clean

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by everwitch

Summary

Shane keeps seeing this one guy at the gym. The guy's huge—insane thighs, astonishing butt—so it makes sense Shane can't really look away. That's the kind of body any man would long for. Or aspire to? The latter, surely.

Shane doesn't ever see the guy outside the gym, though. Or in the locker room. They never even hit the showers at the same time.

Until they do.

Notes

Haven't read the books (I know, I know); this is based solely on the show. And a bit on that one Hudson Williams workout video. Enjoy! ♡

See the end of the work for more notes

‘It's the dirtiest clean I know.’

- My Moon My Man, Feist

There's this one guy at the gym.

Shane notices him sometimes. Not often. Just sometimes. He'll spot the guy on the treadmill, typically—because that's sort of in view from everywhere, so it can't really be helped. And sometimes he'll see the guy lifting weights. Or doing pull-ups. That last one's just inherently eye-catching.

Sometimes he'll watch the guy drinking water.

Thing is, the guy's huge. Like, astonishingly. Not really tall, but built. Practically sculpted. Thighs. Arms. Butt. Work of art, all of him.

"It's funny," Shane tells Rose over Friday night drinks. "Everything about him makes me want to know his workout routine, which is what I'm literally already watching."

Rose quirks an eyebrow. "You watch him work out?"

"No. Of course not."

"Right." Rose looks strangely amused. "So you want to be him? We're going with that?"

"You'd get it if you saw him. He looks amazing."

"Yeah, I bet," Rose says. "Hey, change of subject: why do you think it never worked out between us?"

"Um," Shane says. Where'd that come from? "Maybe because we were *twelve?* And because — Because we realised we didn't like each other that way. We had a whole conversation about it. It’s why we're still friends."

"I was there," Rose says, with a smile that's more familiar. One that's been familiar to Shane his whole life. "But you don't think it wasn't at least partly because you wouldn't shut up about Peter?"

Peter. One of Rose's brothers. The closest to them in age. He had this great tan one summer. And a really great smile—just objectively.

Wait. What was the question?"

"Yeah," Shane tries. "Uh. Good teeth?"

"Jesus Christ," Rose mutters. "Shane, sweetheart. Does your gym buddy maybe also have… Good teeth?"

"He's not my buddy," Shane says reflexively. "We've never spoken. I haven't noticed his teeth."

Rose raises her hands in some kind of defeat. "Maybe get on that, then."

They're probably due for a subject change. Shane's been going on about his gym crush for way too long.

Not his crush. Just this really hot guy at the gym. The kind of body Shane aspires to… Actually, that's a complete sentence. Yeah. Totally.

He volunteers to get the next round before he can spiral further.

—

Butt Goals is back.

He's on the treadmill. Likely place for Shane to notice him. So it makes sense that Shane watches for the entire duration of the guy's run. These things happen. He's probably not even the only one paying attention.

The gym isn't too crowded tonight, though. There's only one other person in there. Who may have just left? Whatever. Unimportant.

Tree Trunk Thighs moves on to pull-ups. Likely thing for him to do. Shane busies himself with some bicep curls, because that means he's still directly in the guy's line of sight. Not that he cares if the guy watches him back.

Not that Shane was really watching in the first place.

Except when Shane goes to put the dumbbells back, the guy is definitely looking right at him. He's not even subtle about it. In fact, he meets Shane's eyes like he—

Like he wants Shane to notice.

The guy holds Shane's gaze, drinking from his bottle. Shane can't fucking breathe.

Then the guy jerks his head in a gesture that can only mean 'follow me,' and heads for the showers.

Shane didn't imagine that. That actually happened.

Fuck. What's he supposed to do if he follows? Just pretend he's not totally out of his depth with this whole thing?

Does he have time to phone Rose and ask for tips in the 'touching someone else's cock' department?

He really, *really* wants to touch someone else's cock, though. That guy's cock. As soon as possible.

Fuck it.

Shane heads for the showers.

—

"Hi."

The guy just nods at him. He's already started—not just showering. He has a hand around his cock. He's hard.

Fuck, he's so hot.

"I, uh." Shane flexes his hands by his sides. He wants. He wants so badly. "I—"

"Come here."

The accent is surprising. The command in the man's voice is less so. It suits him. And it's freeing, somehow, to be told what to do like that. An expectation clearly spelled out. Nothing between the lines.

Shane approaches with his heart thudding in his chest. He steps under the hot spray, getting right up in the guy's space. He stares—because he's definitely allowed, now, and isn't that a fucking miracle? He wants to treasure it. Savour.

The guy smirks a little, like he's very much enjoying the attention. "You want, yes?"

"Yeah," Shane says. What's he even agreeing to? Who cares—what wouldn't he agree to? "Please."

The guy lets go of his cock so he can put his hands on Shane's hips, pulling him close. Fuck. That's already so good.

"What's your name?"

Shane blinks, a little dazed. "Shane."

Teeth scrape lightly against his jaw. "Ilya. For you to scream, later."

He's about as full of himself as Shane would be if he looked like that. "You wanna make me scream, Ilya?"

"I want to make you come."

And he turns them around, pushing Shane against cold tiles and kissing him, pressing their bodies together.

Fuck.

It's hot and messy and so, so sexy, and Shane has no idea how he's supposed to last more than a fucking minute. He's being kissed like nobody's ever kissed him before, and he's kissing

Ilya back like he's definitely never kissed anyone before; ravenously, like he needs it to live. And maybe he does. Maybe every day of his life so far he's just been surviving, and this is what he's needed all along.

He's so hard. So is Ilya. They're panting into each other's mouths now, grinding against each other in utter desperation. At least Shane isn't the only one who's gonna come quickly.

And actually, Ilya comes first. It's the way he moans Shane's name as he tips over the edge that makes Shane follow.

Ilya still holds him while they catch their breaths. That's nice. Shane would've felt a little empty if he'd just been let go. That's so dumb, though. This clearly wasn't anything. Just a bit of fun.

Ilya still isn't letting go.

So Shane lets himself be held. And he maybe trails an indulgent hand down Ilya's arm, marvelling a little. Shane had been right all along; he truly does want a body like Ilya's. Just in a multitude of ways.

"How much protein do you eat?"

He regrets it as soon as he's said it. That's gonna make Ilya laugh. What's he thinking, getting into nutrition at a time like—

"You're so fast," Ilya says. Wait, what? "I watch you on the bike. You kill yourself on there." There's that little smirk again. "Is so hot."

Oh.

"I've been watching you, too."

"Mm, I know," Ilya says. "I try to push myself when you watch. So you'll keep watching."

Okay. That's maybe starting to sound like not nothing.

Shane takes a breath. "You could do a lot more than just watch."

… Like they didn't just do that. God. He should get an award for stupid.

Ilya looks pleased, though. "We could text?" he suggests. "Make plans for things."

"Um. What things?"

Ilya shrugs. "Go to gym together. Go other places. I don't know what you like to do."

"I mostly just go to work and the gym and then home."

Ilya stares at him for a moment. "Life of party?" he asks. Something tells Shane that Ilya already knows the answer. "Well. You are sexy, at least."

Insulting and exciting all at once. "You think I'm sexy. You."

Ilya pulls him in for a brief kiss. "You are gorgeous. Perfect. You must know this. You lie to me if you say you don't know."

Shane would, in all honesty, say he looks nice. And he knows he's fit. Knows women pay attention to him. He hasn't really thought of it beyond that.

He's never even considered whether men take notice of him.

Clearly, one man has.

"I just don't have thighs as thick as yours," Shane points out. "Or an ass as good as yours. True facts."

"Mm," Ilya says. "Funny. I really want your ass."

Shane frowns. "Not possible, man."

"We don't mean in same way."

What? What's he getting at—

Oh.

"Fuck."

Ilya grins. "Please."

He's more than a handful, isn't he? "You really want that?" Shane asks, much like Ilya had done earlier.

Because Shane wants. God, he wants.

Ilya's hold tightens around him. "How many times can you come in… Maybe an hour?"

Shane blinks. What kind of question is that? "I don't— I guess it depends— Twice, maybe?"

"Come home with me," Ilya says. "Let me find out."

Fucking hell.

Like Shane could say no to that.

—

He doesn't leave Ilya's penthouse until noon the next day. He's all cleaned up again, but feels dirtier than ever. Maybe because of the things Ilya is already texting him.

He thinks, probably, he'll need to get used to that.

The thought makes him grin.

End Notes

I'm on Tumblr (everwitch-magiks) and Bluesky (@everwitch.bsky.social). ♡

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