

Big Reputation

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Big Reputation

by [aidaninkling](#)

Summary

“Some useless gossip site posted a story about Rozanov,” Hayden finally explained, turning to him. “A tell-all interview with one of his latest conquests. It was a bit... well... sensational.”

“...Sensational?” Shane repeated, dumbly. Was that his voice? Did he sound like that?

Hayden grimaced, but JJ heroically stepped in.

“She said his dick is so big she cried,” he said, simply, as if he had not just upended Shane’s entire life with a total of nine words. “And not cried in the fun way.”

In the fun way.

Oh dear.

Notes

I'm afraid we're not getting into heaven with this one, folks.

Set in a canon-adjacent AU where Shane doesn't get to see Ilya's dick until their first time in Montreal. Ilya is also a gentleman and so does not send a dick pic before Shane has seen the real deal. Pretend it's possible that they were never in the showers together despite being athletes. It's for the plot guys.

Also Shane knows he's at least mostly gay by like the tender age of 19 and Rose is his bestie already and he and Ilya don't have to hide for any Real Sad Serious Reason but they do in the beginning anyway because they're idiots. Everything is beautiful and nothing hurts.

Last caveat, I think nine inches is pretty big, but I am pretty short. If it's not big enough for you to warrant all this, just imagine I said a bigger number. You can do it. I believe in you.

Shane Hollander was no stranger to rumours.

Oh haven't you heard?

He's actually four inches shorter than he says he is. They make him stand on a wooden box during interviews, I've seen it.

He keeps a bushel of sage in his locker at all times, even for away games. Japanese good luck charm.

He has a secret baby back in Ottawa that his mom pays to have kept hush hush.

He likes to get choked by women in leather at BDSM clubs in Berlin, it's why no one ever sees him over the summer.

You name it; some tabloid, stan twitter, or friendly neighbourhood granny had written it, tweeted it, or whispered it over a garden fence. Each foible more ridiculous than the last.

That last one, though...

Shane shoved his shirt into his locker, face burning, suddenly paranoid that every one of his teammates getting dressed behind him could sense where his thoughts had wandered, but he couldn't help the memory springing unbidden to mind.

Not the bit about the women - no, he *liked* women, he did, they were nice enough. He always had a great time chatting to Jackie when he was over at the Pikes' for dinner, and his high school girlfriend had been really sweet, if a bit handsy. Rose was a gremlin who knew too much but he would die without her, of course. Yeah, he definitely liked women, of course he did, he wasn't a *misogynist*. He just didn't really feel like picturing them like... that.

For reasons of respect, probably.

So no, not the women. He had also never been to Germany, for that matter. He should probably go - it sounded lovely, in a quiet sort of way he appreciated. Maybe not any... *clubs*, the thought of that many people in close proximity making him itch, but the Black Forest, maybe? And they had that one castle he kept seeing on Tiktok -

“Hey capitaine!”

Shane jumped, JJ's hand landing sudden and heavy on his shoulder. Unannounced and unwelcome, his mind flashed the earlier vision in response: different hands; longer fingers that had cradled his face so gently, but with just enough tension that he could feel them flex against his skin; fingertips pressing on the hinge of his jaw until his mouth dropped open on its own, just enough for Ilya to lean in and swipe his tongue along Shane's pouting bottom lip slowly, so slowly, as if he was *taking his time tasting Shane for the first time*, and Shane had wondered for a terrible moment what would happen if that hand slipped lower, next time, resting on his collar bones softly, circling his neck and holding, flexing, *pressing down* -

Shane shrugged JJ off too suddenly to be casual, the back of his neck *on fire*.

Luckily, Shane was not the most touchy on the best of days.

Not with most people, anyway, his mind whispered, traitorously, sounding a bit like Rose.

“Ah, our captain, always so focused, sorry, sorry,” JJ sang, backing away with his hands up teasingly. Hayden, always a superstar, punched JJ in the shoulder as he walked past.

“At least *someone’s* thinking about the game instead of Rozanov’s *dick*,” Hayden teased, then, instantly losing his superstar status.

“What?” Shane stuttered - *nearly* - his eyes flicking between JJ and Hayden. They, conversely, were not looking at him, caught in volleying *disgusting, I have never once thought of Rozanov’s dick and really it’s all you’ve been talking about for the last thirty minutes* between one another.

It was good; that they were not looking at him.

What was his face doing? He couldn’t tell.

But - *wait*.

“What?” he said again, faintly, but JJ seemed to take pity on him by hearing him anyway, and answering the questions swimming in his field of vision like expired contact lens fluid.

“Ah, Hollander, you have not heard? It’s all over the news,” JJ said, almost too excited, but he was already always quite excited, and also loved gossip.

“Calling that *news* is rich!” one of the other guys called, and another chuckled.

“Yeah, more like *fake news*!”

Shut up, Shane nearly shouted at them. He managed not to, though. He was very proud of himself, his shoulders so tense they were nearly at his ears.

“Some useless gossip site posted a story about Rozanov,” Hayden finally explained, turning to him. A god amongst men, yet again. “A tell-all interview with one of his latest conquests, apparently. I don’t think you can really believe much of it, if you have half a brain,” he drawled, looking at JJ pointedly. “It was a bit... well... sensational?”

“...Sensational?” Shane repeated, dumbly. Was that his voice? Did he sound like that?

Hayden grimaced, clearly reluctant to elaborate, but JJ heroically stepped in.

“She said his dick is so big she cried,” he said, simply, as if he had not just upended Shane’s entire life with a total of nine words. “And not cried in the fun way.”

In the fun way.

Oh dear.

Shane was going to faint. He was going to lose consciousness right there, on that horrible polished concrete floor of the Admirals' visiting team locker room, probably crack his skull open and die, and that would be very bad indeed because then how would he ever play hockey again? And he needed to play hockey so he could be back in Montreal in four days, to play the Raiders, and then afterwards take Ilya Rozanov back to his house and press him against a flat surface and -

"There's no way that's true, come on! Vain prick probably leaked the story himself, trying to drum up new pus - puh-rospects," Hayden caught himself last minute, glancing at Shane guiltily.

"Swear jar," Shane managed, weakly, on autopilot, staring at the floor, and Hayden patted him consolingly on the back as the team started filing out to the ice.

Oh dear indeed.

Shane Hollander sat on his couch back in Montreal, criss-cross applesauce, arms folded.

Brooding, Rose would say.

But what did she know.

He was staring at the blank black square of his TV, turned off, house silent - and had been staring at it for the last 40 minutes, at least. Waiting. Rose was on her way, for a long-overdue visit - tea and life updates and maybe snacks if Shane's insides stopped feeling like they were being twisted into the shape of a sausage dog for the amusement of a children's birthday party.

His phone buzzed on the coffee table, spinning slightly on its axis as three text messages arrived in quick succession.

Shane felt heat race up his neck, a feeling that was becoming alarmingly familiar. He knew who those texts were from. Of course he did. He hadn't responded in two days - *not since...* - and yet: whether Ilya knew Shane was reading every filthy word via the previews, staunchly avoiding actually opening the chat and blue-ticking the other man, or whether he assumed Shane had dropped his phone down the toilet, he didn't know, but Ilya did not seem dissuaded from continuing his... musings.

fuck hollander

i can't stop thinking about your freckles

do you think they will be pretty painted in my come too?

Rose had better arrive soon or Shane was going to have to self-immolate.

“Honey, I’m home!”

Shane leapt into action, meeting Rose at the door as she was still toeing her shoes off, grabbing the too-many bags from her hands and leaving them strewn carelessly across the entryway floor as he tugged her to the couch by both wrists. She glanced at the bags and then at Shane, back and forth again, worriedly, but allowed herself to be planted on the couch across from him anyway.

He took a deep breath and realized he was still holding both her wrists. It seemed a bit dramatic for the occasion, so he dropped them, folding his hands in his lap instead.

Judging by Rose’s expression, he was not coming across as casual as he had been planning.

“Uh, hi,” he said, and her eyebrows rose to her hairline.

“Shane,” she said, deadpan; not quite a greeting, not quite a question.

“How - uh, how have you been?” he asked, and she laughed, short and sudden, confused but amused.

“Shane, what the fuck? There’s hummus lying in the foyer right now.”

“Okay, okay,” he muttered, realizing he was just going to have to rip off this bandaid before he exploded. The thought of putting this off to refrigerate hummus seemed stifling all of a sudden.

“Okay. Listen,” he said, taking her hands in his again, “I called you here for a reason today.”

Rose looked at him, mock-serious. “Oh my god. Shane, are you pregnant?”

“What? What?! No, *no*, Rose, what the fuck -” he sputtered, offended as she started cackling again, even as a small part of the back of his mind latched onto *that* in a way that was *definitely* going to blow up in his face later -

“Listen, you remember how you said - that -” Shane tried again, bravely, searching for the words, and coming up short. *Fuck*. Maybe if he just... maybe she would get it. “That he was definitely exaggerating?” he continued, looking at her pointedly.

She squinted at him. “That who was what? When?”

Shane blew out a harsh breath, frustrated, dropping her hands again. She wasn’t even *trying* to read his mind, not even a little bit. Maybe he liked women less than he thought.

“When -” he tried again, taking a deep breath. *Here goes fucking nothing*. “When Rozanov *implied* that his dick was nine inches...?”

Rose let out a bark of a laugh, seemingly outside of her control. “Oh yeah! That was ridiculous. I can’t believe he tried that,” she giggled. “I can’t believe you *fell* for it.”

It had been one of their more mortifying conversations - and given that their friendship had started with Rose having to sit him down after a series of very sad kisses and one extremely unenjoyable hands-under-the-clothes fumble (for the both of them) to basically pull up a powerpoint of pride flags, that was really saying something. Shane and Ilya had been texting for only a couple months at that point - the nine inch dick text, that is, not the powerpoint, which had worked quite well considering Shane had managed to fall into a very steamy situationship but two months later. Well, as steamy as it could be given that they *still* hadn't -

Fucked up against a wall? that little voice whispered again, traitorously, and Shane wanted to be mad, but it wasn't *wrong*. Their trysts had yet to go beyond earth-shattering kisses, strong hands on his hips and in his hair, pressing him against any available surface - a locker, the shelves of a cleaning supply cupboard, once (memorably) the door of a men's room stall (*it was during an awards ceremony and the hotel was very nice, so it was a very clean men's room stall, okay*). But they were interrupted by someone, something, every time - the slam of a door, voices just outside, Shane's mom calling to tell him to remember to wear his *fucking Reeboks*. The men's room stall encounter had managed to escalate to the point of Ilya getting one hand down the front of Shane's dress pants as he pressed him face-first against polished mahogany wood (*very nice hotel*); Ilya's body a hot hard presence against Shane's back, keeping him pinned as Ilya teased his weeping cock with those long, deft fingers, bringing Shane right to the edge before letting off at the last minute. Shane was ready to beg - maybe *was* begging, already, his head was a bit foggy - when the main bathroom door swung open and two voices entered the restroom, chatting jovially in that way people did after a couple glasses of champagne. Shane didn't know if he wanted to breath a sigh of relief or cry, assuming Ilya would wait for their guests to leave before continuing, giving Shane a break from the exquisite torture until they did. At least, Shane *hoped* he would continue, after, and not just decide that that had killed the mood, and that it wasn't worth -

Shane felt a hand clamp over his mouth - *Ilya's* hand, the one not wrapped around Shane's aching cock, the one that had been resting on the door; now pressed against Shane's lips as Ilya pulled Shane back against him far enough for him to whisper *shhhh, solnyshko* against Shane's ear before starting to work Shane's cock with a new, single-minded focus that had Shane arching against him, reaching back to bury both hands in Ilya's curls as tears pricked at his eyes and he came so hard he might've stopped breathing for a second.

By the time he remembered where he was, the door had slammed behind the visitors again - seemingly none the wiser - and Ilya had propped him against the door - his back to it, this time - while he wiped his hand on a tissue, having somehow managed to not get any of Shane's own come on either of their suits. Shane watched him, watched how Ilya turned that smile on him - teasing, naughty, way too sure of himself, always, but - *softer* now, curling warmly at the corners as Ilya closed the distance between them again, and as he raised his hand to wipe the tears still clinging to Shane's bottom lashes carefully, with his *clean* hand, the one that hadn't been down Shane's pants, Shane thought -

Oh dear.

Shane had reached between them, then, lazily; tried to unclasp Ilya's slacks but Ilya had simply taken both of Shane's hands in his and squeezed them lightly, once, sending Shane back to the party still buzzing enough at the edges that he didn't fight it too hard.

Not until later, when he lay in bed alone, remembering the press of Ilya against his back, the memory of the hot hard line of his cock slotting against Shane's ass -

It had certainly *felt* big, but how was Shane to judge? He had never felt and then seen the same dick in a similar situation, to know how it translated. Maybe they always felt big in the moment? Perceptions skewed by - *raging hormones*?

Fuck, he thought, cringing at his own thoughts.

“Okay but what if he *wasn't* exaggerating?” Shane said, all at once, trying not to explode.

Rose sighed. “Men *lie*, sweetie - well, not you, but you’re a unicorn,” she smiled, patting him on the back of his hand consolingly.

“Fuck you, I can lie too,” Shane said, for some reason.

“Then tell me you didn't just invite me over for the sole purpose of talking about Ilya Rozanov's penis.”

“I did *not*,” he squeaked, and - oh well.

Rose leveled him with a *look*. “Is this about the article? Don't tell me you let them get you in your head. You know that website is so unreliable - god, remember the time they printed that I was secretly the daughter of a Norwegian cult leader descended from Thor himself?”

“You never proved you weren't, actually,” Shane said, and Rose smacked his arm.

“Shut up. I’m serious. Don’t let this freak you out. Seriously, *all* guys exaggerate, and you know Rozanov is even *more* likely to try some shit like that.” She put on a reassuring smile, serious this time. “You’re going to be fine. It’s *highly* unlikely.”

Shane let out a harsh breath, squeezed his eyes shut. Fuck. She was being so nice. So comforting. How did he even...

Fuck.

“But it’s not like...” he tried, eventually, going for broke, risking a peek up through his eyelashes at his best friend. “It’s not *impossible*, right?”

They stared at each other for a long moment, and then - suddenly, her mouth dropped open.

“Oh. My. God.” she said, and Shane was deeply regretful that he had ever met her.

“You whore!” Rose all but yelled, and Shane tried to slap a hand over her mouth, but she was faster, fueled by menace and disbelief and *delight*. “You *want* it to be nine inches!”

“I never fucking said that!”

Her arched eyebrow screamed *really motherfucker*?

“Okay maybe I’m a little - *curious*,” he acquiesced, and her smile grew impossibly.

“We’re going to have to get you a bigger dildo,” she said, calmly, like that was a perfectly normal thing to say in the daylight.

“What?!” Shane squeaked, and she rolled her eyes.

“Oh please, I know what you’re currently working with, I bought it for you!”

That was true, she had, and it had been both the best and worst day of Shane’s life.

“And while it is certainly not an *unsatisfactory* size...” she continued, horribly, making pointed eye contact, “if you’re wanting to take - *more*, you’re going to need to practice!”

“What happened to *it’s highly unlikely*?!” he almost-yelled back, feeling flustered and embarrassed and unsure and strangely *giddy* all at once.

“Oh pish posh, if he doesn’t measure up, we’ll find you another one,” she said, flippantly, and Shane was frowning before he even really processed it.

“I don’t want -” he started, catching himself, but - no. “I don’t want another one.”

Rose blinked at him, once, twice - before her face split in a smile, but a genuine one this time.

“Okay. *Okay*. Well, assuming he’s not fucking with you - and everyone else in North America, I guess...” she mumbled, as an afterthought, “Maybe you really should consider - trying it first? It’ll make it easier.”

Easier to take or easier to decide if he wanted to go through with it? Probably both, Shane knew. And yet, when he thought about it, for a moment, really pictured it...

He looked at Rose, finally.

“Maybe I don’t want it to be easier,” he said quietly, like a secret, but unashamed, feeling his face split into a grin as Rose dissolved into peals of delighted laughter again.

Later, when Rose had left, bundled into a taxi a little tipsy and a lot happy, Shane picked up his phone, and opened the text chain with Ilya.

do you think they will be pretty painted in my come too?

He drew in a deep breath, steeled himself, and typed back:

How about we find out?

Twenty-four hours later, Shane stood in front of hotel room 807, wondering if he had, in fact, lost his goddamn mind.

Probably. Insanity by the prospect of dick. What a way to go.

Ilya had texted Shane his hotel room that morning, with a laundry list of filthy promises he would make good on the next day, after their game, and yet - Shane was here. A day early.

Shit. What was he doing?

And then the door opened, and standing before him in all his glory was Ilya Rozanov, in sweatpants and a cut-off black shirt, the kind that left Shane unable to decide whether to stare at the man's shoulders or his biceps, or worse yet, his forearms; the kind that made Shane want to *bite* -

Shane looked up, quickly, wide eyes meeting Ilya's, the other man having paused in the doorway.

For a moment, Shane was crushingly unsure of himself. Had he really just shown up at Ilya's door, uninvited? God, this looked desperate. And it was, *he* was - Shane desperately, *desperately* needed to get his hands on Ilya's dick. Actual inches be damned. But *fuck*, even if Ilya could - *look past that* - what if he had some sort of strict pre-game routine that Shane had just unwittingly fucked up, and the other man thought he was trying to *sabotage* him, and was going to kick him out, and stop texting him, and never want to see him again -

“Hollander, you think too loud,” Ilya drawled, grabbing him by the front of his hoodie and tugging Shane into his hotel room easily.

Then there was solid wood against his back and Ilya's tongue in his mouth and *oh* - if that didn't bring some pleasant memories rushing to the foreground. Ilya's hands dropped to rest on his hips, fingers flexing, digging into the muscles there, and Shane, despite himself, *whined*.

Ilya pulled away, catching Shane's bottom lip between his teeth on the way in a manner that had Shane's stomach clenching, his fingertips tingling almost painfully.

“Fuck, Hollander,” Ilya breathed against his mouth, dropping in for another kiss that was more tongue than anything else, before he was tugging Shane away from the door and backing him up to the bed with an urgency that stole Shane's breath a little.

The back of Shane's knees hit the edge of the bed and he tumbled backwards, landing on his elbows, Ilya following but catching himself with a hand on either side of Shane before he could crush him.

For a moment, they stared at each other. Ilya's eyes held his, then shifted, slowly, tracing Shane's features in a way that felt almost like a physical caress, mapping him out, or - maybe searching for something, but either way it didn't matter, because maybe this meant that Shane had to chance to do what he had been resisting since the moment Ilya opened the door -

Shane's eyes flickered down, once, to the bulge in Ilya's sweatpants. He looked back up, quickly, almost immediately, but it was too late. Ilya had noticed.

Shit.

Of course he had noticed.

"Ah," Ilya said, slowly, "Ah, I see." and Shane thought he was certainly going to say something horribly cocky, but probably true, but instead he said: "You read article."

Shane tensed. "What? No," he replied, much too quickly, and evidently - that was exactly the wrong thing to say.

Ilya pulled himself up to standing, and Shane considered, for a moment, whether it would be entirely inappropriate to burst into tears at that.

"You are not here for -" Ilya said, almost to himself, and Shane tilted his head, confused.

"You are here to tell me you have... considered again," Ilya continued, cutting himself off again with a sad but decisive nod. "I understand."

Shane took in the way Ilya had backed up, the way he was holding himself now, and realized -

"No!" Shane said, sitting up sharply - almost *yelled*, apparently, if the way Ilya jumped slightly was any indication.

"No," he said again, calmer, trying to ignore the flush on the back of his neck at his own outburst. "I don't - I do still - I'm not *scared*," he settled on, eventually, which was maybe not the least antagonistic collection of words he could have chosen, in retrospect, but it still felt easier than *no if anything I want this more than I've ever wanted anything in my life and I might cry if you don't fuck me with your famous dick actually*.

Rozanov, luckily, was equally as young and dumb and susceptible to baiting, because he raised an eyebrow in response, and Shane couldn't even find it within himself to be annoyed at how smug he looked, as long as he kept looking at Shane like - *that*.

"*Oh?*" he drawled, taking a step forward, right into the space between Shane's knees, so close Shane was forced to look *up* at him from under his eyelashes. Ilya met his gaze steadily, one hand lifting to Shane's face, unhurriedly, that familiar hold settling on his jaw, tilting his head back so Ilya could look at him properly.

"What are you then, *kotik?*" Ilya murmured, just for him, his thumb pulling down on Shane's bottom lip lazily, like he knew he would let him, and Shane - Shane *did* let him, his own fingers curling in the bedspread below him.

Shane stuck out his tongue, on impulse, flicking it across the tip of Ilya's thumb, still resting on his bottom lip. A muscle in Ilya's jaw jumped, and Shane decided to be honest.

“Curious,” he said, and he sounded a little breathless, which was good, because he felt *completely* so.

“Curious?” Ilya repeated, holding his gaze.

“Did she really cry?” Shane asked, like an *idiot*.

Ilya’s brows pinched in worry. “No - no! It is not - there is not -” he sighed, lifting his hand from Shane’s face to pinch the bridge of his nose between thumb and forefinger. Shane tried not to stare at the curve of Ilya’s throat. He failed. “Sveta, she was very angry at me, understand, I ate her last Snickers. It was in *my* freezer but she does not care. She did this to ruin my life.”

This managed to snap Shane out of his haze, his eyes narrowing dangerously. *Sveta?*

He didn’t realize he had said it out loud until Ilya looked at him again, and nodded.

“Svetlana. She is a friend. From Russia. Close friend.”

“So it’s *not* true, then? You have a tiny dick?” Shane snapped, surprised at his own vitriol, actually. He had friends, Ilya could have friends. It was - fine.

He was *fine*.

Ilya, for maybe the first time since Shane had laid eyes on him on that glorious day in Saskatchewan, looked... unsure of himself.

“No, that part is...” he gestured, seemingly lost for the right English words to say that no, his dick was in fact ridiculously large, thank you for asking. “But I never make anyone cry! I would not hurt you,” he said suddenly, his knee hitting the bed beside Shane’s, and Ilya leaned over him, carefully, a hand resting on the bed on either side of Shane’s ribcage. “*I will* not hurt you, if you still want,” he murmured lowly, but with conviction, his mouth mere inches - too many inches - from Shane’s. “I am careful.”

Shane didn’t take the time to think it over. His hand was in the front of Ilya’s stupid shirt, yanking the man down to his level. Maybe he did not want Ilya to be careful, but he didn’t have the space to say that, what with Ilya’s tongue in his mouth again.

“Take off your shirt,” he breathed, into the space between Ilya’s lips and his, and Ilya did as requested, standing up to lift his shirt over his head -

Shane took his opportunity, sitting up, slipping his hands over those thick thighs so generously at eye level; feeling the muscles flex under the thin fabric of Ilya’s worn sweatpants. By the time Ilya had his shirt over his head, dropping it somewhere behind him carelessly, Shane’s hands had migrated upwards, with a single-minded purpose.

He looked up at Ilya innocently.

“Please?” he asked, pausing, one finger from each hand teasing lazily, dipping just under the waistband of Ilya’s pants, brushing against that cut of muscle on either side that made Shane feel a little dizzy, and he *knew* he was playing dirty, really, spilling the word close enough to

Ilya's clothed cock that he probably felt the warmth of Shane's breath through the fabric, but he really didn't care.

Ilya tipped his head back and muttered something in Russian. Shane felt he got the gist of it.

Curling his fingers around the elastic properly, Shane pulled Ilya's pants down over his cock, and - *oh*.

He swallowed, his mouth suddenly feeling like it was producing saliva on overdrive. Which was good. Very necessary. Very - *yes*.

He licked his lips, fingers uncurling from the waistband of Ilya's sweatpants to spread out on either hip instead as he took him in. Ilya's cock was, in a word, breathtaking. It was already fully hard, flushed a gorgeous deep red at the tip, the head fat and swollen, foreskin pulled back behind it. As hard as he was, Shane knew his cock would slap against his own stomach once let loose from its confines, but *Ilya* - Ilya's sagged under its own weight, twitching up every so often but struggling against gravity, leaning towards Shane beautifully, in the perfect position for Shane to just lean forward and take that plush head into his wet mouth.

So he did.

One hand wrapping at the base for stability, the other tightening on Ilya's hip, Shane leaned in and planted a wet, open mouthed kiss on the tip of Ilya's cock, tongue flattening against the slit greedily.

Ilya's hand was in Shane's hair, then, long fingers flexing against the curve of his skull, holding but not controlling. He might've been saying something in Russian, or maybe it was English - Shane's ears were buzzing a bit. Shane tasted salt, swirled his tongue around the ridge of the cock in his mouth again; felt it jump against his palette, swallowed the saliva pooling at an alarming rate.

He thought, for a moment, that this might've been the best idea he'd ever had.

He pulled off with a pop and leaned back to admire his handiwork, the tip of Ilya's cock glistening wetly in the dim light of the bedside lamp. On an impulse, he leaned forward again, letting it bump against his cheek and slide along his freckles as he breathed Ilya in.

The hand in his hair tightened its grip, and Shane looked up through his eyelashes.

Ilya's expression had Shane's next breath stuttering on the inhale.

Slowly, holding eye contact, Shane dipped his head, pressing his tongue flat against the underside of Ilya's cock, at the base, feeling the thick vein pulse under his tongue for a moment, before he dragged it all the way back up in a fat stripe.

He watched Ilya's jaw clench once, twice, felt the mirrored tension in the hand in his hair, and took Ilya back into his mouth.

This time, however, he didn't stop at the head.

He relaxed his shoulders, dropped his center of gravity, and let Ilya's cock sink into his mouth inch by hard-earned inch. The head had sat heavily between his lips, filling his mouth comfortably, but it was not the thickest part. He felt his lips stretch over the shaft as he took Ilya deeper, pulling back in short strokes every so often to tongue more spit onto Ilya's cock, keeping the slide smooth and wet even as his jaw clicked and ached at the stretch.

It was challenging. It was overwhelming. It was all-consuming.

He wanted to do this every day for the rest of his life.

Spit was gathering at the corners of his mouth, now, starting to drip down his chin in thin rivulets as he leaned in further, gripped the base with one hand - wet, as well, from the saliva trailing down Ilya's cock, wet enough that Shane could twist his hand in small tight jerking motions, covering the distance he couldn't yet take into his mouth. His other hand, the one gripping Ilya's hip, flattened out against Ilya's skin - almost burning hot, Shane noted, as he dragged his hand up Ilya's body, onto his chest, feeling Ilya's abs clench helplessly under his fingers on the way up.

Would he like the feeling of come in his mouth? he wondered. He *wanted* it, consciously - subconsciously, on some primal level he didn't understand, but he had a thing about textures, of course, so maybe it wouldn't be up to him. Either way, he thought, it wouldn't matter if Ilya got far enough down his throat; then Ilya could just shoot right down his -

Shane moaned, long and low, at the thought, as Ilya's cock bottomed out; not nearly all the way in but the fat head already pressing against the soft opening of Shane's throat, just enough pressure for him to swallow against it convulsively once, twice -

"Shane! Shane, fuck, *fuck*," Ilya panted, urgently, his hand tightening in Shane's hair until it stung, pulling - for the first time, physically directing - Shane off of him.

Shane pulled back with a gasp, falling back onto his elbows again with the momentum, a string of saliva snapping between his swollen bottom lip and the angry head of Ilya's cock, the cold strand landing against his own chest wetly as he heaved air into his lungs.

He hadn't even realized he had been holding his breath at the end.

He dragged another lungful of air into his lungs, and looked up at Ilya.

The other man looked - undone.

His usually pale Russian skin was flushed red from his abs all the way up to his ears, the curls along his hairline darkened and starting to stick to his skin with sweat. He was drawing deep steadying lungfuls of air into his chest, in and out, the fingers previously woven into Shane's hair now gripped around the base of his own cock tightly.

Shane realized, suddenly, that he might have gotten a bit carried away.

Ilya looked at him for a long moment, chest heaving, and Shane felt sweat prickle anew at the base of his neck.

“Sorry,” he panted, quietly, for what it was worth.

Ilya, eyes red-rimmed, looked at him a moment longer, and then started - *laughing*.

Like a maniac.

“*Fuck*,” he breathed, seeming to have found his equilibrium, his muscles relaxing as small bursts of laughter escaped him every now and then. “Hollander, you are going to fucking kill me.”

His accent was stronger than usual, coming loose at the edges, and Shane bit his lip at the consonants rolling around that sinful mouth.

Ilya's smile faded, his gaze honing in on Shane's teeth catching his own mouth, and he dropped forward quietly, stealthily, crawling over Shane like a predator until Shane was forced flat onto his back, Ilya looming over him.

“My turn,” Ilya murmured, and Shane was suddenly *very* aware of how fully dressed he was as heat raced up his spine.

Ilya made short work of it, pulling Shane's shirt over his head and immediately descending on the exposed skin, his teeth clamping onto the jut of Shane's left collarbone with just enough force to have Shane arching against him, cock jumping in his jeans. *Jeans*.

What a stupid idea that was.

Ilya slid lower, dipped his head to wrap those cupid bow lips around one of Shane's nipples in a sudden hot wet suction before taking the nib between his teeth as well, his fingernails tracing patterns against Shane's sides that had goosebumps erupting over his skin.

Shane bit his lip, tried to stifle his moan, but Ilya simply reached up with one hand, settling it against the curve of Shane's chin and deftly tugging the trapped lip free as he moved his attention to the other nipple.

Shane's jaw dropped open without his permission, a mortifying sound escaping him, but he couldn't quite focus on that just then.

Ilya rolled the bruised nipple between his teeth, and Shane hitched one leg around the man's waist, grinding his trapped cock against Ilya's stomach shamelessly.

Ilya pulled his mouth off Shane's chest, just far enough to blow ice cold air onto the abused nipple with a grin.

“What is wrong, *malysh*?” he teased, grin bright and filthy, but Shane was past shame.

“Ilya, *Ilya*, please...” he moaned, throwing his head back as Ilya *generously* dropped his body weight onto Shane on the next roll of his hips, the pain-pleasure of the pressure against his own swollen cock stealing the patience from his lungs.

“Please what, hmmm?” Ilya drawled. Then, as an afterthought: “I can make you come like this, I think.”

“No! No,” Shane moaned, knowing that yes, he definitely could, but as good as this was -

Shane latched one hand into Ilya's hair and barely tugged, but Ilya came easily, meeting his lips with a barely-there brush, just sharing air as Shane moaned, *begged*.

“*Ilya*, please, I want you inside me.”

Shane felt the shudder of the answering exhale against his lips.

“Pants off,” Ilya growled against his mouth, one hand patting Shane's hip firmly, before the other man was pushing off him, making for his duffel bag in the corner, pulling out -

Oh.

Shane shucked off his pants and underwear in record time, shimmying up the mattress until he was lying with his head on a pillow with Ilya Rozanov looming over him again, the bottle of lube dropped onto the sheets beside him.

Then Ilya dropped to the other side, pressing himself against Shane's side as he tucked his face in Shane's neck and started tracing those maddening patterns on his hipbone again.

“How do you want it?” Ilya asked, breath hot and humid against the skin of Shane's neck. “Like this? Or - on your front, maybe - easier?”

Shane felt a full-body shudder run through him at the thought, his hips twitching involuntarily as Ilya's fingertips teased his skin, his knees dropping open as Ilya's knuckles brushed feather-light against the side of Shane's aching cock in irregular intervals. How did he want it? It would be easier to ask how he *didn't* want it. That list was very short. Some might say empty.

“Hmmm, *solnyshko*?” Ilya hummed against his neck, nosing under Shane's ear patiently, seemingly unbothered by Shane's inability to string a thought together. “Like this?” he asked again, those maddening fingertips changing course; wandering down, past the sensitive skin at the base of Shane's cock, brushing against the curve of his ass. Shane spread his legs wider, Ilya's fingers brushing along the crease more insistently, until -

He paused, fingertip pressing against the furl of Shane's hole, and Shane remembered - *oh yeah*.

Ilya lifted his head, eyebrow raised incredulously, and Shane felt heat flood his chest all the way up to his ears.

“Shane?” Ilya asked, slowly, his voice a bit... gravelly, and Shane realized he wasn't going to be able to weasel his way out of this one.

“I uh... I prepped myself,” he admitted, eventually, face on fire. “Before I came here.”

Ilya, in response, dropped his head again, and Shane had *one, two, three* long seconds to start wondering whether *this* was the moment Ilya was going to kick him out for being so utterly desperate it was off-putting before those voices were silenced quite neatly by Ilya turning his head just so and starting to press hot, open-mouthed kisses against the side of Shane's neck; along his collarbone, into the sensitive skin just under his jaw.

"You prepared yourself, " Ilya muttered, lips moving against Shane's skin all the while, "For me?"

"Yeah," Shane breathed, fingers twitching against the duvet, unsure what to do with them.

"Fuck," Ilya whispered, so quiet Shane almost didn't hear it.

Then Ilya was grabbing Shane's knee; the one closest to him, and pulling it over his own hip, rendering Shane exposed and spread out next to him, unable to draw his knees together if he tried. Clever fingers ran up the inside of Shane's thigh again, trailing smears of lube in their wake - Shane's lube, from earlier, he realized, head a bit fuzzy - and then Shane was reaching up one hand to press against Ilya's bicep, trying to ground himself as Ilya pressed the tips of his index and middle finger to his hole and pushed inside.

Still soft and wet from his earlier ministrations, there wasn't much resistance, but Shane still *felt* it. It was different to his own fingers, of course; Ilya's were longer and with this angle could reach so much deeper.

"Tell me how," Ilya murmured against his neck, and it took Shane a moment to orient himself; remember what Ilya was talking about.

Fuck.

"Fingers, hmmm?" Ilya hummed, not waiting for an answer, curling the tips of his own fingers inside Shane, as if he needed a reminder that they were there, a *demonstration*, maybe.

Shane nodded, fighting to keep his eyes open as Ilya's fingertips brushed dangerously close to his prostate, and losing.

"How many? Not enough, I don't think," Ilya murmured against his jaw, and Shane spoke before he could think he shouldn't.

"Not just - not just fingers," he moaned, and Ilya paused. Shane squeezed his eyes shut tighter, but Ilya only shifted closer, pulling his fingers from Shane - eliciting a mortifying whine - so Ilya could settle between his legs instead, wet hand reaching for the bottle of lube.

"Tell me," Ilya growled, breath hot on Shane's face, his accent slipping through thick and fast. Shane could hear the snick of the bottle lid, almost violent.

"I - with my - with my dildo," Shane admitted, eventually.

Ilya, for his part, said nothing at that, only pressing back inside with three fingers this time, the slide almost overly slick now.

“*Oh*,” Shane breathed, eyelids fluttering open for a moment at the feeling, and Ilya reached up with his other hand to grip Shane’s jaw again; murmured *keep those pretty eyes open for me, malysh*.

“You fucked yourself open for me, Shane?” Ilya asked, low and dark, and Shane nodded desperately, hips rolling against Ilya’s hand.

“And what if I did have ah, how you said, *tiny dick*, actually?” Ilya teased, a hint of a smirk playing at his lips.

“Impossible,” Shane breathed, and maybe Rozanov didn't need his ego inflated any more than it already was, but it was *true*, somehow. *Impossible* that if Shane wanted nine inches, Ilya would not provide. Maybe it was the sex hormones or the lack of blood flow to his brain but somehow Shane *knew* this, that Ilya would change the very fabric of reality for Shane if he needed it so.

Jesus. How long had he been holding his breath earlier?

Ilya leaned forward; took Shane’s bottom lip between his teeth, and bit down in a way that felt like barely restrained violence. Shane felt it in his fingertips.

“Turn over,” he growled, and Shane obeyed immediately.

Fingers flexed on the curve of his hips, yanking him closer, and then Ilya was sliding his cock against the space between Shane’s cheeks.

“Ready?” Ilya whispered, and Shane nodded, as much as he could with his cheek smushed into a pillow.

Then Ilya was pushing inside, the blunt pressure giving way suddenly as the head popped past his rim. Shane’s breath stuttered on an inhale, fingers curling into the pillow as Ilya gave him just a moment, then pressed forward again. The slide was slick and wet, almost ridiculously so, Ilya obviously trying to make sure he made it as easy as possible, and yet, even as Shane’s body gave way without complaint, inch by inch, he felt it from the tips of his ears to his toes; a steady, unyielding invasion, Ilya claiming every available space inside him with a certainty that left Shane breathless.

It was perfect.

“Good?” Ilya asked, his voice heat and gravel, his hips pulling back just enough to start a small, slow rock into Shane, the friction sparking constellations behind his eyelids.

“Hmmm?” Ilya hummed, leaning forward slightly, the change in angle pressing him harder against Shane’s prostate, and Shane wanted to say how that *definitely* wasn’t going to help if Ilya was looking for a coherent verbal answer, but only managed something that sounded like *yeeeeeeeeees yes oh my god Ilya* as he started rocking back against him helplessly.

That seemed to satisfy the other man, because he dropped a wet kiss on the back of Shane’s shoulder blade in answer; hands firmly planted on each of Shane’s hips as he started thrusting

in earnest, studiously grazing that spot inside Shane just *so* on every second pass.

There was a wet spot growing under Shane's cheek, from spit or sweat or both he didn't know, and couldn't bring himself to care.

He wasn't going to last long, he thought. It was possibly - probably - *definitely* the best he had ever felt in his life so far.

But -

Ilya, Shane noticed suddenly, was - quiet. He looked back, blinking tears from his lashes, trying to clear his vision. The other man was flushed, sweat beading at his hairline as he worked his hips, but he seemed too - *focused*. The muscles in his biceps flexed, his abs twitching with every thrust, and Shane thought he could come just from that sight, but he also noticed - the tension, in Ilya's forearms, along his jaw; the way the fronts of his thighs never actually slapped against the back of Shane's, always stopping short.

Shit.

Ilya was... holding back.

"Ilya, Ilya - *wait* -"

Ilya stopped, immediately, because - of course he did, and Shane was suddenly *desperate*.

"Shane?" he asked, low and urgent, "Did I hurt you?"

But Shane was already shaking his head, reaching one hand back to press against Ilya's stomach, easing him backwards until he slipped out of him (and if that wasn't absolutely devastating).

But he was a man on a mission.

He wanted to feel bad about the frown marring Ilya's beautiful eyebrows, the other man still worried, clearly, but it also made it infinitely easier to flip them over; Ilya landing on his back with Shane straddling his hips.

Shane felt Ilya's cock rest heavily against the crease between his thigh and ass, and tried not to get distracted.

"I want to be on top," he breathed against Ilya's lips, perhaps a bit superfluously, given his position.

"*Shane*," Ilya said, and Shane wondered if he knew that he knew. Probably. Ilya knew everything.

"Please?" Shane asked, sincerely, and Ilya folded like a lawn chair.

"Slowly," he growled, and Shane immediately ignored him, lining up Ilya's cock and dropping down on it all at once, until he was taking just as much as before, maybe an inch

more.

Ilya sat up, his chest grazing Shane's, and settled his hands warm but undemandingly on Shane's sides.

Maybe he should have listened just this once, Shane thought, faintly, not quite finding it within himself to regret anything, however, as a haze started to settle over his senses. All he could feel was Ilya: Ilya's hands on his waist, Ilya's mouth on his chest, Ilya's cock pressed so deep inside of him; not all the way in but seeming to have bottomed out, hitting a wall it wasn't slipping past.

Shane could understand why Ilya had stopped.

He had no idea if this was even something he should try to push past.

He had a deep, unyielding *need* to do so.

He should've done more research.

He would die if he waited another minute.

Ilya would never forgive himself if he hurt Shane.

Shane would never forgive himself if he didn't have every inch of Ilya inside of him *tonight*.

Shane rolled his hips - once, twice, steady, good, *so good*, he could do this all night, really, taking his pleasure from Ilya's cock pressing against all the right places, and Ilya would let him, but he could *feel* -

He shifted on the next roll; relaxed on the way down, experimentally, just - feeling, feeling for that extra give -

Suddenly, he found the angle, and Ilya's cock slipped the last two inches inside of him.

"O- oh," he gasped, eyelids fluttering shut, his head falling back as his ass met the front of Ilya's thighs firmly.

He thought he felt it in the back of his throat.

Ilya pressed closer, arms trapping Shane against him almost involuntarily. He pressed his face into the space between Shane's pecs, forehead fast against his sternum, his breath hard and wet against Shane's sweaty skin.

"*Fuuuck Shane*," he whined, and it almost sounded like a prayer.

Shane clenched, half involuntarily, and the sound Ilya made sounded like a sob. He would never stop chasing that sound, he realized, dimly.

He didn't have much leverage with Ilya pressed so close to him, and it was overwhelming, trying to focus on forcing strength to his lower body like he did during particularly grueling

games in the last minutes. He was used to overriding his body's signals when necessary but a bit of fatigue from skating too fast was nothing compared to the way his knees gave out every time he lifted himself two, three inches off Ilya's lap, dropping back down helplessly as pleasure so sharp it was almost painful raced up his spine, the thickest part of Ilya's cock pressed mercilessly against Shane's prostate now that he was fully seated.

He was gasping nonsense at the ceiling. He was drooling down one side of his chin. He would never be the same again.

Ilya reached up, brushed a thumb tenderly across his freckles, and it felt wet, and Shane realized that he was *crying*, just a little bit, because of course he was.

"Let me help you, *moy lyubimy*," Ilya gasped, chin pressed against Shane's sternum, and Shane nodded helplessly.

Ilya flipped them.

Then Ilya was pushing his knees back against his chest, folding him in half, ass in the air, and Shane had a moment to be grateful for all the yoga he did before Ilya hammered into him at this new devastating angle and he was coming all over his own face, cock untouched.

His ears were fuzzy and he couldn't keep his eyes open and he didn't even quite know where he was but he felt the moment Ilya's pace stuttered, when he slammed home and came so deep inside of Shane that he thought, faintly, it would never leak out.

And wasn't that a lovely thought to have, as he sunk into the haze.

The first thing he said when he came to, for some reason, was: "Next time, I'll ride you properly."

Ilya didn't say anything ridiculously filthy in response, lying back against the pillows, Shane pressed tightly to his side, his head resting on the other man's shoulder. It was odd, and Shane wondered, a bit delighted, if he had fucked him stupid.

"You did not have to take it all," Ilya murmured, instead, voice hoarse, against Shane's forehead.

Shane laughed, a small, disbelieving, extremely content thing. "I wanted to."

"But it was good, too, yes? Before? Not all of it?"

"Yes, it was good," Shane answered, truthfully, because it *was* good, almost ridiculously good already. "But *all* of it was..." Shane shivered; tucked his head under the shadow of Ilya's jaw. He didn't know if he would ever find the words just right to explain, but he tried. "Better. I could feel you everywhere." And then, "*You* could feel me everywhere."

Ilya muttered something in Russian that sounded half like a prayer, half like a curse, and Shane felt his face split into a smile.

“Why? You don’t want to do it again?” he teased, and Ilya gripped his jaw, just this side of too-tight, and licked into his mouth in answer.

Years later, when, at Shane’s bachelor brunch, Rose pulled out a giant pink cake that screamed *Congrats on locking down all nine inches!*, complete with sparklers and confetti, and Svetlana smirked at him over her mimosa and mouthed *you’re welcome* smugly, while Hayden sat to her left, looking a bit green, Shane thought to himself that *yes*, he *did* in fact love women, if it was these two women, in particular.

But not as much - *never, ever* as much - as he loved Ilya.

Every last inch of him.

End Notes

Shane: "I can't believe I'm going to let him fuck me with his absolutely enormous cock."

Rose: "You don't have to."

Shane: "No, I'm gonna."

I actually just wanted to write some straight up porn of Shane taking that monster like a champ but somehow ended up writing a blowjob so elaborate I actually had a moment where I thought wow is this enough, actually?? Are we done?? Do they even need to fuck now?? Are we even still talking about Ilya's dick or has it somehow become a metaphor against my free will???

And then Ilya decided he was just going to finger Shane for three business days.

Sometimes the characters really do just be doing whatever the fuck they like all over your page.

Also I was totally projecting my textures thing onto Shane there. Don't worry his fears are unfounded. Of course he loves Ilya's come in his mouth.

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