn't know what better was. And even after he worked on himself and found the answer, he realised the real question is: *did he feel anything anymore?*

Svetlana senses his turmoil. She throws him an anchor disguised as a lifeline. "How is Shane?"

She's calling his bluff before it can form. Ilya should plead the fifth and deny all involvement with the man. But he could never betray the memory of Shane asleep in his arms.

"He is good. He is too good." Ilya picks at his knuckles until they bleed. "He was angry, but he forgave me. All he does is forgive me for all the stupid shit I do."

"You do a lot of stupid shit."

Ilya huffs out a small laugh. "I do."

"But you will not do stupid shit on my set," she announces. "Shoot today is cancelled."

"Why? I am fine!"

"No, you are not. You look awful. If you are going to start fight at least protect your face. It is your money maker and your only redeeming quality. Without pretty face you are just a massive dick." Ilya smiles before she continues "And I cannot have you working with other performers anymore."

Ilya's heart drops. "Why not?!"

Her voice softens in his furious echo. "I cannot have you working with other performers because I know you don't want to. I will never make you do something you don't want to do. Last shoot with Fabian took three days because you couldn't get hard."

Ilya grips the edge of the desk. The blood trickles onto the wood. "I'm sorry. I can be better. I will be better for you. Just let me try."

Svetlana's face falls. She leans over the desk to hold his cheeks, completely disrupting the neatness of her stationary. "You should not be sorry, Ilya. You are not in trouble. I'm telling you this because I know you. And because I know you, I love you." She kisses him on his black eye. "And I can't have you working when you are like this. I cannot have you on set when I know you don't want to be there. Your brain is somewhere else. Last night at club was the same. The whole night you were looking for Shane Hollander. It is all you do anymore. Even now I know you are wishing he was here."

"No. I do not wish he was here." *I wish I was with him*, he thinks but cannot say. Because Ilya knows what wishes and prayers get him. "Sometimes I wish he was never here at all. I wish I never met him."

"You're a shitty liar."

"I am not a liar." He holds onto his rosary. "I wish it for him. I wish he lived normal life. I wish he never met a man like me."

Svetlana crosses her legs on the desk and looks down at him. "So, in your dream world Shane Hollander is happy somewhere else and you are what, here and miserable?"

"I am always miserable. Is my brand. Is in my blood," he drops the rosary. "At least this way he is not."

They sit with the silence for a while. Eventually Svetlana breaks it. "There is nothing in this world I want more than you to be happy. It is whole reason I left with you. Because even when I was just a girl with nothing to give you looked out for me. You protected me from the worst of Crowell. And you never asked for a thank you. You never wanted me to pay you back."

She reaches over to catch Ilya's tears before they fall. Both her grip and her words are grounding.

"I have never met a man like you before. I have never loved anyone more than I love you. And I would kill for you to be happy. I have almost killed for you. And I will hurt anyone who ever hurts you." She punctuates the beautiful sentiment by slapping Ilya across the face.

He holds his stinging cheek in shock. "Ow! What the fuck was that for!?"

"Because no one hurts you more than you hurt yourself. You are the smartest most stupid man I have ever met. Why are you punishing yourself? Why are you even here?"

Ilya nudges her legs away with a frown. "I am here because you told me to. Because I have job to do. Before you demoted me to behind camera cuck and slap me in the face. Maybe I will start human resources department. Maybe I will sue your ass for abuse."

She nudges him back. "We already have human resources department, stupid. You would know that if you paid attention to anything but Shane Hollander's ass."

He did have a great ass. Maybe the best ass.

Svetlana watches him salivate with disgust. "There will be no shoot with you today, or tomorrow, or ever again until you sort yourself out."

Ilya rises. "But I am top billing. I am the star of the show."

"You are not the only handsome man with a big dick, Ilya. We will cope." She gets up and sits back in her chair. "If I was you, I would be more worried about handsome men with big dick finding Shane Hollander. You should go get him before the world finds him first."

"The word already wants Shane Hollander, this is not news."

She looks over her lens-less glasses at him. "But no one wants him as bad as you. It is all you want."

"I want a cigarette," Ilya dismisses as he stands up. "And maybe an ice pack for my cheek. I am going to find human resources to file complaint. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Ilya. I love you but I hope I don't see you for a long time."

"I will see you in court," he jests as he slams the door behind him. The sound echoes throughout the vacant studio. It echoes throughout Ilya's empty body.

Ilya logs into OnlyFans with the intention of deleting his account. The hurt on Shane's face replaces every seductive smile as the feed loads in. While the majesty of his naked body remains, each description is rewritten. *'I need something to warm me up'* reminds Ilya of Shane wrapped in his blood stained jacket and shivering in the cold. *'Finally something big*

enough to fill me up' reminds Ilya of Shane's empty eyes on camera as he lets himself be devoured by thousands of eyes. By Ilya's eyes.

He watches Shane's recent stream, and he hates himself for it. But he feels the need to protect the man even from so far away. Even while knowing Shane hates being seen by him. Tonight, Shane's wearing the infamous signed jersey and making small talk about the weather, and his dog, and the repeating singular of 'the game.' Before he's doomed to stain the jersey again, Ilya switches it off. Then he watches old uploads of his past streams. Each time Ilya follows the same pattern. He watches Shane talk nonsense fully clothed and as soon as he starts to undress, Ilya moves to the next. Shane's voice is so comforting, so almost real. Ilya learns about his high school hockey career and his birthday and the way he bites his lip when he's trying to recall something without giving too much away.

But it's not enough. Ilya is insatiable. Not with desire but a need for hunger, to tune into the rumble of his own touch-starved body. When he runs out of content he's starving for more. He doesn't realise he's even calling Shane until he picks up.

"Ilya?" Shane's voice is sleepy. "Why are you calling me?"

Hearing him live is devastating. Hearing him alive is liberating. Ilya's tongue is thick in his mouth. "Sorry. I not think about the time difference."

"Time difference?" He shuffles. "Where did you decide to go in the end?"

"I didn't. I'm still in Boston."

There's a beat of silence then an exhale. A small laugh flutters into the receiver. "There is no time difference between Ottawa and Boston, idiot."

Then why did he feel so far away then? Ilya wonders. "Oh. Right. But you sound like you just woke up."

"I did."

Ilya looks down at his phone. His battery is low from hours of doomscrolling. He checks the time. "It’s only nine o'clock."

"So? I have a sensible bedtime."

"You are like boring old man."

He can imagine Shane's scrunched up face when he retorts. "Are you calling me late just to bully me?"

"No, it's not late. And I'm just calling to…" But there was nothing *just* about it. His honesty is his only saving grace. "…I just want to talk to you."

"But you hate talking on the phone. You never answer my calls."

Ilya presses the phone into his cheek. The fading bruise aches. "I do hate it. I hate that I can't see you."

There's another beat. Ilya hears bedsheets rustle. ""You're not missing much."

"Liar. Bet you look so sleepy and cute," Ilya smiles. "Are you wearing your glasses?"

"No, Ilya. I was asleep."

"Put them on for me."

"You can't even see me."

"Then lie for me."

Shane sighs dramatically. Ilya thinks he's smiling though, from the way his breath hitches as he speaks. *"Fine.* I'm wearing my glasses. And a sexy lace teddy."

"And that plug that I love?"

"Which one?"

"The one you wear for me." The one he wore on camera. The one he wore before Ilya took his virginity. Ilya settles on a more diplomatic description. "The white one."

"No, I left that in Boston."

"Poor lonely dildo," Ilya smirks. "Maybe I will break in and rescue it."

"Maybe I'll record this call and send it to the police."

"So kinky. I know how much you like to record me." He swallows the saliva that pools on his tongue. "I have not seen our video yet. The last one we did together."

"I forgot you're such a loyal fan." Shane scoffs. It borders on humourless. It's another warning. How many strikes was Ilya on now? How long until the slate was washed clean? "Maybe you can commission another private show while you wait."

Ilya has the audacity to be ashamed. "Are you still angry at me?"

"No. Maybe. I don't know. I don't know anything anymore." His voice is suddenly small. Ilya wants to cradle it like an injured bird.

"I know. I am sorry. I never want to make you feel bad. I am so shit at everything."

"No, you’re not," Shane interludes. "…I mean you're a shitty cameraman."

Ilya sits up in genuine offence. "No, I am not!"

"Yes, you are. I thought Harris was exaggerating but you're really shit with technology."

Okay, that was valid. The only thing Ilya could do on his phone was take selfies and search for Shane Hollander. But in his defence, it was his phone's only real purpose. The unanswered text messages from the crew didn't matter. The reminder for his weekly therapy session didn't matter. But Shane did. Even when he was unauthentic, he was the only thing with matter in Ilya's fucked up universe.

He orbits around Shane's every word as he continues. "I couldn't post the video because you don't know how to work a camera. The footage is…" He's searching for a word. Ilya knows this because he can hear Shane bite his lip. The same way he does on camera. The same way he does in real life when he helps Ilya verbalise something he's too stupid to understand. Like his own personal pretty dictionary.

When the man can't find one, Ilya suggests his own. "Is it salvageable?"

There is no dismissal or light bulb moment. Instead, Shane starts laughing. He breaks into absolute hysterics.

Ilya blushes. "Am I using the wrong word?"

"No," Shane chuckles, the sounds slowing to a light rattle. "It's the right word. The perfect word." Then it stops entirely. There's no melody behind his words now. "I don't know, Ilya. I don't know if it's salvageable anymore."

Ilya nods like he can see him. "Maybe you send it to me? I'm bad at camera but I'm good at production. Maybe I can help you out?"

"Sure," Shane says in an unreadable yet even tone. "I'll send over the footage, and you can let me know in the morning. If it's… *salvageable."*

"Okay." Ilya feels like he's missing something. Even though Shane is nothing but patient with him he feels the same way he does in a loud crowd. So many times he gets thrown into the current of the English language. So many things didn't make sense to him. Maybe it was another idiom like the horses, or the itching. Maybe Shane was just itching to leave him again. Maybe Ilya just didn't want to let him. So, he says, "I miss you."

Shane's breath catches. "I miss you too. Night, Ilya."

"Night, Shane."

Then he hangs up. Ilya stares at Shane's contact on his screen. His phone gives him a low battery warning. He ignores it. Then he gets a message from the man himself. Ilya hopes it's a long confession, either of hatred or passion. It didn't matter. Ilya just needs to know that Shane isn't indifferent to him.

Instead, it's a video file.

Ilya knows enough about videos to know the file is too big to be sent over text. It takes ages to download. He's scared his phone will die before he does, so he leans uncomfortably half-off his bed to plug in his charger. All the blood rushes to his head as he finally clicks play.

Like every tragedy, the video begins the way it was supposed to end. The first shot is of Ilya's hand pulling away, revealing Shane's tear-stained face as he says: *"you have me."* Ilya knows this sight. It was a memory he holds dear, that keeps him up at night. Shane's tears are horrifying even in pleasured context. He watches the on-screen version of him realise this too. The Ilya in the recording kisses them away.

It didn't make any sense. Ilya wasn't watching it to get off, but he still wanted to watch the sex that preluded this moment. Because it was the best sex Ilya has ever had. Not because Shane had wanted him to use him but because it was so tender. It was not the first, but the strongest time Ilya hadn't cared about the camera. He just wanted to be deep inside the man, until every thought was of Ilya and the pleasure he gives him. Hoping to trick Shane into wanting him in any other context.

Without sex, they were two unsure bodies looking for comfort. On screen Ilya holds Shane to his naked chest like he was something precious. On screen Shane is drifting to sleep but neither Ilya want him to leave.

"Krasivyy. It means pretty. Is masculine form of beautiful," the past version of himself says.

The current version of him disagrees. It was such a poor way to describe Shane. He was so much more than pretty. So much more than beautiful. He was *everything* to him. Ilya's need for him is undefinable. Not even Shane's dictionary-like mind could find a suitable way to phrase how Ilya feels about him.

On screen Shane tries. *"You're so stupid."*

And he was. So stupidly and pathetically in love with him. He watches himself fall deeper in love on screen. Hours and hours of uncut footage of Ilya loving him. Even after Shane falls asleep it doesn't cut. Even as Ilya realises Shane has seen it too, it refuses to end. Both the feeling and the footage is eternal. It persists even now. It grows ever stronger as he hits the call button again.

Shane voice is clouded with sleep, as if Ilya had stirred the version of him on screen. "What is it now, Ilya. I'm trying to-"

"-I want to come to your cottage."

Chapter End Notes

Oh you thought just because this is a Porn AU you weren't going to get an obligatory cottage chapter? 👀 You fools!

This chapter was a BEAST and I had to readjust and re-plan the entire rest of the story to make it work. Speaking of the rest of the story, you might notice the chapter count has

gone up. Next chapter is still technically the last chapter but I wanted to add an epilogue to tie up some loose ends. And because I rotate POVs it meant Ilya had one more chapter, and I think not giving Shane a voice goes against the whole moral of this chapter. So there are now TWO more planned chapters coming after next! So there will be more waiting but more rewards. Thanks for your patience and all your kind words and kudos and bookmarks, they really motivate me to keep writing!

Next chapter WILL be posted on time. That time is on Saturday the 7th of March!

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