i need the deep end

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i need the deep end

by FlowerCitti

Summary

"You just need to practice, then?"

"Um. Yeah, I guess."

Ilya's hand has not moved from Shane's knee, his thumb rubbing soothing circles into the skin there, his touch warm even through the layer of his comforter.

"We could practice together," Ilya says casually, a small purse to his lips. As if Shane's brain is not screeching to a violent halt, his mouth falling open around a choked noise.

"That's not—that's not funny."

"Is not a joke," Ilya says firmly, suddenly serious. "If you are so afraid to be bad, I can teach you. Then you can go kiss a pretty girl, and you can impress her. Whatever." Ilya shrugs, dark blue eyes darting across Shane's face, a searching look.

Or, Shane has never been kissed before. Ilya offers to teach him how.

Notes

hollanov kissing practice. everyone cheered.

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya Rozanov, by most definitions, is a nearly perfect roommate.

He keeps up with Shane's strict chore regime—something that a select few others in the past have failed to manage—and he never messes with Shane's belongings without permission. He's quiet during the allotted time that Shane uses every evening to study, even if it's because Ilya is often out partying with friends, but Shane has never complained before about having the apartment to himself.

They take turns preparing dinner every Friday after classes, and he doesn't complain even if it means making adjustments to fit Shane's diet. They split on grocery fees and utilities without much hassle, and Shane never has to remind him to keep up with the date their rent is due.

He's practically a model roommate compared to the failed attempts that Shane has had the misfortune of putting up with. Ilya is his third roommate within the span of a *year*, and he takes first place with no competition. They're both so busy that they often don't even cross paths as much as two men living together usually do.

They rib each other on occasion, but the bickering is friendly and Ilya is *funny*. Even if Shane won't admit it to his face, because he's pretty sure Ilya's ego doesn't need to be inflated any further. So co-habiting the same space is good—really good. Even if Hayden doesn't necessarily approve of a supposed "*party-obsessed manwhore*" (Hayden's words) sharing his apartment.

But Shane likes living with Ilya because he doesn't have to worry about looking after another grown man, or taking care of the space entirely on his own during a hectic week of classes, work, and hockey.

There is just one tiny, *tiny* problem—at least once a week, Shane Hollander can hear his roommate having sex through their abysmally thin walls. The rhythmic rock of a headboard, low groaning, a soft voice that Shane never recognizes and is never the same person twice.

The first night it happens keeps him awake for nearly a whole hour, sheets shoved up over his head and a tight heat in his gut that he very stubbornly ignores.

Because he has *eyes*—eyes that have already mapped out the constellation of moles that dot Ilya's chest, that have seen the curve of his mouth tugged into warm smiles, the creases that form beneath dark ocean-water eyes.

His new roommate is, unfortunately, stunning. And now Shane is currently listening to the muffled sounds of him having sex, fingers pressed to the apple of his cheeks, the skin so warm that it burns.

The next morning he very awkwardly fixes Ilya a cup of coffee, latent with sugar, and pushes it towards him like a peace offering. As if he hopes to stifle the embarrassment of what he says next.

“Could you, um. I don't know—” Shane pushes his glasses up the bridge of his nose, looking at Ilya's stubbled jaw rather than meeting his gaze. It's a very nice jaw, the bow of Ilya’s lips pursed in a question. “Warn me? If you have someone over?”

Ilya laughs, short and wholly at ease. Somehow, it actually makes Shane relax an increment or two.

“You heard us?”

“A little,” Shane mumbles non-committedly, sipping absently at his tea. “It’s hard not to.”

“Wow, Shane Hollander is huge pervert?”

Shane's head snaps up, his mouth falling open, a warm buzz making his face feel too hot. “I didn't—it's not like I did it on *purpose*—”

Ilya is smiling, sharp and teasing, his chin propped in the center of his palm. Like Shane has walked into the most obvious trap possible, and Ilya is fond of it. It makes Shane go quiet again.

“I am messing with you. Next time, I will text you. Yes?”

Shane swallows, nods his head resolutely, and hopes his cheeks have not gone as red as they feel. “Right, okay. Thanks.”

So, Shane adapts. Ilya texts him a warning, often just a variation of winky faces and hearts, and Shane prepares for Ilya taking someone home to their apartment. He buys noise-cancelling headphones and sits at his desk, listening to music he doesn’t particularly enjoy, and pretends like he doesn’t know what Ilya Rozanov is up to in the other room. For his own peace of mind.

He doesn't think about Ilya sweaty, or grunting, or kissing somebody else. He does his calculus homework, or hangs out with Hayden, and definitely does not fantasize about his unattainable roommate.

He's happy, at least, that Ilya's hook-ups never seem to linger. He never sees them leaving, or hanging around their kitchen early in the morning, or sitting in their living room.

The routine becomes commonplace—Ilya takes a girl home, Shane pretends as if he doesn't care, and he gets a bearable roommate who doesn't leave dirty laundry between his couch cushions. Hayden tells Shane that he should not be putting up with it, and Shane insists that it really is no big deal. What Ilya gets up to is none of his business, so long as he doesn’t have to hear it. No reason to fix what isn’t broken, he tells himself.

It is not until five and a half months after Ilya moves in that Shane walks in on him for the first time.

Shane comes home much earlier than anticipated from hockey practice, fumbling with his gear as he fights the door open. He should have been paying a bit more attention when he entered. He should have texted Ilya that he would be home soon, or he could have called out and gotten his attention enough that he would have time to be *clothed* when Shane saw him. But he was tired after a long night of studying and a hard practice session, and he didn't expect Ilya to have someone in their apartment on a random Friday afternoon at 3 pm.

He finds Ilya in their living room, ducked between the thighs of a woman spread out over their couch, and Shane freezes like he's been nailed to the spot. Her long hair is spilling out over the arm like a curtain, her face hidden from the angle that Shane is standing, but he can see *Ilya*—the deep furrow of his brow, desperate fingers buried in his ringlet curls, his large hands on her legs.

All of Shane’s blood rushes to his head so violently that he thinks he's going to pass out. And then it goes straight down to his dick, giving a violent twitch in his pants. He can hear the slick sounds of Ilya's tongue, his ears picking out the low hums bubbling in his throat over anything else, the muscles in his broad shoulders working as he leans forward. Shane's mouth feels as if it goes desert dry and floods with saliva all at once, his heart giving a rapid thud in his eardrums.

And then blue eyes flicker open, meeting Shane's gaze from over the woman's head, blissfully ignorant to Shane's presence. Ilya sees him and Shane can’t help but stare back, struck dumb, shoulders rising up to his ears—

And then he scurries out the front door without a word, sheepishly calling Hayden, and pretending as if he hadn't seen anything.

Even if he can see the evidence when he looks down, a humiliating whine cracking in his throat.

He’s hard—just as he had gotten hard every time he could hear Ilya through his wall, fucking someone who was not Shane, and who would never *be* Shane. Because his roommate was straight and *fun* and spent his time at parties with beautiful women, not boring Shane Hollander who put a desperate roommate ad up on Facebook.

He rubs at his face, palms pressing into his eyes until he can see stars, groaning helplessly.

He can still hear Ilya's moans in the back of his head, the slick sounds of his mouth and tongue, the sharp intakes of the woman's breath where Ilya was eating her out. And Shane couldn't help but wonder what it might be like if Ilya—

God, Ilya had seen him. He wouldn't think Shane was *watching* them, right? Did he notice that Shane was already half-hard in his pants just from seeing him like that? It was an accident. Just an accident that Shane could very easily explain away, because it was *true*.

He sniffles into his sleeve. He'd apologize to Ilya later tonight. It would be fine, Shane could forget this ever happened, and they would go back to normal.

And Shane would definitely, *definitely*, not think about Ilya's mouth between his legs.

_____

It's 9 pm when he finds himself back at home, hesitating at the door to his own apartment.

He had been distracted the entire time that he was out with Hayden, even if his friend was kind enough not to point it out. Because he was still thinking about Ilya, humming low in his throat and the dimples he had left in a random girl's thighs from how tightly he had been holding her.

Shane gives a small smack to his own face and forces himself to go inside, listening intently in the entryway as if he expects to hear Ilya still…what? Fucking the same girl after six hours? He scoffs at his own ridiculousness, quietly walking back through the apartment to his room uninterrupted.

He doesn't see nor hear anything from Ilya, even if he lingers awkwardly at the side of the wall that connects to Ilya's bedroom. Maybe he's asleep, or it wouldn't even be out of character for him not to be home at all this late at night.

He breathes out softly and sets out to get ready for bed, washing his face and brushing his teeth. He thinks about texting Ilya to ask if he's left the apartment, and then feels too embarrassed to be the one who reaches out first. He puts his phone on charge instead, turns the *do not disturb* on, and leaves it face down on his bedside. He changes into a worn-out sweater and his boxers, sliding beneath his covers just after 9:30 pm.

And then he—lays there, staring up at his ceiling, hands folded over his stomach. He feels a bit like an idiot. Because now he is thinking of Ilya again, uninhibited, and he's already half-hard.

He tries to ignore it, flips over to lay on his side, thighs squeezing together and his face feeling too hot. He can see Ilya behind his eyelids, head in between *Shane's* legs, lips wrapped around—

It's not like Shane doesn't touch himself. He's not so much of a prude that he can't even masturbate properly. It's just that over the past few months, every time he tries to, he inevitably just thinks of Ilya. And the surge of guilt he eventually feels kind of kills any level of arousal he might have at the fantasy of his roommate deciding one day that maybe he *does* want to fuck Shane.

He groans into his own hands, throbbing between his legs, and the slithers of his guilty conscience don't even seem to be enough to cause it to flag. It's not like Ilya has to know—

it's not like Ilya ever *will*, even if Shane's anxious brain insists on the contrary. Maybe—maybe he just needs to do it once, just to get it out of his system. Something like that.

Shane breathes out a slow exhale, rolls onto his back again, and lets one hand rest above his waistline. His nails bite into the skin there, buzzing with hesitation, a blistering hot sort of embarrassment that unfortunately turns him on a lot more than it should.

He thinks of Ilya—his weight on top of him, his hands on his stomach, his fingers wrapped around his thighs. They're practically the same size, but he always wonders if Ilya would make him feel small anyway—his large palms over his waist, his mouth moving against Shane's, his presence so overwhelming that Shane wouldn't even have to think. He doesn't even know what it'd feel like, but maybe Ilya could show him.

He cups himself through the fabric of his boxers, lets his eyes flutter closed, sighing softly. His thumb can already feel wetness gathering at his tip, teeth sinking into his bottom lip as his touch grows a little firmer. He slowly pulls himself out, the heat already near sweltering, still hidden beneath his covers. He strokes himself carefully, an arm thrown over his eyes, and he tries to imagine that it's Ilya. Ilya's hand tugging on his cock, every word curled deep with his accent, breathless praise.

So pretty, Shane.

The thought startles a moan out of him, a blurt of precome slick against his thumb. And it's Ilya's voice that he can imagine again, maybe mocking or maybe awed, telling him he *gets so wet for him*. Shane swallows the gathering saliva in his mouth, every stroke slow but tight, tries to make it different than how he would do it because he wants it to be *Ilya* whose touching him—

"Shane? Are you up?" A knock at his door, the lilt of Ilya's voice, and Shane yelps before he can choke it down.

"I—" Is all he manages to get out before his door is opened—*he didn't even lock it?*—and Shane is shoving himself back into his boxers so fast he swears that he pulls something.

Shane is sitting up, blanket carefully pooled in his lap, and Ilya is standing in his doorway with a bottle of vodka. Tentatively, Shane turns on his bedside lamp. Ilya is wearing a pale lavender shirt that's unbuttoned almost entirely, his curls gelled back from his face, and a soft flush high on his cheekbones.

"Mm. Glad I caught you."

Shane feels as if he's just swallowed his own heart, and he squeaks out a pathetic, "I—I'm sorry?"

"Before you went to bed?" Ilya clarifies with a raised brow, pushing the door to Shane's room closed and ambling closer to the end of his bed. "I was not sure if you would ever come home."

Ilya sits down at the edge of the mattress. Not close to Shane at all, and yet his presence is almost suffocating. He can smell Ilya's cologne, sharp and smokey and already familiar.

"Right. Right, I'm sorry about—earlier." Shane clears his throat, looking at Ilya's chin instead of the exposed expanse of his chest. *Fuck*, he's still hard, hands folded in his lap and trying to somehow use willpower alone to get his dick to go soft.

Ilya is smiling, the bottle of vodka resting against his thigh and his weight leaning on one hand. "Ah. I am also sorry. I did not think you would be home so soon." He does not sound very apologetic, but soft and teasing. Shane can see the slight dimple in his cheek, the small crease at the corner of his eyes.

"It's fine. I'm not, um, upset about it or anything."

"No? Is good to know the sight did not leave you traumatized."

Shane laughs softly, relaxing back into the headboard. It puts a small bit of necessary distance between them. Ilya opens his vodka and takes a sip, and then he offers it to Shane.

"You want to try? I never see you drink."

Shane stares at it, fingers wringing for a long moment, before he reluctantly accepts. "I don't, usually."

"Ah. Just like you do not party? Or eat cake? Or bring any girls over? It is always hockey or studying for you. Or it is studying and then hockey, if you are feeling adventurous."

Shane gives a half-hearted glare. "Some of us actually take college seriously," he grumbles, and then winces at the burn of alcohol going down his throat. He coughs quietly and Ilya's mouth curves up, amused.

"Good?"

"Not even a little." Shane coughs again and Ilya laughs, taking the bottle back, swallowing down one last sip before he leans over to leave it on Shane's nightstand.

It has Ilya settling closer to him, his thigh almost brushing against Shane's curled up feet. Shane can see a smudge of lipstick on Ilya's collarbone at this angle, and his lips roll tightly together, something biting behind his ribcage.

"You went out?" He says dumbly, because the answer is an obvious *yes*—and Ilya is looking at him, a warm sharpness to his eyes that makes Shane feel very silly.

"Mm, yes, Svetlana is visiting. She is fun."

"Is that your girlfriend?" There is no reason for his voice to come out flat, but it does.

"Ah." Ilya's face does something, a twitch that Shane can't read at all, a spark in his gaze that suddenly feels too heavy. "You are jealous?"

“What?” Shane blinks hard, once, then twice. “What—no, no of course not.” He laughs, a tiny bit stilted, and Ilya is still looking at him. Shane tries to ignore the heat in his face, the warmth that spreads down his neck.

“No, no it is natural. I have so many girls, all so very sexy and fun, of course you are jealous.” Ilya is teasing him, but Shane feels a bit like someone is trying to choke him to death. “But I am sure you have a nice girl, maybe two.”

“Yeah. Right,” Shane mutters, scratching at the nape of his neck.

“Is more than two girls? Wow, Hollander, I am surprised.”

“What? No it’s not—there are no girls. I’ve never—” Shane swallows thickly and Ilya seems to pause, their eyes locking for a long few seconds. Something dawns on Ilya’s face, eyes widening just slightly, his mouth dropping open around a quiet *ah*.

“You’ve never…” Ilya makes a vague hand gesture, probably vulgar, and Shane groans through his embarrassment.

“No. Uh—I’ve never even kissed someone.” He shrugs, wondering if it’s something that he should even be admitting to Ilya.

But he doesn’t jump to make fun of him, lips pursed thoughtfully, brows adorably furrowed.

“Do you want to?”

“H-huh?”

“Do you want to kiss someone? Is it something you want?”

Shane hesitates, his thumb rubbing over his bottom lip nervously.

“I—um. Yes. I guess so, yeah.” Somehow saying that he *wants* to is more embarrassing to admit than the fact that he's never tried. But Ilya only nods slowly instead of laughing in his face, and Shane is acutely aware of how close they are.

“Why haven’t you? Is something stopping you?”

“I mean, not really. It’s just—it never seems like the right time.” He clears his throat, his palms smoothing over his blanket, tacky with sweat and over-warm.

He knew he didn't really want to kiss a girl by the time he was fifteen, and the moment he had that realization he sorta just—shoved it down. Because *thinking about it* was a lot harder than just pretending like he was too busy to dwell on it. And now he's twenty-one and sort of intimidated by—*everything*, really. His own inexperience, or finding a guy who didn't mind the fact that he had no idea what the hell he was doing.

His voice goes a little bit quieter now, staring down into his lap. “And I worry about being bad at it, anyway. Seems easier to just… not do it.”

This time, Ilya actually does laugh, waving an appeasing hand in the air when Shane gives him an annoyed glare.

“No, no is very reasonable. You are afraid you will be bad, so you will never even try. Perfect way to get better.”

“Don’t be an *asshole*—”

Ilya stops laughing, even if his lips are still curled. “Okay, okay. I am sorry, I will not tease.” He pats Shane’s knee, sparks shooting up his thigh from a perfectly platonic touch that definitely should not make his dick twitch.

“You just need to practice, then?”

“Um. Yeah, I guess.”

Ilya’s hand has not moved from Shane’s knee, his thumb rubbing soothing circles into the skin there, his touch warm even through the layer of his comforter.

“We could practice together,” Ilya says casually, a small purse to his lips. As if Shane’s brain is not screeching to a violent halt, his mouth falling open around a choked noise. He blinks, shifting against the sheets, trying not to think about Ilya’s hand still on his leg.

“That’s not—that’s not funny.”

“Is not a joke,” Ilya says firmly, suddenly serious. “If you are so afraid to be bad, I can teach you. Then you can go kiss a pretty girl, and you can impress her. Whatever.” Ilya shrugs, dark blue eyes darting across Shane’s face, a searching look.

Shane swallows, fingers curling into his blanket, lips pressing together. “But you like girls.”

Both of Ilya’s eyebrows raise. “Yes, obviously. But I also like you.”

Shane blinks and some part of him expects Ilya to vanish like a ghostly apparition from the horniest corners of his mind. But he doesn't, his hand an affirming weight that curls right at the crease of his knee, the stinging scent of his cologne at the base of Shane’s throat.

Ilya Rozanov likes men. *Ilya Rozanov likes men.*

“Oh.”

“Yes, *oh*.” Ilya rolls his eyes. “You are pretty, Hollander. And it is just kissing.”

Pretty. Shane is almost certain that you could fry an egg on his face, his stomach going tight and his heart beating so hard in his chest that he can hear it thud in his ears.

“Yeah. Yeah, okay.”

“Okay?”

Shane nods, trying to look more confident than he feels. “Yeah, um, we can—we can try?”

Ilya smiles, slow and strangely fond. “Have a little more faith than that, Hollander.”

Shane laughs and feels himself relax a little. It’s just kissing. Ilya is okay with kissing him, even if that’s all that it is. They’re friendly, they make good roommates, and Ilya is a beautiful man who is very used to being *casual* already. It doesn’t have to hurt their relationship. It doesn’t have to be weird if Shane doesn’t overthink it—which is a lot easier said than done, but Shane tries to remind himself of it regardless.

Ilya nods, slightly stilted, as if maybe he hadn’t expected to make it this far either. But the brief flicker of hesitation soon passes as Ilya climbs onto the bed properly, kneeling close to Shane’s side.

“Get comfortable,” he murmurs, warm and low, and Shane awkwardly turns over so he’s facing Ilya. His comforter stays in his lap because even if he’s no longer hard, he’s afraid that won’t last very long.

Ilya shifts into Shane’s space, half-leaning over him, their knees brushing together through far too many layers. Shane stares up at him, wide-eyed and likely looking entirely clueless.

He can see Ilya’s curls slowly loosening from the confines of the gel, softening around his temples. His necklace dangles in front of his pecs, his collar falling loose and open. Just the sight of him stirs something in Shane's chest, a stuttering flutter that feels far too close to *lovestruck*.

Shane swallows, fingers tensing as he wonders where he should put his hands, or if he should just ask Ilya before he touches him at all—if he’s even allowed to—and then wonders how they are supposed to kiss if they can’t touch, which is obviously ridiculous and—

“You are thinking too hard.” Ilya grabs his jaw and Shane’s thoughts grind to a sudden halt, his head falling back into the pillow with a quiet sigh.

Ilya stares down at him with a soft noise of surprise and Shane blinks up at him, wondering if he’s somehow already done something wrong.

“That’s good. You can relax,” Ilya says before the anxiety-riddled thoughts have time to stick, soft and warm in the closing gap between them. “I will be nice.”

Shane laughs quietly, Ilya’s thumb smoothing over his chin, his fingers cupping his jaw. His skin is an almost startling heat, tilting his head back a little further, letting their foreheads brush together. They share breath for the barest hint of a moment before their lips finally meet, a gentle press that has a hum startled out of Shane’s throat. His brain goes blissfully blank, lashes fluttering closed, flooded with Ilya’s scent and the unignorable weight of having him so close.

It lingers for a long second, Shane’s fingers twitching against his stomach, and then it’s over with a quiet smack of their lips parting. Shane’s mouth feels like it’s left tingling, eyes

blinking open slowly. He licks his lips, a flush crawling down his nape, and he already wants it again.

“Good?”

Shane clears his throat. “Yeah—yes. It’s… yeah.”

Ilya chuckles, low and breathy, and they are so close that Shane can feel it—the steady puffs of his exhales, the way his chest jerks. He feels like all of the air has been sucked out of his lungs.

“Again?”

“Please,” Shane murmurs, soft and slipping out past his teeth before he can really think to stop it.

Ilya’s breath hitches so quietly that Shane thinks that maybe he’s made it up. And then he is kissing him again, molten heat trickling between the rungs of his ribs, his pulse drumming so hard that he can feel it in the base of his throat. It’s so warm that it’s almost overwhelming, Ilya’s hand sliding back to cradle Shane’s head, fingernails scratching carefully at his scalp. He moans, a delicate sound he can’t bite back.

Ilya pulls away far too soon, his lips pink and eyes dark—

“Sorry,” Shane blurts out.

Ilya pauses. “What?”

Shane tries not to squirm, his fingers twisting into an anxious knot over his stomach. “I know I’m not—uh. You’re probably used to better than me—”

“What? Oh my god, shut up.” Ilya’s eyes close, his head ducking with a quiet groan and a curse that Shane can’t understand. “Stop thinking. It’s killing me.”

“I’ll make sure to do that,” he grumbles petulantly, and Ilya gives him a pointed look, his lips pursed.

“Okay. You are learning. Then this is teaching moment,” he redirects, reaching down to take Shane’s hands in his own. “And I am teaching you now—you do not have to lay here stiff as board while I kiss you.”

Ilya puts both of Shane’s hands on his shoulders and he carefully lets his fingers curl in his shirt, soft as silk. Ilya gives an approving hum that should not affect him as much as it does, his eyes darting up to watch Ilya’s face, relaxed and content.

“Better. I will kiss you now, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane agrees shakily, his fists tightening when Ilya’s mouth finds his again.

The kiss is longer this time, a series of lingering pecks that have Shane sighing quietly. And then Ilya's lips are moving, slow and gentle, his hand snaking up to grab Shane's jaw. His head tilts back again, following the smallest hint of pressure, gladly letting Ilya lead him. It's hotter—just barely slick with spit, his lips tentatively trying to copy Ilya's movements.

"Good," Ilya hums, and the simple praise shoots through him like lightning lancing down his spine. "Just like that."

Shane moans with the next press of their lips, lashes flickering as he melts back into the mattress. One hand finds Ilya's curls, feels them fall loose around his fingers, breathing harshly through his nose. He feels clumsy, like he can't possibly be doing this right, but the thought is chased away just as soon as it comes—distracted by Ilya's heat, the pleased murmur that Shane can feel directly at the seam of his lips.

They part with a loud smack, a breathless sound making Shane's chest stutter. His head feels strangely foggy, like it takes longer for his vision to reorient, Ilya's flushed face slowly coming back into focus.

"You're doing good," Ilya's voice is all rumbling warmth, his thumb tracing the slick line of Shane's bottom lip. "Is not so bad for first time."

Shane smiles slightly. "Really?" He finds that he *wants* to be good at this, wants Ilya to like it, craves it in a way he didn't even think possible.

"Mm, yes, I would not lie." Ilya darts down, kisses him again, a long press that has Shane leaning into him.

He chases Ilya when they next part, going warm at the soft chuckle that Ilya gives in response.

"Now show me what you are learning."

Shane blinks. "What?"

Ilya shrugs, teasing, but his eyes are intent. "I am teaching you. Show me that you are listening." Ilya gives Shane's face a soft pat and moves back, rising out of Shane's space and leaving him feeling far more disappointed than he likely should be.

Carefully, Shane sits up, shifting slightly so he has better leverage. It's almost intimidating, but when his tongue darts out he can still taste Ilya on his mouth and—that does something for his nerves. They've already made it this far.

"Okay," he breathes out, barely a whisper, and leans forward.

The kiss lingers, unsure, but Shane still sighs at how good it feels. His hands are shaky when they reach up, one twisting into Ilya's pretty curls, the other curving over the back of his neck. Ilya gives an encouraging hum and it's enough to spur him on, hesitantly letting his mouth move, their breaths mingling.

A palm lands on Shane's hip and waist, pulling him a little closer, letting the comforter fall to the side. Shane shivers at the cool air on his overheated skin, moaning into Ilya's mouth, suddenly aching to close every gap that keeps them apart.

Shane pulls back, slightly breathless, fingers twitching in Ilya's hair.

"That was okay?"

Ilya groans and Shane is surprised when he ducks in to kiss the corner of his mouth, then the curve of his jaw, a startling warmth that blooms across his skin. Strangely tender, wet with the heaviness of Ilya's breath. "Was more than okay. *Fuck*. You're doing so good, Shane."

The praise goes hot in his gut and Ilya seems to swallow his whimper when he kisses him on the mouth next, teeth nipping lightly at his bottom lip, holding it until the skin starts to sting.

"Is good for you, too?"

Shane nods, over-eager, almost dizzy. Their foreheads knock together, breathless through a smattering of senseless kisses. Ilya's hands tighten against him, nails biting into skin, warm palms skating up his sweater.

Ilya smiles, swaying back, and then he seems to pause. Shane looks down at the same time that Ilya does—and finds that he's hard again in his boxers, and this time Ilya can see him.

"Sorry," the word rushes out of him, his thighs closing and legs curling up as if it's not too late to hide it. "God, I'm sorry, Ilya—" He covers his burning face with his hands, vaguely wondering if it's too late to pretend that this never happened.

"It's fine, Shane—"

Shane gives a wilted, dying animal sound.

"No, no I am flattered. Really." Ilya's hands are prying at his wrists, his teasing voice easing away the humiliation. "You are being silly. Stop hiding from me."

Shane lets Ilya pull his hands back from his face, lips pressed nervously together as he tentatively meets Ilya's gaze.

"Mm. There you go." He kisses the ridge of Shane's brow bone, the swell of his cheek, and then finally on the mouth.

Shane relaxes into him, Ilya's fingers tight around his wrists in a way that makes him run hot, cradling them against his chest. Ilya's skin is warm, the quick thud of his heartbeat steady beneath his fingers, flexing with the urge to touch him even more.

They part with a loud smack, Shane's eyes darting down to watch Ilya's lips and then back up, his pupils eating away at the blue of his irises.

"Anyway, I think I would be insulted if you were not hard."

Shane scoffs and Ilya smiles down at him, their foreheads brushing, noses slotted together in a way that seems inexplicably natural. He can feel Ilya's breaths, thumbs at his wrist bones, and he's hyperaware of his cock twitching in his boxers.

And then, after the silence lasts for just a moment too long, Ilya's voice comes out measured and firm. "Do you want to stop?"

Shane swallows, and despite his hesitance he doesn't really need to think—he knows he doesn't want to stop, and the knowledge that he doesn't scares him far more than the alternative. He thinks he probably wants Ilya a little *too* much, wants his hands and his mouth everywhere all at once—

"Shane?"

"No—" his throat clicks, blinking up at Ilya through his lashes. "No I—I don't want to stop. Please."

"Okay," Ilya breathes out, pressing a kiss to the cradle of Shane's hands. "Okay, good. You want to lay on your back?"

Ilya releases his wrists and Shane slowly rolls over, gasping quietly when Ilya crawls in between his legs, hands resting at the curve of his hips. It forces Shane's thighs open, his throat going tight when he sees the front of Ilya's pants, tented by his hardened cock.

His mouth feels very dry, lips parting involuntarily. "Oh," Shane says softly.

"You are pretty," he says as if it is the easiest explanation, thumbing against Shane's cheek, smoothing over the smattering of freckles there.

"And a very good kisser." Ilya's smile is crooked, leaning up Shane's body, their hips brushing. A laugh gets caught in Shane's throat, turning into a choked off whine. "Do not worry about doing anything else."

"Okay." His voice trembles, feeling as if every nerve ending in his body lights up the moment Ilya drops his weight down onto him. He moans when their lips meet again, eyes slipping closed, a hand on his jaw keeping him in place.

He can feel the prod of Ilya's tongue at the purse of his lip, gently easing his mouth open. The sensation is almost strange—wet and soft and *hot*. He whines quietly, brows furrowing, his thighs tensing against Ilya's sides.

"Good?" Ilya says quietly, spit slick on his bottom lip. Shane can't stop himself from staring at it.

"Uh-huh." He nods dumbly, feeling Ilya smiling into the next kiss, eyes blissfully closed. He feels like he doesn't even need to think, anxiety melting out of him until he doesn't have to do anything but receive what Ilya gives him.

He makes his way down to Shane's jaw this time, a trail of heat that has him craning his head back to give Ilya better access. He kisses the line of Shane's throat, slow, like he's trying to

map out the path with his mouth. Shane's next breath comes out harsher with the bite of teeth at his collarbone, light and teasing, followed by the flat of Ilya's tongue. He wants him to leave a mark, even if the request catches in his chest, stuck behind his lips.

His fingers catch over the back of Ilya's head, clutching carefully at his curls, throbbing between his legs so hard that it almost hurts. "Ilya," he sighs, urging him up again, his breath hitching with a contented sound when Ilya's lips easily find his.

He wonders how long Ilya would let Shane kiss him—wonders if they could lay here for hours until his mouth was raw and bitten red. Until Shane could still taste Ilya at the back of his throat for the next several days to come, his lips tingling with the memory.

And then Ilya's hips slowly start to rock forward, the outline of his cock sliding against him, and Shane startles with a sharp whimper. His brows draw together, mouth dropping open clumsily, his hands darting up to grasp around Ilya's biceps. His spine curves up, his body jolting without even meaning to, a tremor running down the lines of his legs.

But Ilya said to focus on kissing him—so that's what he does, breathless and wet and wholly inelegant. Their tongues brush, spit gathering at the corner of his mouth, every press trying to coax Shane into following his movements. He's panting openly, Ilya's tongue on the bottom row of his teeth, tracing the ridges at the top of his mouth. Shane can't even seem to keep up, his thighs jumping against Ilya's hips with a particularly hard downward thrust, choking on a whimper.

"So sensitive," he murmurs, just enough space between them that Shane can meet his eyes, a string of spit right at the crease of Ilya's chin.

"M'sorry—"

"Shh, it is cute. I like that you are noisy." Ilya looks down and Shane can't help but follow his gaze, watching the way their hips meet, their cocks sliding together through layers of fabric. A small noise falls from Shane's lips, a cottony heat resting right at the base of his skull, heady and floaty. The pleasure pulses through him, deep-rooted, like static electricity buzzing through his nerves.

Ilya taps a finger at the head of his cock and Shane yelps, his spine curving into the touch.

"Do you always get so wet, or is it just for me?"

"Oh, *Jesus Christ*," he hisses, throwing an arm over his eyes, his face so hot it feels like it's going numb. But Ilya doesn't let him hide for more than a few seconds, lacing their fingers together and pushing Shane's hand far above his head.

"Were you hard like this earlier?" Ilya is right in his space again, so close that they are sharing the same air, and Shane's thoughts feel so sluggish it takes him a long moment to register what Ilya is saying.

"What?" He croaks out, blinking up at him owlishly, even if he *knows*—

“You think I did not notice?” Ilya is smiling, sharp and teasing, but something in his eyes seems to pin Shane to the bed—like the thought excites him so much that he can’t seem to hide it. “Were you jealous of her?”

“Shut up,” he says weakly, leaking in his boxers so much that there must be evidence left behind on the front of Ilya’s pants, his hips jolting with every slow drag of Ilya’s pelvis driving into him. His chest is heaving, his own pulse deafening in his ears, and overwhelmed tears are already gathering at the corners of his eyes. He bites down around a whine, eyes squeezing shut, and he can feel his toes curling with how close he is already.

“No, tell me,” Ilya breathes, his thumb catching on Shane’s bottom lip, fingers digging into his cheek. His thumb hooks over the bottom row of Shane's teeth, pressing to the flat of his tongue, his lashes flickering low. “How long have you wanted this?”

Shane whimpers, his head held firmly in place by Ilya’s hand, staring down at his cross swinging between them. He feels like he’s about to come, one hand clutching tightly at his shirt, the other still flexing in Ilya's hold. He can feel how wet he is, sticking to the fabric of his boxers, spit pooling at the corner of his mouth.

“Look at me,” Ilya murmurs and Shane’s eyes snap up, thumb pulling out of his mouth, his knuckle tracing a gentle line along his jaw. He kisses him, a nip of sharp teeth, the ease of his tongue soothing the sting. “Tell me.”

“I—” Shane swallows with a harsh click, his tongue going thick in his mouth, his body rocking with every steady grind of Ilya’s hips. “Yes—*fuck*, I was jealous.” The admission trembles out of him, bottom lip sucked under his teeth, fingers clawing over Ilya’s shoulder.

“Good boy,” Ilya groans, kissing the corner of Shane’s mouth like a reward, his lips catching on tears that Shane hadn’t even realized had fallen. “Fuck, *malysh,* all you had to do was ask. You want me to eat you out, too? Treat you like I did her?” His hands close around Shane’s hips, skating up his waist, delicate fingers tracing the expanse of his ribs. Shane arches into his touch, choking on a moan that only encourages Ilya more.

“Maybe I’ll suck your cock next time. I’ll teach you how, hm?” Ilya’s voice is strained, their foreheads knocking together. “You’d like that?”

Next time. Even the promise of it makes a tight knot untangle behind his ribs, already eager, nodding until he’s dizzy. He wants it so badly he can't think straight.

“*Please*,” Shane whimpers, his head craning to the side, and Ilya takes the hint to kiss him. It’s like a firecracker has gone off inside of his chest, going limp and pliant with a soft moan. His arms lock behind Ilya’s head, legs drawing up at his side, tense and shaking.

“I’m gonna—” he gasps wetly into Ilya’s mouth, blinks through his clumped lashes. “Ilya, I’m gonna come.”

“Yeah?” Ilya goads, two large hand holding his hips down, grinding into him like he’s trying to put him through the mattress. “You’re gonna come for me, Shane?”

“*Fuck*,” He whines, head following back into his pillows with a loud thump, mouth falling open around a choked sound as something goes taught inside of him—and he’s coming in his boxers like a thread snapping, humping up into Ilya like a dog in heat, chest heaving with rambling moans.

He’s gasping, his thighs curling over Ilya’s hips as he rocks him through it, arching into the cradle of Ilya’s hands. He doesn’t think he’s ever come so hard in his life, his fingers cramping where they clench into Ilya’s shirt, clutching tightly for an anchor. His vision goes blurry until Ilya eventually stills, curved over Shane’s body like he’s just as drained. He can feel the heat of Ilya panting on the side of his neck, sweat-slick temples pressed together as they catch their breath.

He pets at Ilya’s dampened curls, nuzzling into the side of his face and receiving a small amused huff. Ilya’s head turns and Shane uses it as an opportunity to kiss him, open-mouthed and slow. Ilya hums into it, just barely holding himself over Shane so as to not be completely dead weight on top of him.

“See,” Ilya murmurs, quiet and breathy into the minimal space between them. “You’re a natural.”

Shane laughs and kisses him again.

End Notes

thank you so much for reading! consider leaving a kudos or comment if you enjoyed, it means soo much xoxo. i might write a part two if i get around to it and ppl wanna see it mwahh

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