

Your love is all I think about

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Your love is all I think about

by [ittybittymiddy](#)

Summary

Shane tries to put himself out there by signing up for Game Changers Matchmaking Services. He's shocked when he sees that his old crush, Ilya Rozanov, is his assigned matchmaker.

Matchmaking AU

Notes

Like most people here, I don't know hockey or anything about the NHL so there are most likely inaccuracies.

Shane's phone immediately lights up with a text confirming he's signed up. This was going to be a terrible idea, but it was too late to turn back now.

Thank you, Shane Hollander, for signing up with Game Changers Matchmaking Services, where we're changing the game when it comes to matchmaking!

We are currently working on assigning you to one of our top matchmakers. Once that's done, they will reach out to you to schedule an introductory meeting. Depending on your location, we prefer the meeting takes place in-person but can arrange a video call as needed.

Shane looked up the office locations earlier and saw there was one located in a reasonable walking distance from his apartment. He figures the in-person meeting might be a good first step to putting himself out there. His last relationship with Rose started off great.

Conversations flowed easily, they laughed a lot, and she made Shane happy. It wasn't until some reflection and several unimpressive sexual encounters, that Shane came to the conclusion he wasn't into dating women. Rose couldn't help but laugh a little when Shane officially came out to her, stating that she honestly suspected something was up early on.

It still hurt with how close it felt to finding his person.

Shortly after breaking up with Rose, Shane came out to his parents with similar mediocre fanfare. They both agreed they had their suspicions and just wanted Shane to find someone he loved. Shane lamented that maybe dating wasn't for him and he was just going to focus on his career and see where that took him. Anytime his mom asked him if he's met anyone, he would always feel guilty whenever he saw her sad expression anytime he said no.

The truth was, Shane did crave companionship. The problem was he didn't want to go out and make the effort of meeting someone. He was half hoping to meet someone at his job, but most of his coworkers were dating, engaged, or married and had multiple kids already. He also didn't enjoy going out to bars or clubs often. He thought about joining a recreational hockey group, but his confidence quickly deflates when he remembers how awkward he is in group settings.

It wasn't until his best friend, Hayden, mentioned Game Changers Matchmaking Services.

"You should totally try it. It's how Jackie and I met!" Hayden was like a walking billboard for this company. Shane immediately rejected the idea, until he remembered how he's exhausted all his other options. He had to face it—this may be the only way he'll actually be able to meet anyone.

After some persuasion, Hayden texts a referral link to Shane. After opening the link and inputting all his information, a wave of nausea hits Shane. He can't believe he's signing up for a matchmaking service—isn't this something people haven't done since the olden times? He must be some loser having to resort to such an archaic practice.

Shane slumps back on his couch and tries to distract himself by turning his TV to a random channel. It's playing some old rom-com from the early 2000s and he tries to pour all his focus

on it to avoid thinking about what he's just signed up for.

Ding. A text notification lights up Shane's phone. After scanning it, Shane almost drops his phone when his eyes land on a name he hasn't heard in years.

Hello Shane Hollander, this is Ilya Rozanov. I am your assigned matchmaker at Game Changers. I look forward to working with you.

Please send over your availability so we can schedule a meeting as soon as possible. I see that you live in the city and was hoping to meet in person. Thank you.

Ilya Rozanov. Shane digs through his memories and recalls the cocky, Russian player he would sometimes play against when professional hockey was still a viable career path for him. Ilya loved making snide comments at Shane and others to rile them up before and during every game. Sometimes it worked, and Shane couldn't help but take the bait several times which resulted in some fights breaking out.

The other thing Shane remembers is how unbelievably hot Ilya was. And even worse, Ilya knew it. Shane couldn't help but sneak glances at Ilya in the locker rooms. His golden hair fell in a curly mess, yet every strand of hair seemed to fall perfectly in place. Ilya took off his gear in the exact same order and Shane always timed his glances whenever Ilya was getting ready to take off his shirt. The overhead lights made the thin layer of sweat that coated Ilya's well-toned chest glisten. Shane made sure to burn that image into his mind for the many lonely nights he would have alone in his room. There was one time Ilya almost caught Shane looking, and he could have sworn Ilya gave him a sly grin before heading to the showers.

Did Ilya recognize Shane's name? Maybe he should request a different matchmaker to avoid any sort of bias. Shane notices he's been staring at Ilya's text for the last 10 minutes with "My" being the only word he's typed out. His fingers hover over the screen a second longer before he types out a response and hits send. He immediately goes to add Ilya's number to his contacts.

A banner appears on his phone from Ilya. *I will see you tomorrow at 10 a.m.* A minute later another text comes through. *It will be good to catch up. ;)*

Shane definitely thinks that was unprofessional of Ilya to say, but he can't help the grin spreading across his face as he rereads that last text several more times.

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Shane enters through the revolving glass door into a pristine lobby where leather couches are situated with low coffee tables and a wide receptionist desk in the middle. A giant blue neon sign hangs behind that says GAME CHANGERS in fancy script writing.

"Hi, I'm Shane Hollander. I have a 10 a.m. appointment with Ilya Rozanov." Shane feels his voice crack at the end and hopes the receptionist didn't notice. She nods and picks up the phone notifying Ilya that Shane is ready.

“Please have a seat, he’ll be right with you.” The receptionist gestures to one of the leather couches and Shane takes a seat, the leather crinkling under his weight and omitting an awkward sound that’s vaguely between a fart and a squeak.

Shane’s leg bounces impatiently as he tries to take some deep breathes to calm his nerves. He’s so engrossed in his breathing that he’s startled when he sees Ilya standing right beside him.

“Nice to see you again, Shane Hollander.” Shane’s name sounds perfect falling from Ilya’s lips.

Shane looks up and realizes what people mean when they see someone who takes their breath away. Ilya looks even more handsome than he remembers. He’s dressed like a regular businessman, but the way his white button up hugs his chest in all the right places sends a wave of arousal through Shane. He tries staring at a singular crumb on the floor to will his erection down.

“Hollander,” Ilya places a hand on Shane’s shoulder, gently shaking him. “are you okay?”

Shane can’t help but gulp a little louder than he intends. “Y-yeah, sorry.” he shoots up from his seat and turns to face Ilya. “We should go to your office, right?”

An amused grin spreads across Ilya’s face and he turns to walk toward a long hallway. “Yes, follow me.”

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Shane has gotten a lot prettier. Ilya has always wondered how he keeps his skin looking flawless. Every time Shane undressed in the locker rooms, his jet black hair would be a tousled mess with strands sticking to his forehead. Beads of sweat would glide all down his face, and yet despite how disheveled Shane looked after every game, Ilya thought he looked perfect. One thing Ilya loved doing was rustling Shane’s hair both as a way to tease him and give him an excuse to run his hands through the young man’s silky hair.

What Ilya loved the most though, were Shane’s freckles. God they were adorable—whenever Shane was embarrassed (which was often), they always stood out against his flushed skin. When Ilya saw those freckles again for the first time, it took all of his willpower not to grab Shane’s face and plant small kisses all over.

Ilya’s office is decorated in dark tones and minimalist decoration. Instead of chairs, he has two sleek, black couches in the center facing each other. His giant glass desk is placed right behind and on the far left wall sits a bookshelf decorated with various trophies and certificates outlining his achievements as a matchmaker.

Since joining Game Changers four years ago, he’s been one of their most successful matchmakers to date. He proudly holds an 80% second date success rate and has had the most clients transition from dating to becoming engaged. He knows his other coworkers are jealous of him, but he lives off the competitive nature of his job. It sends a similar wave of adrenaline from his hockey days.

Shane sits on one of the couches and Ilya takes a seat on the one directly across from him. He cracks open a can of coke he had set out earlier and he offers Shane one. Shane declines and nervously fiddles with his fingers.

“Hold on.” Ilya gets up and opens his mini refrigerator he has stocked with various other drinks. He grabs a can of ginger ale and hands it to Shane. Shane almost looks touched as he takes it from Ilya.

“You remembered.” Shane mutters.

Ilya takes a sip of his coke. “My other clients like ginger ale too.”

Shane’s expression immediately looks embarrassed and he looks away from Ilya. He silently opens his can of ginger ale, a sharp hiss momentarily fills the room and he takes a long sip before placing it back down on the table.

“Let us begin.” Ilya flips open his notebook and clicks his pen, ready to begin the meeting.

“First, I need to get to know you more.”

Ilya writes something in his notebook and then looks up at Shane. “What brings you to Game Changers?”

Shane fidgets in his seat and doesn’t say anything for a minute. Ilya waits. It’s not uncommon for his clients to be shy at the beginning. Many of them find coming to a matchmaking as a moral failing of some sort.

“There is nothing wrong with using a matchmaker, Hollander.” Ilya says as if he’s reading Shane’s mind.

“I just need help putting myself out there.” Shane says.

“That is what I am here to do.” Ilya writes another note down. “Are you looking to date women or men or both?”

Shane looks like a fish out of water, his mouth slightly agape uncertain of what to say. It’s as if Ilya just asked him to explain explicit details about his sex life. He glances back at the door and grasps his hands together and leans forward. Ilya takes it as a sign to lean forward as well.

“I, uh, have only dated women before but that hasn’t really worked out. So...” his voice low, like he’s telling a secret.

Ilya nods and waits for Shane to continue. He doesn’t. Instead he looks at Ilya as if he wants him to finish his thought. Ilya sighs and puts his pen down.

“If you are gay, just say it.” Ilya says matter-of-factly.

If Ilya could read Shane’s mind, he’s pretty sure Shane is wishing he could melt into the couch and never be seen again. Ilya realizes he may have been too direct and tries to save the conversation.

“All client information is confidential. So if you want to take this as a chance to date men, do it.”

This appears to appease Shane who nods without saying anything else. Ilya reaches for his notebook and pen again and writes down more notes before moving on.

“Tell me about yourself. Your job, hobbies, dream vacation, things like that.”

“Well,” Shane thinks for a moment. “I like hockey.”

Ilya can’t help but roll his eyes. “I never would have guessed.”

Shane looks momentarily annoyed but he decides to move on. “I work as a hockey operations assistant for the NHL actually.” He feels his body relax now that he’s talking about one of his favorite things. “After my shoulder injury in high school, I was never able to play hockey like I used to. So I went to college and decided to try and find a job at the NHL.”

Ilya nods. He remembers Shane abruptly disappearing from games and it wasn’t until he learned from his teammates that he suffered a shoulder injury that prevented him from playing hockey for months. It’s too bad Shane wasn’t able to fully recover, he was an incredible hockey player. Of course, Ilya would rather have a puck thrown at him than tell Shane that to his face.

There was a moment of silence before Shane asked Ilya, “By the way, why did you quit hockey?”

“This meeting is not about me.” Ilya responds, hoping to immediately shut down this discussion. “Other than hockey, what do you like to do?”

Shane takes the hint and drops the subject. “Um, I enjoy reading and watching TV.”

“What do you like to watch and read?”

Shane pauses. “...Anything about hockey.” His cheeks flushing as he says this.

It was at this moment Ilya knew he had his work cut out for him. How could someone so beautiful and stunning have such a boring personality? Despite this, Ilya can’t help but be completely and utterly charmed by the man sitting across from him.

“Do not worry,” Ilya states. “even I can find matches for boring people like you.” He made sure to emphasize boring.

Shane scoffs. “Ok, asshole. That’s not really professional of you to say to a client.”

“Do you see those?” Ilya points to his bookshelf of achievements. “I do not need to be professional if I am good at my job.”

Shane rolls his eyes but also feels a flutter start in his chest. This banter reminds him of their hockey days and Shane realizes he missed seeing Ilya. Even though Shane hated Ilya’s guts

half the time, he also admired how much he pushed him to be a better hockey player. Maybe those snide comments he'd hurl at Shane were his weird way of keeping him motivated.

Ilya proceeds to ask Shane what he's looking for in a partner. Shane admits he's only dated a handful of women in his life. He's recently tried hooking up with people, but doesn't enjoy the process of trying to find someone who's open for something casual.

The meeting proceeds for another hour. At the end, Ilya has an entire page of notes front and back of Shane's interests and partner preferences. He explains to Shane the matchmaking process: Ilya will use the details from this meeting to find matches and arrange a date. Shane will go on the date, and Ilya will follow up the next day asking for any feedback and find out if Shane wants to go on a second date or find someone else. If the other person agrees, then a second date will be officially scheduled. If Shane and the other person think they have a connection, they have the option to continue arranging dates and meetups without Ilya's assistance.

"Do you have any questions?" Ilya asks as he closes his notebook and gets up to escort Shane out. He walks to the door and notices Shane is still standing by the couch and doesn't seem to be moving. What he did notice, is that Shane appeared to be staring intently at something right before Ilya turned around.

"Hollander," Ilya walks up to Shane and waves a hand in front of his face. "do you have any questions?"

Shane's eyes snap up to look at Ilya. His dark pupils are dilated and a faint blush is spread across his cheeks. Ilya is mesmerized by that familiar splash of freckles that appear prominently on his face.

"No." Shane walks past Ilya and opens the door to exit before turning back and giving him one last look. "Thanks for helping, Ilya." He leaves and lets the door close with a soft click.

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Shane is on the treadmill trying to run away from his thoughts from yesterday. He focuses on the rhythm of his feet hitting the belt, his music blasting in his ears drowning out possibility of any thoughts entering his mind.

He knew he made an embarrassment of himself in front of Ilya. What was it about that man that left Shane feeling like a pubescent teenager? He's especially embarrassed that Ilya caught him looking, again. Shane couldn't help it, when Ilya walked to the door he caught a glance of his ass and it looked perfect in those black dress pants. It was almost causing Shane to salivate imagining a scenario where Ilya suddenly pinned Shane down on that couch and they started making out with such ferocity and Shane unbuckled his pants and slipped his hands down Ilya's boxers to feel the smooth skin of his—

Shane was glad he was on the treadmill so he could blame his red face on exertion. Although now he could feel a growing problem between his legs that made running a bit awkward. As Shane slows his pace, he sees a text notification from Ilya.

*Hello Hollander, I have found your first match.*

A second text comes through with a picture of a cute guy with jet black hair like Shane.

*His name is Troy Barrett. He is a current intern at the NHL and loves hockey as much as you do. What do you think?*

Shane does like Troy's picture. He's attractive and looks like he might even be half-Asian like Shane. There haven't been too many opportunities to bond with other biracial people like himself so maybe that could serve as a segway for an easy conversation topic. He types a response back.

*He's cute. I like him.*

Ilya immediately texts back. Perfect. You have a date tonight at 6. I will text you the address.

Holy shit, he finally has a date! But suddenly the nerves start to hit Shane like a ton of bricks. Holy shit, he finally has a date.

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Desperate for help with his date outfit, Shane texts Rose. Fortunately, she has time to hop on a quick video call. Together, they decide on a simple black, fitted t-shirt with blue jeans and black tennis shoes. Shane never realized how many of his clothes were just athletic ones. Rose tells Shane that next time she's in town, they're going shopping for cuter clothes to get him out of his athleisure wardrobe.

Ilya scheduled their date at a nice restaurant in the heart of the city. It appeared to be a popular date spot, as couples came pouring in while Shane watched from the bar. He kept taking nervous sips of his sparkling water looking around for any sign of Troy. What if Troy changed his mind and ended up ditching Shane? The thought was enough to make Shane want to drop out of dating permanently.

Fortunately Shane spotted Troy walk in. He was a bit shorter than Shane expected, but height wasn't a dealbreaker for him. Troy did look good, he was wearing all-black except for his red leather jacket for a pop of color. He immediately spots Shane and walks toward the bar.

"Hey," Troy extends his hand. "you must be Shane."

"Yeah," Shane isn't sure what compels him but he decides to lean in for a quick hug. "it's nice to meet you, Troy."

A bashful smile spreads across Troy's face as Shane pulls back. "I have to say," he says as his eyes scan Shane's body. "you look even better in person."

Shane is caught off guard and feels like his face is on fire. "O-oh, thanks." He laughs nervously. "I, um, think you're cute too."

The two men talk a little more at the bar before the hostess leads them to their table. They sit down and scan the menu, Shane deciding on a simple garden salad and Troy ordering their

special for the night. After ordering their meal, there's an awkward silence that hangs over them. Shane decides to try and be the first to break through.

"So you're an intern at the NHL?" Shane asks.

Troy nods. "Yeah, I just started a couple months ago. I originally wanted to be a professional hockey player but I fucked up my knee really badly right before rookie season. I decided it wasn't worth any further injuries so I changed paths and decided to try the corporate route."

"That sounds a lot like me actually." Shane feels himself ease into the conversation. "I suffered a bad shoulder injury and I was never able to really play the same way again."

"Wow. That sucks, I'm sorry." Troy offers a sympathetic look to Shane.

"Same to you. But it looks like we were able to make it work any ways. I like my job, even if it's off the ice."

"Me too." Troy smiles.

Their food eventually arrives and they eat in silence, only taking breaks to comment on their food or something the other said earlier.

"Are you half-Asian by the way?" Shane asks taking a stab at a loose tomato on his plate.

"Yeah, my mom is Japanese." Troy responds.

"Mm, my mom is Japanese too."

"*Nihongo wakaru?*" Troy asks switching to Japanese.

"Ah, no. Sorry, I don't speak any Japanese." Shane can't help but feel a little embarrassed. "I never grew up speaking it."

"Oh hey, don't worry about it. I only know bits and pieces from my mom speaking it."

Shane suddenly recalls a memory from when his mom would make him onigiri and he would bring them to eat during lunchtime. His classmates would always point at them and make jokes that never made sense to Shane. He remembers always awkwardly trying to laugh along to avoid confrontation. Looking back, he feels ashamed he never spoke up.

After telling Troy this, Troy makes a face. "Kids are such pricks."

"I'm sort of embarrassed to admit this but," Shane winces at his lack of self-awareness. "I never realized how racist it was until I was an adult."

"I wasn't confrontational as a kid either." Troy sets his silverware down. "But after a certain point, I realized that staying quiet didn't work for me either."

"So you started calling people out?"

“Yeah, but sometimes I would end up in fights. But even then, I never regretted standing up for myself. Speaking your truth is important.”

Shane nods and Troy laughs a little. “Sorry, that was really fucking corny.”

“No,” Shane looks at Troy with sincerity. “I think it’s great you weren’t afraid to speak up. I wish I could be more like that.”

“Well,” Troy slowly reaches across the table and laces his fingers with Shane’s. “maybe I could help.”

Shane feels a flutter in his chest and smiles back at Troy. This is the first time he’s ever felt anything with another guy. It feels amazing. All his worries from before melted away, joining Game Changers was the best decision he’s ever made.

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Outside the restaurant, Shane and Troy continue conversing about random topics. They reached a good flow with their conversation and found ways to keep it going. Troy is really cool, and this feeling reminds Shane of when he was with Rose for the first time.

Sensing their conversation was starting to reach an end, the two men stand in silence side by side. This time, the silence doesn’t feel awkward. Shane turns to Troy, who’s giving Shane a look. Shane was no stranger to this look, he knew exactly what Troy was implying in that moment. While Shane doesn’t feel fireworks going off, he did feel some sort of spark with Troy. He’s pretty sure Troy feels the same way, and he can tell neither of them want this night to end just yet.

Shane decides to take a leap of faith. He blurts out, “Do you want to come back to my place?”

Troy blinks slowly, processing what Shane just suggested. He immediately nods, barely containing his enthusiasm. “Definitely. Which way?”

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As Shane closes the door behind them, Troy slips off his shoes and shrugs off his jacket, hanging it neatly on the back of one of the kitchen chairs. He walks over to the couch and waits for Shane to take a seat next to him. Neither of them said a word on the walk to Shane’s apartment and they stare at each other as if waiting for one of them to make the first move.

Shane feels his heart racing and tries to discreetly wipe his sweaty palms off on his jeans. He realizes this will be his first time ever doing anything with another man and he has no clue how to initiate the first move.

He sees Troy slowly scoot closer and closes his eyes and leans in before stopping. Troy looks down and sees Shane fidgeting with his hands.

“Are you okay?” he asks continuing to stare at Shane’s fidgety hands.

“Y-yeah. I mean, no. I don’t know. I’ve never actually done anything with,” Shane takes a shaky breath. “a guy before.”

Troy can’t help the amused grin that spreads across his lips. “The good thing is,” he cups Shane’s chin and leans in close enough for his breath to ghost against Shane’s lips. “I have. So watch closely.”

Before Shane can react, Troy’s lips are on his. The kiss is gentle, with no sense of urgency and they let their hands wander through each other’s hair. Troy snakes his hands down Shane’s back and slowly inches his shirt over his head. Shane obliges and swiftly tosses his shirt to the side.

Troy pushes Shane back as his back hits the couch with a soft thud. He makes quick work of removing Shane’s jeans and leaves him lying there with his erection poking through the fabric of his boxers.

“*Fuck*,” Troy feels his mouth go dry. “you still good?”

Shane feels his head spinning in a million different directions, it’s a miracle he’s still hard right now with all the nerves coursing through his body. He nods and curls his fingers on the waistband of his boxers. “You can...you know,” he slowly inches the waistband lower. “suck me off.”

Troy laughs and helps pull Shane’s boxers off in one swift movement. “That was the plan.”

He lets his tongue slowly drag around Shane’s inner thigh, teasing him as he inches closer to his hard cock. He finally places his mouth right on the tip, making agonizingly slow circles with his tongue.

Shane gasps and threads his fingers through Troy’s thick hair, trying to keep his hips from bucking up. For a while, Troy hasn’t even fully taken Shane in his mouth, only focusing on licking the tip and around his shaft. A string of breathless curses and moans escape Shane’s mouth as he gets lost in this blissful ecstasy.

Troy pauses to look up at Shane, his eyes dark and heavy-lidded. “How is it?”

Shane tries to steady his breathing. “*Amazing*,” he gasps out. “don’t stop.”

Shane lets out a low groan as Troy immediately takes Shane’s cock in his mouth, hallowing his cheeks and letting his tongue slide just beneath the head. He bobs up and down and watches Shane completely lose himself, letting out a string of obscenities and moans. As this happens, Shane can’t help but find himself letting his mind wander to a certain Russian who he wishes was below him instead of Troy. At first, a wave of guilt hits Shane but then he realizes it’s turning him on even more and he allows himself to ride out the feeling.

It doesn’t take long for Shane to feel his orgasm inching closer. He gasps, “I’m—close. Oh fuck—”

Troy quickens his pace and pushes himself further down until Shane’s cock is all the way down his throat. He lets the warm, throbbing feeling overtake his senses, his vision blurring

with tears. Moments later, Shane spills into Troy's mouth, a string of obscenities filling the room.

Licking his lips and planting one more soft kiss on Shane's now spent cock, he lifts himself up and looks at Shane with deeply flushed cheeks. "Good?"

"Yeah." Shane stares at the ceiling, still basking in the bliss of his orgasm. Troy positions himself beside Shane on the couch, grabbing his hand and guiding it down to palm the erection through his pants.

Shane unbuckles Troy's pants, pulling them down along with his boxers and begins stroking Troy's cock in slow motions. Shane tries to mimic what he does whenever he masturbates, and it appears to be working as Troy shudders under his touch. Shane moves himself further down and immediately takes Troy's cock in his mouth.

"W-whoa," There's a sense of urgency in Shane's movement and Troy fists Shane's hair and tries to slow him down. "not so fast."

Shane begins bobbing slower and closes his eyes. Yet again, he finds his mind wandering as he imagined the hands on his head being a little bigger and a huskier voice singing his praises. The mixture of guilt and pleasure swirls in Shane's gut, and he decides to let the pleasure win over as he continues imagining the cock in his mouth belonging to the Russian man who always seems to occupy his thoughts.

Shane hears Troy exhale sharply, "*Fuck*, I'm gonna come. You should move if you—" Shane immediately takes Troy deeper, causing the other man to let out a low groan. A minute later Shane feels the warm release spill into his mouth. It takes all his energy to focus on not choking and letting Troy ride out his orgasm.

Shane lets the salty, musky aftertaste sit in his mouth as he wipes his lips with the back of his hand. He knows that probably looked really unsexy but Troy doesn't seem to mind. They rearrange themselves on the couch so Shane is spooning Troy.

As Troy is held in Shane's arms, his thumb slowly traces along his hand. "You aren't too bad for a beginner."

Shane finds himself drifting off. "I had a good teacher." He says as he feels sleep slowly overtake him.

Mustering any remaining energy they had, the two take turns cleaning up in the bathroom and find themselves in Shane's bedroom. While they had fun pleasuring each other, the air now seems a little awkward. They both get into Shane's bed unceremoniously, neither of them even initiating a kiss of any sort. The two lay in bed, facing away from other as they let their steady breathing slowly lull themselves to sleep.

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The next morning, Shane wakes up and sees the empty spot next to him. He looks up and sees Troy lightly pattering around the apartment gathering his clothes that were strewn

around from last night.

Shane leans in his doorway and clears his throat catching Troy's attention. "Morning."

"Oh," Troy looks like a deer in the headlights. "morning."

"You got someplace to be?" Shane asks.

Troy looks guilty as he zips up his pants. "Look," he grabs his t-shirt and slips it on. "I had a lot of fun last night."

"Me too." Shane says carefully.

"But I don't think we're meant for each other."

Shane can't help but look away when Troy says this. He wonders if he picked up on his mind wandering to Ilya during their hookup.

"I mean don't get me wrong, we definitely had fun last night. But afterwards you seemed distant."

"I'm sorry." Shane says as he walks to where Troy is standing near his entryway getting ready to put on his shoes. He seems like a really nice guy and Shane is just being a dick letting him leave like this.

Troy gives Shane a sympathetic smile. "Don't worry about it. Sometimes you just have to let off some steam." He slips on one shoe and then the other. "I do think you're a really nice person."

"Can we at least be friends?" Shane winces by how cringey he sounds.

"Sure," Troy doesn't sound too convinced, but maybe there was a chance for a friendship. "maybe that can work."

Troy gives Shane a quick hug before heading out. Shortly after Troy's departure, Shane's phone rings with a video call notification. It's Ilya, definitely checking in on how the date went.

When Shane answers, Ilya's gorgeous face fills his screen. "Good morning, Hollander." Ilya sounds awful chipper for it being only eight in the morning.

"Morning." Shane tries to shake the grogginess from his voice.

"You look like you just woke up. Long night?" A sly smirk spreads across Ilya's face.

"You could say that."

"What did you think of Troy? Let me guess, you two already want a second date?"

“Actually,” Shane makes his way to his kitchen to make himself a cup of coffee. “we weren’t really feeling it.”

Ilya’s brows furrow, he almost looks annoyed by what Shane just told him. “Why? What happened?”

Shane places the pod in his coffee maker and presses the button to turn it on. “We did fool around, but Troy said I didn’t seem into it.”

“Did he force you to do anything?” Ilya looks concerned now.

“No, no, that’s not it. I just,” Shane pauses as he opens a cabinet looking for a coffee mug. “I didn’t feel that spark, you know?”

Silence fills the room and Shane has to check to make sure his connection didn’t drop out. Ilya is sitting at his desk chair and Shane watches as he swivels back and fourth, deep in thought.

“Is okay. It often takes a couple matches until you find the one.” Ilya concludes.

Shane nods as he pours his coffee into his mug and lets it sit to cool off. Ilya already appears to be making a plan B for Shane.

“The sex was good, no?” Ilya teases, causing Shane to almost choke on his coffee. Shane huffs and puts his coffee mug on the countertop.

“Bye.” Shane sees Ilya break out into a wide grin before he hangs up.

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Ilya sets Shane up on two more dates, neither of which are successful. A week after Troy, Shane went on a date with a man named Ryan Price. He was a current hockey player with an intimidating presence and a reputation for getting into fights during games. Shane was confused as to why Ilya thought they would be a good match but Ilya backed up his reasoning with, “he’s actually a big softie.”

At 6’7”, Ryan towered over Shane and was very shy and socially awkward. It was difficult holding a conversation throughout the night. For once, Shane had to do most of the talking, which was a rarity for him. The two ended up not going home together and Ryan even admitted to already crushing over a childhood friend. He just wanted to join Game Changers to prove that he had the courage to put himself out there.

Fast forward to another week, and Shane went on another date with a man named Christopher Grady (Kip for short). Ilya says he thought they would be a good match because he seemed “normal and boring” just like Shane. While Kip was certainly an attractive man, Shane didn’t feel any spark either. Kip also seemed wholly uninterested in hockey, which was a glaring issue for Shane. The two exchanged a kiss on the cheek, but parted ways and agreed that neither were a match for each other.

“You are impossible, Hollander.” Ilya says on a video call with Shane. It’s been just a few days after Shane and Kip’s date.

“It’s only been three dates, Ilya.”

“No, you don’t get it.” Ilya places his phone against his water bottle and massages his temples with his fingers. “After three dates, I usually have a good idea on what my client is looking for. I am still lost when it comes to you.”

Shane felt badly, he knew that dating was a challenge for him. But the fact that a professional matchmaker couldn’t even find him anyone was definitely concerning.

“Where are you right now?” Ilya asks.

“Uh,” It was nighttime, Shane was feeling restless in his apartment and decided to take a walk outside to try and clear his mind. “Just taking a walk around my neighborhood.”

He sees a text notification pop up from Ilya. He taps on it and sees that it’s an address to a nearby bar.

“Meet me there in ten minutes.” Ilya hangs up before Shane can respond.

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Shane sees Ilya towards the back of the bar holding some kind of vodka tonic. He’s wearing his usual business attire but this time, the first two buttons are unbuttoned and his sleeves are rolled up to expose his strong biceps.

It takes all of Shane’s willpower not to jump Ilya right here in this bar. He walks up and slips right in the seat next to Ilya. Ilya’s golden locks sway slightly as he looks at Shane.

“Good, you made it.” Ilya waves the bartender over and tells Shane to order whatever he wants, it’s on him.

“I’ll just take a sparkling water with lime please.”

Ilya scoffs. “Even the drinks you order are boring.”

Usually Shane can shake off Ilya’s insults, but this time this one stings. He tries to hide his hurt expression as the bartender brings him his sparkling water.

Ilya looks over and notices Shane’s discomfort. He nudges Shane’s shoulder. “Sorry. I did not mean to hurt your feelings.”

“It’s okay.” Shane takes a sip of his sparkling water. “I’m sorry I’m such a difficult client.”

“You are not. Don’t worry.”

Shane feels better, he returns the nudge and the two smile at each other.

“Do you know why I am a matchmaker?” Ilya lazily traces the rim of his glass. “I enjoy helping people connect with others. Helping them, it brings me joy.”

“It’s nothing like hockey, though.” Shane says.

“No,” Ilya takes a sip from his glass. “it is not.”

Shane decides to go for it and ask the question Ilya probably won’t answer. “Why did you give up hockey?”

Ilya side eyes Shane and doesn’t say anything for a while. Shane is nervous that Ilya might get up and walk out without saying another word. Giving Shane a clear sign that he’s crossed a boundary and he has no interest in being his matchmaker anymore.

Instead, Ilya decides to open up. “My father died right after I was drafted. And I was still dealing with the grief of my mother dying. I suppose the sadness was too much to deal with for one person.”

Shane is stunned and tries to find the words to express how sorry he is. He had no idea Ilya was dealing with so much grief, no wonder hockey didn’t seem like a priority for him.

Ilya continues. “My passion for hockey died right along with my father. So I went to college, hopped around jobs until I found my way to Game Changers.”

“I’m so sorry, Ilya.” Shane mutters, wishing there was something better he could say.

“It is not your fault, Hollander.” Ilya replies.

For a moment, the two men sit in silence, letting the conversation hang over them. Shuffling in the background catches Ilya’s attention as he turns and sees someone tinkering with the sound system. Suddenly, a loud pop song booms through the speakers and people flock to an empty space in the center to start dancing.

Ilya starts tapping his foot and lets his body start moving to the rhythm. Shane looks over at Ilya with an amused look, staying completely still.

“Come on,” Ilya gets up and offers his hand to Shane. “let’s dance!”

“Oh, no way.” Shane immediately shakes his head and puts his hands up like he’s surrendering. “I’m not a dancer.”

“Just follow me.” Ilya grabs Shane’s hand and leads him to an open space in the center of the bar. Ilya sways his hips to the rhythm and lets his arms wave loosely above his head. He watches Shane awkwardly try and sway along with him, but with stiffer movements.

“Hollander,” Without hesitating, Ilya’s hands move down to Shane’s hips and he grabs them and guides them along the beat of the song. “relax!”

Shane’s eyes look like they’re going to bulge out of his sockets but he quickly regains composure and lets Ilya move his hips to the music. A couple minutes later he feels his body

relax and before he knows it he's moving effortlessly along to the song with Ilya. Their bodies move in sync and for a moment, it only feels like the two of them are on the dance floor.

Shane feels Ilya inch closer until their chests are touching. He feels Ilya's hot breath and he dares sneak a glance up to see Ilya look directly at Shane, half-lidded and drunk off this moment. Shane feels Ilya's hands ghost down until he's grabbing his ass. Shane leans in and his breath hitches as he feels Ilya's erection poking through his pants. He boldly rubs his own against Ilya, hearing a small gasp escape Ilya's lips.

Ilya lifts Shane's chin up and the two gaze deeply into each other's eyes. Millions of emotions are rushing through Shane's mind but one thing is clear: he really wants to kiss Ilya right now.

But that wouldn't be right. Ilya is just his matchmaker. Besides, there's no way he actually has any serious feelings for Shane. Shane pulls away and his heart aches by how confused Ilya looks. Without another word, Shane rushes out of the bar. He hears Ilya trying to catch up with him but he speed walks away until he's jogging as far away from the bar as possible.

~~~

Ilya went home that night with a raging boner he was hoping a certain someone by the name of Shane Hollander could have helped him with. He resorts to pleasuring himself in the shower but the aftermath felt empty. Like it was just another thing for him to check off his list.

All night long, Ilya tosses and turns with thoughts of Shane rushing through his mind. Was he too forward? Did he do something that Shane didn't like? It's technically against company policy for matchmakers to try and date their clients, but it never crossed Ilya's mind he would be facing that dilemma.

There was something about the way Shane looked on the dance floor. His awkward stiffness that eventually transformed into carefree dance moves. Ilya loved that he could help Shane let loose and have fun. Plus, he looked absolutely stunning, especially with those cute freckles of his. When Shane pushed himself against Ilya and he felt Shane's erection through his jeans, Ilya could have ravished Shane's body right there on the dance floor.

Ilya knows he has to remain professional among all this. He decides the next morning he'll call Shane and play it cool. He won't say anything about what happened at the bar, and he'll treat things business as usual.

That proves harder than anticipated. That morning when Ilya video calls Shane, there's an immediate air of awkwardness between them.

"Hey, um," Shane hesitates. "good morning."

Ilya nods. "Good morning, Hollander. Did you sleep well last night?"

"I did." Shane obviously lies. "You?"

“Same here.” Ilya lies back.

An awkward silence hangs between them and Ilya switches to professional mode to try and get the conversation rolling again. “I haven’t had a chance to look at some matches that just came in for you.”

Ilya clicks on his email application and notices he already has 45 unread emails to sift through this morning. He can’t help the groan he lets out. “I have many emails to catch up on. So it might be a bit until I reach out to you again.”

“Yeah no, that makes sense.” Shane looks eager to get off this call.

“I will try to get back to you as soon as possible.”

“Okay.”

Another awkward silence. Ilya decides to cut things short to offer a bit of mercy for both of them. “Enjoy your week, Hollander.”

“You too.” Shane hangs up the phone without another word.

~~~

Two weeks pass without a word from Ilya. Shane decides to bite the bullet and tries to reach out. He decides on a text, hoping that doesn’t seem as desperate. He types out several responses before settling on a short and simple one.

*Hey Ilya. Any word on new matches for me?*

Shane hits send and stares at his screen for a minute hoping that wills Ilya to answer right away. It doesn’t. Hours pass, Shane still doesn’t see any response. He debates sending a following up text, but decides to leave things alone. He doesn’t want to come across as desperate.

The next day comes, still nothing. Shane begins to worry, what if Ilya “fired” Shane from being his client? He can’t blame him, Ilya looked extremely hurt when Shane ran out of the bar. He should have said something to him, at least offer some type of explanation instead of leaving without a word. Ilya probably thinks Shane hates him, and who can blame him?

It’s the end of the week and Shane can’t stand waiting any longer. He decides to call Game Changers directly in hopes they can direct him to Ilya. He gives the office a call, waits for a few rings, and he hears the receptionist’s voice on the other end.

“Game Changers Matchmaking Service, how can I help you today?”

“Hi, yeah,” Shane paces around his living room. “I’m Shane Hollander, one of Ilya’s clients. I’ve been trying to reach him for the past few days but he hasn’t been responding. Can you connect me to his office?”

“Ah,” Shane hears the receptionist click around on her computer. “I’m sorry Mr. Hollander, Ilya has been on leave for the past two weeks. That’s probably why you haven’t been able to

reach him.”

“Oh.” Shane doesn’t say anything for a minute and just listens to the clicking of a keyboard on the other end. “Can you tell me where he is?”

“I’m afraid no one knows where he is. Honestly, he deserves taking some time off with how hard he works for us.” The receptionist asks Shane if there’s anything else he needs help with, and he says no and hangs up.

Guess it’s time to spend the rest of his day searching for Ilya.

~~~

Shane roams far and wide throughout the city hoping to catch a glimpse of Ilya anywhere. He leaves him several texts and even tries calling, but still only radio silence. He stops by the same bar several times and strikes up a conversation with the bartender, asking if he’s seen Ilya anywhere. The bartender shrugs, saying he sees dozens of customers come in and out all day. There was no way he would remember Ilya.

Stopping in a nearby public park, Shane takes a seat on one of the nearby park benches and lets the noise of the city fill his thoughts. The soft blow of the breezes rustles his hair and he watches shadows from the leaves above dance on the ground. Shane takes a deep breath, letting the smell of the fresh air and the faint smell of cigarette smoke fill his lungs.

Shane whips his head around to see Ilya sitting on a park bench a block away. He seems to be making good use of the cigarette in his hand, smoking it as if it’s his very last one. For a moment, Shane wants to run away again. No, he’s going to be brave this time. He tries to ignore the knots twisting in his stomach as he marches over to Ilya. When he’s standing in front of him, Ilya doesn’t look up.

Ilya takes a drag of his cigarette. “What?” he spits out, annoyed.

Shane takes the empty spot next to Ilya and keeps his eyes on his shoes, mustering up the courage to say something. He decides to start off simple. “I’m sorry about what happened at the bar that night.”

“What happened at the bar?” Ilya plays dumb, which pisses Shane off.

Shane huffs. “I’m sorry I left.”

“Just left, hmm?”

Shane turns to face Ilya, his expression intense. “I’m sorry I left without saying anything.”

Ilya finally looks over at Shane, cigarette dangling lazily between his fingers as the end burns a soft orange. For a while, the two men sit in silence and stare at the people passing by, living their own life completely oblivious to the confrontation happening at this one park bench.

Shane looks at the cigarette and then at Ilya. “You know smoking isn’t good for you.”

Ilya mutters some Russian curses under his breath. "I'm leaving." He goes to stand up before Shane's hand shoots up and grabs his sleeve.

"Wait!" Shane doesn't let go and looks up at Ilya. "Ilya, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for leaving you at the bar without saying anything. That was shitty of me to do and you don't deserve that."

Ilya slowly sits back down and drops his cigarette, using his foot to smash it into the ground. His expression appears to soften ever so slightly as he continues staring at Shane.

"I'm sorry it's so hard finding a match for me. I know I'm not an easy client. But after some thinking, I think I know what the problem is."

Ilya quirks an eyebrow. "And what is that?"

Shane takes a deep breath. "I've realized there's only one person for me." his palms start to sweat and his heart feels like it's beating a thousand miles an hour. "He's the biggest asshole I've ever met. And he's cocky and rude."

Ilya shifts so his entire body is facing Shane. He looks amused and waits for Shane to continue.

"But deep down, he cares for others and wants to make sure other people are happy. It must be why he has a job that's all about helping others find connections. But what makes me sad is, he hasn't bothered finding a connection for himself."

Shane reaches for Ilya's hands and holds them in his own. "This guy, he pisses me off so much all the time. But he also always pushed me to be a better hockey player. And he pushed me to loosen up on the dance floor. He reminds me that I'm someone who can be loved."

A smile crosses Ilya's lips and Shane smiles back. "And, he's also extremely sexy and it drives me crazy how much I want him."

This gets a laugh out of Ilya, he pulls Shane in for a hug and they stay there for a while, enjoying the warmth their bodies bring each other. Ilya shifts so his mouth is right next to Shane's ear, his warm breath sending chills down Shane's spine.

"I've wanted you for a while too." Shane yelps when Ilya bites down on the tip of his ear. Shane pushes back and Ilya loves seeing how frazzled Shane looks. It makes him want to jump him right here in this park so everyone can see just how much he's obsessed with this man.

"So, *Hollander*," Ilya's voice drops to a seductive purr as he traces lazy circles on Shane's thigh. "how about we take this somewhere else?"

Shane gets up and marches a couple paces ahead before turning back to Ilya. "We're going to my place."

~~~

To say Ilya was giddy with excitement was an understatement. He was barely able to keep his hands to himself as they took the elevator up to Shane's apartment. He allowed his hands to lightly graze the back of Shane's back, just to let Shane know how excited he was. When they reached the door, Ilya couldn't help but wrap his arms around Shane and plant a kiss on his neck as Shane fumbled for his keys.

"We're almost inside." Shane huffs as he finally unlocks the door and the two practically stumble into the entryway. Ilya doesn't even spare a second before pushing Shane against the door, slamming it shut.

"I'm ready to be inside of you." Ilya growls, hands snaking underneath Shane's shirt, letting his fingers trace over the curves and crevices of his muscular chest.

"*Jesus*, Ilya." Shane leans into Ilya's touch as he lets him take off his shirt in one motion. He stays pressed against the door as Ilya leaves small kisses all down his neck. He moves up to capture Shane's lips in his, hungrily nipping at his bottom lip.

"H-hold on," Shane breaks the kiss and attempts to guide Ilya away from the door. "bedroom." They stagger through the living room and make their way into the bedroom, clumsily falling onto the bed, Ilya on top of Shane.

Before Shane can even register what's happening, Ilya has already removed the rest of his clothes, leaving Shane completely naked on the bed. Shane instinctively goes to cover his now hard cock with his hands before Ilya bats them away.

"No hiding." Ilya moves himself below Shane, looking up at him with heavy-lidded eyes. "I want to see everything."

He grabs Shane's cock and lazily strokes it in agonizingly slow movements, going from the base all the way to the tip.

"*Fuck*, Ilya. Go faster." Shane whines.

Ilya gives Shane a small taste of what he wants as he picks up the pace. Watching Shane squirm underneath Ilya's touch was driving him mad. He could sit here and watch him all day.

Then, Ilya slows his movement down until he comes to a complete stop. Shane's head snaps up, shooting daggers at Ilya.

"Why," he gasps. "did you stop?"

"I have a confession to make." Ilya states, face completely void of any expression.

"Ok?" Shane impatiently waits for Ilya to continue and hopes he can get back to stroking his cock sooner rather than later.

Ilya thumbs the tip of Shane's cock and smears his precum all over the top. He leans down, teasing the tip with his warm breath.

“You see,” he leans down until his lips are barely touching the skin of Shane’s tip. “it drove me crazy knowing you were with other guys.”

Shane felt like he was going to explode if Ilya didn’t do something about his aching cock that was inches away from his mouth. He gasps out, “I only, *fuck*, hooked up with Troy.”

“What did you do?” Ilya’s voice a low growl.

“We just sucked each other off!” Shane is exasperated at this point. “Now will you get to sucking me off already? I’m fucking dying over here.” He’s ready to go ahead and take matters into his own hands, literally.

Ilya smirks and lets his tongue slide along Shane’s shaft and watches the other man’s head fall back as he whimpers. He gives a few more slow licks before making eye contact and letting his mouth sink down on Shane’s cock.

“*Holy shit*—” Shane watches Ilya, mouth slightly ajar as he watches him bob up and down in a steady rhythm. Ilya can already tell Shane is close and he lets the warm, throbbing cock fill his mouth.

“Ilya, I’m close—*shit, fuck*.” Ilya lets Shane’s cock fall from his lips as he looks up with a hungry look, his eyes look almost black.

“Your turn.” He positions himself so he’s on his knees and has his cock right in front of Shane’s face. Shane undresses Ilya, throwing his clothes haphazardly to the side until he’s also completely bare and out in the open. He takes Ilya’s hard cock in his hand and immediately takes him in his mouth. Ilya lets out a low growl.

“Couldn’t wait?”

“Mmph.” Shane mumbles out some type of response with Ilya’s cock still in his mouth. He reaches over to grab Ilya’s ass to push him deeper down his throat. Tears are stinging his vision but it feels incredible taking Ilya this deeply.

Ilya feels his knees buckle. “Hollander, let me lie down.” Shane momentarily removes his mouth from Ilya’s cock as they change positions, Ilya laying on his back and Shane hovering over him. Shane’s mouth immediately finds Ilya’s cock once more, he watches Ilya cry out a string of Russian curses as he fists Shane’s hair.

Ilya feels his orgasm building but he doesn’t want it to be from this. “Stop.” Shane immediately stops and looks up at Ilya, his entire face is flushed red and his hair is a disheveled mess. He’s never looked better in Ilya’s eyes.

“Turn around.” Ilya lifts Shane’s chin, his dark eyes staring directly into his. “I want to fuck you.”

Without uttering a single word, Shane reaches for one of the drawers on his bedside stand and takes out a condom along with a bottle of lube. He tosses them to Ilya and positions himself with his ass facing him.

Shane hears the bottle click open and the sound of Ilya rubbing the lube together on his fingers. Shane hisses as he feels his ass spread open and a single finger tease his entrance.

“Ok?” Ilya wants to stick it in already but he waits for Shane’s approval.

“Yes, just go al—*ahh*.” Shane’s head falls face first as his moans are muffled against the bedsheets. Ilya inserts his finger slowly and lets it sit there, allowing Shane to get used to feeling filled.

“Can you take another?”

“Fuck, *yes*.” Shane gasps as Ilya removes his finger and immediately pushes in two more. For a while, Ilya focuses on loosening Shane up so he’s ready for Ilya’s now aching hard, throbbing cock.

“Hollander,” Ilya breathes out. “do you think you’re ready to take me?”

“Yeah,” Shane whines. “it’s all I’ve been thinking about.” he takes a shaky breath. “I thought about you, *ungh*, when I was with Troy.”

Ilya pauses. Shane groans and reaches to grab Ilya’s hand to try and resume his movement. “*God fucking damn it*, what’s your deal?”

“You thought about me?”

“Yes! Fuck, I did! Are you going to keep doing this or—”

Ilya angles his fingers just right to where he nails Shane’s prostate. Whatever Shane was getting ready to say, he immediately forgets as intense pleasure shoots up all throughout his body.

“*Jesus—fuck—aah shit*.” Shane cries out as he loses himself from Ilya repeatedly hitting his prostate. He sees his vision blurring and the intense buildup of an orgasm approaching faster than he can take.

“I’m so close, Ilya. Don’t stop, don’t—”

Ilya’s fingers slide out so abruptly it leaves Shane feeling hallow. His stomach forming a tight knot where his release was just sitting, waiting to come out. He looks back and sees Ilya tearing open the condom and drizzling lube all over his cock.

Grabbing Shane’s hips, Ilya slowly positions himself at Shane’s entrance and lets the tip slowly sink in, then his shaft, until he’s fully inside. Ilya lets out a low hiss, Shane lets out something between a whine and a sob. It feels like the two could melt into each other at this moment.

“Okay?” Ilya’s voice strains as he tries to hold back from fucking Shane with all his might right now.

Shane nods. “Just fuck me already, *please*.”

Ilya immediately finds a steady pace as he thrusts into Shane in deliberate and powerful movements. Shane is a whimpering mess underneath Ilya and doesn't bother restraining his loud cries as they fill the bedroom.

"You feel amazing, *fuck...*" Ilya moans as he picks up the pace and drives himself deeper.

Shane turns his head so Ilya can see his face buried in the sheets. The pure ecstasy in his face drives Ilya wild and he decides he wants to see Shane's face. He slows his movements and leans down to gasp in Shane's ear, "I want to watch your face when you come."

The two switch positions until Shane finds himself facing Ilya, with Ilya sitting up, legs splayed out. Shane takes a moment to brush his hand through his hair as he stares at the unbelievably gorgeous man sitting underneath him. Ilya's curls are a mess and his face is completely flushed. It's intoxicating how Shane can make him look and feel this way.

Shane takes Ilya's cock and angles it at his entrance as he slowly sinks down. Once he feels himself clench around it, he sits there letting the feeling overcome all his senses. Shane's face is just inches from Ilya, their ragged breaths brush against their lips.

"I love the way you feel, *Shane*." Ilya gasps. Shane's breath hitches as he realizes Ilya is finally calling him by his first name. Shane grabs Ilya's face and plants a passionate kiss on his lips. He breaks away to see Ilya with a grin on his face.

"You called me Shane."

"Of course." Ilya hands reach down to firmly grasp Shane's ass. "Now will you ride me, *Shane*?"

Shane immediately obliges and begins rocking his hips back and fourth on Ilya's cock. The sensation it fills him with is enough to make him see stars.

"*Aah*, feels amazing, Ilya." Shane whimpers out letting his hips move in erratic motions. He suddenly feels Ilya plant his feet firmly on the mattress as he begins thrusting in quick, sharp movements. Shane feels Ilya's cock directly hit his prostate and he swears he sees flashes of white in his vision as a wave of intense pleasure consumes him.

The knot in Shane's stomach feels ready to burst and Shane knows he's just one minute away from completely spilling all over Ilya. He tries signaling to Ilya that he's close, but can only form half spoken words and whimpers as Ilya drives himself harder into Shane.

"*Close, umh! I'm close.*"

"*Fuck. Touch yourself now.*" Ilya commands. Shane reaches for his cock and begins stroking it in rapid motions. Heat floods his entire body as his vision is blurry and all he can focus on is reaching his orgasm he's been holding back.

"*Ilya, fuck, I'm coming.*" A loud cry escapes Shane's lips as he feels his hot release spill all over himself and Ilya. His back arches and his mouth is completely dry as he rides out his orgasm and watches hot ropes continuously erupt from his cock.

It's not longer until Ilya feels himself ready to let his release overtake him. "Shane, fuck..." Ilya feels his body go rigid as he empties himself inside of Shane, his cock throbbing with what felt like endless spurts of come.

Ilya slowly removes himself from Shane and flops down beside him. Only their pants and gasps fill the silence.

Shane looks over at the mess he's made on Ilya's stomach. "Ugh, sorry." his voice comes out hoarse. "We should clean up."

As Shane gets ready to stand up, Ilya grabs him by the waist and hoists him down, planting soft kisses all over his face. "Mm, stay for a bit. Tired."

"Ilya!" Shane laughs and pushes himself away. "You're getting it all over my back."

"It's just your come. It's from you."

"Whatever," Shane hops out of bed. "let's clean up."

The two men wander into the shower and lazily wash away any residue of come left. Lazy kisses are exchanged as their hands roam their wet, naked bodies. Eventually, they dry off and ease back into bed, Ilya holding Shane in his arms.

"So," Shane wonders aloud. "what happens when a matchmaker matches with his client?"

"He gets a scolding." Ilya plants a soft kiss on Shane's head. "But I'm one of the best. They will not fire me."

"They better not."

Ilya hums, content with being close to the man so dear to him.

"I consider you to be my most successful client."

"Why is that?" Shane asks.

"Because you ended up being the one for me."

A giant smile spreads across Shane's face and Ilya presses a soft kiss on his forehead. Immense joy flows from both of them as they bask in the joy they were able to find each other and be each other's perfect match.

**THE END**

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