when your heart beats next to mine

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when your heart beats next to mine

by paytonrambles

Summary

Rozanov adjusted his towel, and Shane's eyes were drawn to the motion like magnets.

"Well, if I come to 1410 tonight at nine o'clock…" Rozanov said casually, leaving the question open.

"I might open," Shane responded. He shouldn't have entertained this conversation at all, he knew. He knew how dangerous this could be, for so many reasons and for both of them. But he also wanted, so, so badly. He wanted to be touched, he wanted to feel good, and he wanted Rozanov to be the one to give that to him. He wanted Rozanov.

Rozanov nodded, like this was the expected response, and shrugged casually. "I might knock," he said, then walked away to his own locker where his things were stashed.

Or, a trans Shane rewrite of their first time.

Notes

DISCLAIMER: I have never and will never use AI generation for my writing. It goes against everything I believe in as an artist, and I pray on its downfall.

Hello, hello!

I had been stuck in the editing stages with this one for too long because I am a perfectionist, but I kept seeing a few tweets about t-boy Shane, and it was the kick in the ass I needed to get this done and published. I'm proud of what I have, and I hope you enjoy reading it.

The language used for Shane's genitalia are: cunt, clit, cock, and pussy.

If anyone spies any errors I missed, please feel free to let me know. If you hate it, please do not tell me.

Thanks for being here!

EDIT 2/2/26: Adjusted the date at the start and changed the title. Also, I added a little bit to the story at the very end where Shane's underwear have mysteriously gone missing, which will be a better transition into what I have planned for the future. New title from Madonna's "Like a Virgin." Thank you sincerely to everyone who commented; it is the best motivation there is.

See the end of the work for more notes

June, 2010

Toronto

"No, they told me nothing. It was my idea."

The words echoed in Shane's mind as he changed out of his hockey gear and into clean clothes. Shane being a part of the CCM commercial had been *Rozanov's* idea. Meaning, Rozanov had originally been set to do the shoot by himself. But he wanted *Shane* there? Maybe Shane was overthinking this, but he had yet to settle on an answer that made any sense to him.

He tried not to think about the fact that Rozanov was in the shower area of the locker room at that very moment. He and Rozanov had entered the locker room together after the shoot, but while Rozanov had headed for the showers, Shane had gone straight to his locker to get redressed, as was typical for him after practices and games. He had been ribbed by teammates on his junior teams for not showering with the rest of the boys, but he could tolerate some badgering in the name of discretion. Every athlete had their quirks, and Shane was fine with letting others assume his never-nude locker room routine was just one of his.

Shane had just pulled on a pair of joggers over his boxer briefs and was in the process of pulling on a T-shirt when he heard the water cut off in the showers. Despite Shane's best efforts to determinedly not think about Rozanov showering, his mind decided at that moment to play an impressively cinematic montage of a completely bare, muscled, and dripping Ilya Rozanov, big hands running along his own body as he soaped up, rivulets of water sluicing down his golden skin. Shane shook his head back and forth, trying in vain to physically shoo the images away.

"You okay?"

The sudden sound of a deep voice startled Shane. He jumped in place, whipping his head around from where he had been staring unseeingly and open-mouthed into his locker, looking toward the owner of said voice. Rozanov had wandered into the dressing area and stood–still dripping with water, Shane noted miserably–wearing nothing but a towel secured around his trim waist–*damn it*–and the golden cross pendant glinting against the skin of his sternum, settled between two massive pecs–*fuck!*

Rozanov watched Shane, not yet moving to get dressed himself, with an expression of amusement on his handsome face.

"What?" Shane asked dumbly.

"You were shaking your head. Something in your ear?" Rozanov asked teasingly and gestured at the side of his own head.

Shane flushed in response, not having realized Rozanov had been there to see that.

“No, yeah, I’m fine,” Shane said, stumbling over his words. He took a seat on the bench behind him and reached forward to grab his sneakers out of the bottom of his locker. Receiving no response from Rozanov, whose gaze he could feel still lingering on him, Shane kept his head ducked and leaned down to begin putting his shoes on his socked feet. He slipped on his right shoe, adjusted the tongue, and tied the laces, all in the weighted silence that had descended upon the locker room. He put his unlaced right shoe on, adjusted the tongue, and then glanced up, opening his mouth in preparation to say something, anything, to fill the oppressive quiet. Upon laying eyes on Rozanov, however, Shane snapped his mouth and swallowed the spit suddenly flooding his mouth.

Rozanov was still standing there, with a sparkling glint in his eyes as he looked at Shane. Shane looked at Rozanov’s ear in an attempt to escape his intense gaze, and unwittingly, found his eyes caught on a water droplet escaping from the wet mass of Rozanov’s darkened curls. The droplet trailed tauntingly down the side of Rozanov’s neck, over his collarbone, and down his thickly muscled chest. It slowed as it traveled down and over the round plane of Rozanov’s heavy pec and past a rosy nipple. The droplet then continued its path down Rozanov’s body to lovingly caress the well-defined muscles of his abdomen before reaching the sharp cut of his Adonis belt.

Shane distantly registered that his heart was racing like he was watching the last period of a tied match and that his cunt had begun to ache. Arousal burned hot in veins, and he shifted restlessly in his seat, his thighs pressing tight together and his hips grinding down hard against the bench beneath him in an unconscious attempt to relieve the throbbing ache. He wanted to crawl over to Rozanov on his hands and knees and lick the droplet right off of his warm skin.

Shane watched intently as the droplet slowly crept toward the edge of Rozanov’s towel, and his eyes tracked its approach.

The droplet’s abrupt disappearance as it was instantly absorbed by the fabric of Rozanov’s towel was what finally snapped Shane out of his trancelike state. He immediately flicked his gaze up to Rozanov’s face, desperately hoping that he had somehow miraculously not clocked Shane practically molesting him with his eyes for God-only-knows how long.

But God had run out of favors for one Shane Hollander, who had no such luck. Rozanov appeared especially smug and gleeful as he looked at Shane’s reddening face. Rozanov smirked and pointedly raised his eyebrows at Shane. *Asshole*.

“Shut up,” Shane muttered defensively, turning his face away and back to his feet. He fumbled for the laces of his shoes. He could feel the heat radiating from his cheeks back up onto his own face, and his underwear felt sticky and damp between his thighs.

“Is nothing wrong with enjoying the view, Hollander,” Rozanov said. His tone was extremely self-satisfied, and Shane longed for it to be a turn-off. But alas…

“I wasn’t,” Shane defended. Then, “Let’s just forget about this, okay?” The commercial shoot was over and done with; they could go their separate ways, see one another only at matches and official events, and *never* bring this interaction up ever again.

“Is what you want?” Rozanov asked flatly.

“Yeah, for sure,” Shane responded, nodding affirmatively with what he hoped was a convincing amount of confidence.

Rozanov chuckled, shaking his head in disbelief. “Oh, wow,” he said, “you’re a really bad liar.”

When Rozanov received no response from a quietly mortified Shane, who was pointedly not looking back at him, he walked closer to where Shane sat hunched over and finally tying his left shoe. Rozanov did not stop moving closer until he was so close that all Shane could see in his peripheral vision was his towel-covered hips, his bare abdomen, and *fuck*, his happy trail. Shane peeked at him surreptitiously from the corner of his eye.

Standing beside Shane’s bench, Rozanov said bluntly, “What is your room number?”

Shane straightened in his seat and looked up at Rozanov, who, at that close a distance, towered above him, all long lines of golden skin stretched over strong muscles and speckled with moles. Shane briefly realized he would only have had to lean in just a little, and he would have been able to press his mouth against Rozanov’s stomach. Shane was struck with the overwhelming urge to rub his face into his skin like a cat, feeling the grooves of warm muscle and the scratch of light brown body hair against his cheeks.

“1410,” Shane said. He could say he didn’t know where this was going, that he was just answering a simple question, but that wasn’t the truth.

Rozanov adjusted his towel, and Shane’s eyes were drawn to the motion like magnets.

“Well, if I come to 1410 tonight at nine o’clock…” Rozanov said casually, leaving the question open.

“I might open,” Shane responded. He shouldn’t have entertained this conversation at all, he knew. He *knew* how dangerous this could be, for so many reasons and for both of them. But he also *wanted*, so, *so* badly. He wanted to be touched, he wanted to feel good, and he wanted Rozanov to be the one to give that to him. He wanted *Rozanov*.

Rozanov nodded, like this was the expected response, and shrugged casually. “I might knock,” he said, then walked away to his own locker where his things were stashed.

Shane snuck a glance at Rozanov’s retreating figure through the corner of his eye. He shook his head to clear it, hurriedly grabbed his things, and exited the locker room, not looking back as he went.

The rest of Shane’s day was spent at a low level but constant anxiety. At 8:30 that evening, Shane started to feel a pit open up in his stomach. By 8:50, he was shaking out his hands,

pacing erratically back and forth across his hotel room, heart racing in his chest, and tearing off the suit he had put on, hanging it back up neatly in the closet. *How the hell are you supposed to dress for a hookup?* Shane felt wildly out of his depth.

At 9:02, Shane heard a knock on his door. His heart kicked up another notch, and that pit in his stomach deepened. He had redressed and wore a much more casual T-shirt and jeans. His shoes were lined up neatly in the entryway, so he walked over to open the door on socked feet.

Aiming for casual–but probably failing, if he knew himself at all–Shane opened the door to see Ilya Rozanov standing in the hallway outside, wearing jeans and a denim jacket over a black tee. Shane was relieved to see Rozanov dressed similarly to himself. That was one thing he had already done right. Rozanov stepped inside the room and closed the door behind him. As Rozanov stood in front of him, Shane let himself acknowledge that Rozanov looked *good*.

“I thought you might chicken out,” Rozanov said.

“I’m not–I’m not a chicken,” Shane said defensively. Then, “But I think we should talk.” When Rozanov only looked around the room with vague interest, Shane continued uncertainly, “Do you want to sit?”

Rozanov closed the distance between them, and Shane reached up a hand to rest lightly on the side of Rozanov’s arm. Rozanov hummed as he brought his own hands up to settle on either side of Shane’s waist.

“Not really,” Rozanov replied, before gently pushing Shane into the wall beside the door.

“This is such a bad idea,” Shane said, huffing out a nervous laugh. *An understatement*, Shane thought.

“What is?” Rozanov asked. He lifted his right hand to grasp Shane’s face, palm and fingers splaying across Shane’s jaw and neck. His thumb settled on Shane’s chin, and the tip of his middle finger rested just below Shane’s ear. *Fuck, his hands are huge*, Shane thought.

Rozanov leaned in, and his lips captured Shane’s in a sweet kiss. Their mouths parted briefly, the two of them breathing for a beat, before reconnecting in another kiss. The second kiss was longer, and their mouths remained connected as Rozanov lowered his hand to run down Shane’s chest. His other hand came up to run his fingers through the hair on the back of Shane’s head, almost petting him. Shane wanted to whine at the feeling.

Rozanov removed his jacket, revealing the tank top beneath, and the action put his thickly muscled arms on display. His hand returned to the back of Shane’s head, and he dragged Shane’s mouth back to his own. Rozanov pushed his tongue past Shane’s lips, tasting him and running alongside Shane’s own, and they moaned softly into each other’s mouths at the feeling.

Shane breathed heavily when Rozanov pulled back to remove Shane’s T-shirt. At the same time, Shane’s hands went to the front of Rozanov’s jeans to undo them. Shane pulled his

hands back and helped Rozanov by lifting his arms into the air and allowing Rozanov to strip him of his shirt. Now bare from the waist up, Shane reached back down, opening the button of Rozanov's jeans. Shane eagerly shoved his hand down the front of Rozanov's underwear and wrapped his fingers around Rozanov's rapidly hardening cock. Shane stroked the length of him, squeezing when he reached the head. Shane liked the feel of it: thick, blood-hot, and velvety soft, and the solid weight of it in his palm.

"Fuck, Hollander," Rozanov groaned, and *oh*, Shane *really* liked that. The sound of his name in Rozanov's accented baritone, proof that Shane was making him feel good. Rozanov gripped the hem of his tanktop and pulled it up and off, ruffling his curls.

Shane ran his free hand up and down over Rozanov's ribs, relishing in the warmth of his skin. Rozanov brought both hands up to cup Shane's face in his palms, then moved one thumb to Shane's lips. Without needing prompting, Shane bent his head to take Rozanov's thumb into the wet heat of his mouth. Rozanov's eyes dropped down to Shane's mouth to watch as he suckled his thumb, his tongue curling around the digit.

Shane felt a hunger building within him, and he wanted *more*. He dropped to his knees at Rozanov's feet and pulled Rozanov's cock free from his jeans and briefs. Shane gripped him at the base and angled him down toward his mouth. He sucked languidly at the head and sighed in relief, digging his tongue curiously into the slit and tasting the precome gathering there. Shane moaned quietly at the taste. He started to bob his head up and down, taking what he could and stopping just before he triggered his gag reflex. He used his hand to rub over the length he was unable to fit in his mouth, and he worked his tongue along the underside of Rozanov's cock. Drool dripped down from Shane's mouth, and he used it to slicken the glide of his hand.

Rozanov moaned above him, and Shane could hear the heavy breaths he was taking. As he moved diligently over Rozanov's cock, Shane felt his nerves and anxiety float away, his mind going blissfully blank and his eyes rolling back in his head. Shane thought briefly that he would probably have been content to do this and only this all night if that was what Rozanov wanted.

"Stop, stop, stop," Rozanov said suddenly and urgently, helping Shane back up to his feet. Shane wanted to whine at the loss.

"Was it bad?" Shane asked.

Rozanov thumbed at his mouth. "Ah, no, opposite. Is too much, too good," he reassured him, then leaned in to take Shane's lips in a brief kiss. Leaning back, Rozanov asked, "Is your first time with a man?"

Shane nodded his head jerkily in confirmation. *With anyone*, he thought but did not voice aloud. No, there was something more important he needed to tell Rozanov before they could go any further.

Shit. He had gotten distracted by the kisses and soft touches, but now the pit in his stomach had reopened. He clenched his fists to mask the tremors he could feel starting up in his hands.

“There’s something I need to tell you,” Shane said shakily. He felt like he was falling, that sharp *swoop* in his stomach, like when the cart finally tips over the peak of a rollercoaster.

Rozanov seemed to see Shane’s nerves because he regarded Shane seriously, giving him his full attention, and nodded his head slightly, waiting for Shane to continue. Shane realized then that there was a non-zero chance he was going to throw up.

“I…” Shane began hesitantly, then backtracked. “Look, if it’s too much, and you don’t want to keep going, that’s fine, okay? I understand. We won’t talk about it again.” Shane took a deep breath. “Just… I need you to promise you won’t tell anybody what I’m about to tell you. *Please*.”

“I will not tell anyone anything. I promise,” Rozanov said, eyes searching Shane’s face.

Shane took in a deep breath, stomach doing another somersault, and said, “I don’t… no, okay, wait. I…” Shane struggled to find the right words, never having told anyone this information before. Well, not since he was six years old and, with angry tears streaming down his little red face, very adamantly told his mother–who was extremely confused in the face of his distress but trying her best to be supportive–*Stop calling me a girl. I’m a boy!* Still, it had been over a decade since then, so he was out of practice. “I am a man,” he started, tone firm.

Rozanov just looked at him for a moment, and when Shane did not continue, said, “Yes. I know.” His brows were furrowed in obvious confusion.

“Okay. Good,” Shane said, nodding. He forced himself to push on, and said, a little less confidently now, “but I wasn’t…” he trailed off. He huffed, tried again, “I wasn’t born a boy. Or, I mean, I *was*, but *physically*, I guess, I was born a girl.” He had stared at Rozanov’s collarbones as he delivered his explanation, but he glanced up at Rozanov’s face as he asked hesitantly, “Do you understand?”

To Shane’s relief, Rozanov’s expression was not one of judgement as he said softly, “I understand, I think.”

“And you’re not… I don’t know, upset?” Shane asked.

“No,” Rozanov said simply. Then, “I am relieved, actually. I was thinking you were not enjoying this,” he said, gesturing between the two of them.

“What?” Shane asked, bewildered, both at the non sequitur and because he had thought it very obvious that he had been enjoying himself.

“I could tell you were not hard,” Rozanov said bluntly, and Shane dropped his head to Rozanov’s shoulder with a groan, embarrassed. Then, despite himself, he chuckled quietly. He felt Rozanov’s smile as he lowered his mouth to the side of Shane’s face, kissing his cheek. Then, he brought his lips up to Shane’s ear and whispered, “But I bet your pussy is dripping wet, yes?”

Shane let out a shocked moan into the skin of Rozanov's shoulder and looked up at him through heavy-lidded eyes. Rozanov was smirking, but his eyes were gentle as he gazed back at Shane. Biting at his bottom lip, Shane nodded, cheeks hot.

"Fuck," Rozanov said roughly, voice even deeper now, and leaned in to take Shane's mouth in another kiss. Immediately, the kiss became frantic, the two of them licking into each other's mouths and their breaths coming heavy between them.

Rozanov bullied one of his legs in between Shane's own, grabbing Shane by the hips and dragging him up against his thigh. He used his grip to encourage Shane into grinding his clothed cunt back and forth against Rozanov's thigh, and Shane moaned at the pressure and the friction against his aching clit. His hips rutted helplessly against the firm muscle of Rozanov's thigh as he chased the stimulation. Shane's head fell back against the wall behind him, his mouth open as he panted.

"Shit," Shane huffed, eyes cracking open to see Rozanov gazing at him with heated eyes, watching him intently as Shane worked himself against his thigh.

"That's it," Rozanov praised, then asked "Feels good?"

Shane nodded breathlessly. "Please," he said.

"Please, what?" Rozanov asked. He leaned in to mouth at Shane's neck, licking and kissing the sensitive skin there.

"Please touch me," Shane whined.

Rozanov kissed his way back up Shane's neck and jaw to claim his mouth in a kiss. Hands still gripping Shane's hips, Rozanov began to guide them toward the bed, lips still connected.

Rozanov gently pushed Shane down onto his back atop the mattress before stepping back to remove his own boots and socks before shucking off his jeans and underwear. Shane propped himself up on his elbows to watch. He eyed Rozanov's erection hungrily, standing proudly between his powerful thighs, long and thick. Shane wanted it back in his mouth. Fully bare and entirely confident in his nudity, Rozanov crawled onto the bed to kneel beside Shane's legs and reached for the waistband of Shane's jeans.

"Okay?" Rozanov asked, watching Shane's face.

Taking a deep breath, Shane nodded. He was nervous, yes, but his nerves were easily outweighed by his desperation for Rozanov's touch.

Permission granted, Rozanov undid the button on Shane's jeans, and Shane lifted his hips as Rozanov pulled them down his legs and off. Rozanov moved to drape Shane's jeans over the desk chair nearby, and Shane smiled at the consideration. Down to only his boxer briefs, Shane scooted up the bed to prop his head up on the pillows.

Rozanov moved back to him, running his hands up Shane's bare legs. He gripped Shane behind the knees and pulled his thighs apart to kneel between them. Spread open, Shane felt

the cool air of the hotel room hit the wet patch where Shane had soaked through his underwear. Rozanov looked down between Shane's legs and groaned.

"Fuck," Rozanov said roughly, "You are so wet."

Shane felt his face heat up at that, but Rozanov was not looking at his face. He instead moved to lay on his stomach between Shane's thighs.

"Please, can I taste you?" Rozanov asked desperately, finally looking away from the darkened fabric of Shane's briefs and meeting his eyes.

Shane hesitated for only a moment, feeling self-conscious, but then nodded and breathed, "Okay."

Rozanov bent his head down to place kisses on the insides of Shane's thighs and asked, "Have you ever done this before?" and when Shane shook his head no, he hummed and promised, "I will make it good for you."

Sucking more kisses onto Shane's thighs, Rozanov worked his way up to the wet, hot place between them. He placed an open-mouthed kiss directly onto Shane's clothed cunt, earning himself a soft moan. Rozanov nuzzled his face into the seat of Shane's soaked briefs, and Shane both heard and felt as Rozanov took several deep breaths in. Shane blushed hard as he realized that Rozanov was *smelling* him.

Shane whined in embarrassment, and Rozanov looked up at him from where he was still buried face-first in Shane's cunt, eyes dark and searing. Rozanov's mouth fell open wider against him and enveloped Shane in its wet heat. Shane moaned and panted, bucking his hips impatiently. In response, Rozanov reached up to grasp the hem of Shane's underwear.

"Can I take these off?" Rozanov checked.

"Yeah," Shane said breathlessly, nerves now almost totally overshadowed by his urgent arousal.

Rozanov slowly peeled Shane's briefs down his legs. Completely bare now, the feeling of vulnerability crept back in slightly, and Shane pressed his thighs together shyly. Rozanov set the discarded underwear down at the foot of the bed and sat back on his heels, kneeling between Shane's calves. His warm palms rubbed softly up and down the outsides of Shane's tensed thighs, soothing.

Rozanov's hands moved to the tops of Shane's knees and gently urged them apart, whispering, "Let me see." His voice held a hint of begging, and his eyes were hungry, desperate.

Shane surrendered helplessly, letting Rozanov's hands pull his legs apart and expose his hot cunt. Shane did not look down at where he was bared but instead focused on Rozanov's face, watching him. He knew what Rozanov was seeing—neatly trimmed pubic hair, the puffy lips of his cunt red and swollen with arousal, his large clit stiff and peaking out from beneath its hood and begging for touch, and the wetness he could feel dripping profusely from his hole.

Rozanov stared down between Shane's thigh, enraptured, and groaned roughly between heavy breaths. Shane watched as Rozanov's tongue darted out to wet his lips.

"*Krasivyy*," Rozanov said roughly, and when Shane looked at him in question, said reverently, "*Beautiful*."

Shane felt his flush deepen, and at this point, he feared his cheeks would never return to their natural color. "Shut up," he grumbled, aiming for *disgruntled* and landing closer to *flustered* as he brought his hands to cover his face.

"Is true," Rozanov insisted, and Shane felt his heart warm, even as he hid. Then Rozanov had to ruin it, of course. "And look! You have a little dick," he said, sounding genuinely delighted.

Shane groaned, cheeks burning hot beneath his palms. "I'm aware," is all he said in response, muffled by his hands.

Shane heard Rozanov huff a laugh and, feeling him move, finally dropped his hands back down at his sides. He watched as Rozanov laid back down on his front and scooted up the bed a bit to put his face directly before Shane's cunt.

Shane let out a surprised moan at the gentle, wet kiss Rozanov placed directly onto his aching clit. Rozanov briefly separated from Shane's flesh, looking up at Shane's face.

"Such a cute little cock," he purred, smiling affectionately. Unfortunately, that tripped some previously unknown wire in Shane's brain, and he felt his cunt throb. Fuck, *why was he into that?* When Shane only whined in response, hips jerking up, needing more, Rozanov's grin widened before he ducked his head back down to where Shane needed him.

Rozanov licked the flat of his tongue in a long, slow stripe from Shane's leaking hole to his hard clit, moaning as he tasted Shane. Shane gasped and echoed his moan at the feeling of Rozanov's tongue.

"You taste so good, Hollander," Rozanov muttered, then dove back in like a man dying of thirst, licking and mouthing enthusiastically at Shane's cunt, tongue coming up to swirl around Shane's clit every few passes. Rozanov found a rhythm that had Shane curling his toes against the duvet, and before long, Shane was grinding desperately up against Rozanov's face, earning himself a long groan from Rozanov in response. At some point, Shane looked down at Rozanov between his legs to see him grinding his hips down against the mattress below him, the muscles in his gorgeous ass tensing as he rutted against the bed.

The thought that Rozanov was getting so worked up just from eating Shane out was excruciatingly hot, and it only fanned the flames of his burning arousal. If Shane had ever felt anything this good before, he had no hope of remembering it in the face of Rozanov's relentless assault.

Shane could feel himself quickly getting close, heat building deep in his stomach, stoking higher and higher with every second of Rozanov's eager mouth moving against him. Shane's jaw hung open as loud moans spilled from him with every panted breath, ringing out clearly

over the droning of the hotel room AC. The sound mixed with the wet noise of Rozanov's mouth against Shane's cunt and the frequent huffs and groans from Rozanov.

"Please," Shane begged, "I'm so close." His head tossed back against the pillow below him and his hands came up to grip onto Rozanov's soft curls. The muscles in his legs were starting to shake and his thick thighs tightened involuntarily against the sides of Rozanov's head.

Rozanov only hummed against him in encouragement, eliciting another moan from Shane, and kept up his steady pace.

"Shit, I'm gonna come," Shine gasped, then whined, "You're gonna make me come."

The tension in Shane's gut was pulled taut, waiting for one more little push, and Rozanov delivered. Wrapping his plush lips around Shane's throbbing clit, Rozanov sucked *hard*. Shane's back arched up off the mattress as he came harder than he ever had in his life, liquid heat flooding through his veins and his swollen clit pulsing erratically in the wet heat of Rozanov's mouth.

Rozanov continued to suck gently at Shane's clit, nursing him through the devastating aftershocks of his orgasm and listening to the sweet sound of Shane's uninhibited moans and gasps.

After what felt like an eternity and yet never long enough of riding the waves of his orgasm, Shane slung an arm across his face and panted as he recovered his faculties.

Rozanov released Shane from his mouth, leaving him wet and glistening, and kissed his way up Shane's abdomen and chest, then his neck, his cheeks. He gently removed Shane's arm from his face, and finally landed his lips on Shane's own with a sweet, languid kiss, tongues lazily tangling together. Shane sighed happily into Rozanov's mouth, body feeling like melted butter against the mattress.

Rozanov's warm body came to rest against Shane's, his weight pressing Shane pleasantly into the bed. The soft pressure was calming to Shane in an unexpected way.

Shane could feel where Rozanov's cock lay hot and hard against Shane's hip, but Rozanov seemed remarkably content to continue kissing Shane. When they pulled away to breathe, Shane ran his hand down the soft skin of Rozanov's back.

"Can I…" Shane said, averting his eyes, suddenly feeling shy again in the wake of his orgasm.

"Can you what?" Rozanov returned.

Gathering his nerve, Shane stared determinedly at Rozanov's ear and said, "I want you in my mouth again. Please."

"Oh, you liked that, yes?" Rozanov teased, eyes gleaming happily in the low light.

Shane shoved half-heartedly at Rozanov's shoulder. "Well, if you don't want me to…" he trailed off, turning his head to the side and definitely *not* pouting.

"Don't pout, *kotenok*," Rozanov said, softly amused, and pressed a kiss to Shane's cheek. He went on, "Of course I want your perfect mouth." His hand came up to thumb at Shane's bottom lip, and his expression heated when Shane's tongue poked out to lick at Rozanov's skin, privately relishing the salty taste. "Fuck, Hollander," he said, and Shane felt his cock twitch against him.

Rozanov lifted off of him, and Shane almost whined at the loss of his body heat and weight before he realized Rozanov was flipping onto his back beside him and giving Shane access to his erection. Rozanov waved his hand at his own crotch in a sort of *have at it* gesture, which promptly earned him an eyeroll, but Shane still moved to lay between Rozanov's legs in a mirror of their earlier position.

Shane took the opportunity to study Rozanov in all his glory, miles of beautiful, soft skin speckled with dozens of little moles and dusted with light brown hair. Shane stared in particular at the hair on Rozanov's sculpted chest, surrounding his rosy nipples, and especially the thick trail of hair that started just beneath his belly button and led to the thick patch of curly hair at the base of his cock.

Shane reached a hand up and pressed it to Rozanov's chest, running his palm from between Rozanov's pecs and down the ridges of his abdomen. He switched to a single finger, tucking the rest into a fist, and trailed it down Rozanov's happy trail. Reaching Rozanov's groin, Shane gripped the base of his hard cock, feeling it jump in his hand and hearing Rozanov suck in a sharp breath.

While Shane preferred to keep his own pubic hair trimmed short, he couldn't deny the way he itched to bury his nose in the nest of curls on Rozanov's groin. Looking up at Rozanov, who looked upon Shane with half-lidded eyes and was seemingly happy to let Shane explore, Shane realized he could do exactly that. Ducking down, Shane pressed his nose into the patch of hair and breathed in deep, mouth immediately fucking *watering* at the smell of clean sweat and intoxicating musk. Shane huffed the pure, masculine scent like an addict before tearing himself away.

Shane hadn't taken the chance to get a good look at Rozanov's cock earlier, too focused on getting his mouth on him and only really registering that he was uncircumcised and *big*.

Shane moved his hand up Rozanov's length and watched as the head was covered by his foreskin. Shane dragged his fist back down, revealing the head once more, and he swiped his thumb over it before leaning in to lick a fat stripe in his thumb's wake, tasting the precome leaking from his slit. Pulling the foreskin back further revealed the frenulum, which Shane luxuriously rubbed and tongued at. Through all of this, Shane was very pleased to hear Rozanov groaning and moaning from above him.

Shane finally took Rozanov's cock back into his mouth properly, sucking him. He had only been able to fit about half of its length comfortably in his mouth earlier, and that's all Shane tried to take now, not wanting to push himself too far during his first ever sexual encounter.

Besides, with the size of the damn thing, Shane didn't feel bad about it anyway. Surely it was *impossible* to fit that whole thing in someone's mouth.

Unfortunately, that thought led to Shane thinking about fitting Rozanov's cock somewhere *else*, and suddenly Shane felt empty. Horribly and overwhelmingly empty, so much so that he felt a deep hollow ache inside him, and Shane *wanted*. His hips shifted restlessly on the mattress, trying, mostly in vain, to rub himself against the bed.

Though, as much as he hungered for Rozanov's cock inside him, and as hot as the thought of Rozanov stretching him out and fucking him was, Shane felt nervous at the idea. Appropriately so, he thought. He had fingered himself before, sure, but there was a substantial difference in two, even three of his own fingers, and Ilya Rozanov's dick. Shane whimpered around the cock in his mouth at the thought.

Fingers running through his hair brought Shane out of his thoughts, and he looked up toward Rozanov, who looked back at him.

"Okay?" Rozanov asked, checking in.

Shane sucked at the head of Rozanov's cock and watched his eyes flutter at the feeling before popping his mouth off of him. Shane bit at his bottom lip, hesitating. Rozanov looked concerned, now.

"What is it?" Rozanov asked, and Shane felt a little bad for worrying him.

"No, I'm okay, it's nothing bad. I just…" Shane cut himself off and took a deep breath, before trying again. "I want you to fuck me," he said, forcing confidence into his voice.

Rozanov's eyes widened slightly, betraying his surprise, and he asked, "Has anyone ever fucked you before?"

Shane's cheeks warmed, but he forced himself to maintain eye contact. He shook his head, and said awkwardly, "Just my own fingers."

Rozanov nodded, and Shane felt relieved that he said nothing more about it.

"Are you sure?" Rozanov asked, and Shane felt a little uncertain. He hadn't really considered the fact that Rozanov might not want to fuck *him*.

"Oh, um, do you not want to?" Shane asked, cringing.

"Fuck, Hollander, *of course* I want to fuck you. I just want you to be sure. Is your first time," Rozanov said.

Shane studied him briefly, seeing only honesty on his face. Shane nodded and licked his lips. He crawled up Rozanov's body, laying gently on top of him and leaned in for a kiss, which Rozanov readily gave him. It was sweet at first, just a press of lips, before Rozanov cupped Shane's face and tilted his head for a better angle, and Shane's mouth opened up for him.

They kissed that way, deep and wet, until Shane pulled back, breathing heavier now, and said, "I'm sure. I want you to fuck me." He pressed another quick kiss to Rozanov's mouth and whispered against his lips, "Please fuck me."

Rozanov growled out a "*Fuck, Hollander*," wrapped his arms around Shane's waist, and used the hold to flip them so that Shane lay beneath Rozanov on the bed. Shane moaned quietly at the manhandling, and Rozanov smirked in response. Shane was ready to grumble a *fuck off* at him, but Rozanov quickly leaned in to kiss Shane once more, and Shane forgot what he was upset about.

"I will start with my fingers, okay?" Rozanov said, and Shane nodded, pulling Rozanov by the back of his head down to kiss him again.

Rozanov's big palm stroked down Shane's side and then up his thigh where it was bent and pressing against Rozanov's side. Rozanov lifted himself up and sat back slightly, turning his head to press a kiss to Shane's knee.

"I'll be right back," Rozanov said, then carefully climbed off of Shane and out of the bed. The loss of his body left Shane feeling cold, and he waited impatiently for Rozanov's return. He watched as Rozanov walked over to his discarded jeans, pulled out a wallet, and plucked from it a condom and a packet of lube. He held them up triumphantly for Shane to see, who rolled his eyes in response but couldn't quite contain his smile.

Smiling back, Rozanov dropped his jeans carelessly back to the floor, hurrying back to the bed and settling on top of Shane once more. He set the condom aside for now but used his teeth to tear open the lube packet. He squeezed a small amount of the lube out onto his middle and ring fingers before reaching down Shane's body and between his legs.

Rozanov started by swirling his lubed middle finger around Shane's hole, getting him slick, then carefully pressing his middle finger into Shane, who squirmed at the feeling. It wasn't much yet sensation-wise, but knowing it was Rozanov's finger inside of him had him getting worked up anyway. Rozanov's thumb moved to stroke over his labia, and Shane shivered at the touch. His thumb kept moving upwards against Shane before it settled on his clit and started rubbing firmly back and forth. Shane whined, and his toes curled as Rozanov kept steadily stroking his clit, not overwhelming, but enough to get him wet and moaning. Simultaneously, Rozanov pumped his finger in and out of Shane's hole, just getting him used to the feeling, before pressing his finger up towards Shane's pubic bone. Shane felt him moving his finger around briefly, searching for something, and evidently he found it because then he curled his finger hard into a certain spot along his front wall, and Shane's back arched sharply as he cried out.

Rozanov's eyes lit up in apparent success, and from there, he was merciless as he targeted that spot inside of Shane, curling and prodding his finger against it and turning Shane's legs to jelly. After a little while of this, he added another finger, stretching them apart inside of Shane and fucking them in and out, his strokes increasing in strength once he knew it wouldn't hurt Shane.

The rough in-and-out motion caused a loud squelching noise to sound from the combination of lube and Shane's own wetness, and Shane went to cover his face in mortification at the

sound. Before he could, though, Rozanov's free hand came up to pin it down beside Shane's head. Shane gasped at the unexpected motion, eyes snapping up to Rozanov's

"Do not be embarrassed," Rozanov cooed at him teasingly, "Your poor little pussy cannot help how wet it gets. It wants my cock too badly."

Shane's embarrassment increased at the words, and weirdly, so did his arousal. Shane panted. He was learning a lot about himself that night.

Shane felt Rozanov pull out before smearing three of his fingers through the slickness between Shane's legs, coating all of them thoroughly before slowly inserting them. Shane had made it to three fingers by himself before, but it had been a while, and Rozanov's fingers were thicker than his own, so Shane felt the stretch as Rozanov pressed in. Rozanov gave him a moment to adjust before starting up his movements again, fucking his fingers in and out and thumbing at Shane's clit. It felt incredible, and Rozanov was undeniably talented with his fingers—*and mouth*, a voice in Shane's head added—but Shane quickly grew impatient even as he moaned.

"Rozanov, please. I'm ready," Shane pleaded, "I need you. Need your cock." Tears gathered in Shane's eyes, and he whined at Rozanov, whose eyes were dark as he watched Shane.

"Fuck, Hollander," Rozanov groaned. "You need it that bad? Need me to fuck you?" he growled the words out, gaze hungry as he looked over Shane's flushed face and body. His words elicited another whine from Shane, who nodded hurriedly.

Rozanov curled his fingers inside Shane once more, earning a moan, before gently removing them and reaching for the condom he had set aside.

Shane watched through half-lidded eyes as Rozanov tore open the wrapper, rolled the condom down over his erection, and squeezed out the remainder of the lube packet onto his cock, jerking himself a few times to spread the lube around. He adjusted his hips to line up his cock and notched the darkly flushed head against Shane's wet opening. He looked up at Shane again, checking, and upon receiving a desperate nod, began pushing inside.

Shane inhaled sharply as the head popped inside, and Rozanov watched him closely as he pushed in further, the slide tortuously slow and unending. Halfway in, Rozanov reached down to take Shane's clit between two knuckles and started to tug gently at it, getting the tightness of Shane's hole to ease up some and allowing Rozanov to slide in a little easier. He kept up the stimulation to Shane's clit as he continued to press his hips forward. He petted soothingly over Shane's stomach, feeling the muscles tensing over and over again. Shane's fingernails dug into the muscle of Rozanov's shoulders as he gasped for air.

Finally, Ilya's hips pressed against Shane's pelvis, and he stilled, settling his forearms on either side of Shane's head and allowing Shane however long he needed to adjust. Shane struggled to catch a full breath, feeling like Ilya's cock was lodged in his fucking *lungs*.

Ilya leaned down to kiss Shane, murmuring at him in Russian between presses of his lips—soft whispers of "*Ty ideal'nyy*" and "*Ty takoy khoroshiy mal'chik*"—and though Shane didn't know what the words meant, the sound was soothing nonetheless. Combined with the sweet

kisses Ilya was peppering around his face–on his cheeks, his nose, his closed eyelids, and his mouth–and the soft pets along his ribs, arms, and his thighs, Shane felt himself relaxing and the tension in his muscles easing. He felt so full.

Feeling Shane settle beneath him and hearing his breaths come easier, Ilya lifted his head to meet Shane's eyes.

"You can move," Shane whispered between them.

"Okay," Ilya whispered back. Then, he drew his hips back slowly, pulling out halfway, and then thrusted back in. He and Shane both moaned at the feeling, Shane throwing his head back, and Ilya leaning in to kiss and suck at his exposed throat.

Shane sighed contentedly at this, tilting his head to the side to give Ilya more room to mouth at him, and he felt Ilya's lips turn up into a smile against his neck.

Ilya started up a rhythm with his hips, steadily pulling out and pushing back in. He grabbed Shane's thighs, encouraging him to wrap them behind Ilya's back. Ilya hooked an arm underneath one knee and gripped Shane's shoulder, the movement pulling Shane's leg higher into the air and opening him up further. Ilya's other hand settled on Shane's hip as he moved inside him.

Ilya shifted his hips on each pull out, adjusting the angle at which he thrust into Shane. After a few tries, Ilya hit exactly where he was aiming for, that spot he had found with his fingers earlier, and Shane's toes curled tight and his spine arched as a long, *loud* moan fell from his lips. Shane felt a spark ignite in the pit of his stomach.

"There you go," Ilya murmured at him and kept fucking into Shane at that angle with perfect precision.

With each thrust, that spark built into a burning fire, and Shane gasped and moaned with each thrust. He had never felt anything like it before. His nerves hummed with electricity, and his skin tingled, blooming with pleasure at every point of connection between Ilya's body and his own.

Ilya's own breaths came in harsh pants and groans, and when Shane begged, "Harder, please, fuck me harder," Ilya complied, willing to do anything Shane asked of him in that moment. The slap of skin against skin sounded around them, increasing in volume as Ilya began thrusting harder, but Shane's mind wasn't focused on that.

Shane was focused on the heat of Ilya's mouth as he leaned down to kiss Shane. On the wet glide of Ilya's tongue meeting his own. On the way they gasped and panted into each other's open mouths. On the sweat-slick slide of their bodies as Ilya moved on top of Shane. On the way Shane's clit bumped into Ilya's lower abdomen with each thrust all the way inside, lightning crackling through Shane's body each time.

More than anything, Shane was focused on the fire in his gut that had built into a blazing inferno, flames licking behind his pubic bone and up his spine. This build-up felt different than the one Ilya had coaxed out with his mouth earlier. This felt *deeper*, and it was mounting

higher, to the point that Shane was distantly a little scared of the drop over the edge. But as Ilya kept pounding into him, hard and steady, the fire built and burned hotter, and Shane felt tears of overwhelm well up in his eyes.

“I’m so close,” Shane cried, feeling fat tears leak from the corners of his eyes and run down his temples toward his hairline. “I’m gonna come.” His voice was higher than he had heard it since before puberty and constant moans slipped past his lips.

“That’s it, *solnishko*,” Ilya said. “Come on my cock. Let me see.”

The feeling in his stomach intensified, and alongside it, another feeling. This other feeling was different, and it was building fast and Shane would’ve begun to panic given more time, except the tautness deep inside of him finally snapped, and Shane was clamping down like a vice around Ilya’s cock and coming hard as Ilya kept fucking into him.

Shane’s mouth dropped open and a scream caught in his throat as a jet of clear fluid shot out of his cunt, one, two, three times, as his cunt pulsed again and again and splashed between their bodies, all over their groins, thighs, and Ilya’s lower abdomen. Shane, having no idea what the fuck just happened—only that it felt both fucking insane and *amazing*—could only sob through the devastating orgasm, waves of white-hot pleasure washing over him and tears rolling down his face as he moaned and thrashed.

“Did you just—?” Ilya started, shocked, but cut himself off with a loud moan. “Oh God, Hollander,” he shouted, and Shane distantly felt Ilya’s cock jerk inside of him and heard his moans of release as Shane’s cunt continued to pulse and flutter around him.

Ilya fucked them both through their orgasms, hips grinding hard against Shane’s pelvis, drawing out the aftershocks as their moans quieted but continued to spill from their mouths. Finally, Ilya slowed his movements and then stopped altogether, panting above Shane. Ilya’s arms shook as he carefully lowered his weight onto Shane, who only hummed, completely fucked out. He felt like his brain had melted and leaked out of his ears.

Shane also stood corrected; *that* was the hardest he had ever come in his life. *Leave it to Ilya Rozanov to one-up himself on the same fucking night*, Shane thought deliriously.

As they laid there, Ilya’s body warm on top of Shane and Shane’s arms wrapped around Ilya’s back, Shane felt his mind slowly coming back online. His fingers tingled when he wiggled them, and his legs felt so weak he doubted he could walk without them giving way beneath him. His skin buzzed pleasantly, and he made a happy little noise in the back of his throat. Shane felt Ilya press a soft kiss there, and Shane smiled. He felt… *really good*.

However, with Shane’s higher thinking returning to him, he began to recognize other, less pleasant sensations. Such as the cooling wetness between their bodies and the stickiness of lube between his legs. He wrinkled his nose, and his cheeks heated with mortification as he remembered what had happened as he climaxed.

Shane cleared his throat, and Ilya made a questioning noise into the crook of Shane’s neck.

Shane hesitated. “Did I… pee?” There was a pause, and then Shane felt Ilya begin to shake, laughing at him, apparently. Shane smacked Ilya on the shoulder, and Ilya at last lifted his head to look at Shane’s red face.

“You squirted,” Ilya explained, smirking.

“Okay,” Shane said. “But was it pee or not?” he asked again, still embarrassed but determined to get an answer now.

Ilya only shrugged, though, and said very seriously, “No one knows.” When Shane just frowned at him, he shrugged again as if to say *who cares?* and said, “Was hot though.”

Shane rolled his eyes and said, “Yeah, I could tell you thought so.” Ilya had come instantly when it happened.

Ilya was entirely unrepentant and utterly unashamed as he smiled at Shane once again. “That was the first time you have squirted before, yes? It felt good?” he asked innocently, like butter wouldn’t melt in his mouth.

Shane narrowed his eyes at him. “Yes,” Shane ground out, answering both questions.

Ilya looked very smug at this confirmation, and Shane knew this would not be the last time Ilya brought this up. Of fucking course Shane’s body would betray him and stroke Ilya Rozanov’s ego more than it already was and in such an obvious way.

Still, and to Shane’s relief, Ilya said nothing more about it, rubbing Shane’s side as he carefully pulled his softened cock from inside Shane, and Shane locked down any sign of discomfort. He didn’t want to risk Ilya feeling guilty when Shane had been the one to beg for him to go harder. And Shane didn’t regret it one bit, had loved it—he would just be a little sore for a day or so. *Worth it*, Shane thought.

Shane watched as Ilya tied off the condom and walked naked to the adjacent bathroom. Shane admired his gorgeous ass as he went. *What the fuck do they feed him in Russia to get an ass like that?* Shane wondered.

Shane heard the tap running, and shortly after, Ilya came back out with a damp washcloth in one hand and a glass of water in the other. He set the glass of water on the nightstand before kneeling on the bed beside Shane and tenderly running the warm cloth over Shane’s skin, cleaning him of any fluids. After he had deemed Shane sufficiently cleaned for the time being, Ilya tossed the cloth toward the bathroom and reached over to grab the glass of water off the nightstand. He held it out to Shane, and Shane propped himself up on an elbow to drink the cold water. As he swallowed the first sip, he realized how thirsty he actually was and quickly drained the rest of the glass. Ilya took it from him when he was finished, setting it back on the nightstand.

Ilya ran his fingers through Shane’s hair, and Shane felt his eyelids droop at the feeling. He hummed as Ilya’s nails scratched at his scalp.

“How do you feel?” Ilya asked him, and Shane considered the question, taking account of his body. A mild ache radiated from between his legs, but it was one of satisfaction. His muscles still felt like jelly, but he couldn’t remember the last time he had felt so relaxed. The thoughts that typically raced through Shane’s mind constantly hadn’t disappeared completely, but they were much quieter than usual. Overall, Shane felt incredible.

“I feel good,” Shane said, honest, but an understatement. He had already contributed to Ilya’s big head enough for one evening, he had decided. He couldn’t, however, completely keep the fucked-out grin from his expression. “It was really good,” Shane said, then, “Thank you.”

Ilya snorted, and his eyes crinkled. “You are thanking me?” he teased Shane, pinching his side. Then he leaned down to press a kiss to Shane’s mouth, so Shane ultimately wasn’t too disgruntled about the teasing.

“It was good for me too,” Ilya said, voice soft as his thumb stroked back and forth over Shane’s side.

Shane grinned, fighting to keep his eyes from closing completely, exhaustion weighing them down. Ilya apparently saw this, as he reluctantly stood from the bed.

“I should go,” Ilya said. “Flight leaves early in the morning.”

“Yeah, of course,” Shane said, nodding.

In a perfect world, Ilya Rozanov would curl around Shane Hollander in bed and hold him as they slept soundly together through the night. But it wasn’t a perfect world, not even close, and Shane knew this better than most. So he swallowed down any disappointment he felt, and smiled easily at Rozanov, who smiled back softly and began to gather his discarded clothes. Shane closed his eyes and listened to the rustling sounds as Rozanov redressed.

The rustling sounds stopped, and Shane opened his eyes to see Rozanov fully dressed at the bedside and hesitating. He bent down over Shane’s relaxed body and cupped Shane’s cheek with his hand. He looked into Shane’s eyes for a moment and then leaned in to kiss Shane’s mouth for the last time that night.

After a quiet moment of their lips pressed together, Rozanov pulled away and murmured, “Goodbye, Hollander,” then stepped back from the bed and toward the door.

“Bye,” Shane said, watching as Rozanov looked back at him over his shoulder one more time before he turned the doorknob and stepped into the hallway outside. The door closed softly behind him.

Shane allowed himself a moment to just lay there, reflecting briefly on the events of the night within the peaceful quiet that had settled in the room. Then, he forced himself up and onto his feet. As much as he longed to drift off to sleep, he had a bedtime routine that he followed faithfully each night, and he knew it would bother him if he didn't do it.

First, though, he collected his discarded clothes to put into the hotel plastic laundry bag, which he then tucked into his suitcase. He furrowed his brows as he realized that he hadn't

picked up his underwear. In fact, as he looked around, he had no luck in finding them at all. Didn't he see Rozanov set them aside on the bed? He peered under the mattress and lifted up the pillows at the head of the bed, but they were nowhere to be found.

What the hell? They didn't just disappear, Shane thought. Still, he was exhausted, so he gave up for the time being and went to get ready for bed, resolving to look again in the morning.

After a quick shower, he toweled dry, then pulled on a pair of pajama pants from his suitcase. He applied his face cream, flossed and brushed his teeth, and then exited the bathroom. Turning out the bedside lamp, he pulled back the duvet and settled down between the sheets.

Shane stared up at the ceiling of his hotel room. Something in him had shifted, he knew. Something dangerous.

As Shane lay in the bed, alone with the thoughts moving sluggishly through his mind, there was only one other thing he knew for certain–this would not be the last time.

End Notes

I went ahead and made this work part of a series (title pending) because I do plan to write more for this universe, so if you liked this and want to read more, I encourage you to subscribe there.

Are some of Ilya's comments inappropriate to say to a trans person you don't really know very well? Probably. However, being a little shit is a fundamental part of his character.

Some translations:
Ty ideal'nyy = You're perfect
Ty takoy khoroshiy mal'chik = You're such a good boy
Solnyshko = sunshine (term of endearment)

Thanks for reading, and in the words of Hudson Williams: Love ya! Uhn!

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