

honey, just put your sweet lips on my lips

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/84258086) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/84258086>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Cliff Marlow Cliff Marleau
Additional Tags:	Lifeguard Shane Hollander , Rich Boy Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , POV Shane Hollander , Sub Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Walks Ilya Rozanov Like A Dog , Shane Hollander Has a Praise Kink , Shane Hollander Has a Gay Awakening , Shane Hollander Has a Dildo , Ilya Rozanov is Obsessed With Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , POV Ilya Rozanov , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Ilya Rozanov Misses Irina Rozanova , Ilya Rozanov Hates Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander hates Ilya Rozanov , But actually they love each other , Hockey Injuries , Medical Kink , breath play , Drowning , It's okay though because Shane knows the kiss of life , Ilya Rozanov Teases Shane Hollander , Mentioned Rose Landry , Mentioned Svetlana Vetrova , Mentioned Grigori Rozanov , Mentioned Alexei Rozanov Andrei Rozanov , Minor Character Death , Mentioned Irina Rozanova , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , First Time Blow Jobs , Shane Hollander is a Brat , Shane Hollander Is Bad at Feelings , Shane Hollander is an ex-professional hockey player , Good Boy Shane Hollander , Medical Inaccuracies
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-05-04 Words: 33,274 Chapters: 1/1

honey, just put your sweet lips on my lips

by [godlightilya](#)

Summary

“Ilya, you need to fucking breathe,” Shane was trying to stay calm, but there was something about this situation - about the person at the forefront of this fucking situation - which made this feel different. Shane didn’t like to treat any casualty differently, but this? This really did feel more personal. “Come on. Just take a breath on your own. Just a little one. I can help you, but please, just one on your own.”

Shane went back down, lips on Ilya’s, nose pinched shut, air filling his empty fucking lungs. Shane’s air becoming Ilya’s air. Shane’s air responsible for getting some blood to Ilya’s heart.

OR, lifeguard shane saves rich boy ilya's life, and turns out, they don't hate each other like they both thought they did.

Notes

hi!! welcome <3

this fic is the rich boy ilya and lifeguard shane au i needed to write after seeing hudson in the madwoman video.

this fic has been my baby for two and a half weeks - i have worked on it every single day and i have fallen in love with rich boy ilya and lifeguard shane. i really hope you love them as much as i do.

if you have been following me on the bird app, you will have seen numerous previews and dealt with me yapping about this fic non stop. i am so excited for you to finally have the full fic. i am also immensely grateful for all of your love on the bits you have seen - it really does spur fic writers on to know that other people love something you are creating from a place of passion.

thank you to my emmie for being my #1 hype girl; to em (usa) for going feral with me on this; and to em (non usa) for dissociating over rich boy ilya and lifeguard shane on company hours. you guys are the best. and also to everyone else who has commented on this so far on the other app - thank you so much!!!!

they do get a bit freaky with it in this fic - please make sure you read the tags before you continue!

finally, the fic title is from like real people do by hozier. originally, this fic was called 'kiss of life', but then i listened to this song and boom, new title. fitting title, too.

ps. sorry for any medical inaccuracies / mistakes in this fic. i am not a doctor!!! i just wanted to note that this definitely will not be best practice or at all recommended (since i am not a medical professional)... just wanted to point that out :)

i hope you all love this. that's all i have to say. mwah <3

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Shane Hollander thought Ilya Rozanov was a fucking dick.

He was pretentious. He was a snob. He was conceited in every way possible.

But God, he was fucking *hot*.

Shane Hollander wanted Ilya Rozanov to *fuck him with* his dick.

Even though he was a pretentious, conceited snob.

Always throwing himself at a model, beer in hand and drugs *probably* coursing through his veins. Flaunting his expensive cars, his expensive clothes, his expensive *taste* in quite literally anything and everything, all funded by Daddy's money. Inherited when his brother and father passed away in an accident in Russia.

Maybe that was what made him such a dick. Losing his brother and father when he was twenty. Shane wasn't sure what happened to Ilya's mother, but by all accounts, he had no family left. Shane had spent a lot of time thinking about how losing his parents would ruin his life, turn him into a shell of a man. He too would probably be a pretentious, conceited snob.

Shane Hollander didn't really know Ilya Rozanov too well. They weren't strangers, but they weren't friends. Barely even acquaintances. Just two people who crossed paths more than often enough but who had nothing in common, and therefore no reason to interact. So they didn't.

Other than the stares of intrigue from Ilya every so often. The stolen glances from Shane. Harmless and meaningless. Shane hated Ilya Rozanov anyway.

Ilya Rozanov and his pretentious, conceited, snobbish behaviour.

Honestly, Shane didn't let it bother him.

Like right now, as Shane sat in his lifeguard chair, sun beaming down on his shoulders and burning his skin in the way he liked, on guard at the outdoor pool in Ottawa at the most prestigious country club in the city. The only country club in the city with a golf course spanning the majority of it, an indoor wellness and spa area, then an outdoor pool with an on-site bar.

The only country club in the city that Ilya Rozanov liked to frequent. Ilya Rozanov with his stare so intense that Shane could feel his heart pulsating against the bones in his chest when he caught Ilya staring.

Shane's shift had started an hour ago, at midday, and it had been quiet so far. Mostly older people who were lazing around the pool, nobody actually in the water, giving Shane enough time to think about his life. He did it often. Especially when in this chair.

When Shane was younger, his dream was to become the best hockey player in all of North America. Three nights a week after school, he was at the rink, then on a Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning. He lived and breathed hockey. Cried when he was awarded a scholarship to study and play hockey at the same time. Cried even harder when the Montreal Voyageurs - the best team in Canada and his *dream* team - spoke openly about how they wanted him on their roster.

Shane cried when he finished his first practice session as a Voyageur. He cried in the dressing room when his teammates had all left after the first game they scored because of *his* three goals. He cried when he became the player to score the most goals in their rookie season.

His tears always fell in private, because he didn't want anyone to see him cry, to see how much this meant to him.

Until the day of his accident. The first game of his second season in Montreal. Shane had been nursing pain in his hip for a while, but it was manageable and it didn't affect his game. However, a hit from Cliff Marlow, the best player on the Boston Bears' roster, tore tendons in Shane's hip, left him in excruciating pain on the ice. The pain was so intense that Shane started to stars, tears streaming down his face, sobs vibrating in his rib cage. He knew, in that moment, it was over. All he'd ever wanted, just as he was getting started, had been ripped away from him, and it wasn't even his fault. Advanced hip osteoarthritis was the diagnosis. Shane was devastated.

That was the first time he cried on the ice. In front of his coach, his teammates, his fans. His *parents*. Shane wasn't sure if the tears were because of the pain in his hip or the pain in his heart. He thought it was probably both.

Shane didn't hate Cliff Marlow for what he did. It was an accident. But he wasn't sure who he was without hockey.

He used to swim a lot when he was younger, too. On the side, never professionally, usually as part of his workout routine. He was good at it, probably good enough to become professional, but Shane's heart was in hockey. It was hockey or nothing. So swimming remained a mediocre part of his routine, nothing more than a way to get his heart rate up without ruining his fucking body even more than it already was.

Swimming became more of a thing when he had to retire from hockey at the ripe age of twenty years old. Every morning, he swam. Only a few lengths to start with, but *one more* rapidly became two more, then three more, and ten more. Being in the water became the only place when Shane felt truly in tune with his body, where he was actually in control of every movement in every muscle, in every limb.

Whilst he returned to hockey at twenty two - only two years ago - as Assistant Coach at the Ottawa Centaurs, back in his home town, it was never the same for Shane. So he continued swimming, began teaching kids how to swim, channelled all of his energy into learning emergency first aid, and took the role at the country club as a lifeguard during the summer months.

He loved it, truly, because he was able to help people and take care of people. He was able to swim before and after every shift. He built friendships with people he never imagined he'd be friends with. And not because he was Shane Hollander, ex hockey player who retired early due to injury. He was just *Shane*. He liked that.

But then Ilya Rozanov moved from Boston to Ottawa. Shane wasn't really sure how he ended up in Boston in the first place - probably because he wanted to get away from all the bad memories of Russia, maybe - but he moved to Ottawa and bought a house on the street next to Shane's. So not only did Shane drive past Ilya Rozanov's house every time he wanted to go anywhere, but Ilya Rozanov started fucking showing up at the country club.

With Cliff fucking Marlow. On occasion.

Like today.

Shane knew Ilya Rozanov was pulling up into his own private fucking space in the parking lot because of the horrific noise of his Porsche's engine. Shane thought it the worst sound in the world. But what did that matter? Ilya Rozanov wouldn't care.

He only cared about himself. Money. Cars. Drinking past the point of oblivion.

"Hey, Hollander!" Ilya was on the other side of the empty pool when he shouted Shane's name, rather obnoxiously. Sometimes, they spoke. Pleasantries, that was all. "Saved anyone's life yet today, or do you just sit there all useless like normal?"

Shane didn't respond. He didn't let Ilya's taunts get to him. But it did, at the same time, boil his blood. As Ilya watched him, eyebrows raised, Shane shifted in his seat so he was sat upright, blood rushing to his cheeks.

"Are you mute today too?" Ilya jeered, Cliff beside him, clapping his arm on his shoulder and laughing - fucking *laughing*, like he didn't ruin Shane's life - as Ilya looked around. Shane noticed how his shoulders relaxed when he realised that today was quiet. "*Blyat*. So ignorant. Fuck you too, Hollander."

Ilya sauntered away, Cliff following behind him like he was Ilya Rozanov's fucking protege. Shane wasn't quite sure how they became friends. They probably met at some party for Boston's most prestigious figures - if Ilya Rozanov could be classed as prestigious, or just a prick with more money than sense - and since it was the off-season, he wasn't surprised to see Cliff hanging off of Ilya's shoulders. Here. At the country club. *Like he didn't fucking ruin Shane's life.*

Shane sank back into his chair, hands falling into his lap, as one of the older ladies - Gladys, a regular - descended down the steps and into the water. Shane kept her in his peripheral as she glided up and down, length by length, but his attention was elsewhere.

It was on the pretentious Russian asshole who was standing at the bar, standing side on and every so often, taking a glance in Shane's direction.

Shane would be lying if he said Ilya Rozanov wasn't the most beautiful man he'd ever seen. And Shane wasn't even gay, but he had thought about being beneath Ilya Rozanov, their lips together, his tongue in Ilya's hot mouth, as his hands trailed down Shane's body. But he wasn't gay.

His golden curls shone in the sunlight, the outline of his biceps making Shane twitch in the desperate anticipation of absolutely nothing. Shane just wanted to touch him, wanted to know what his skin felt like. But Ilya was a rich boy, with a net worth even higher than Shane's, and he although he was so beautiful and so endearing, physically, the thought of actually being with someone who had an attitude like Ilya's disgusted Shane. It was just a ridiculous crush built on lust.

"Good afternoon, Shane," Gladys, after exiting the pool, walked past Shane's perch and smiled up at him. "How are you today?"

"I'm good, thank you," Shane smiled, tempted to drop down the steps and stand beside the smaller old woman, instead of look down on her like he was some sort of God. *Rozanov is built like a Greek God*. "How are you, Gladys? Good swim?"

"Oh, always good, Shane," Gladys smiled, waving him off. "It's lovely to see you."

"And you," this is what he loved so much. The genuine conversations he had with genuine people. "Such a lovely day, isn't it? One of the best so far this summer."

"Always lovely when I see you, Shane," Gladys' words made Shane's cheeks go hot. "You are a very handsome man. You remind me of my husband, when he was your age."

"Oh, Gladys," Shane felt himself burning, from head to toe, as he chewed on his lip. He got this often, and although it was harmless, he never knew what to say. "You are very kind."

Gladys smiled, shrugged it off, then waved at Shane before heading back to a lounge on the far side of the pool.

When he turned his attention back to the pool, it was busier. A few people now, all occupying a lane each, swimming back and forth, slow but strong, like they knew what they were doing. Like they weren't going to drown at any minute and need Shane to dive in after them to haul them out and administer the lifesaving first aid he had drilled into his mind.

Shane was a good lifeguard. He was a good swimming instructor. He was a good hockey coach. There had been several occasions where he had to prove just how good he was at his *jobs*, especially this one.

He'd once pulled out a little girl who hit her head on the side of the pool after she slipped and fell in; she was in the water for less than three seconds before Shane was right there beside her, lifting her out and onto the side, checking her over as one stranger reassured her panicking mother and another called an ambulance. She was fine. A bump to the head which came out in an outward lump pretty quickly was a relief for Shane, and she came back the following week with a personalised thank you card, gave Shane a hug and thanked him for looking after her.

Other times, things had been more serious. There was one time an older lady had fallen ill in the pool, dizziness and shortness of breath, and Shane had to help her out less frantically than he usually would because of her age. He demanded his colleague get some orange juice to help bring up her blood sugar and bring over the emergency oxygen tank and mask to support her breathing.

The worst time was when a man went into cardiac arrest in the pool and Shane had to put every single bit of emergency first aid knowledge he had stored in his head into practice to bring him back. After hauling him out and checking for any signs of life - of which there were none - Shane kept a calm, level head and revived the man, by the pool, and kept him conscious until the ambulance arrived.

Some days, nothing happened. On others, Shane realised why his job was so important, why he was needed here.

And today, like many other days, Ilya Rozanov was strutting around the pool like he *owned* this club - which wouldn't really come as a surprise to Shane - scowling at people, drinking too much alcohol and being too fucking loud for Shane's liking.

He returned back to Shane's direct eye line from the poolside bar, a glass of beer in hand, with fucking Cliff trailing behind him again. Shane scoffed. *Does Cliff fucking Marlow not have a fucking backbone?* Ilya, however, left Cliff on a lounge on the other side of the pool and continued walking around the perimeter, flicking his eyes back and forth between his drink and *Shane* as he drew closer. Shane braced for impact as Ilya stopped in front of him.

Ilya looked up.

Shane smirked. At least he had *some* sort of advantage of Ilya Rozanov.

"Hello," Ilya said, a monotonous tone to his Russian accent, which sounded thicker than normal. "Are you going to speak to me today?"

"I'm working, Rozanov," Shane looked at him for hardly even a second, felt his stomach fucking flip, then he dragged his attention back to the pool. Focused on the arm movements of the attractive man doing lengths in the middle lane. "I don't get paid to talk to you."

"What do you get paid to do?" Ilya scoffed, rolling his eyes as he folded his arms across his bare chest, Shane's eyes quickly darting to where Ilya's biceps tightened, one vein particularly prominent against his golden skin. "Sit here all day? Talk to people like shit? You do not save lives, Hollander. You are hardly a real lifeguard."

Shane's hands were in his lap, over his thighs. He forced them into a tight fist so he didn't respond out of pocket.

"I'm a trained lifeguard," Shane cleared his throat. "I'm trained in emergency first aid. Do you even know what that is?"

Or are you too conceited to care about anyone's life other than your own? Shane wanted to add. He squeezed his fists tighter.

“I’m rich, not stupid,” Ilya’s words made Shane feel sick to his stomach. Pretentious. Conceited. A snob. “I know all about emergency first aid. I am good at giving the kiss of life. Or so people tell me.”

“And how many people have told you that, huh?” Shane wanted to laugh in his face. Ilya Rozanov had no fucking idea.

“Lots of people,” he shrugged, all nonchalant and blissfully unaware of how ignorant he was being right now, of how Shane’s job, right here, at this poolside, was the most important out of any job at this entire club. “When I am choking them too hard, and they struggle to breathe a little bit, I give them kiss of life. Is quite easy.”

“Fuck me,” Shane rolled his eyes as he ran his fingers through his hair, noticing how Ilya’s eyebrows lifted and his cheeks turned a soft pink. “You’re incorrigible.”

“I do not know this word,” Ilya shrugged, as he took a sip of his beer. “But it does not matter. I did not come over here to learn from the dictionary of Hollander.”

“So what the fuck do you want then, Rozanov?” Shane snapped, beginning to feel incredibly agitated and annoyed at Ilya because he was distracting him from what was a very important job. “If something happens to anyone in this pool, I need to be in there within seconds to help them. I don’t have the time, or patience, to speak to you, especially when you’re such an asshole. So please, if that’s all, could you leave me alone?”

“God,” Ilya rolled his eyes, exhaling so hard that an angry puff of air escaped from his lips, stealing Shane’s attention again. “If someone dies, is because you are a shit lifeguard, not because I am talking to you.”

“Do you get off on being a complete dick?” Shane couldn’t fucking believe his ears. He glared at Ilya, noticing the brief flinch behind his stoic eyes. “Just because you have more money than sense doesn’t mean you’re better than other people, Rozanov. Whilst I’m on duty, this is *my* pool. If you want to drink your disgusting beer with your rude friend, be my guest, but do it in your corner and away from the poolside.”

“Oh, look at me,” Ilya pounced around, foot to foot, beer sloshing over the rim of the glass, as he looked at Shane. “I am Shane Hollander. I am retired hockey player turned lifeguard. Feel sorry for me. I save people’s lives. I know kiss of life. Look at me.”

“I can get you ejected from this area,” Shane started, desperate to get down from his seat but also refusing to since he was carefully watching over the swimmers in the water. “Your money doesn’t make a fucking difference to me, Rozanov. If you behave out of pocket, I will get you removed. And stop prancing around like a child. Smash that glass and the whole pool needs to be closed to everyone whilst I clean it up.”

“Maybe I should do it,” Ilya teased, swilling the liquid in his glass. “Give you something to do. Or maybe I should get into the water and pretend to drown so you can pretend to save me. Make you feel useful. See if you’re actually any good at giving kiss of life.”

“It’s called mouth-to-mouth resuscitation,” Shane was losing the fucking will to live. “And it’s an extremely important lifesaving treatment for anyone who is not breathing or needs support with their ventilation. It is *not* called the kiss of life.”

Ilya shrugged, like he didn’t care - probably because he didn’t.

“Is kiss of life in my bedroom,” he smiled, his lips curling upwards and his dimples brightening up his entire face. “Do you want to try? I bet I can teach you a thing or two.”

Another person got into the pool. Two people. A mother and her daughter. Shane tensed and shifted closer to the edge of his seat.

“Hollander,” the way his name sounded on Ilya fucking Rozanov’s tongue made Shane’s dick twitch in his pants. In his pathetically red fucking lifeguard shorts. “Hello?”

“Please can you leave me alone?” Shane didn’t even look at Ilya again, too busy trying to stop himself from getting a fucking boner on the clock and in the presence of children because he would lose his job. “I need you to go back to your lounge, or the bar, or wherever the fuck you want, as long as it’s not here. Or I will have to ask you, and your friend, to leave.”

“My friend?” Ilya turned around, head over his shoulder, and looked in the direction of Cliff. “You mean Cliff Marlow? You know him, don’t you?”

“Rozanov,” through gritted teeth, Shane looked down at Ilya, wishing this ridiculously high seat was more intimidating. “I won’t ask you again. Please, go back to your lounge.”

“You should come and see us,” Ilya smiled. “I know Cliff would like to see you. It’s been a while, right?”

Shane didn’t respond. He couldn’t. If he even tried, he would lose his head and say something he would, maybe, regret.

“You are boring,” Ilya taunted, as he stepped away from Shane’s lifeguard station. “A boring lifeguard who says he knows how to save life, but is a liar because he does nothing but sit here all day, looking pretty, pretending like he is professional.”

Looking pretty.

Shane scoffed, “I’m a professional. Hockey coach, swim instructor, lifeguard... what else do you want from me?”

“Shame you are no longer professional hockey player,” Ilya shrugged his shoulders, a tinge of sadness in his voice. “You were good. Too bad you got injured.”

“Fuck off,” Shane was so close to seeing red. To throwing himself off this uncomfortable fucking metal thing with a measly padded seat and gripping Ilya by the shoulders - since he had no collar and only his bare, muscled chest and torso on show - and dragging him back to his lounge, next to his pathetic friend Cliff fucking Marlow. “I’m serious, Rozanov. You need to leave. Go get yourself drunk or something. Spend all your money on alcohol. Go

home and choke someone so hard you have to give them *mouth-to-mouth resuscitation*. I don't care what you do, just get out of my sight."

"My money will never run out," Ilya smiled, taking another gulp from his glass of beer, throwing the alcohol back like it was fucking water. "You underestimate me. How much I am worth. You have seen my house, no? My car collection? I see you, on your runs, going slowly past my house."

Shane swallowed at that.

At the thought of him running slowly past Ilya's house because it was very much the second half of his route, when the pain in his hip started to kick in, and he had to slow down and walk the rest of the way. But Ilya had been watching him? Noticing his routine? *Noticing him?*

Noticing him looking pretty?

"You're always so sweaty, breathing so fast, and you slow down as you pass," Ilya recited Shane's run routine off by heart. Like he'd actually been fucking stalking him. "If I see you, I always think about asking you in to see if you'd like some water. Now I realise I should probably ask you if you need kiss of life. From a real professional."

"Please leave," Shane couldn't bring himself to obsess over Ilya's choice of words. Told himself it was because English was Ilya's second language, even though he was more than fluent enough for him to understand. "Or I will call security."

"And they won't bat an eyelid because it's me," Ilya lifted his hands into the air, beer glass almost empty. "You underestimate me, Hollander. My power. My *influence*."

Ilya studied Shane's face as he said nothing in reply and instead, let his eyes drift to the young girl in the water, who was swimming without armbands alongside her mother.

"Was nice talking to you, Hollander," Ilya's voice sounded like it was getting further away. "Do not let anyone die on your watch. Would be a shame for you, a professional. Keep close eye on everyone in the water."

Ilya wandered away, and Shane used every single last drop of willpower to keep his eyes locked on the young girl the water, analysing every stroke and every movement to make sure she was competent enough to be swimming without a floating aid.

He didn't worry about his competency. He'd taken an emergency first aid course specifically for children so he was entirely covered no matter who he needed to support when they were in danger, but seeing someone like that, especially a child, was always terrifying. Shane's job, as much as it was to save people in distress or danger, was to prevent people from getting to that point at all.

The girl couldn't have been any older than seven, but her strokes were strong, her legs even stronger. Shane was confident that she was able to swim without armbands or a float and just the close supervision of her mother.

He relaxed again. A little. Even though Ilya was on the other side of the pool, standing at the bar again, Shane could feel his gaze. Shane knew, just by flitting his eyelids upwards softly and taking a brief glance over in the direction of the bar, that Ilya was looking straight back at him.

Even though Ilya was cocky with every sentence, the conversation they'd just had was their longest in a long time. And it was all initiated by Ilya. Shane didn't know what the fuck that meant.

Ilya and Shane were two very different people.

Ilya wasted money on cars that sat in his garage. Shane invested his money into a cottage on the outskirts of Ottawa, the rest in his savings.

Ilya drank so much alcohol that his liver was probably beginning to shrink and shrivel under the pressure. Shane chose ginger ale over anything, or water, and never alcohol.

Ilya smoked. Shane hated the smell of cigarette smoke. Ilya liked to party. Shane preferred to stay at home and read. Ilya had sex with beautiful women. Shane had a dildo and hadn't felt sexual touch from anyone in a long time.

They both had money. They were both prominent figures, in their own way. But they were different on so many levels, and Shane couldn't understand why Ilya really wanted anything to do with him.

"Marly!" Ilya's yell from the bar to the other side of the pool was shrill and entirely disruptive to the rest of the club's guests enjoying the Ottawa sunshine. He was so ignorant. It made Shane's blood boil. "You want another beer?"

Cliff Marlow lifted his hand and gave Ilya a thumbs up, sunglasses covering his eyes. Shane couldn't quite understand that this was the same Cliff Marlow who hit him so hard that he ruined Shane's career. He was apologetic then, devastated when he came to visit Shane in hospital after a surgery that did fuck all. And now? Now that he was up Ilya Rozanov's arse, he was a totally different person. A suck up. Or, maybe it was the other way around. Maybe *Ilya* was the one up Marlow's arse, and he was the suck up. Shane knew Ilya liked to fuck men. Maybe he liked to fuck Marlow.

I want him to fuck me.

Shane felt his heart rate get a little quicker in his chest. A dramatic thud, so deep and intense behind his ribcage.

I'm not even gay.

Was it normal to have a man crush? Like how girls had a *girl crush*. Was Shane just experiencing a man crush on the most obnoxious man he'd ever met? Like sure, Ilya Rozanov was annoying and rude and made everyone aware of how much money he had. But he had the most perfect curls, the pinkest lips, the perkier chest he'd ever seen. He had biceps that Shane wanted to bite. Firm abs and a happy trail that Shane wanted to lick. And,

beneath the thin material of his swimming shorts, probably a dick that would make Shane see fucking stars.

But Shane *wasn't* gay.

Yes, he had a dildo and liked to finger himself open slowly and closed his eyes, wishing it was someone else pleasuring him. Then, when the dildo slipped in, he'd hold back tears because he didn't deserve to cry and beg for more of a silicone toy that was more useless than he was. It wasn't enough though, annoyingly for Shane.

But he'd been with multiple girls. And they were all nice. Pretty. They gave Shane good head, always got him off, even though the orgasm was fleeting and over in the blink of an eye. Shane always gave back, and he knew he was good at eating pussy because he felt the muscle spasms, heard the delicate moans, tasted the cum on his lips. It was his way of pleasuring the women he was with. He could give them all his attention that way and distract them from the fact that he couldn't get hard - because he had no interest in *fucking* them - and they would still be somewhat satisfied. Even if Shane wasn't, knowing he was getting his sexual partner off was good enough for him. He still wanted more. He wanted to be fucked. Despite not being gay.

And even though he most certainly absolutely was not in the slightest bit gay, his eyes were wandering away from the twenty five metres of water he was supposed to be constantly surveying towards the pretentious, conceited snob at the pool bar.

With his back towards Shane, Ilya Rozanov threw one shot back. Then another. Then a third. All before taking another pint glass filled to the brim from the barman, and one for Cliff too.

When he turned around to leave the bar and make his way back to the loungers where Cliff was settled, Ilya's eyes grazed slowly over Shane, even from a distance, and Shane was quick to snap his head away. Ilya Rozanov could not catch him looking - *staring* - like a puppy in love. Because Shane was gay, and was not in love with Ilya fucking Rozanov. Jesus.

"Shane?" A small, feminine voice dragged him out of his trance, forcing his eyes away from Ilya's perfect fucking body and instead onto a small girl with a blonde bob. Emily. She took swimming lessons from Shane every weekend, at this pool. Unless it was the hockey season and he was at an away game. "Hi, Shane?"

"Sorry," Shane shook his head, almost in disgust, as he looked down at Emily with her toothless grin and wide eyes. "Hi, Emily. How are you doing?"

"I'm good, Shane," she smiled, as she glanced back over her shoulder at the water. An eight-year-old girl, a beautifully strong swimmer, Emily took lessons because she wanted to be even stronger in the water and maybe even become professional one day. "Excited for our lesson this weekend! I want to hit five lengths in a row."

"I know you can do it," Shane smiled. "You've been adding an extra length on every lesson. You'll definitely hit five this week."

“Thank you,” Emily blushed, cowering behind her own hands, as her dad appeared behind her. “I’m going to practise now with dad watching me, and he’s going to time me as well. I need to get faster. I have a trial in two weeks!”

“Wow, Emily, that’s amazing,” Shane saw so much of his younger self in Emily. The competitiveness. It was what Shane had when he was young, and what he still had now, even though he had no way of channelling it anymore. “We’ll get you to five lengths then we’ll look at your times, okay? How does that sound?”

“It sounds perfect, Shane!” Her smile was wide, even as her dad tapped her shoulder to move her along whilst looking at Shane with a guilty smile. “Thank you. I will see you on Saturday!”

“I’ll see you then, Emily.” Shane waved as the small girl walked towards the side of the pool with her dad, sitting on the edge and dropping herself into the water, bringing her goggles over her eyes.

Although Shane knew she was a strong swimmer because he saw her develop in every single lesson, but he still cast an eye in her direction every so often, just to make sure she really was fine.

And she was, every time.

The pool was busier now. People of all ages, regulars and new faces, swimming lengths, all at different paces. At the far side of the pool, younger children were bobbing about in the arms of their parents, firm armbands around their little arms. Shane watched everyone attentively to make sure they were okay, nobody in danger, and everybody going about their normal days.

He relaxed a little. Leaned backwards in his chair and stretched his arms above his head.

Ilya Rozanov was *staring*.

With his glass of beer pressed to his lips, Cliff Marlow talking at him and not to him, Ilya fucking Rozanov was staring at *Shane*. Not a hurtful stare, but instead, one filled with intrigue. Like he was judging Shane, in a good way.

Shane met his eyes, but only for a second, because his stomach flipped and anxiety kicked in. He couldn’t. He *wouldn’t*. Not now. Not with *him*.

Ilya turned his attention away from Shane and focused it all on Cliff Marlow. He just *looked* rich. Expensive sunglasses, even more expensive watch. Gucci swimming shorts, probably. Even the way Ilya Rozanov moved made him look rich.

“Stop it, Shane,” he mumbled under his breath, shaking his head and forcing himself to look at the other end of the pool. “Don’t stoop to his level. You’re better than that.”

But he couldn’t stop thinking about how Ilya sauntered over to Shane’s lifeguard station, standing below him next to the high metal seat, resting on the steps. Looking up at Shane.

Talking to Shane. Being an asshole, claiming he knew the *kiss of life* when Shane was probably quite certain Ilya was selfish enough to have never taken a first aid course in his life. Ilya would probably let somebody die over even trying to save them because he thought he was untouchable. That pissed Shane off.

“Fuck you, Marly!” Ilya’s voice was loud, and it rang through Shane’s ears like a high pitched cry. That was it. He’d had enough.

Shane climbed down from his seat and placed the *Lifeguard NOT On Duty* sign over the steps, angry and probably red in the face because he had to leave his post because of the pretentious, conceited snob that was Ilya Rozanov.

“Look,” Shane snapped, as he approached the loungers where Ilya and Cliff were sitting. “I get you guys are having a good time. You both pay to be here, etcetera etcetera. But so does everyone else. There are children here. And nobody wants to hear your loud, obnoxious swearing. So can you please, *please* keep it down?”

“Angry Shane Hollander,” Ilya laughed. “Meow, *kotik*. You’re feisty. I like it.”

Shane forced his fingers into a fist, biting on his tongue to keep himself from snapping, but he wasn’t sure if it was worth it anymore.

“Ilya,” Shane looked at him, almost breathlessly, as he took in the beauty of his bright blue eyes and the dark mole on his cheek. “*Mr Rozanov*. Please, can you just be considerate of the other guests?”

“*Mr Rozanov*,” Ilya leaned forward, elbows on his thighs. “I like that a lot. Is like you respect me, which you should. You know who I am after all.”

“You’re a guest at this club, like everyone else,” Shane’s arm glided backwards, signalling towards all the other people who were also *trying* to enjoy the sunshine. “I don’t care how fucking rich you are. You’ll respect this space, and everyone else here, or I’ll get you removed. You’re not better than anyone else here, Ilya.”

“God, Shane,” Ilya leaned forwards and Shane’s eyes couldn’t help but scour Ilya’s firm chest, broad shoulders, the soft skin on his neck. “I like this version of you. I bet you’re fun in bed. I bet you’d get all hot and flustered and bothered, but so submissive. I bet you’d need the *kiss of life*, wouldn’t you?”

“Can you sort him out?” Shane looked at Cliff, his stomach churning as he met the eyes of the man who ruined his career. “Please. I don’t get paid enough to deal with the bullshit of grown men.”

“Cry more, Hollander,” Ilya scoffed. “Fuck off back to your pathetic little lifeguard chair. Someone’s drowning behind you and you’re standing here talking to me.”

Shane turned his head to check if anyone in the water actually needed his help, but the water was calm.

“You’re a fucking asshole,” Shane spat, stepping backwards. “God help you if you ever end up drowning in that pool. I might just forget how to give mouth-to-mouth resuscitation then.”

“You wouldn’t let that happen to me,” Ilya smiled. “Wouldn’t be able to live with it. Maybe I’ll give it a go, just to see if you’re as good as you claim to be.”

“Fuck you,” Shane turned to walk back around half of the pool’s perimeter to his seat, but first, he looked at Cliff. “And fuck you, too. You’re just as bad as he is.”

It felt like pure relief, aiming those words towards Cliff and getting them off his chest. It wasn’t resentment he felt towards Cliff - even though his hit was hard enough to prematurely end Shane’s hockey career - and he was over it, but at times like this, when he saw Cliff behaving like he hadn’t a care in the world, everything came rushing back. The anger. The frustration. The *sadness*.

Cliff said nothing. Ilya, of course, opened his mouth to have the final say.

“Meow,” Ilya’s taunt ran through Shane’s body, a shiver rushing down his spine and a tinge of blood running to his cock. “*Moy kotik*.”

That fucking word again.

Kotik.

Shane had no fucking idea what it meant. He didn’t speak a single word of Russian, nor did he have any plans to learn. He already spoke three languages: English, French and Japanese. That was enough for him.

But he really fucking wanted - no, *needed* - to know what *kotik* meant. *Moy kotik*. It sounded so sensual as it slowly rolled off of Ilya’s tongue.

But his phone was in his locker and he wouldn’t have access to it until the end of his shift. He had a phone beside his seat, but he only used it if he needed to call the emergency services. He was very strict about using his phone at the poolside, and he wasn’t about to use the 911-only phone to type *kotik in English* into Google.

As Shane got himself comfortable in his seat again, he cast his eyes across the pool, top to bottom and everywhere in between, looking in the direction of Ilya’s lounge behind his sunglasses.

Kotik. Moy kotik. My something.

There was absolutely no fucking way in hell he was going to get through another five hours without knowing. He was so hot and flustered, blood rushing both to his cheeks and to his dick, that he didn’t quite know what to do with himself. He was certain that he looked like a right fool to anyone who caught a glimpse of him, one hand in his lap to cover his hardening cock and the other beside his mouth, thumb between his lips. How embarrassing.

Getting hard over the way the most inconsiderate man to ever walk the planet spoke to him, at work, in a public place. Shane deserved to be humiliated, publicly, for that.

“Pull yourself together, Shane,” he muttered, under his breath, lifting his sunglasses from his eyes and shoving them into the mesh pocket which hung over his chair. “You’re at work. Someone could drown right now and you’d need to save them with a hard dick. Grow the fuck up.”

Shane stiffened, his upright posture tighter than before, as he shuffled around in his bright red swimming shorts.

He focused on the old man who was swimming lengths, slowly, up and down, and up and down. He glanced at the young boy who was jumping excitedly at the side of the pool, his mother telling him to calm down, and Shane begging him to listen so he didn’t slip, crack his head on the side of the pool and fall in.

He counted the lengths this man was swimming in his head. Listened to the delighted screams of the small boy. Didn’t look in Ilya Rozanov’s direction again.

There was always a dip in the late afternoon at the country club. Every day during the summer, at four, the pool seemed to quieten considerably, with only one or two guests lazing on a lounge if the sun was still warm.

Today was no different.

There was one middle aged woman in the fast lane, putting times in per length like she was preparing for the Olympics, and only man on a lounge in the far corner, directly in Shane’s eye line.

A man was generous. He was more like a boy. Well, looked like a man, behaved like a boy.

Ilya fucking Rozanov.

Lying on the lounge, a fresh beer in hand - probably his fifth or sixth of the day - sunglasses covering his eyes and his big, firm hand resting gently over the soft skin on his torso.

Cliff left about two hours ago. Shane watched his interaction with Ilya, watched as he tried to force his friend to leave with him, but Ilya shrugged him off with a wave of his hand and an eventual middle finger. Cliff said nothing else, just looked over at Shane, made direct eye contact with him, then headed towards the sliding doors into the main building.

Shane didn’t understand why Ilya hadn’t left with Cliff. There was literally no reason for him to stay. Surely he could go back to his fancy fucking mansion and drink there, around his own pool, and didn’t have to be here, in public, at Shane’s. Kind of Shane’s. Shane’s when he was on duty.

Instead of leaving to go and drink somewhere else, either with the perfect, petite models he liked to kiss or with his other rich, asshole friends, Ilya stayed put, on the same lounge. He

lay still for a while, like he'd fallen asleep in the sun, and Shane was beginning to get concerned about whether Ilya Rozanov still had a fucking pulse, but just before Shane was about to get up to go and check on him, Ilya had shifted, rubbed his eyes and sat up. He looked dazed, confused, soft pink cheeks from the warmth of the sun.

When he first sat up, Ilya had looked at Shane straight away, as if to check he was still by the pool, still on shift, and Ilya hadn't missed him. And as soon as their eyes had met, all Shane could think of was *moy kotik*, on a sickening, lingering loop in his head.

Even now, as the woman in the fast lane stopped at the far end of the pool, pressed a button on her watch to end her workout and climbed out of the pool using the steps, Ilya was still lazing on the lounge, taking a sip of his beer every so often. And because Shane's shift didn't finish until six, when the outdoor pool closed on a weekday evening, there was nothing he could really do about Ilya Rozanov's continued presence.

So, as he usually did every other day when the afternoon slump came, Shane took the opportunity to complete his poolside maintenance tasks. Making sure the poolside was clean and litter-free, ensuring the temperature of the water was right, checking that the first aid kit and life buoys were all in their designated places, were all little menial tasks that Shane actually enjoyed doing to split up his day and allow for some movement in his hip. Sitting for too long, especially up high and at a ninety degree angle, sometimes left his joints stiff and sore.

Shane covered his seat with the *Lifeguard NOT On Duty* sign again, before climbing down the ladder and meeting the ground with his feet. For a second, he held onto the metal of the high lifeguard chair, closing his eyes as he rubbed his hip gently, a few firm circles with his fingertips to alleviate the stiffness a little. Shane paused then took a breath before beginning to focus on his tasks, beginning with the first aid kit and checking it was still in its place - he knew it was, because he checked at the start of his shift too - and then tapped the orange and white life buoy.

Shane thought he would check the changing rooms first - check they were clean and presentable - before he began cleaning outside. He made his way into the main building, avoiding Ilya, even though he could feel some sort of pull between them, his head telling him it was a terrible idea but something inside of him saying otherwise. He kept his head down, eyes on the doors, and walked straight ahead.

Ilya could do whatever he wanted when Shane was inside, but Shane just hoped to God that he paid attention to the *Lifeguard NOT On Duty* sign and he didn't do anything stupid. Like fucking drown himself. Or go anywhere near the pool's edge, especially with the amount of alcohol that was in his system. It put Shane on edge a little. Made him want to speed run through checking the changing rooms were tidy and the showers were clean too.

As expected, they were all clean. Pretty much spotless. There was a cleaner who worked throughout the entire club during the day, and Shane knew that cleaning the indoor and outdoor pool and the changing rooms was high on the list. Completed, like clockwork, at twelve each day. It meant Shane could focus on being outside on duty at the busiest times.

Once he did a final sweep, Shane headed back outside, ready to start cleaning, the sun momentarily blinding him as he first stepped back out onto the outdoor pool side. It was so bright and intense that it blocked his vision for a second and he needed some time to rub his eyes and allow them to adjust to just how bright the sun was as it fell lower and lower in the sky.

When his vision returned to normal a couple of seconds later, he looked at the water first, to check if anyone new had climbed in for a swim.

His heart fucking plummeted to his stomach when he saw the body of a man with dark curls face down in the water.

“Oh,” Shane rushed towards the water. “*Fuck!*”

As his heart hammered away in his own chest, he dived in, swimming closer towards the body which was in the far corner of the pool, the furthest distance away from where he was. It was like his strong strokes and fast kicks weren’t quick enough to get him there, to reach out for the body, to know he was close.

When he felt the skin that wasn’t his own, soaked and cool, Shane lifted his head from the water and wrapped his arms, muscles tense and firm, around the body and treading water, swimming backwards towards the side of the pool. He lifted the unconscious body out of the water, hauling them upwards and onto the firm surface of the poolside.

As Shane lay the unconscious person on their back, slowly lowering them to the ground and glanced at their face, his heart faltered, dropped a little further, and he felt like he was going to be sick.

Ilya Rozanov.

The same Ilya Rozanov who had been taunting Shane all day, teasing him and getting under his skin with every single breath, every sentence. Now lying here, bare and unconscious. Lips parted and cheeks pale.

Oh, God.

Shane was gone from his post for no more than five minutes. But he knew better than anyone that it only took a matter of seconds for water to enter the lungs and for anyone, even the strongest of swimmers, to fall victim to something which looked so calm and innocent.

“Ilya,” Shane tapped Ilya’s face carefully, his blood turning cold when Ilya’s head moved freely at his touch. “*Fuck*. Ilya, can you hear me?”

When Ilya didn’t respond, Shane shifted from normal human being to lifeguard with only one job: to save his life. He caught a glimpse of a small golden cross around Ilya’s neck, and he made sure the chain was loose, not wanting it to restrict Ilya’s airway any more than he feared it already was.

He created a fist with his hand, giving Ilya a firm and quick sternal rub, knowing that if he was conscious and just slow, he would most certainly respond to the force of this.

But there was fucking nothing.

“Hey, you’re okay,” Shane muttered, as he slipped two fingers to Ilya’s neck, checking for a carotid pulse. Not strong and not weak, but there. Steady. “Okay, you’ve got a pulse. That’s good.”

It was good. But as Shane knew all too well, this situation could change so fucking quickly. If Ilya’s heart stopped, they were in trouble. Nobody else was around. The damn fucking phone was by Shane’s chair.

Shane placed his ear over Ilya’s parted lips whilst placing his hand on his torso, to feel something - *anything* - against his own skin. A puff of air from his mouth or his chest rising. But he felt nothing.

“Right,” Shane needed to make sure Ilya’s airway was open and clear, so he carefully tilted Ilya’s chin backwards, supporting his head. “Come on, Ilya. You need to breathe.”

Shane pinched Ilya’s nose and, without hesitation, like all of that damned fucking teasing hadn’t occurred throughout the day, he placed his lips over Ilya’s creating a seal and *breathing*. Checking to see if Ilya’s chest was rising with his breath. He was relieved to see the slight movement in Ilya’s upper half, but it wasn’t unaided, and that wasn’t enough.

“Come on,” Shane gave Ilya another breath, the empty feeling in his mouth as Ilya’s cheeks puffed out with the air making Shane feel sick. “Fuck. Come on!”

He was so limp. So lifeless. There was no air in his lungs and that could lead to a lack of a heartbeat. That’s what terrified Shane.

So he kept going. Ilya’s nose pinched, head tilted back but supported by Shane’s other hand. Each breath, lasting for just over a second, enough for Ilya’s lungs to fill with air momentarily.

“Ilya, you need to fucking breathe,” Shane was trying to stay calm, but there was something about this situation - about the *person* at the forefront of this fucking situation - which made this feel different. Shane didn’t like to treat any casualty differently, but this? This really did feel more personal. “Come on. Just take a breath on your own. Just a little one. I can help you, but please, just one on your own.”

Shane went back down, lips on Ilya’s, nose pinched shut, air filling his empty fucking lungs. Shane’s air becoming Ilya’s air. Shane’s air responsible for getting some blood to Ilya’s heart.

If Ilya’s pulse disappeared in Shane’s hands, Shane wasn’t quite sure what he would do. Well he was sure. He was very fucking sure because he recited the lifesaving skills he’d learnt and refreshed on several first aid courses almost every night, without even realising. He would

start CPR immediately, thirty compressions to two breaths, and he would get the defibrillator so it was close by. Shane knew what he was doing. He just needed Ilya to cooperate.

Shane paused then to check Ilya's pulse, to see if it was still as steady as before. Maybe it was slowing, Shane had to fully focus to count, but it was there. That gave him some hope.

"Just take a breath, Ilya," Shane didn't stop. One breath every five seconds, lasting for a second each. "You need to stay with me. Come on."

If he hadn't left his post, this would never have happened. Ilya wouldn't have fucking drowned on Shane's watch. Ilya wouldn't be lifeless. He would be fucking with Shane, teasing him and pissing him off, but breathing on his own.

Shane checked Ilya's pulse again. A little stronger. More regular. He moved his ear to Ilya's lips. Still no breathing.

"Fuck," Shane shook his head. "Fuck, fuck, fuck! Come on, Ilya. Breathe. Just fucking breathe."

Shane tilted Ilya's head back further and checked inside his mouth to see if his airway was blocked. But it was all clear, and he wasn't concerned about the breaths getting into his lungs, but instead, was concerned about why Ilya wasn't breathing on his own.

Another pinch of the nose led to another breath, and Shane noticed that Ilya's chest was moving more in between each one, like he was trying to breathe on his own. Like he didn't need Shane to assist him as much anymore.

"Come on," Shane tapped Ilya's face again, his skin warmer now, before he sealed their lips together once more.

When he felt it, the air blowing back into his own mouth, Shane pulled away and was quick to force his fingers to Ilya's neck, his hand resting on his bare chest. Movement. A rise and a fall. A gag on his own breath. A splutter, like he was about to throw up.

Shane wasted no time in rolling Ilya into the recovery position, confident that he was finally - *fucking finally*, after what felt like a lifetime - breathing on his own.

He kept his fingers pressed to Ilya's carotid pulse point, needing to monitor him in every single immediate second, because if something went wrong, he needed to know about it, fast.

"Slow breaths," Shane spoke clearly, feeling a wave of relief wash over him, as Ilya coughed and very blatantly - loudly - took in his own air. "That's good. You're good. You're fine. Just breathe."

Shane really needed to call 911. Even though Ilya was conscious and breathing, he still needed to be checked over in a hospital, for things Shane couldn't check for on the side of an outdoor pool at a country club.

"Shane," Ilya coughed, his hand twitching as he tried to reach for Shane's body, for something to hold on to, but Shane was still behind him, holding him steady in the recovery

position. “*Shane*. Roll me.”

“You need to stay like this for now, Ilya,” Shane was calm. His own heart rate was slowing but the adrenaline was working fast, coursing through his veins, making him feel like he was on top of the fucking world. “Just whilst your lungs catch up. Just so I know you can breathe unaided. But you’re not alone. I’m here. I’m not going anywhere.”

Ilya didn’t respond. He just coughed softly, swallowed hard, and Shane knew he was likely to feel a little dizzy and disoriented, so he kept checking his pulse. Kept himself close so he could hear each one of Ilya’s breaths.

“Help,” a few seconds later, Ilya managed to choke out a word that had Shane panicking again. “Can’t breathe.”

Instinctively, Shane rolled Ilya onto his back again, carefully cushioning his neck. His eyes were open, his cheeks regaining colour.

Shane checked Ilya’s pulse again. All fine. He watched his chest and how it rose and fell. All fine. Shane raised an eyebrow.

“Need more,” Ilya mumbled, eyes locking onto Shane’s in a way which made Shane feel like he’d been stabbed straight through his own lungs, his own air becoming restricted and hard to take in.

“You’re okay, Ilya,” Shane smiled. As much as Ilya Rozanov pissed him the fuck off, he had just been fucking revived by the side of a pool and he needed reassurance. “I know it might feel strange, but your breathing is fine. You’re okay. Just relax.”

“No,” Ilya grunted. “Kiss of life. Need more.”

Shane’s eyes almost popped out of his fucking head.

Kiss of life.

Ilya tried to lift his hand in the direction of Shane’s mouth, but he didn’t have the strength yet.

“Please,” Ilya parted his lips. “Just one more. Will help.”

Shane shook his head. He wouldn’t. He *couldn’t*. As soon as a patient was breathing entirely unaided, there was no need for him to help them anymore. And the rules were no different for Ilya Rozanov.

“You did not forget,” Ilya’s voice was raspy. “Kiss of life. Need *more*.”

“Your breathing is fine, Ilya,” Shane leaned backwards, away from Ilya’s body, and spoke with a firm tone. “You’re fine. Just lie here. Stay put. You’re okay.”

Shane, not removing his eyes from Ilya’s defeated body, rushed back to his lifeguard station and reached for the phone. Ilya needed to get checked out, properly, and Shane needed him to

be taken away, by a professional.

He felt very fucking unprofessional right now.

Because as he was giving Ilya air - as Ilya was relying on *him* to stay alive - all Shane could think about was how soft Ilya's lips were, how sweet they tasted, how warm his mouth was.

How all he wanted to do was kiss him, and for Ilya to *kiss him back*.

Shane didn't see Ilya at the country club for the rest of the summer after the incident. Shane worked every day, minus a couple here and there, and not once did Ilya show up to be obnoxiously loud around the pool or traipse over to Shane's lifeguard chair to piss him off.

Shane thought maybe he would see one of Ilya's many ridiculously expensive cars parked at the front of the country club as he was leaving and locking his own before starting a shift, or maybe he would be halfway through his day when the vibrations from the engine reverberated around the club as Ilya pulled up and put his car into park. But there was nothing.

Just an uncomfortable silence, which Shane thought he would be fond of, but actually, he fucking despised it.

Ever since Ilya was taken to hospital, wheeled away from Shane into the back of an ambulance - looking fragile and nervous and *scared* - Shane hadn't stopped thinking about what happened.

He'd been asking himself, over and over, about what the fuck Ilya had been doing in the few minutes Shane was away from his seat, using the quietest time of the day to sort the other tasks that were his responsibility on shift, to end up face down in the water, not breathing.

He'd been *blaming* himself.

I should never have left my seat to go clean up. I should never have left him alone when he was so full of alcohol. I should never have taken my eyes off of him.

Shane had spent a few nights lying awake, flat on his back, thinking about how seeing Ilya's body face down in the water sent a sickening shiver down his spine. Every time he tried to close his eyes, he saw Ilya, floating helplessly, felt Ilya's soaking skin beneath his hands.

There was one night when he thought going to Ilya's front door and staying put on the step, ringing the doorbell over and over again until he answered. But he was too scared to do that. Either Ilya would tell him to fuck off or he would say nothing at all, and Shane wasn't sure which was worse.

So he just continued as normal, even if the thoughts he was having were *far from normal*, hoping that he would bump into Ilya one day soon. Just to see him and see that he was okay. That's all Shane wanted.

He didn't want to kiss him, or touch him, or taste him. Of course he didn't want that. It would be stupid and irresponsible, and not only because Shane wasn't gay, but also because Ilya probably hadn't even given it a second thought. Ilya was so fucking obnoxious and oblivious that he probably didn't even think about Shane saving his life. No idea that if Shane was away for even a minute or so longer, the situation could've been ten times worse.

"Fuck," Shane hauled himself out of the pool, using the steps, because he couldn't put the strain on his hip. "Jesus, Shane."

The hockey season restarted in two days. Shane was due to be at the rink on Monday morning, but he'd bashed his hip and his doctor had strictly instructed him not to get on the ice, or do any form of physical activity that wasn't swimming, for at least a week. So he was playing assistant coach from the sidelines, not allowed to get involved on the ice, and that made him miserable. Sometimes, Shane thought that maintaining a career in hockey made him more miserable than having nothing to do with hockey at all.

He wasn't doing it for the money. He didn't need the money. Shane still had the brand deals he'd signed when he was playing, with Rolex and CCM and all of his other partners not wanting to sever ties, so they switched up the approach of any campaign involving Shane. He made plenty money lifeguarding and through his swimming lessons. He was more than a millionaire. He loved hockey. But he wasn't sure how much longer he could keep reminding himself that he would never play a game of competitive hockey again.

So here he was, at the pool, desperate to get all of the pent up energy out of his system. He arrived an hour ago - just after eight, because the indoor pool at the country club closed to members and guests at eight, with staff members getting an hour and a half to themselves, and nobody really made use of it. Shane thought that was weird, but it also didn't bother him, because it meant he could swim and swim and swim until he was aching and couldn't take anymore. He could block everything else out, the sensation of the water in his ears silencing everything but his breathing.

Shane, with a heaving chest, sat on the edge of the pool, running his fingers through his soaking hair.

He was a mess. Everything was a mess.

Shane had spent the last week and a half thinking about Ilya Rozanov. *Worrying* about Ilya Rozanov.

"Grow up," Shane muttered under his breath as he lifted himself to his feet, grunting when he felt the twang of pain in his hip. It was over in a second. Swimming always helped. "You're straight. Into women."

Shane grabbed his towel and his water, then slipped his feet into his sliders. He wrapped the towel around his waist and headed into the changing room. He would shower now, then

shower again when he got home, but even then, two scolding showers wouldn't be enough to wash him of his fucking sins.

Shane first met Ilya three years ago, out at a club in Montreal with his ex-girlfriend turned best friend, Hollywood actress Rose Landry. They dated for two months before Rose admitted she was interested in a Russian girl she'd met on set for her latest movie. Shane felt a wave of relief when she admitted that to him, because he'd known that he wasn't pleasing Rose, that he wasn't doing it for her in more departments than the bedroom, so they split and Shane played wingman.

It was because of Rose's *Russian girl* and now girlfriend, Svetlana Vetrova, that Shane and Ilya crossed paths. They were childhood best friends - their fathers in business together - and Svetlana moved to Boston shortly after Ilya did, to work in one of her father's car dealerships. It was at her birthday party, three long years ago, that Shane walked into the club, arm linked through Rose's, and Ilya fucking Rozanov was at the door, hand on Svetlana's back, a stupid goofy grin on his face.

Of course, Shane knew of Ilya before that. Not just through Rose talking about him, but because there was nobody in the entirety of Canada who didn't know Ilya Rozanov. After terrorising all the clubs and models in Boston with his money, driving round the entirety of the city with every single car in his garage, throwing his money away in casinos and throwing himself at women, Ilya Rozanov was a very well known man. An influential man, some people used to call him.

Then, when he moved to Ottawa, Shane slowly started to understand why he was all of those things. Terrorising. Influential. A pretentious, conceited snob.

Their first meeting, in the dingy ass nightclub that Shane didn't really want to be in anyway because not only did he hate the loud music or the bright lights and the sheer amount of bodies everywhere, but he hated alcohol and he hated partying. He only went with Rose because it was for her girlfriend's birthday. He didn't expect to be terrorised by Ilya Rozanov's fucking eyes the entire night.

He also didn't expect to be terrorised by the thought of Ilya Rozanov's hands and lips every day since.

So, whenever he saw Ilya, by choice or not, Shane always made the executive decision to ignore him. Even when Ilya became persistent, like at the pool hours before he fucking drowned, Shane tried his very best to ignore him and pretend like he didn't exist.

It was better that way.

So, after Shane had washed away some of his sins, which included thinking about having Ilya Rozanov horizontal again - maybe on a bed this time, with Shane's lips pressed to his, not breathing for him but sharing his air instead, kissing him, feeling his warm tongue in his mouth - he slipped out of the showers, towel around his waist, dick hard behind the material.

He groaned, embarrassed, and palmed his fucking dick to try and get it to go down. That's when he heard it.

The soft mutter of *fuck* in a thick Russian accent. The click of a locker door closing.

Shane, with water droplets falling from his hair, down his neck and onto his chest, dick still hard beneath his soft white towel, didn't even need to look at who was also standing in the changing rooms, mere centimetres away from him, to know who he was about to face.

"Ilya."

Shane's hand flew to his crotch. The reason why he was hard was standing right in front of him, within touching distance, shirt off, chest exposed, black tank top in his hands. Shane could see the sweat on Ilya's skin, shining under the soft changing room lights. He wanted to lick it off and savour the taste on his tongue. His dick fucking *ached*.

Not gay, Shane.

Fucking Ilya. He wasn't a member of staff, so Shane didn't understand why he was still here in the first place, but if he asked, he would probably get a dumb ass response: *oh, I have money, Shane. I get what I want, Shane.*

Ilya looked at him, head to toe, eyeing up every single inch of Shane's skin like he hadn't seen his bare chest or his firm biceps before and focusing on his lips for a second too long. Shane felt like he was being examined, or worse, judged, and he wanted the Earth to open up at his feet and swallow him whole. Shane took care of himself, he was in perfect fucking shape and he wasn't afraid of people seeing his body, but under Ilya's watchful eye, he felt vulnerable.

"Do you have problem, Shane?" Ilya cleared his throat, avoiding Shane's eyes at first, and Shane watching so closely as his eyes fell to the one place they simply could not go. "You look... uncomfortable."

"I'm fine," Shane smiled, bending his leg and trying to position himself so that his rock hard cock wasn't actually visible, but instead, he just looked like he'd popped his already sore hip out of place. "Thanks."

"You look like you have problem," Ilya gestured towards Shane's crotch. "Does not look normal or comfortable."

"I said I'm fine," Shane didn't mean to snap, but he was frustrated, blood rushing to his head and his dick and his cheeks. "I don't have a problem."

"Okay."

Ilya turned around, his toned back now facing Shane, who couldn't help but stare at the perfect ridges in Ilya's back. He felt an urge to step closer and trace his fingers around the curves of each firm muscle, to draw constellations between the gorgeous moles on Ilya's skin.

But he didn't, and they fell into silence, only the sound of Ilya's bag zipping up filling Shane's ears as he stood there like a fucking fool. Just watching Ilya.

Like you should've been on the day he drowned, Shane.

Shane knew that if he didn't say something to break the silence between them, Ilya would leave, and Shane wouldn't see him again for who knows how long, and he wasn't quite sure if he could do that.

So he cleared his throat, "how are you doing?"

Ilya's head snapped upwards, his hands lifting from the black Louis Vuitton holdall bag he'd pulled a hoodie from, and his entire body seemed to turn tense, like he didn't want Shane to ask him that question. It felt like the equivalent of a *fuck you* and it made Shane want to pull away, apologise and run out of the changing rooms, only his towel covering his dignity, which he was losing rapidly because his goddamn fucking cock was still hard.

"I am fine." Ilya lifted the bag and went to haul it onto his shoulder.

"Good," Shane didn't want him to leave. "Did they keep you in the hospital long?"

Ilya put his bag down again, tilted his head so he could feel a pull in his neck, then turned to face Shane.

Shane, who was still standing in a pair of sliders with a towel wrapped around his waist, awkward and uncertain of what to do next. He just looked at Ilya. Took in his red cheeks, the mole on his face, those perfect, sweet fucking lips.

"No," Ilya shrugged. "No fluid in my lungs. Everything was normal on my tests. They let me go home."

Shane nodded, slowly, relief washing over him. He was pleased that he hadn't fucked Ilya's lungs up, pleased that his ignorance hadn't caused any complications.

"Good."

The tension in the air between them and the sheer awkwardness of this situation - Shane half naked with a leaking dick and Ilya with a sheer layer of sweat on his skin - was thick.

"Is that everything?" Ilya cleared his throat as he checked his watch, and suddenly, Shane felt infuriated, angered, that Ilya could be such a fucking dick. But who was he kidding? Shane knew, from the very first moment they crossed eyes at Svetlana's birthday party, that Ilya Rozanov was a dick. "I can leave now? Or do you have more questions for me?"

"What is your fucking problem?" Shane stepped closer, making sure the towel was tucked securely around his waist so it didn't fall and expose *his* problem to Ilya.

"I don't have a problem," Ilya fucking *mocked* him. "I just finished my workout and wanted to go home. But here *you* are."

"Oh," Shane laughed as he nodded, the ache in his crotch slowly disappearing as anger replaced the arousal in his blood. "I get it. I just wanted to check in on you, you know, after

you got yourself into a fucking pool whilst full of alcohol, and drowned to the point where you stopped breathing.”

Ilya scowled, like a flicker of rage coursed through his veins in that singular moment.

“Oh!” Ilya laughed. “I am sorry, lifeguard Shane. I am sorry that I broke your rules. I am sorry that I wanted to cool off and swim.”

“Are you serious, or are you just fucking dumb?” There was, quite simply, no way Ilya was this stupid. Of course, he had money, but surely that didn’t make him this much of an idiot. “*Cool off and swim?* You were drinking all fucking day. Any sane person knows that getting into a pool of water after consuming that much alcohol is a bad idea. Your coordination is weaker, control over your breathing is weaker and your ability to stay conscious is weaker.”

“I do not care, Hollander,” Ilya lifted a hand in the air, dismissive and ignorant. “You are so fucking boring. So annoying. Oh, you are lifeguard who pulls me out of water and gives me kiss of life—“

“Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation,” Shane butted in, creating a fist. “How many fucking times?”

“Kiss of life, mouth-to-mouth resuscitation,” Ilya shrugged his shoulders. “Is same thing.”

“It’s not the same thing,” Shane shook his head. “The kiss of life is an older term and it’s been romanticised too much. You shouldn’t use it.”

“I said I do not fucking care, Hollander,” Ilya stepped closer to Shane. “What do you want from me? An apology for getting into your pool? A medal for pulling me out of it? Whatever you want to shut you up, I will get for you.”

“I don’t want anything,” except your lips on mine again. “I don’t want anything from you. I just was being a decent human being and checking in on you, not that you’d know what being a decent human being is like.”

“Fuck you,” Ilya spat, the vein in his neck bulging, Shane’s eyes almost popping out of their sockets at the sight.

“Fuck you, too,” Shane didn’t know he could get so angry because of one person’s fucking attitude, but Ilya Rozanov was about to take the gold medal for it. “You’re so self-centred. Do you know how much danger you put yourself in? If I didn’t come out of the changing rooms when I did, you would’ve been in the water even longer, putting more strain on your lungs and pressure on your heart. You could’ve died.”

Ilya just looked at him, a look of complete nothingness on his face. His eyes, almost blank, as he looked directly at Shane. Like he didn’t give a fuck. Like he didn’t care if he died.

“I will get a medal for you,” after a few seconds, Ilya nodded. “Yes. That will make you happy, so I will get you stupid fucking gold medal that says *I saved Ilya Rozanov’s life*. Is that okay?”

“I don’t want a stupid fucking medal, you asshole!” Shane saw red and he was centimetres away from lashing out and pushing Ilya, but he wasn’t that type of person, so he suppressed his anger and kept it inside. “I want you to realise how close you were to losing everything. Doesn’t it put things into perspective for you?”

Ilya said nothing then. Like Shane had completely stunned him to silence and he was at a loss for words.

Shane laughed. A scoff.

“Fucking typical,” he nodded, slowly. “You’re an asshole. *Need more, just one more.* That’s what you said to me, you know? Do you remember? Or was everything a little too hazy so you can’t remember being an arrogant cock?”

Ilya was, quite literally, stunned.

Nobody had ever spoken to him the way Shane was right now. And Shane could tell. It made him feel good. Powerful. And having some sort of power over Ilya Rozanov felt fucking fantastic.

“The way you sat there, all day, with that asshole of a friend of yours,” it was all coming out now. All the anger. All the frustration he’d been feeling over the past week and a half was flowing out of Shane like a fucking river. “Drinking, being obnoxiously loud, interrupting my shift. You think you’re untouchable because you have all this money, but newsflash, Rozanov, you’re not better than everyone else. In fact, you’re worse. So much worse.”

Ilya didn’t say a word. He didn’t bat an eyelid. Didn’t fucking flinch. He just took every single thing Shane was saying to him, letting Shane use him as a well-deserved fucking punchbag.

“And then you come round, lying there, and you’re begging me for more,” Shane laughed then. “*Need more.* That’s what you kept saying. *Need more. Can’t breathe.* Will help. Ilya Rozanov, *begging*, for *me* to give *him* more? More what, huh?”

Ilya’s pupils were blown wide, eyes black. Something in Shane’s stomach flipped.

“You did not forget the kiss of life,” Ilya whispered, stepping closer towards Shane, the gap between them getting smaller. “You said to me you might forget. So I just wanted to check that you really knew it.”

“Try again,” Shane shook his head. *Please try again.* “Go on. Tell me the truth.”

Ilya swallowed, his crotch brushing against the towel which was feeling looser around Shane’s waist. Shane felt his breath hitch in his throat.

“You know what I really want more of, Hollander,” using his index and middle fingers, Ilya gripped Shane’s chin, and Shane had a serious fucking urge to start pinching himself. “I know you know. I can see it in your eyes. I can see it behind this pathetic fucking towel. I know you want more of it too.”

Shane was silent now. Weak in the knees. Heart thudding against his chest, butterflies floating in his stomach.

“Tell me you want more, Shane,” Ilya whispered, his breath - God, was Shane relieved to feel Ilya’s breath - hitting Shane’s nose and causing goosebumps to rise *everywhere*. “Use your words, *kotik*.”

Fucking *kotik*.

Shane felt dizzy, his head spinning, his breathing becoming more and more uneven.

“Oh, Shane,” Ilya’s lips curled upwards into a devilish smile. “Your breathing is off. A little slow. Do you need the kiss of life?”

Shane couldn’t fight back. He didn’t have the mental capacity to argue, to tell Ilya that he was wrong again. Shane didn’t care.

All of his emergency first aid training slipped from his mind. It didn’t matter, though, because if anyone was going to need fucking emergency first aid, it was him. Because Ilya was so close, his mouth so close. *Fuck*.

“Yes,” Shane exhaled, desperate to have Ilya close, to have him seal the gap between their lips this time. “Fuck. Yes. I need it, Ilya.”

“What do you need, *kotik*?” Ilya used his fingertips to trace Shane’s lips. “Oh. I remember how they feel. I won’t be able to forget.”

“I need you,” Shane whimpered. “I need you to give me the kiss of life.”

It was so wrong. Shane would never, ever let himself live this down. He wouldn’t be able to live with himself.

I’m not gay.

Ilya kissed Shane’s top lip first, a soft peck, just to see how Shane reacted. He flinched, but he melted into it, into the sensation of Ilya’s lips on his. Then, after Ilya pulled away for a second, he cupped Shane’s cheek and then found his bottom lip, all plump and pink and perfect.

Shane let Ilya take control. Because what the fuck? He couldn’t remember the last time he kissed anyone, and never in his life had he kissed - or been kissed, like this - by a fucking *man*.

Shane felt dizzy as Ilya cupped his chin and pushed him up against the lockers with his hips. He wasn’t sure if the dizziness was because Ilya’s lips had just been on his, again, or because of the fact that Ilya had definitely, one hundred percent, just felt his fucking boner. He could feel Ilya’s breath hitting the tip of his nose, as Ilya’s thumb rubbed his chin, his fingers splayed across Shane’s left cheek.

Ilya was quick to come back for me. Slow and soft and gentle, his open lips kissed Shane's, the sound of their mouths together making Shane's dick twitch against his thigh. The way Ilya caressed his face, using his hand to carefully guide their kiss and make sure Shane was as close to him as he possibly could, made Shane feel like he was about to faint.

And then, as Ilya's tongue meets Shane's, their mouths moving like they were made to be together, Ilya's left hand shifted to the nape of Shane's neck, threading his fingers through Shane's hair, his right hand on Shane's chest, right over his heart. Ilya could feel the thud, thud, thud of Shane's poor fucking heart, working over time to keep the blood pumping because Shane was panicking, unable to believe this was really *real*.

He's fucking kissing me.

And he's really, really good at it.

When Ilya pulled away to take a small breath, Shane found himself staring at Ilya's lips, chasing them, needing the warmth of his tongue in his own mouth again.

"Ah," Ilya whispered, smiling, as he pulled his hoodie over his head. "You are so needy, Hollander. You are like a little puppy discovering treats for the first time."

Shane whined. He wanted to touch Ilya again, to feel the softness of his skin beneath his delicate fingertips. He wanted to feel his lips again and commit the taste of Ilya's hot, sweet mouth to memory so he could use it every time he got off from now because he would never get this lucky again.

"So impatient, *kotik*," Ilya spoke softly as he brushed Shane's cheek. "*Fuck*."

Shane reached for Ilya's chest, gripping at the thin material of his black vest top. He looked at Ilya, hoping the desperation in his eyes was enough to make him realise that Shane needed more.

Ilya smiled, reaching for Shane's neck again and pulling him closer, their lips meeting in the middle, parted and open, warm tongues clashing and Ilya's fucking moan so harsh that it vibrated through Shane's entire body. He'd never taken drugs before, but he was pretty certain that the floaty feeling in his head, the lightweight sensation in his limbs, replicated what being high on fucking cocaine would feel like.

Ilya's hand slipped behind Shane's head, palm pressed to the cool locker doors, as his other continued to guide Shane's movements against his mouth. Then, as Shane found himself in their kiss and was more able to easily match Ilya's rhythm, he felt Ilya's hand slip to his chest, squeezing at his pecs, thumb swirling around his dark nipple.

And then when Shane pulled away, eyes blown wide and breathing laboured, he looked at Ilya, straight in the eyes, just to make sure he wasn't dreaming.

"Is your first time?" Ilya cleared his throat, tongue wetting his lips and Shane moaning softly at the sight, pure jealousy coursing through his veins because he wanted Ilya's tongue on his lips again. "With a man?"

“Yes,” Shane, cheeks hot, slowly nodded his head. “How about you?”

“Ah, no,” for the first time, Shane could see a shyness to Ilya that was foreign and new. “No, I have been with men before.”

“Oh.” A pang of sadness hit Shane directly in the chest then, like a cut to the heart. He thought he was special. He wanted to be special, to Ilya.

“You are first man I kiss in a long time though, Hollander,” Ilya lifted his thumb, carefully brushing the pad against the slit of Shane’s lips. He gasped when Shane parted his mouth and sucked Ilya’s thumb, rolling his tongue over the soft skin. “Oh, *fuck*. You are so good. So easy.”

Through dark lidded eyes, Shane looked at Ilya, sucking on his thumb like his life depended on it.

“*Fuck*, baby,” Ilya leaned closer, kissed the side of Shane’s mouth, his thumb still shoved inside. “Acting big and scary does not suit you. But you are so good like this, Hollander.”

Shane gave Ilya’s thumb one last suck before he loosened his tongue, mouth feeling empty as Ilya retracted his thumb, wiping it on Shane’s cheek and down his neck.

Shane felt like he was on a live wire. Every inch of his body was on fire. Because of Ilya.

“That was not kiss of life as I remember it,” Ilya shrugged, stepping backwards, leaving Shane feeling empty and ready to beg him to come back, to beg him for more. “But was okay.”

“Just okay?” The words came out more pathetic than Shane intended. He felt like a fucking idiot, embarrassed and ready to run out of the damn changing room with only the white towel covering his dignity.

“Oh, Hollander,” Ilya smiled. “Was good. Relax.”

Shane swallowed hard and nodded, burning everywhere like he was under the head of a flame, but taking Ilya’s words as a compliment. He needed to splash his face with water, or sit down, or both. He needed to touch himself because he knew he was going to come harder than ever before, all because of a kiss he shared with Ilya fucking Rozanov in the changing rooms of the country club where he worked. He would never be able to set foot in here and be normal ever again.

“Well,” Ilya, setting his hoodie back over his shoulder and chest, reaching for his bag, looked Shane up and down again, examining him. “Was fun.”

Shane couldn’t believe this was happening. Couldn’t believe that he allowed himself to be so vulnerable under Ilya’s touch, only for Ilya to pull away and act like he wasn’t the first man Shane had ever kissed, that this wasn’t a monumental fucking moment. Because for Ilya, it probably wasn’t, and he would forget about it tomorrow.

“Ilya,” Shane, with his hand over the tuck in the towel, stepped forward. He wasn’t sure why. Ilya looked at him, waiting for him to say something, but Shane’s mouth was dry and his throat tight, so nothing came out.

“I leave you speechless,” Ilya laughed. *Does he think this is a joke?* “My work here is done. Goodnight, Hollander. See you around.”

Shane swallowed the lump that was building in his throat. He was beginning to wish this was a dream after all, because there was no fucking way Ilya was going to actually leave him there, dumbfounded and embarrassed. Surely he wasn’t that much of an asshole.

My work here is done.

Like all of this was just some stupid joke, like he’d been set up to make Shane turn limp, like putty in Ilya’s hands for him to play with.

“No, I—“ Shane held his hand out, wanting to feel Ilya again, to feel Ilya’s heartbeat pulsating beneath his fingertips, his chest rising and falling with every unaided breath.

Ilya stopped, brows raised, “sorry, Hollander, do you need something else? Something more?”

Fuck.

Yes, I need something more. I need you to touch me and make me cum, and tell me I’m your good, pretty boy. Please, Ilya.

But the words didn’t come, and Ilya shook his head.

“I have to go,” he backed up towards the door. “Bye, Hollander.”

And then, he was gone, and Shane was all alone, with only the feeling of Ilya Rozanov’s hands and his mouth stinging into his skin, Shane unsure if he wanted to hold onto the feeling forever or forget any of this had ever happened.

Three days later, after a long day at the rink, Shane finished up in the shower, the water so hot that his back was red, skin stinging, but he was too miserable to care.

Ever since Ilya left him in the changing room, Shane felt like part of him had been stripped away. Like he’d been used. Like he’d been submissive and vulnerable for Ilya, but Ilya didn’t fucking care. And Shane wasn’t surprised, really, because he knew deep down that Ilya didn’t care at all for anyone other than himself. Shane didn’t know what he’d expected.

Well, he never expected for Ilya Rozanov, the one person he despised the most, to have Shane pressed up against his cock, hands everywhere, tongues colliding together. Shane thought

maybe he would learn something about himself, and he did, he supposed - he learned that he liked kissing Ilya Rozanov, which was a huge fucking mistake, but also that thanks to him, Ilya's lungs worked fine. Every cloud, he supposed.

Shane ate dinner. He washed up. He put some dirty laundry in the washing machine. Then, he took himself to bed, wearing fresh pyjamas and a heat pad on his hip, glasses on and an open hockey book resting in his lap over the duvet.

He couldn't concentrate on his stupid book though. He couldn't read about fucking hockey when all he was thinking about was Ilya Rozanov.

Seeing him in the changing rooms. Having him up all close. Feeling his lips on his. Sucking on his thumb like the perfect little submissive thing he was.

"Fuck," Shane slammed the book shut, hanging his head backwards with a groan. "This is fucking ridiculous."

He was frustrated. All of this started because he did his job. Because he had to pull an unconscious Ilya Rozanov from the water and get him breathing again. And because he wasn't at his normal spot when someone went under, or when someone needed support, he didn't have the usual breathing mask he used, so instead, of fucking course, he had to use his own mouth. Since he didn't have any time to waste, it was either they or let Ilya lie in respiratory arrest, and allow his condition to worsen.

"Fucking asshole," Shane muttered as he kicked the sheet backwards and climbed out of bed, shuffling along the carpet and slotting the book back on the shelf. He didn't want to read it, didn't want to think about hockey. Didn't want to think about anything.

But then, he was disturbed by the doorbell ringing, and he groaned again, because who the fuck was at his door at ten at night?

His parents hadn't called ahead like they usually did if they were driving over unplanned, and he wasn't expecting anyone. Mostly because it was ten at fucking night. Bedtime.

"This is ridiculous," Shane complained, hanging his head backwards as he traipsed downstairs. "Who the fuck is at my door, making me go downstairs with this stupid, painful hip? God."

Shane walked through his long hallway to the front door, twisting the key to unlock it.

When he opened it to reveal someone on his doorstep, dressed in a black hoodie and matching bottoms, Shane couldn't quite believe his eyes.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Shane felt something hot rising in his stomach. Anger, maybe. Potentially arousal. He wasn't fucking sure. But he wasn't expecting to see Ilya fucking Rozanov on his doorstep, blending in with the darkness surrounding them.

"Come in, Ilya," he muttered. "Get out of the cold, Ilya."

Shane gritted his teeth, hesitated for a second, then let Ilya slip past him and into the hallway.

“What are you doing here?” Shane asked, as he closed and locked the door, slipping the chain on. “It’s fucking ten at night, and you show up on my doorstep, uninvited. Why? You’ve never been to my house before, so what the fuck are you doing?”

“Hollander, you are so aggressive sometimes,” Ilya tutted, as he slipped his shoes off, Shane watching on in entire disbelief. Ilya fucking Rozanov, Asshole of the Year, had just invited himself into Shane’s house, kicking his shoes off as if he was planning on staying. “I cannot come and see my friend?”

“We aren’t friends,” Shane stood there, barefoot and dressed in his soft cotton button-up pyjamas, Ilya looking him up and down, examining him. “You’re an annoying asshole who has more money than sense. I pulled you out of a pool, saved your life, and you disappeared for over a week. Then, I see you in the changing rooms at the club, somehow, because it’s actually staff only at the time you were there, and you fucking kiss me, then leave me high and dry. That’s not what friends do. We aren’t friends.”

Ilya pouted. Shane wanted to fucking scream.

“What the fuck is this, Ilya?” He lifted a hand. “I’m tired. I want to go to bed. So if all you wanted was to come here and be an asshole, we’re done, and you can go now.”

“No,” Ilya sighed. “No, Hollander. I wanted to see you. And apologise.”

Shane ran his fingers through his freshly washed hair, heading towards the kitchen. He didn’t want to stand in the hallway like a loser as Ilya Rozanov tried to sweet talk him. He wanted to be in his bed, preferably, as Ilya Rozanov tried to sweet talk him, but that felt like a step too far, so the kitchen would have to do.

“Jesus,” Shane walked towards the fridge to retrieve a fresh bottle of water. “Fine. Would you like a drink? I have ginger ale or water. No alcohol, unfortunately.”

“I am fine, thank you,” Ilya followed Shane into his kitchen like a shy puppy. “Can I sit here?”

Shane didn’t say anything. He just nodded his head and gestured towards the stool as he took a swill of water into his mouth.

The tension in the air was thick. Shane could feel Ilya’s eyes watching every little movement he made, and he was self conscious, not sure what he was supposed to do to look normal.

“I came here because I cannot stop thinking about you,” Ilya blurted the words out, rushing, like he needed to say them before they crushed him or something. “And I am going to lose my mind.”

“I’m sorry,” Shane shook his head, fingers clenching onto the dark countertop, head fucking spinning at Ilya’s words alone. “What?”

“You heard me, Hollander,” Ilya shook his head, pushing the stool back that he’d occupied for a grand total of thirty seconds, Shane wincing as it scraped across the floor. “Sorry.”

Fuck.”

Ilya didn't push the stool back under the counter. Instead, he just ignored it, and walked towards Shane.

“I don't understand,” Shane laughed. “Is this a joke to you? Have you tripped my house with cameras? Are we being filmed right now? Live streamed to your best friend Cliff?”

“No, Shane,” Ilya shook his head, frustrated, fists in balls at his side as he stopped himself from reaching out to touch Shane's pyjamas. “No. Cliff does not know I am here. Why would he? This is my business. I wanted to come here, to see you. To kiss you.”

“I'm sorry, Ilya,” Shane stepped backwards before Ilya could get anywhere near him. “This is ridiculous. You need to leave. What we did in the changing room... that was a mistake. I'm not even gay, for God's sake.”

“You are not gay?” Ilya raised an eyebrow, stopping dead in his tracks because now he looked like the fool for assuming Shane was gay and into him. “But you are never with women. And you seemed pretty into our kiss.”

“How do you know I'm never with women?” Shane retorted, eyes stinging with tears, embarrassment filling him from head to toe. He thought he was going to be sick. “Are you my stalker now?”

“No,” Ilya hung his head backwards, an irritated groan slipping from his lips. “No, I am not.”

“Just leave,” Shane whispered, pointing towards the kitchen door which led out into the hallway. “You need to go.”

“Why, Hollander?” Ilya looked at Shane. Shane looked at Ilya. He fucking knew that Ilya would be able to read every single micro movement right now. Ilya would be able to tell that Shane was desperately lying through his teeth, and *hard*. “Give me one good reason why I should leave.”

“I told you, I'm not gay.”

“Bullshit.”

Shane didn't respond. He just looked at Ilya, took in every single inch of him. How his blue eyes looked like the summer sky Shane loved so much. The way his lips curved up into a perfect little smile but were still so soft and plump. He wanted to reach out and touch Ilya's cheek. Caress the mole on his skin. Pull on his curls and force him to close the space between their bodies. Let Ilya kiss him stupid.

“Yeah,” Ilya nodded. “Is bullshit. Come here and let me fucking devour you, Hollander.”

Shane whimpered, desperation consuming him entirely to the point his knees felt weak.

“So gone already,” Ilya smiled as he initiated the next movement which closed the space between them. “My good little *kotik*. I have not even touched you, Shane. I just showed up on

your doorstep and you shouted at me, and now you cannot speak.”

“What does that mean?” Shane let out a tight breath. “*Kot-ik*.”

“It means you’re my innocent little kitten,” Ilya gripped Shane’s chin. “My *kotik*. My kitten.”

“Fuck,” Shane was desperate. “Yes, Rozanov. I’m your kitten. I’ll be your kitten. *Fuck!*”

“Not gay, huh?” Ilya stopped as his lips ghosted Shane’s, their noses touching, no space at all between their mouths anymore. “Take me to your bedroom, Hollander. I’m not leaving until I’ve had my way with you.”

Shane didn’t want to pull away, didn’t want to feel Ilya’s breath be taken away from him again. He liked this feeling of closeness between them, nothing separating them.

But he pulled away, using all of his strength to remove himself from Ilya, and he pushed past him, their shoulders colliding.

Shane walked. He left the kitchen and didn’t look back, a fire in his belly that was spreading to each limb, tingling, and to his head, making him dizzy.

“Wait for me,” Ilya muttered, trying to reach for Shane’s arm, wanting to touch him, to feel him. “Hollander.”

Shane didn’t say anything. He didn’t turn to look at Ilya. He just kept walking, up the stairs, mind spinning, wondering if this was really happening right now, if all of this was actually real.

“You are so annoying,” Ilya groaned, as he walked painfully slowly behind Shane, following him upstairs. “I know you want me. You do not need to hide that.”

“I think you want me more,” Shane stopped when he got halfway from the top of the stairs. “Everything you’ve done, from begging me for more when you were freshly conscious to inviting yourself round to my house on a random Wednesday evening so you could do whatever the fuck this is, suggests you want me more.”

“You are so fucking confusing, Hollander,” Ilya threw himself at Shane, but Shane caught his neck before he could get any closer, his fingers gently gripping at Ilya’s neck, safely wrapped around his windpipe. “*Fuck*. You are strong, Hollander.”

Ilya was embarrassed at how pathetic he sounded. This was not how he wanted to be perceived. He wanted to take control of Shane, to dominate Shane in every single possible way. But then he thought about Shane choking him so hard that he stopped breathing again, and then Shane would have no choice to give him air again, and *fuck*—

“Yes, I’m strong,” Shane loosened his grip, as he backed into his bedroom, Ilya not far behind. “I hauled your heavy ass out of a pool the other week.”

“When will you shut up about that?” Ilya groaned, his face lighting up when he saw Shane’s bed, all tidy and pristine. “I will get you medal if it will shut you up. I will do whatever you

want for you to stop reminding me of that.”

“Okay,” Shane shrugged, dropping himself onto the edge of his mattress. “Come kiss me then.”

Ilya smiled. There were so many things he wanted to do to Shane - with Shane - that he felt dizzy with desire. The same Shane who *wasn't* gay. Ilya wanted to take him apart with his hands and his mouth and his dick.

Ilya pulled his hoodie off before he reached for Shane's face, hands gripping his cheek so hard that he would probably leave marks.

And then, their lips were together like they'd never been apart, Shane already a whimpering and whining mess, Ilya keeping them connected only by their lips as his hands reached for the soft cotton of Shane's pyjama top. His fingers messed with the buttons, desperate to open the material so he could touch Shane's chest, fuse his fingertips into Shane's skin so that this perfect man could never, ever forget him.

“Off,” Ilya whispered, unsealing their lips momentarily to peel the material from Shane's chest, pushing it down his arms. “I want to see you, Shane. All of you.”

“I've never,” Shane chewed on his lip before Ilya could kiss him again. “This. Uh. With a man. I've never done this. I might not be very good.”

“*Solnyshko*,” Ilya caressed Shane's face. “Is okay. I will teach you. Show you what I like. You can tell me what you like. You can teach me things too.”

“Like what?” Shane laughed as Ilya kicked away his soft sweatpants and lifted his t-shirt over his head. “What can I possibly teach you?”

Ilya smirked, the idea which had been at the forefront of his mind ever since that fucking day now on the tip of his tongue.

“The kiss of life,” he said, lips curled into a perfect smile. “Or whatever you call it.”

Shane's dick fucking twitched so intensely that he knew he was soaked. In his clean underwear and clean pyjama pants.

“Ilya,” Shane reached out for Ilya's chest, wanting to feel his skin beneath his palm again, shaking his head in desperation. “How don't you know that? Is it because you're rich? You don't think you need to know how to save someone's life?”

“I want to know how to save yours,” Ilya whispered, as he gripped onto Shane's chin, forcing him to look directly to his eyes. “So that when I fuck you, I can choke you so hard you stop fucking breathing, and then we can be even.”

Shane froze. He wasn't sure what he thought about that. He was very meticulous in everything he did, and that included his first aid training, which was, ultimately, the most important thing he knew. Shane liked to help people, liked to make them feel safe, and all of his emergency first aid training helped him do that.

And whilst he liked the thought of being choked so hard by Ilya he saw stars and passed out, he wasn't sure about having his lungs give out. It felt wrong to like that. Shane felt ashamed to think about liking that.

"Uh," Shane paused. "I'm not sure. It's serious, you know, what I did. What happened to you. Like, you were in respiratory arrest, Ilya. I gave you mouth to mouth because without it, you could've died. I'm not sure if it's something I want to do outside of an emergency situation. It's scary, seeing someone like that, knowing their life is in your hands. It feels wrong."

Ilya leaned backwards, his crotch still in Shane's lap but his weight resting against nothing but thin air. He looked at Shane, saw the worry in his eyes.

"Shane," Ilya softened, his thumb brushing gently over Shane's face. "Hey. Is okay. If you do not want to, we will not do it. I just thought, might be hot."

"I'll have to think about it," Shane felt like an idiot, like he'd ruined whatever the fucking mood was between them, and now Ilya would leave - leave Shane high and dry and *hard*. "Is that okay? Fuck, what am I saying? We will never be in this position again."

"Why won't we?" Ilya brushed Shane's hair out of his eyes. "Can you see the future?"

"Ilya," Shane shook his head, pulling away from Ilya's touch. "This is such a bad idea."

"What is?" Ilya smirked, as he tapped Shane's shoulders so he fell comfortably onto the mattress.

"You hate me," Shane sighed, allowing Ilya to perch himself comfortably between his legs. "You've hated me from the moment we met and that has led me to dislike you quite a bit."

"Oh, Shane," Ilya stole a kiss. Fleeting but soft and meaningful. "You've got it all wrong, *solnyshko*. And now that I have you like this, I can tell you the truth."

Ilya's lips tracked to Shane's jaw, leaving soft little nips on his skin. Shane responded to every single one, little whimpers leaving his mouth. Ilya felt his dick harden, enamoured at just how responsive Shane was, all for him.

"You think I am asshole, you think I am brat," Ilya whined, his head tossing from side to side as he made his list out loud. "You think I hate you. Well, newsflash, Hollander, these things are not true."

"You *are* an asshole," Shane sighed, as Ilya quickly removed his own pants so that he and Shane were now both in their underwear. Ilya's hand brushed the material covering Shane's dick. "*Fuck*, that's good."

"And you're a fucking brat," Ilya reached for Shane's chin. "I've wanted you from the first moment I saw you, and even now, you are still so adamant you're not gay. I don't care what you are. I am bisexual. As long as you want me, I don't care."

Shane, all dizzy and desperate beneath Ilya's firm body, needed to be naked. He needed Ilya to be naked alongside him. He needed his cock pressed up against Ilya's. Maybe that made

him gay.

“Do you want me, Shane?” Ilya’s breath was so hot on Shane’s face. “Because I came all the way here wanting you, like this, underneath me.”

“You live around the corner,” Shane’s words were muffled. Ilya groaned and gave him a soft slap on the cheek. “Fuck, Ilya.”

“Brat,” another kiss on Shane’s lips before Ilya tore himself away from Shane’s body, eliciting a whine from the beautiful man who was so fucking dazed beneath him. Ilya managed to get his own underpants off before forcing Shane’s down his legs, carelessly thrown behind him. “Fuck. Look at you. Already so wet for me. You want me, don’t you?”

“Yes,” Shane felt his entire body spasm, his chest tightening. “Yes, I want you. Of course I do. Fuck. Shit. Please touch me.”

“I am going to touch you, *kotik*,” Ilya’s lips ghosted over Shane’s earlobe, hand pressed to his torso. “And I am going to be nice to you. Give you whatever you want. I know you have never been touched by man before, so I make it the best for you. My way of saying thank you for saving my life.”

Throat dry and head light, Shane nodded, delicate but pathetic moans slipping from his mouth, as Ilya’s lips began kissing a wet trail south, over Shane’s collarbones and chest, giving extra attention to his nipples with soft sucking and kissing.

“Ilya,” Shane threaded his fingers through Ilya’s curls. “Ah, fuck. Feels so good.”

“Yes?” Ilya flicked his eyes upwards as his face reached Shane’s crotch, his dick so hard, the tip red raw and leaking. “You are so good for me. So wet and I’ve hardly touched you. I am going to suck your dick so hard you see stars.”

Ilya pressed a kiss to the tip, the sweet but salty taste of Shane’s precum coating Ilya’s lips like lip balm.

“Has anyone ever done that before?” Ilya asked, as his hand wrapped around the base of Shane’s dick, eyes locked on Shane’s face to examine every single reaction. Shane shook his head. “No? Good. I will be first. I will never compare to all of the women you have been in bed with. You will want me for the rest of your life. Here, like this, giving your big, useless cock all of this attention.”

“‘S not useless,” Shane couldn’t quite fucking believe this was real life. “It’s not.”

“Stop being a brat and shut the fuck up,” Ilya slapped Shane’s dick, right across the centre of the length, with his palm. “I am going to make you cum. I will stop talking and the only thing I want to hear is you. I will show you what I have been thinking about doing ever since I saw you at that party in Montreal three years ago. And you will be good for me.”

Shane didn’t respond. He couldn’t. Because Ilya took one last precious breath before he wrapped his lips around Shane’s pulsating dick and took the entire length in his mouth.

Shane's body jolted in response, the pleasure hitting him so fast that he felt like he was floating. Ilya's mouth was so warm around him. He felt so vulnerable in the best way. It surprised him.

Maybe you are gay.

Ilya, with his tongue swirling around the tip of Shane's cock, let his hand wander upwards, squeezing at Shane's chest, thumbing at his nipple. He could feel the pleasure rising and rising within Shane because of the way he flinched, the way he muttered so pathetically.

"Ilya," Shane whimpered, tugging gently on Ilya's curls. "Fuck. *Fuck*, I'm going to cum. Shit. You need to pull off. Oh, fuck me—"

Despite Shane's words, telling Ilya to pull off, Ilya continued sucking and swirling his tongue up and down Shane's cock, his own eyes rolling back as Shane came, his cum filling Ilya's mouth and slipping down his throat, Ilya lapping up every drop like it was his last fucking meal.

Shane was shaking. The pleasure which washed over him was new, and it hit him so fast that he didn't know what to do with himself.

"So beautiful," Ilya muttered, as he dragged himself from Shane's cock, lifting his mouth and licking his lips. "Fuck. You taste so good. Come, taste yourself, *kotik*."

"Jesus," Shane muttered, heart pounding so hard that if he wasn't so dazed from a mind blowing fucking orgasm, he would be concerned about his heart rate and probably call an ambulance. "Fuck."

Ilya pulled Shane into a kiss, a little more aggressively than he wanted to, but if he didn't have Shane's lips on his immediately, he would die. It was messy, tongues everywhere, but it was hot and filled with passion.

"So good for me, Shane," Ilya pressed his thumb to Shane's mouth after pulling away from their kiss, allowing him to suck gently on the tip of his thumb. "Even when you're this fucked out, just from my mouth, you're so good."

"Let me suck you off," Shane, still panting, was red everywhere, the freckles on his cheeks perched on a beautifully painted background of nothing but sweet crimson red. "Please. I've never done it before but I need to try and make you feel good."

"Oh, *solnyshko*," Ilya smiled as he caressed Shane's hot cheek. "I can teach you. Make you so perfect for me that you never go anywhere near another man again. Yes?"

Shane was fucking dizzy.

An hour ago, he was almost certain he definitely was not gay. Now, he thought maybe he'd been lying to himself all this time.

"Don't want another man," he panted, grabbing aimlessly for Ilya's body. "Just want you."

“Good boy,” Ilya smiled, as he helped Shane sit up, the thin layer of sweat on Shane’s skin a reminder of just how fucking innocent he was, getting so worked up just from Ilya’s mouth. “You like that, don’t you? Praise. Being *my* good boy.”

“Yes,” Shane smiled, Ilya’s hand pressed to the small of his back to keep him upright. “Fuck. What are you doing to me?”

“Showing you what it’s like to be with a real man,” Ilya kissed Shane’s cheek, then his jaw, tongue and lips sucking at the skin on his neck. “You taste so sweet. Come on. On your stomach between my legs.”

Shane looked at Ilya, somewhat hesitantly, but he shifted into gear when he saw the patience in Ilya’s eyes. The patience that shone through even though Ilya was hot and bothered and *hard*.

Shane stood up from his bed to allow Ilya to get comfortable at the top, the mattress already dipped in the shape of Shane, which made Ilya feel a little lightheaded. His mind was filled with nothing but this big, beautiful Canadian man who was the furthest thing from boring.

“Okay,” Ilya placed his hands on Shane’s shoulders. “Just kiss it. Lick it. Start with the tip.”

Shane couldn’t quite believe his eyes. Couldn’t quite believe just how big Ilya’s cock was. Couldn’t understand how two weeks ago they hated each other’s fucking guts - or so he thought - and now they were naked in front of each other, and his dick had been in Ilya’s mouth, and he came down Ilya’s throat, and Ilya’s dick was about to be in his mouth and—

“You have to breathe, Shane,” Ilya reached for Shane’s cheek, softly, as he watched Shane’s gaze become more intensely focused on his dick. “You are lifeguard. You should know all about breathing. Just pretend my dick needs kiss of life.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Shane shook his head and ignored every single piece of Ilya’s advice, before taking Ilya’s whole cock in his mouth. He didn’t flinch or gag. He just took it.

“*Fuck*,” Ilya groaned, his back arching off the bed as Shane began to swirl his tongue around the head, before bobbing his head as he took every last inch of Ilya’s length, all hard and rigid in his mouth. “You are liar. You are good at this. Fuck. Do you have dildo to practise on?”

Shane didn’t respond. He was too lost in the feeling of having Ilya in his mouth, of being able to taste Ilya on his tongue, of Ilya’s hands in his hair.

He did have a dildo. He had practised on it. Maybe more than once. He had another dildo which he fucked himself with. He wanted to know if Ilya’s dick felt better than the thick purple dildo he kept under his bed.

“Shane,” Ilya muttered, nails digging into the duvet, eyes heavy but desperate to watch Shane, to watch the man he’d been head over heels for make him fucking finish. “*Yebat, moy kotik*. So good. Make me cum, Shane. Pull off and use your hand.”

Shane grunted around Ilya’s cock. His way of saying *no, I want you to cum in my mouth*.

Ilya's hand flew to Shane's hair, trying to slowly pull his mouth away - like the pleasure was too much, too good for him to bear - but as Shane forced his head further down, nose pressing against the soft hair on Ilya's lower stomach, Ilya gave in and just let Shane take control. It was the one and only time he would let Shane take any control of him, but he liked it, the feeling of floating because of the man he'd been fucking enamoured by for all these years. In secret. And now, his secret was out in the open.

All the money in the world wouldn't be enough to stop Ilya from wanting Shane. To stop Ilya from wanting to love Shane and care for Shane and spend the rest of his life with Shane, if he would let him.

Ilya would lose every single cent he inherited if it meant he could have a lifetime with Shane. The boring Canadian lifeguard with beautiful freckles who saved his life.

"Gonna cum," Ilya whimpered like a pathetic little baby, lungs working fast to take in air, Shane's eyes flicking up cautiously so he could see Ilya's reaction when he came, because God forbid Shane had to switch from the submissive headspace he was in, to the lifeguard in control and responsible for a life. "*Fuck, Shane.*"

Ilya felt the spasms in his legs first, reverberating in his thighs. His lungs needed more air, he started gasping, muttering and moaning, his ears ringing and his vision fogging over. All he could feel was Shane. All he could hear was Shane. All he needed was fucking *Shane*.

Shane, who removed himself from Ilya's dick with a pop, a string of spit trailing down his chin, his mouth feeling empty without Ilya inside it.

"Oh," Ilya sighed, all light and fuzzy. "So good for your first time, *kotik*. I went easy on you, let you have a bit of control. But now I know how good you are, I will never let you have control again."

Shane didn't speak. He just flopped down on the mattress beside Ilya, chest heaving, skin red and flushed like he'd just had another orgasm.

Ilya kissed Shane's jaw, chasing his lips, wanting to taste the perfect concoction of his own cum mixed with Shane's spit. When Ilya finally found Shane's mouth, he groaned, the warmth and wetness just perfect, everything he needed.

"Fuck," Ilya exhaled into Shane's mouth, licking against his tongue, so dirty and fucking feral. "I have been dreaming about this for so long. About having you like this. All warm and naked and fucked out. You are so perfect, *kotik*."

Shane couldn't believe this was real life. He was confused, still worried that this was all one big act, that Ilya would soon get up, abruptly, and laugh in his face.

Because someone like Ilya, with all of his money and influence, didn't really associate with someone like Shane. Maybe if Shane was still a professional hockey player, they would be on a similar level. But he wasn't, and they weren't.

“You are quiet,” Ilya, finally coming down from his high, rolled onto his side to look at Shane. “I know it was a lot, but I did not think you would be silent. Did you not like it? Was it too much?”

“No,” Shane sighed, hand resting on his torso, fingers tracing his own skin. “It was good. Hot. I liked it a lot.”

Shane hesitated. He stopped moving his fingers and swallowed hard instead, scared to embarrass himself.

“It just doesn’t make sense,” Shane admitted, feeling his stomach flip entirely, a wave of nausea accompanying the fear buried deep within him about being open and honest. “I thought you hated me. All we’ve done every time we’ve been near one another, ever since we met, is argue. You behaved like an asshole, always talked to me like I was less than you. I get you have been through a lot of horrible things in your life, but I never understood why you were so... abrasive.”

“You do not know what I have been through, Shane,” Ilya, almost sounding offended, shook his head. He sat up, and Shane frowned, thinking he’d said something wrong, regretting every single fucking word. “I never wanted to be so cruel, but is how I was raised. Is not an excuse, I know, but I cannot let people get close to me, because they all leave, or they all hurt me, so if I am horrible person, nobody wants to get close. Win win.”

“Ilya...”

“Marly I have known since I moved to Boston, since before everything happened,” Ilya shrugged. “Before I got the money. I still had money, but not as much. We met at club, we become friends, we stay friends. He is not bad person. I think I made him bad person.”

“You’re not a bad person, Ilya,” Shane felt his heart tighten in his chest. “You’ve been through things that can damage a person.”

“My father and brother dying did not damage me,” Ilya admitted, almost laughing, and Shane wasn’t sure how it was funny. “No, they were awful people. They make me awful man. Is why I left. I was damaged before that, when I was a boy. But I am sorry for how I behaved, how I was with you. I thought if I was horrible person, you would not like me, and even though I wanted you to, you would not get close. But I could still want you in my mind, still pretend like we could be something.”

Shane rolled over so that he was on his side now too, looking into Ilya’s beautiful blue eyes. The same colour as the sky on a summer’s day.

“I always thought you were into women anyway,” Ilya shrugged. “Part of me thought I could change that, could make you want me.”

“I’ve wanted you for so long,” Shane felt tears build in his eyes because he felt so vulnerable, so stripped raw and bare with nothing to hide behind anymore. “Fuck. So long, Ilya. Always looking at you when you came to the pool, but despising that you came with Marlow.”

“Why do you hate Marly?” Ilya rubbed his eyes, tired but curious and never wanting this moment to end because he was scared he would push his luck and never get it again. “Is because he hurt you? He did not mean to do that.”

Shane wanted to believe Ilya. In fact, he was certain it was true - that Cliff Marlow really did feel terrible, his sympathy was never fake, and he did regret everything he did in those seconds leading up to his collision on the ice with Shane. He knew, for at least some time, that Marlow regretted it.

“I shouldn’t hate him, really,” Shane shrugged, feeling incredibly sad and quite unable to believe he was about to have this conversation with Ilya Rozanov, the man he *thought* he despised. “But that accident fucked up my hip, ruined my dreams of winning Cups and becoming one of the greatest hockey players in North America. The one thing I’d wanted my whole life. And then seeing him with you, like he was doing it on purpose to piss me off, it was a lot. Too much for me to deal with.”

“I never meant to make you sad, Shane,” Ilya reached out to caress Shane’s cheek. “I was just trying to make you see that I liked you, but it did not come across properly. And then I hated how I felt. I think I took it out on you.”

Shane shrugged, tired and fucked out from having Ilya’s cock in his throat, “it’s okay.”

“No,” Ilya kissed the tip of Shane’s nose, so soft and gentle like too much pressure would crack Shane into a million pieces. “Is not okay. I would like to make it up to you, if you would let me.”

Shane let his eyes flutter shut for a moment, feeling safe under the soft touch of Ilya’s fingertips. They were warm. Shane liked the feeling of warmth on his skin. It eased a pressure inside of him, one that felt like a tight knot which he’d been forcing tighter and suppressing for so long. But he felt better now. Under Ilya’s touch.

“You are tired,” Ilya pointed out, his thumb now moving in small, consistent circles against Shane’s temple. “All fucked out from sucking my cock. You are so pretty like this, Shane. I want you all to myself.”

“You can have me,” Shane whispered, eyes opening slowly, just so he could see Ilya again. “All of this time we’ve wasted because *you’re* an asshole.”

“I am not asshole,” Ilya stole a kiss from the centre of Shane’s mouth. Then he pressed one to Shane’s nose. “I just thought you hated me, so I was horrible. It worked, pissed you off, now I am in your bed. And next time we are in bed together, I will fuck you so good you don’t even think about another man. So you see another man in street and think *he is disgusting, he is not my Ilya.*”

I will fuck you so good you don’t even think about another man.

Shane was so fucking dizzy. And he couldn’t blame his orgasm anymore. It was just Ilya. Ilya’s presence, Ilya’s touch, Ilya’s words. God, what a fucking idiot he was.

He'd spent so much time longing for Ilya fucking Rozanov, the most abysmal yet beautiful man he'd ever met, and all it took was for Ilya to fucking drown on Shane's watch for them to find their way together like this. It all felt a little fucked up to Shane.

"You are so sleepy, my *solnyshko*," Ilya whispered, lips ghosting Shane's skin, goosebumps rising on Shane's arms as he lay there, naked and beautiful, on top of his own bed. This time, he was naked because of someone else, and he thought that was beautiful. "Sleep, my *Shanya*. I will come by tomorrow. But you have been so good for me, so you should sleep."

Stay, Shane wanted to say, whilst holding his hand out to grab Ilya's wrist, but he didn't. Ilya obviously wanted to go. Shane had to be up early to get to the rink anyway, so it was fine, he didn't mind.

"I will lock the door and post the key," Ilya whispered, as Shane kicked the duvet downwards so he could curl up underneath it, not caring that he was still naked and could feel every single crease of the duvet cover against his skin. He was too tired and too fucked out to care. "Get comfortable, *solnyshko*. You will sleep well tonight."

Shane sighed when his head started to sink into the pillow, Ilya shuffling around the room as he redressed himself.

"Sweet dreams, Shane," Ilya whispered, breath hot on his nose as he found Shane's lips. "I will come tomorrow."

And Ilya did.

He came the day after, too.

Ilya knocked on Shane's door both evenings, when he knew Shane was home from the pool or the rink, and Shane let him in, hands on one another before the door had even clicked shut.

They stumbled up to Shane's bedroom, mouths still together as their hands were pulling at each other's clothes, wanting so desperately to be naked. Both times, it ended in a trail of clothes up the stairs and Shane on his knees in his bedroom, because he was Ilya's *good little kotik*.

And Shane liked it. Shane liked it a lot. More than he ever thought he would. He liked being Ilya's *good boy*, Ilya's *sweet thing*, Ilya's *perfect toy*.

It drove him wild. Even though they got lost in using their hands and their mouths to get each other off more than anything else, Shane didn't mind. But he also hadn't stopped thinking about the concept of Ilya giving him everything he wanted. Of Ilya *fucking* him.

Maybe tonight would be the night.

The last time Ilya and Shane were together, tangled under the covers and enjoying each other's warmth, Ilya shyly invited Shane over to his place, when he got back from a short road trip the Centaurs. He'd finally been cleared to get back on the ice for his minor skating duties, under strict instruction to stop as soon as he felt any pain. Shane never thought he would be able to step on the ice again, and although he didn't travel to every game because of his injury and the physio time he needed at home in Ottawa, he still felt so lucky to be able to be involved with hockey like he was. But strangely, as he walked the short distance between his doorstep and Ilya's, he felt even luckier to be on his way to spend time with Ilya.

After he rang the bell, Shane stepped backwards a little, duffel bag hauled over his shoulder, because he assumed Ilya's message earlier on meant he wanted Shane to stay.

Pack your bag wisely, kotik. Can't wait to see you.

Shane must've read the message about one hundred times, wondering what the fuck Ilya meant by *pack your bag wisely*. Shane thought maybe they'd go somewhere, so he packed nice clothes. He thought maybe they would go for a swim, so he packed a black pair of swimming shorts, his bright red ones reserved for lifeguard duties only. He packed a book, in case Ilya fell asleep and Shane wanted to read.

Then he unpacked the entire thing and replaced it with everything he would need for a night away. Pyjamas, clean clothes, shower gel. Toothbrush and toothpaste. His glasses. Almost tripped on the plastic box which was sticking out from underneath his bed, storing his fucking dildos, as he rushed around to get everything he needed.

But now, here he was, standing like a lost puppy on Ilya's doorstep, waiting for Ilya to open the front door and welcome him inside. They hadn't seen each other for over a week. Shane had fucking *missed* Ilya.

They'd been texting. They called one night when Shane was in his hotel in Boston. Ilya purred in Shane's ear down the line, talked him through one of the most intense orgasms he'd ever given himself with his hand.

So Shane wasn't surprised that he threw himself at Ilya when the door opened, needing to feel Ilya's skin beneath his fingertips, needing to have his mouth and his tongue and *him*.

"Impatient little thing," Ilya muttered in between kisses, as he forced himself to pull away from Shane for air. "Aren't you, Shane? Did you miss me?"

"So much," Shane smiled when he felt Ilya's hand on his cheek. "Thank you for inviting me."

"Is okay," Ilya took Shane's hand between his own and locked the door behind them. "Come. I will give you house tour. Then I can make us dinner. Or we can order food in, if you want. And we can fuck, tonight, maybe."

"Yes," Shane needed that. "Yes, please."

“So polite,” Ilya’s words were thick with a new type of desperation. “So impatient to have me inside you. I will make it good for you, worth your wait.”

Shane felt his pants tighten, forcing himself to suppress his moan and let Ilya lead him through to the front room.

Like Shane’s, Ilya’s house was spacious, white and pristine, absolutely nothing like how Shane expected it to be. Shane imagined Ilya drinking and smoking and partying here non stop. But it seemed like Ilya actually lived quite a quiet life, one more peaceful than Shane ever thought. He liked it. He wanted to be part of it.

“I want to kiss you,” Ilya mumbled, reaching for Shane’s body and pressing him up against the wall with a thud, only centimetres from the door. “Want to kiss those perfect pink lips. Missed you so much.”

Ilya reached for Shane’s chin and lifted it, pausing for a second to take a look at Shane’s face, all blissed out and peaceful and totally obedient to every move Ilya made. Shane had given up all control and passed it to Ilya. Then, Ilya found Shane’s lips and started kissing him like he was a man starved, like he hadn’t eaten for days and Shane was the only thing that would satisfy his hunger.

Shane, as soon as his brain caught up with the pace of Ilya’s mouth, lifted his hands to grip at the nape of Ilya’s neck, tugging on his curls, engulfing his face in his hands. Shane couldn’t wait any longer to kiss Ilya’s jaw, his neck, down his bare chest, to get on his knees. He tried to drop down, but Ilya tutted softly and pulled him straight back up.

“No,” he said, hauling Shane up by the shoulders. “Not here. In my bedroom later.”

Ilya didn’t kiss Shane again, and Shane didn’t argue. Instead, Shane let Ilya take his hand and step in front of him, guiding him through the hallway towards the kitchen.

Shane walked slowly behind Ilya, taking in every door, every blank space on the wall. Ilya’s home was so *not* Ilya. It was white and empty. Ilya was colourful and loud. Shane’s chest felt a little sore then, at the thought of Ilya not decorating his house with pictures.

As Shane walked into the kitchen - first taking in the sheer size of the room, the counter island which could sit around eight people in the main kitchen, then a dining table in the centre of the space and a couch at the other end - he noticed that there was a staircase in the corner which led to what he assumed was a basement, with a clothes dryer standing beside the top stair. A towel and swimming shorts hung there, to dry.

“Wait,” Shane stopped in his tracks, desperate to go downstairs and see what awaited him, but the distinct smell of chlorine in the end, along with the damp swimwear, made everything click. “Do you have a pool and gym here? Downstairs?”

Ilya didn’t speak, too busy moving around the kitchen, emptying the dishwasher. Shane knew he wasn’t really ignorant. Shane knew he heard his question.

“Ilya,” he pushed again. “Is there a pool here?”

“Maybe,” Ilya shrugged, plates clattering between his fingers as he set them in the cupboard. “Maybe there is pool here. Twenty five metres. And gym with weights, treadmill... anything you need. You can use it.”

“Hold on a second,” Shane shook his head. “You have a fucking pool *and* a gym here?”

“Yes,” Ilya shrugged. “Why? If you want to use it, Hollander, be my guest. Is no big deal.”

“I don’t want to use it,” Shane couldn’t believe it. “I just don’t understand why, if you have a pool and a gym here, that you’d want to use a public pool. Or a public gym.”

Ilya just shrugged again. Like he wasn’t sure why. Or, he was more than sure why and just didn’t want to say.

“Tell me,” Shane walked closer, hoping Ilya would stop putting away the fucking dishes and give him some attention. “I know you’re rich so paying for the membership isn’t an issue. But if it was me, and I had *my own* pool and *my own* gym, I wouldn’t be going to a country club. So there must be a reason.”

“Do you like having a little bit of control, Hollander?” Ilya asked, carefully closing the empty dishwasher before flicking his dark, hooded eyes upwards to meet Shane’s gaze. “Does it make you feel good? I thought you liked it when *I* was in control.”

“Answer my question, Ilya,” Shane reached for Ilya’s bare waist. “Was there a particular reason why you were going to the country club instead of using your own pool and gym?”

“I do not have lifeguard here,” Ilya sighed, using his own hands to paw at Shane’s hoodie like he was a desperate puppy. It made Shane feel a little dizzy. “So I go to public pool. There is handsome lifeguard there.”

Shane’s stomach did a fucking three-sixty.

“*You* are there,” Ilya’s voice, a lot deeper now, sent shivers down Shane’s spine. “I wanted to see *you*, Hollander. *Fuck*, you are stupid.”

Shane felt like his entire body was on fire at Ilya’s admission. *I wanted to see you*. Jesus, Shane was so annoyed at himself for not growing a pair sooner. They could’ve had years of this. Of the playful flirting, the touches, the *blow jobs*.

I’m so fucking gay.

“I wanted to see you, in your pathetic red fucking shorts, acting all hot and sexy, saving people’s lives,” Ilya closed the gap between his and Shane’s bodies, big hands swallowing Shane’s waist. “I wanted to see you pretend like you didn’t see me, *pretend* that you weren’t bothered by me. But you always were, *kotik*. And you thought you were not gay. *God*, you really are stupid.”

“Why didn’t you make a move sooner?” Shane whispered, dick straining and heart racing as Ilya’s hands swallowed his body up.

“Because we hated each other, remember?” Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane’s nose. “Or have I made you forget that already?”

“Shut the fuck up and kiss me,” Shane, frustration burning in his stomach, needed to feel Ilya’s lips. Needed to taste him. It had been so long. Ilya tutted, shaking his head, making Shane whine like a needy fucking puppy. “*Please*, Ilya.”

“Fine,” Ilya smiled, nipping soft kisses on Shane’s jaw, avoiding his lips on purpose, because he was cruel and wanted to make Shane wait. “Since you asked me so nicely. I will take you to my bedroom now, then maybe we eat, if we are still hungry.”

Shane nodded, in a fucking hurry, and reached for his bag which had fallen off his shoulder at some point. He didn’t know when. He was too busy focused on Ilya, and how good he looked and how fucking stupid they were for not doing anything about their obvious fucking crushes earlier.

Three years. Shane had been lying to himself, pushing down a part of him he didn’t want to admit, for three years. He spent a year of those three with women he didn’t even find attractive, women he was with just to prove a point to himself - that he *liked* them - and then afterwards, only got himself off, either with his hand or with his dildo.

In only three times of being together, Ilya had made Shane cum with his hands *and* with his mouth, treating his dick like it was fucking sacred. It was better than being with any woman, better than having only his hand, and he wished more than anything that they’d started doing this sooner. Whatever *this* was.

“What is in your bag, *malysh*?” Ilya peered over Shane’s shoulder, as he led him towards the grand staircase, cream carpet accentuating the beautiful black railing. “Looks big and full, like you will be with my cock bulging in your stomach.”

Shane’s cheeks began to burn furiously at Ilya’s comment. Thinking about what was in his bag, thinking about what Ilya had just said to him, what they were about to do.

“Uh,” Shane tried not to fall up the stairs, as Ilya continued walking, glancing back at him when he didn’t respond. “Well, I wasn’t sure what you meant in your message. So I packed my things, as if I was, you know, staying over?”

Ilya paused at the top of the stairs, turning to look at Shane with a smile on his face. And Shane, who was clutching on to the strap of his bag for dear life, the only thing he could use to ground himself right now, wanted to fucking fall down the stairs and hit his head so his entire memory of this interaction would be wiped.

“It’s okay, if you don’t want me to stay over, of course,” Shane shook his head, ready to back out, ready to give in and run back downstairs, straight out of the front door and towards his place. “I was probably wrong to assume. Just let me know, and I’ll leave after we, uh... after we do whatever.”

“Shane,” Ilya lifted his right hand to Shane’s cheek, brushing his fingertips gently over the soft, red skin there. “Stop talking. Calm down. I want you to stay. I am pleased you packed

your bag to stay.”

“Really?” Shane mellowed out a little, a little proud of himself for actually interpreting Ilya’s message correctly. “You mean it?”

“Of course I mean it,” Ilya couldn’t resist stealing a kiss from Shane’s lips. Fleeting and teasing but warm and familiar. Too fucking familiar for Shane’s liking. “Hot and sexy lifeguard stays in my bed after I give him best orgasm of his life. Sounds like my dream come true.”

Shane felt his stomach flip as he processed Ilya’s words, but also as he thought about what Ilya had said to him the first night they were together, and what he’d shoved into his bag, what he wanted to show Ilya, teach Ilya. What he wanted to let Ilya do to him.

“I do not want to waste any more time with you, Shane,” Ilya whispered, as he caressed Shane’s freckles. “So beautiful. Come. To my bedroom. You can show me what you packed.”

Shane felt a little tense, nervous maybe, as he thought about stepping into Ilya’s room. He didn’t mind undressing and being naked in front of Ilya - in fact, he quite liked how Ilya took control, allowed his brain to shut off for some time as somebody else looked after him and gave him what he needed. But this. This felt different.

Shane was going to have to take control in some way, and was also going to have to be alert at all times, which would probably ruin the fun. And Shane didn’t want his first time with Ilya to be ruined.

God, I’m going to ruin it, aren’t I? By being in my head too much? Jesus, Shane.

“What are you thinking about, *malysh*?” Ilya asked sweetly as he nudged the door to his bedroom open, Shane feeling hot and bothered once again by Ilya’s use of what he had come to learn were Russian pet names. “I can feel you are so tense. Is something wrong?”

I don’t want to fuck this up.

“I’m fine,” Shane smiled as he forced the thoughts away. They were unwanted, irrelevant. “Just been ages. I need it.”

“Hm,” Ilya smiled, as he watched Shane take in every bit of his room, his eyes glancing over the bed, the chair in the corner, the en-suite bathroom door, the walk-in wardrobe. “What do you need?”

“I need you to touch me,” Shane whispered, plopping his bag down on the floor and rolling his shoulder a couple of times to release the tension that had built there. “I need you to make me cum.”

“You’re a needy little thing,” Ilya reached for Shane, hands moving like a newborn baby searching for their mother, a hint of desperation in his movement. “Have some patience, baby. I know it’s been a little while and you are already so addicted, but the wait will be worth it. I promise.”

Ilya tugged on Shane's hoodie, wanting it off, wanting to see what was underneath. Shane obliged, pulling his hoodie over his head and dragging his t-shirt with it so he could be naked quicker. He'd never been so fucking desperate for anything in his life.

As soon as Shane's top half was bare, Ilya was kneading at his chest, fingers swirling around Shane's nipples and watching as the pleasure started to hit him, in small waves. He was so fucking easy, it was almost embarrassing.

"Beautiful," Ilya whispered, pulling his lips from Shane's. "Now get your pants off."

Shane obeyed, eyes focused on Ilya as he removed his own shorts, both of them left in only their underwear. Shane noticed Ilya eyeing up the budge in his pants, a smile on his lips. Shane knew that it was only going to get bigger - Ilya's smile and Ilya's bulge - when Shane told him what he was planning.

"Look at you," Ilya smiled, palming his hand gently over the bulge in Shane's pants. "So big for me. Come on, *kotik*. Show me what you packed for our sleepover, and then we can have some fun. I just want to make you wait a little bit longer for me, see how hard your useless dick can get."

Shane, mute now, nodded his head shyly as he reached for his bag and placed it on the ottoman at the bottom of Ilya's bed, slowly dragging the zip open, his heart pounding because he knew what was right at the top of the bag, and without context, Ilya would probably ask if he was mentally sane, and then maybe kick him out. So Shane paused, and Ilya pouted.

"Why did you stop?" He frowned, sitting on the ottoman beside the bag, trying to poke his hand into it, but Shane shoved him away. "Hollander. What the fuck?"

"I need to tell you something first," Shane cleared his throat, letting go of the bag and stepping in front of Ilya, his naval at Ilya's eye level. "Something you mentioned the first night you came over. It's been on my mind whilst I was away with the team. And I did some research."

"Sorry," Ilya shook his head. "You are telling me, just before we have sex, that you did research. Are you about to tell me something kinky, Hollander?"

Oh, God, Shane. What the fuck are you doing?

Shane rubbed his hands together, palms sticky with sweat, and his heart racing so fast that he could hear it in his ears. Ilya was the one who started this, who suggested it first. Ilya planted the idea seed in his mind, so there was no way he would be freaked out by it. Maybe a little confused, based off of Shane's initial reaction, but Ilya made it clear that he was into it, that it was something he wanted to try. And although Shane felt totally against it at first, believed it was dangerous, the thought of it made him feel a little hot inside. He'd finished into his hand twice in one night at the thought of it alone. So he needed to stop being so pathetic and just tell Ilya what he wanted to try. And also tell Ilya that he was prepared in case something went wrong. That was hardly a bad thing.

“I’ve been thinking,” Shane started, glancing down at Ilya, who was staring up at Shane through beautiful long lashes and sex drunk eyes. “About something you said. Something you want.”

I want to know how to save yours.

Shane swallowed, as Ilya raised his eyebrows, like he was encouraging Shane to say more without actually *telling* him to.

So that when I fuck you, I can choke you so hard you stop fucking breathing, and then we can be even.

Shane felt his dick twitch so hard in his pants that he began to get wet. At the sight of Ilya looking up at him so attentively, at the feeling of Ilya’s hands ghosting up and down Shane’s thighs. He was leaking in his pants.

“I want to teach you how to breathe for me when you choke me,” Shane swallowed hard, closing his eyes as the words fell from his lips so he didn’t have to face the embarrassment of watching Ilya wince. He spoke so fast that he wasn’t entirely sure Ilya had even heard him. Shane was so dizzy he felt sick, so worried that Ilya would call him a fucking freak and tell him to leave and—

“Say that again, kotik,” Ilya’s voice was so deep. “You spoke too fast, so I did not understand.”

Shane groaned. Ilya was smiling. He looked like all of his birthdays had come at once, eyes bright and smile even brighter.

“You’re an asshole,” Shane whined, and Ilya trailed his fingers up Shane’s chest, closer and closer to his neck, fingers threatening to tighten around his windpipe. But Ilya didn’t close his fingers. Not yet. “I said, I want to teach you how to breathe for me when you choke me.”

Ilya stood up, hand pressed to Shane’s torso with a little bit of force, wanting to push Shane backwards.

“Fuck,” Ilya shook his head, his free hand lying on Shane’s collarbone, fingers twitching with need and desperation. “You will look so fucking pretty with my hand around your neck.”

Shane wanted to ignore what Ilya had just said, but he couldn’t, and his pants were even wetter now, and he was feeling dizzy, desperate to show Ilya, and to have Ilya practise. On him. Preferably.

“So what is in your bag that is so criminal you stopped and told me this?” Ilya whispered, cupping Shane’s cheek, feeling Shane go pliant and weak in his grip. “Because the only thing you need to teach me how to give you kiss of life is your mouth and my mouth. And you have that, right here.”

Ilya pressed his thumb against Shane’s mouth, Shane so fucking desperate to suck on it and taste Ilya again. But he held back, restrained himself, and tried to focus.

“What I said when you first suggested it,” Shane started, as he reached for his bag again.

“About it being serious, and scary. I meant it. It is serious and even though I am trained to do it, I still worry if it’s going to be enough. So I fell into a spiral, worrying about what would happen if something went wrong. Now I am healthy and my lungs are actually very strong, but if something went wrong and you forgot what to do in an emergency situation, or if it became too much, I just thought it would be a good idea to bring something that would make it easier. So you don’t actually choke me to death.”

“I would never actually choke you to death, Shane,” Ilya sighed. “But please show me what you brought. Please, Mr Lifeguard Shane, show me what you brought to help me save your life.”

“Okay,” Shane returned to the bag, unzipping it the entire way this time, and pulling out an ambu bag, one of the many pieces of emergency first aid equipment he kept in the cupboard in the hallway, just in case. “It’s an ambu bag. We use it to help people in respiratory failure or respiratory arrest.”

“You did not use this on me,” Ilya pointed out, his eyebrows raised in curiosity. “You used your lips.”

“Yes,” Shane nodded. “I had to give you mouth-to-mouth because I wasn’t at my station when you drowned, and if I went to retrieve the one in the first aid box beside my seat, I would’ve wasted more precious time. I needed to get you out of the water and get you breathing again as quickly as I could.”

“Sounds like excuse to kiss me,” Ilya shrugged his shoulders, reaching for the manual breathing bag from Shane’s hands. “I understand.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Shane scowled, glancing over at Ilya with a frown on his face. “I wasn’t going to risk letting you go into cardiac arrest, Ilya. That would’ve been ten times worse, and a lot more serious.”

“I get it, Shane, you saved my life,” Ilya rolled his eyes, placing the ambu bag down onto the ottoman. “I can tell the whole world if you like, if it will make you feel better. Or you can stop fucking talking and show me how to give you kiss of life so we can start fucking. I know you are hard.”

Shane hung his head backwards, lifting his bag from the ottoman and placing it onto the floor.

“You are wet,” Ilya spoke clearly, firmly, like he was reciting a true fact. He was. “You are fucking wet in your pants. Oh, kotik, are you going to come untouched thinking about me with my hand around your neck, *your* life in *my* hands? I know it’s hot, baby, I know. So how about I make you come during our lesson, then I can fuck you and reward you for being such a good boy?”

“Yes,” Shane could barely fucking speak, and all he could think about was how relieved he was that he brought that fucking ambu bag, because he would probably need it sooner rather than later if this continued. “Yes, please.”

“Okay, Mr Lifeguard,” Ilya walked around the ottoman and perched himself on the side of his bed. He patted the large space beside him for Shane. “Teach me. Show me what to do.”

Shane groaned under his breath, reaching down to shift his dick in his pants because it ached so much, but Ilya slapped Shane’s hand away millimetres before he got there, causing Shane to groan like a puppy deprived of love and affection.

“I said teach me, you fucking brat,” Ilya snapped, and Shane wanted to scream with pleasure, hot and hard and desperate to come. Ilya was right when he said Shane would come untouched; Shane wouldn’t be surprised if it was soon. “I will lie down. Talk me through it, Shane. Through what I am supposed to do. It is the only time you will ever get to talk me through anything.”

“*Fuck*,” Shane closed his eyes, desperate for his dick to soften, even just a little bit, so the pain and the pressure would go away. He needed to get this right. “Fuck, okay. *Okay*.”

Shane perched himself on his knees beside Ilya, who was lying with his head comfortably on the pillow, eyes open and trained on Shane, a hint of desperation sparkling in his cornea. Like he would die if he didn’t get it soon.

“I can’t believe you don’t know how to do this already,” Shane commented, unsure why it was even necessary because Ilya was just going to snap back at him. “You should have some sort of training in CPR and mouth-to-mouth. I will make you get a certificate for real.”

“Shut the fuck up, Shane,” Ilya pinched Shane’s nipple. Shane whined. “That’s what I thought. You are such a pathetic brat. Show me what to do and you will cum quicker.”

Shane nodded, all of the embarrassment and fear disappearing into thin air. Because this was Ilya, and even though Ilya talked to him like that, with the controlling lilt to his voice that Shane liked so much, Shane had learned already that Ilya would never, ever do anything to hurt him.

“Okay,” Shane tried to flip the switch from horny to lifeguard, but he wasn’t entirely convinced he was successful. “You can feel for breaths with your hand just above the mouth, or by looking for a rise and fall in the chest. And if you feel nothing, then you have to tilt the head backwards, like this.”

Ever so carefully, Shane placed his hand beneath Ilya’s neck, tilting his head gently so that his airway was open.

“You pinch the nose,” Shane did as he said and pinched Ilya’s nose, only lightly. “A little harder than this. The nostrils must be closed entirely, so the air goes into the lungs and doesn’t escape through the nose.”

Ilya mumbled, nodding slightly to show that he was listening, and that he understood.

“Then, you create a seal with your mouth,” Shane hesitated. “It stops the air from escaping. You will know the rescue breath has entered the lungs when you see the chest rise. You’ll feel it, wait.”

Shane pressed his lips to Ilya's parted mouth, suppressing a moan because, ultimately, this was very fucking hot. He gave him a breath, feeling Ilya's cheeks puff out and his chest expand as the air met with his lungs. Ilya whimpered, the vibrations filtering through into Shane's mouth, making him lightheaded, his cock hard and wet and everything going fuzzy and—

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane pulled his lips away from Ilya's, his entire body turning limp as he felt cum leaking from the tip of his dick, into his pants, his mind full of nothing but Ilya. "Oh, *God*, Ilya."

"Oh my God," Ilya tried to sit up, but Shane was so fucked out from absolutely nothing, his weight resting over Ilya's body as he whimpered and writhed so pathetically. "You just came. Oh, my precious little *kotik*. Cumming in his pants as he teaches me kiss of life. So perfect. I've got you. Let it make you feel good."

"*Feelssogood*," Shane muttered into Ilya's chest, hands gripping at the duvet as his orgasm continued to shatter him. "*Fuck*. Never felt that good before."

"You came untouched from pretending to give me kiss of life," Ilya truly felt like he couldn't fucking breathe either. "I hope you did not get hard when you were saving my life, *kotik*. That would be very unprofessional."

Shane groaned, ready to scream, because of course Ilya would say something so fucking annoying in the seconds after Shane was coming down from such an intense orgasm. He chewed his lip, "it was entirely fucking different, you asshole."

"Not really," Ilya shrugged, as he sat up, reaching for Shane's crotch, wanting to feel just how wet he was, just *how much* he came. "Oh, Shane, you are so wet. Still so hard, too. Let me show you if I am any good at what you taught me, see if I am ready to choke you yet. But you are *not* allowed to cum."

Shane wanted to argue, wanted to tell Ilya that he felt so uncomfortable, that if he didn't cum again in minutes, he would start crying. But Ilya looked at him with that controlling darkness in his eyes, and Shane wanted to be good for him. So he swallowed the lump in his throat and nodded before lying down in the same spot Ilya had just occupied, muscles loose and head floaty.

"Tell me how good I am at this," Ilya whispered as he tilted Shane's head backwards to make sure his airway was open, eyes casting over Shane's chest and taking in every fast heave of his chest. "Looks like you need some help to breathe anyway. Is good job I am fast learner."

Ilya pinched a dizzy Shane's nose, applying enough pressure to his nostrils so that they closed as Shane instructed, and he pressed his lips to Shane's, teasing him a little bit first by sticking his fucking tongue into Shane's mouth. He felt Shane's moan, all delicate and desperate, and his own dick twitched against the material of his underwear.

Ilya removed his lips from Shane's for a second, before creating a seal as Shane had instructed, then blowing a firm breath into Shane's mouth. He felt like he was on another planet, pretending that he had Shane's life in his hands right now, like this, as Shane lay on

Ilya's bed, all light and pliant, like he was in another world already, and Ilya was losing him for real.

"I will help you breathe, Shane," Ilya whispered. "Just like how I will help you breathe when I choke you so hard your lungs give out. I've got you."

Shane was too far gone to even respond. Even a sign of pleasure was too hard right now, was too much. Ilya gave him another breath, then paused for five seconds before sealing their lips again, sharing air like it was normal and not making them both feel dizzy.

"Am I good?" Ilya flashed Shane a cheeky smile after the third consecutive breath, dragging his index and middle finger down Shane's neck towards his carotid artery. "See, I am even checking your pulse. Is fast. I am not surprised."

"You're good," Shane managed to mumble, his eyes reopening slowly as Ilya caressed his face. "I can show you how to use the bag too, if that will make you more comfortable."

"I will not need it," Ilya climbed onto Shane's torso, his hand kneading at Shane's chest. "But does not look hard to use. I will figure it out."

Shane was too far gone to care. If he was to die by choking or orgasm, at least he went in a good way. In the hands of a good man.

The man he had been crushing on, whilst not being gay, for three years, and did absolutely nothing about it. Totally normal.

"I am going to prepare your hole to be fucked now," Ilya smiled as he leaned closer to Shane's lips, giving him a quick kiss before letting his tongue trail down Shane's neck, across the plane of his chest. Ilya dragged Shane's underwear down his obscenely huge thighs. "I want to see you as I open you up. Is okay? Is comfortable like this, on your back?"

"Yes," Shane nodded, his heart swelling at the fact that both he and Ilya were already so far gone, but Ilya was still checking in to see if Shane was okay, if he was fine with what they were doing. "Yeah, Ilya, I'm fine."

"Good boy," Ilya smiled as his fingers teased the entrance to Shane's hole, not going any further than just skimming across the thin layer of skin there. "When was last time you touched yourself here? Or used dildo? When you were gone?"

"Last night," Shane whispered. "I tried not to, so I would be tight for you, but I couldn't stop thinking about you, about what we were going to do here tonight."

"Did you use dildo, Shane?" Ilya's movements were soft and gentle. He didn't want to force his way inside of Shane without lubing them up first. "Did you use it and pretend it was my cock?"

"Yes," Shane nodded, his eyes closing before he was abruptly interrupted by Ilya shoving his index finger into Shane's mouth. "The fuck?"

“Get it wet, *kotik*,” Ilya demanded, his Russian accent beginning to pop out more and more as he became more desperate to be inside Shane. “You will not be as tight as I thought, so the only lube you get is your own spit. I know how wet your mouth gets when you are sucking my dick. Just pretend my finger is my dick.”

Shane did as he was told. He liked submitting to Ilya, liked having Ilya tell him what to do, and even more so when Ilya had stuffed Shane’s mouth full with his fingers. In only a few sexual encounters, Shane had learned so much about what he liked. *Fucking everything if it involves Ilya Rozanov.*

“Good boy,” Ilya praised Shane as he sucked on Ilya’s finger, in and out, back and forth, using his saliva to coat Ilya’s fingers better than any lube would. “So good, *kotik*. I can’t wait to see you take my dick, but the thought of you fucking yourself stupid and senseless with your dildo? Thinking of me? I need to see you do that someday.”

“I will, for you,” Shane let Ilya’s fingers go with a pop. “I need you now. Please. Made me wait for so long to feel you inside of me. Need your fingers then your cock. Please, Ilya. I’ve been so good.”

“Yes,” Ilya smiled, pressing his finger into his mouth now, just to add a little bit more spit. “Yes, you have been very good for me. I want to see you cum on my cock. You will never have orgasm like it again with dildo after you have me.”

Shane nodded, needy and desperate and impatient. He wanted Ilya to kiss him, to force his tongue into his mouth, and like Ilya was telepathic, he leaned forward, finger back to teasing Shane’s hole as his tongue swirled around Shane’s own.

“Ah,” Shane’s back lifted off of the mattress when Ilya finally pushed through, his long finger so warm and perfect inside of him. “Not enough, Ilya. Need more.”

“You must have big dildo, Hollander,” Ilya smirked, as he carefully pressed a second finger to Shane’s hole, wasting no time to slip it in and watch as this beautiful fucking man came unravelled beneath him. “*Blyat. Krasivyy, moy kotik*. You look so beautiful taking my fingers. I can’t wait to see how good you look as you take my dick.”

Ilya thrust his fingers in and out, slowly to start with, but it wasn’t long until he realised that Shane was right: he needed more. He was more prepared than Ilya thought. Prepared from a fucking silicone dildo which was less pathetic than Shane’s own cock.

“Do you want it now?” Ilya asked, flexing his fingers and thinking about wrapping them around Shane’s perfect neck. He wanted to mark Shane, with hickeys and bruises from his fingers. “My cock? My hands around your neck, putting pressure on your windpipe?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, Shane,” Ilya chuckled as he shook his head, pulling both of his fingers out of Shane’s desperate pink hole and watching as Shane whimpered at the feeling of emptiness. “You are so perfect for me. Let me get a condom, and then I will be inside you, stretching you out better than my fingers and better than your dildo.”

“Please,” Shane begged, so pathetically it would usually make him cringe, but instead, it just spiked his heart rate and made his chest feel tight. The room was fucking spinning and he hadn’t even had Ilya’s dick inside of him yet. “Want to see you, feel you, in my stomach. Your big cock, so perfect for me, Ilya.”

“Yes, it is, isn’t it?” Ilya managed to remove his own pants now, tossing them aside and stroking his cock a few times before leaning over for a condom from his bedside drawer. “God, you are such a slut. If I had known that Mr Lifeguard, Shane Hollander, was such a slut, I would’ve fucked you long time ago. Would’ve fucked you at the pool, for everyone to see. But then, I think about other people seeing you like this, and I get angry, because is all mine. Is beautiful and perfect and all mine.”

“All yours,” Shane winced at the sound of the condom wrapper being ripped open, chest heaving as he tried to prepare himself for Ilya entering him with his cock. “So big, Ilya. You are so big. Please fuck me now. Choke me. I need you.”

“Almost there, sweetheart,” Ilya smiled, as he lined his dick up with Shane’s hole, teasing it ever so slightly with his tip. “Is okay? You are ready?”

“Yes, I’m fucking ready,” Shane hissed. “So ready.”

“Don’t be a brat or I will leave you here without my dick and without your dildo,” Ilya rubbed his cock up and down Shane’s hole, watching as Shane flinched like fresh jolts of electricity were shocking him with every slow movement. “I am going to fuck you now.”

Shane nodded, eyes rolling backwards and a sickening, animalistic groan leaving his parted lips as Ilya finally - fucking *finally* - pressed into his desperate, tight hole.

“You are so tight, baby,” Ilya stilled for a second to allow Shane to get used to the new sensation inside of him. And Ilya watched every single contort of his face, the way his eyes tightened in the corners as Shane became familiar with Ilya’s dick. “So tight, so warm. All for me.”

“Choke me, Ilya,” Shane’s voice was laced with a beg that felt so personal, so needy. “Fuck me with your hand around my neck. Squeeze my windpipe until I’m begging you to stop, to let me breathe. Fuck, let me go if you need to. Please, Ilya. Need it so bad.”

“Are you sure?” Ilya placed one hand on Shane’s side. “We do not have to, if you are uncomfortable.”

“I want to,” Shane spoke as clearly as he possibly could, even though he was so overwhelmed from the pleasure of having Ilya inside of him. “Yes. I will tell you if I change my mind, but right now, my mind is on you, choking me with your hand as you fuck me with your dick. I used to think you were such a dick, and now all I want is your dick. *Please.*”

“Okay, *kotik.*”

Ilya drew backwards momentarily, so that his dick wasn’t filling Shane up as much, and he watched Shane pout, ready to beg, before slamming himself back inside. Shane let out a

moan louder than Ilya had ever heard before, and it sounded so good, so perfect, that Ilya wanted to record it on his phone and play it on repeat into his headphones.

As he started to create a salacious rhythm with his thrusts, Ilya allowed his right hand - his dominant, stronger hand - to trail upwards, over the ridges of Shane's toned stomach, past his firm chest and stopping at the bottom of his neck. Ilya looked at him again, almost worried and begging for more consent, more approval before he started to add pressure to Shane's airway, but Shane gave him a strangled yes, a restricted nod, and Ilya took that as his cue to go.

Ilya wrapped his fingers around Shane's neck painfully slowly, all whilst keeping a steady rhythm with each thrust. He wanted to see Shane lose himself. His perfect lifeguard Shane, who was so diligent and careful with his work, with saving people's lives, but who trusted Ilya enough to push the limits of life as they knew it and play with Shane's breathing. To Ilya, it was the hottest thing ever.

He'd been with so many women, a fewer number of men, but nothing - nothing at all - was hotter than this.

Shane's tightness. Shane's pulse in his neck as Ilya pressed his fingers to either side of Shane's windpipe just to test the waters and see how Shane responded to some restricted air, as Ilya's thrusts turned faster.

"Is okay?" Ilya asked, letting out a sigh of relief when he saw Shane nodding the best he could. "Good. You feel so perfect, Shane. Like your desperate, tight little hole was made for me and my cock."

The sounds Shane was making, the pathetic gasps for air mixed with the deeper, guttural moans which started in his stomach, were making it harder for Ilya to breathe himself. The wetness of his hole mixed with each forceful thrust, each slam of their hips, drove Ilya insane. He felt crazy. Like he couldn't believe this was really happening and wasn't all just something he'd made up in his head.

Ilya knew he'd reached Shane's prostate. Knew he'd found the one spot that drove Shane absolutely wild, because Shane's eyes started rolling backwards, his lips parted wider, and he writhed more intensely.

It felt pornographic. The sounds of their wetness fusing together, Ilya's heady, deep groans mixed with Shane's soft gasps because Ilya was restricting his fucking airway. Every inch of Ilya's skin was buzzing, but Shane - Shane had never known pleasure like it.

Shane was on fucking fire. With every thrust, Ilya jabbed Shane's prostate, the feeling so new that Shane felt like he was on fire and going to burn away into crisp ash. He had given up all control and placed it in Ilya's hands, in Ilya's hips, in Ilya's *dick*.

Ilya wanted to slap Shane's face, make his skin sting, leave him whimpering through Ilya's grip on his neck. But he also didn't want to ruin just how beautiful Shane looked right now, writhing as every thrust hit his prostate, eyes closed and lips parted, pleasure all over his beautiful fucking face.

Ilya was dizzy. *And* he was greedy. He wanted - *needed* - more.

“Going to squeeze a little tighter now, Shane,” Ilya panted, head feeling light with pleasure but refusing to give into it, because he needed to stay present. For Shane. “I’ve got you.”

What Ilya did next certainly wasn’t an attribute of safe sex. The way he curled his fingers around Shane’s entire throat, making his cheeks turn redder as his breathing became more laboured, was not what he would ever tell anyone to do if they were having sex for the first time and hadn’t choked anyone before.

Ilya didn’t take his eyes off of Shane’s, their eye contact so delicate and intimate that Ilya felt like he could shoot his fucking load and then some any second now. But Shane, with Ilya’s hand slotted so perfectly around his whole neck, smiled, gave the tiniest of nods, and Ilya took that as a sign to be a little rougher.

“My little slut,” Ilya mumbled, going faster, harder, squeezing tighter, as his own orgasm began to build in his stomach. “Keep breathing for me, Shane. You are okay. So okay, yes?. Feel so good.”

Shane could only let out a strangled noise, as his eyes started to close and he began to make soft gasping noises, his right hand reaching for his dick, but he was too weak to reach. He became lighter with each second that passed. With each bit of air Ilya drew from him, his lungs tightening, his vision blurring and turning black. He felt like he was about to pass out.

“Just breathe, *kotik*,” Ilya wrapped his own hand around Shane’s dick, using his thumb to collect some of the cum which had spilled already from the tip and using it as lube. “I will make you cum, okay? Just hold on for me. It will feel strange, but trust me, it will be best orgasm of your life.”

Shane just lay there and allowed his entire body to be consumed by nothing but pleasure. Every thrust made him feel like he was a live wire, shocks of electricity coursing through his veins, tears spilling from his eyes, air leaving his lungs. He was almost certain that he would stop breathing, but he was too far gone, too heavy with a sweet, unfamiliar feeling of pleasure, to care.

“Fuck, you feel so good,” Ilya shook his head. “You are so good, letting me use you like this. So perfect. Just hold on, Shane. Keep breathing if you can. I am going to cum. Are you? Blink if you are going to cum too, Shane.”

Shane blinked.

“My good fucking boy,” Ilya growled, thrusting faster, squeezing harder, head spinning with delight at the control he’d taken from Shane. “You are so good, so pretty like this. I love fucking you. *Fuck*, I love choking you. My pretty baby.”

The tears stung at Shane’s eyes before they started to fall. He was floating in and out of consciousness, desperate for some release because the tension in his stomach was too much to bear, the feeling of Ilya’s hand sliding over his dick too much to hold down anymore. Shane *needed* to cum.

“Please,” he sounded so fucking pathetic. “*Ilya*.”

“I’ve got you,” Ilya took in every inch of Shane’s beauty. The way he took Ilya’s cock so well, how fucked out he was, how fucking perfect he looked with Ilya’s hand around his neck. “Let it go, sweetheart. Just focus on feeling good. You’ve done so well, you deserve to have the best orgasm of your life. Take it.”

Shane let out a strangled moan that was enough to send Ilya over the edge, so he picked up the aggression of his thrusts, tightened his deathly grip on Shane’s neck and gave his red, aching cock two more pumps before cum began to spurt out from the tip, dripping down Ilya’s hand, Shane’s entire body spasming so helplessly. His eyes were closed, his chest heaving, as Ilya came inside of him. Into a condom, but still inside of Shane. Because of Shane.

“Fuck,” Ilya whined, still spilling into the condom, knowing there was going to be so much cum that it would start dripping out of Shane and onto the bed. “Fuck, Shane. Can you hear me?”

Shane’s dick was still leaking cum, his face red, his entire upper half covered in a thin layer of sparkling sweat. His breathing was laboured, so Ilya removed his hand from Shane’s neck, watching as he twitched uncontrollably.

“Shane?” Ilya could see that Shane’s chest was rising and falling, he was breathing, but he hadn’t taken a gasp to regain all the air he’d lost yet, like Ilya expected. Ilya pulled out of Shane, quickly pulling the condom off and throwing it to the floor, not caring if it left a stain. He had a carpet cleaner. “Hey, Shane, are you with me? Take a breath for me.”

Shane didn’t respond. He just lay there, still, chest rising and falling slowly.

Ilya checked Shane’s pulse. His heart was racing.

Shane was very much alive. Just unresponsive. Passed out, maybe?

“I will help you breathe like you showed me,” Ilya brushed a stray piece of hair backwards, away from Shane’s forehead. “I will breathe for you, Shane. Just a little.”

Ilya followed each step meticulously, tilting Shane’s head backwards - which seemed to help considerably - before pinching Shane’s nose and creating a seal with his lips, blowing one, long breath into Shane’s mouth, feeling his chest expand more with their shared breath. Shane took his own breath then, completely unaided, and Ilya pulled himself back.

“Hey,” Ilya smiled as Shane started breathing properly now, face still red and entire body a little damp. “Hey, *kotik*. Are you okay?”

“Never been better,” Shane smiled, resting his face into Ilya’s palm which had made its way to his cheek. “That was the hottest thing I’ve ever experienced.”

“Was good for your first time with a man, and not just a dildo?” Ilya brushed his thumb up and down, horizontally, across Shane’s burning cheeks. “You came so much. Is everywhere.”

“It was *so* good,” Shane wanted to do it again. And again. *Fuck*. “Much better than my dildo.”

“Good,” Ilya found Shane’s lips, needing to feel Shane kiss him back, just for extra confirmation that he really was okay, and Ilya hadn’t fucking killed him. Ilya did not want to have to tell Shane’s parents how he died. Death by choking would probably get Ilya locked up. “You did so well. You took me so well, *malysh*.”

“Was made for you, Ilya,” Shane mumbled, rubbing his eyes as he tried to sit up but the weight of his orgasm was still lingering in his muscles, so he couldn’t, and just stayed put. “I want to do it again.”

“Oh, is surprise to me,” Ilya tutted. “You said is serious, can be dangerous. And you want to do it again.”

“I survived,” Shane shrugged. “I trust you. As long as you don’t tell my manager at the club that I enjoy being choked to the point I can’t breathe, we should be fine.”

Ilya laughed, “I will only be going back there when you are playing lifeguard. And I will drown again, so you can save me.”

“Asshole,” Shane mumbled under his breath. “I hate you.”

“No, you love me,” Ilya smiled as he looked at Shane. He was so fucked out, so gone, and all Ilya wanted to do was hold him and kiss him and never let him leave. “You love me, my dick, and the way I choke you.”

Shane didn’t say anything to that. He just made noise, a low mumble, and closed his eyes. He was hot and sweaty, sticking to the duvet, and just wanted to shower then cuddle Ilya until he fell asleep in his post-orgasm haze.

“Can we shower?” Shane reached for Ilya’s hand. “And then cuddle?”

“Shane Hollander wants to cuddle me?” Ilya teased, as he stood up, fished around for the condom full of his cum, and reached for a tissue to wrap it in. “You are changed man.”

“Fuck off,” Shane whined, head still light and dizzy as he tried to lift it. “You just fucked me senseless. God forbid I need you to be a bit nicer with me after almost destroying my airway.”

“You liked it, Hollander,” Ilya returned to the bed, finding Shane’s nipple with his mouth and sucking gently, wanting to see how Shane would respond. With a pathetic fucking whimper, as Ilya assumed. “You are still a pathetic little toy, letting me do whatever I want to you. Because you have been so good, we will cuddle. And maybe, if you recover quick enough, I will fuck you again later on, slap my dick on your tongue until you’re begging for me to stuff it into your mouth. Then throw you into a different position.”

“Yes,” feeling entirely satiated, Shane sighed with a smile. “That would be fun.”

Ilya just curled his lips into an evil smile, but then he snapped out of it, and helped Shane sit up, wanting to take care of him. Ilya guided Shane to his feet, noticing he was still weak like a little clumsy newborn deer, then took him through to the en-suite bathroom.

“Let me take care of you, *solnyshko*,” Ilya kissed Shane’s swollen lips, just a delicate peck, nothing too much for him, because he was so overstimulated that Ilya wasn’t sure there were coherent thoughts happening in Shane’s brain right now. “I’ve got you. Come shower. I’ll clean you up.”

Half an hour later, Ilya’s back was propped up against the headboard of his super kingsize bed, Shane’s ear resting over his heart, hand on his torso. Shane, who tilted his head backwards ever so slightly to allow him direct access to Ilya’s lips.

“You killed me, Hollander,” Ilya whispered, as Shane left a kiss on his upper lip. “That was so hot.”

“You almost killed me,” Shane sighed, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. “Literally.”

“I will never choke you again,” Ilya said, watching closely as Shane frowned. “We will have boring vanilla sex for the rest of time.”

Shane stiffened then, almost moving too quickly and pulling at his hip, but he stopped himself and focused on the beautiful fucking man lying beside him.

“We’re going to do this again?” Shane asked, heart hammering away at his ribcage again. “Seriously?”

“What?” Ilya allowed his eyes to meet Shane’s. “You do not want?”

“Of course I do,” Shane couldn’t fucking believe his luck. “I thought we were just hooking up and would do this properly once, then that would be it. We would go back to finding a way to hate each other, or something.”

“What, and you would pretend to not be gay?” Ilya had the fucking audacity to laugh, and Shane was so ready to try and strangle Ilya so hard that he almost stopped breathing again. *Almost*. “Hollander, I told you I have wanted you for so long. When I said that, I meant it. I want us to keep having kinky sex. I want you to come and be personal lifeguard for me at my pool. I want to stay with you at night when you are home and not being part of big hockey team.”

Shane felt hot tears prickling at his waterline, but he forced them not to fall. He didn’t want to cry in front of Ilya. Not over this.

“I can’t believe I ever hated you,” Shane whispered, forcing the lump away, keeping his tears hidden, refusing to let any sadness show. He didn’t want Ilya to think he was weak, or that after he had sex he got sad and vulnerable. Even though he thought he probably did, especially with Ilya.

“I know, was very stupid,” Ilya shrugged. “You missed out on mind-blowing orgasms and great sex for all these years. Guess we will just have to make up for lost time, yes?”

“Yes please,” Shane nuzzled his face into Ilya’s neck, inhaling him, taking in the sweet scent of the shower gel they’d both just lathered into one another’s bodies in the shower. “I’d like that very much.”

Ilya responded by kissing Shane, slipping his tongue into Shane’s hot mouth and finding his, the perfect type of kiss, so hot but slow and meaningful. Not dirty or rushed.

“And you will be my lifeguard?” Ilya pulled away, noticing that Shane was looking a little hot and bothered again, but he pushed it aside because it didn’t matter. He had more pressing matters to confirm.

“I will be your lifeguard if you don’t get into the pool after you’ve filled yourself with endless amounts of alcohol,” Shane cleared his throat. “I will not be pulling your heavy ass out of the water ever again.”

“That is not good lifeguarding,” Ilya folded his arms over his chest. “And anyway, I did not mean to drown. I just wanted to get in pool so you would come back and shout at me.”

“I’m sorry,” Shane, eyes wide, shook his head in complete disbelief. “Are you serious right now?”

“Yes,” Ilya shrugged, like it wasn’t a big deal at all. “Very serious. Was all part of my plan to tell you I had crush on you, that I am not the asshole you think I am. But then I got a bit dizzy and everything went black, and next thing I remember is feeling your lips on my lips. So sweet, your lips.”

“You are unbelievable.”

“Unbelievable in bed,” Ilya smiled proudly. “I know.”

Shane sighed, shaking his head, as he pulled the clean duvet further over his and Ilya’s bodies. He told Ilya as they stood under the waterfall head in the shower, that he couldn’t get comfortable on a cum-stained duvet. So Ilya said it was fine, and he would switch the duvet cover so Shane was comfortable. Shane felt bad, but Ilya told him to stop apologising, that he would do it if it made Shane more comfortable, to which Shane kissed him and thanked him for taking such good care of him.

After a few moments of silence, Ilya cleared his throat and reached for Shane’s hand.

“Why did you become a lifeguard?” His words were soft, like he wasn’t sure if he was asking a question too personal or overstepping a mark that wasn’t his to cross. “Sorry. Is that too

personal? You do not have to tell me.”

“Don’t be silly, Ilya,” Shane kissed him again, this time on the forehead, a gentle, delicate kiss that was warm on Ilya’s skin. “Of course you can ask me. The answer is quite simple, really. I used to swim a lot when I was younger, and I eventually had to pick between professional hockey and professional swimming. It was always hockey for me.”

Ilya felt his heart tighten a little bit then, like Shane’s hatred towards Cliff Marlow made sense. Even if Cliff didn’t mean to, he took that away from Shane. And that made Ilya’s chest ache.

“Swimming was always a big part of my training because I loved it so much,” Shane shrugged, like it wasn’t a big deal. “And then I got drafted, and that year of playing professional hockey in the NHL was the best year of my life. Then I got injured, was told I’d never be able to play again and that swimming would really help I’m with my hip. I wasn’t sure if I’d even be able to be a coach or anything, so I started giving private swimming lessons to kids and had to take a first aid course anyway. I was giving lessons at the club, they needed a new lifeguard, so I said I’d do it as long as it could work with my NHL career, since I was working with the Centaurs already then.”

“You are very brave, Shane,” Ilya did the kissing now, pressing his lips to Shane’s skull, through his hair. “You should be very proud of how brave you are. I am sorry you lost hockey how you did.”

“It’s okay,” Shane sighed, but Ilya knew it definitely wasn’t okay. He didn’t push it, though, because it wasn’t his business. “There’s nothing I can do about it now. Hockey was everything to me, but accidents happen, and can end careers prematurely. I just never thought it would happen to me.”

“I understand,” Ilya nodded. “Well. I do not understand what it is like to lose your dream career, but I know what it is like to lose the most important person in your life.”

“Your father?” Shane rolled onto his side, Ilya slowly copying him, allowing Shane to find his hands. Ilya shook his head. “Oh. Your brother? You were close?”

“I hated my father and my brother,” Ilya’s words were like a punch to the gut for Shane, and he felt guilty for even suggesting they were important. He should never have assumed. “No. I lost my mama when I was twelve. She was the most important person in my life. My best friend.”

Shane’s chest was aching, eyes stinging again.

“Oh, Ilya,” he slipped a hand out of Ilya’s grip and used it to caress his face instead, movements soft and slow so Ilya knew he was safe with Shane. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t know.”

“Is okay,” Ilya smiled, but Shane could see how hard that was for him. Shane wanted to bundle Ilya into his arms and never, ever let him go again. “Was long time ago now, but I will never forget her. I will never forget finding her. She was so cold.”

Shane didn't know what to do, what to say. He wasn't entirely certain what Ilya was suggesting right now, but it felt heavy.

"She was so beautiful, but she was so sad," Ilya smiled a little, his eyes staying closed a few seconds too long. "My father, he was so hard on her, so awful to her. It all was too much, and she swallowed a whole bottle of pills. Was an accident, but they could not save her. She was dead when I found her."

Awful images of a little twelve year old Ilya with soft blonde curls and a radiant smile flashed through Shane's mind then, his own heart aching when he thought about that Ilya finding his mother's dead body. It filled Shane with dread, made him feel a little sick.

"My best friend," Ilya sighed. "Gone because of my father. I never ever forgave him. I left as soon as I was old enough, because Svetlana's dad, Sergei Vetrov, wanted me to work for him, on the Boston Bears."

"Wait, what?" Shane shook his head. "Say that again."

"Svetlana, my best friend from back in Russia," Ilya smiled, as Shane continued to caress Ilya's face, just to remind him that he was here, that Ilya wasn't alone, because Shane knew this was a big deal to him. "Her father is Sergei Vetrov. He always told me that when I was old enough, I could move to Boston and work for him on the Bears, if he was still there. And he was. So I worked on his team, not in a coaching role like you, but I helped him with strategy and things."

"You play hockey?" Shane was smiling, the thought of Ilya playing hockey making him warm inside. "For real?"

"I played it a lot back home, in Russia," shyly, Ilya nodded. "Was almost professional. Hurt my shoulder and decided not to risk anything more. So I move to Boston to live with Svetlana, work with her dad, then my father and brother died in a car accident and I inherited my father's literal billions. Too much money for me, but Alexei died with him, so it all came to me."

"I'm sorry," Shane pressed his finger to Ilya's mouth, just wanting to touch and feel him everywhere, wanting to figure out what calmed him, what soothed him. Ilya took Shane's hand into his and placed his fingers carefully behind his own ears, like he could read Shane's mind. "I know you didn't like them, but it must've been a lot all at once."

"I felt relief knowing my father was dead," Ilya nuzzled into Shane's hand which was still cupping his ear, fingers slowly playing with his earlobe. "He was sick anyway. He did not have long left. Alexei left behind a wife and a daughter - my niece - and they got most of his money. Some came to me as well. It is too much than I know what to do with. I buy nice house, buy some nice cars, but what else do I do with it? I do not know."

"Are you happy here?" Shane asked, stilling his hand so it rested in the crevice between Ilya's ear and his neck. "In Ottawa?"

“Yes, very happy,” Ilya slowly nodded his head. “I do not go back to Russia much. I thought it would be easier with them dead, but it just reminds me that mama died because of how cruel he was, and now he is gone, she should be here. With me.”

“I bet she would be so proud of you, Ilya,” Shane shuffled closer to Ilya under the duvet, their heads now both on one pillow, their mouths only millimetres apart.

“I hope so,” Ilya took their lips being so close as a chance to kiss Shane again, delicate and sweet as his tongue slipped into Shane’s mouth. Ilya wasn’t quite sure how he’d survived without this for so long. “I would like to start something in her memory. I have all of this money, and I donate so much to mental health charities, but I would like to start my own. For her.”

“We should start a charity,” Shane didn’t miss a fucking beat. Ilya raised his eyebrow. “Me and you. We could do something with hockey. Maybe like summer camps for kids who want to start playing. I know some of the guys on the Centaurs would be up for helping out. We could host summer camps for kids, teach them hockey, and all the money we raise could go to mental health organisations. We can get involved with the league, the Centaurs could be our partner, and we could raise money for people who need support with their mental health, all in memory of your mama.”

“Shane,” Ilya shook his head, tears stinging in his eyes because he couldn’t quite believe this was happening right now. “I would love to do that. I would love that so much. Are you being serious though? You would do that with me?”

“I think I would do anything with you,” Shane sighed, still feeling a little floaty and dazed, kind of unable to believe this was even real. “I like working with the Centaurs because it means I get to still live out some of my dream of being in the NHL, but I love working with the kids at the pool, teaching them how to swim, seeing how happy they get when something clicks. I think we could do something amazing like that with hockey, too.”

“We will do it,” Ilya nodded, kissing Shane again, both cheeks cupped in his hands. “Thank you, Shane. Is such a perfect idea.”

“What was her name?” Shane traced his fingertips in circles over Ilya’s torso. “Your mama. What was her name?”

Ilya smiled fondly, like he was reliving something in his mind. And he was. He saw his beautiful mother with her soft, blonde hair and petite features, standing before him, smile wide and arms open.

“Irina,” Ilya exhaled. “It means *peace*.”

“How about we call it The Irina Foundation?” Shane suggested, noticing a tear slip from Ilya’s eye and roll slowly down his cheek. Ilya tried to pull away from Shane, his hands slipping from Shane’s face, but Shane stopped him by cupping Ilya’s chin and lifting his face so Shane could see directly into his gorgeous eyes. “Don’t cry. Whatever this is, whatever you want to do with it, we can do it together, okay?”

“Okay,” Ilya nodded, feeling at peace for the first time in forever, all because he was in Shane’s arms - the arms of someone who he knew, in his heart, would take care of him on his dark days, on the days where having money meant nothing because Ilya was just a sad, lonely boy from Russia who needed someone to love him and cherish him. “Thank you, Shane.”

“It’s okay, Ilya.” Shane was still so mad that they were both fucking idiots for three whole years, pretending to hate each other, behaving like fools to get a reaction out of the other, when they could’ve had this.

This warmth. This silence. This peace.

The peace that Ilya so desperately craved after losing his mother. Maybe he was finally finding it in Shane.

“I still think you are very handsome lifeguard, Shane,” Ilya rolled onto his back, beckoning for Shane to come rest his head on Ilya’s chest. Shane obliged without hesitation. “I think you are very handsome man and I have had this thought since I first saw you at Sveta’s birthday party. Very handsome Canadian man with beautiful freckles.”

“And I still think you’re a very handsome rich boy, Ilya.” Shane knew he would get a reaction from Ilya at his choice of words. A jaunt or a tease, just like every day they were both at the pool.

“Yes, miserable little rich boy from Russia,” Ilya shrugged. “I have heard it before. Is not true, when you get to know me.”

“I know,” Shane kissed Ilya’s chest. He was so warm and so firm. “I have known that ever since I first met you, when it came to me anyway. You had a look in your eye, like you just wanted somebody to see you, to love you.”

“You are right,” Ilya said, dryly. “Is not wrong.”

“I’m here now,” Shane whispered, his eyes feeling heavy as he curled closer towards Ilya, happy to be in his arms. The safest place in the world, maybe. “I’m very gay, Ilya. I pushed it down because I didn’t want it to be true, but I’ve always known, always tried to fight it.”

“Yes,” Ilya nodded. “You are very gay man who likes being topped by a handsome, rich Russian. I do not blame you.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Shane laughed, burying his face into Ilya’s chest. “You’re still an asshole.”

“Tell me that again when I’m inside yours, or when I’m eating you out so good all you can do is thank me,” Ilya reached over to pinch Shane’s nipple. “Strong lifeguard in charge of saving people’s lives, but begs for me to choke him, wants me to be in control so he doesn’t have to be all of the time. Does that sound right, *kotik*?”

The fucking Russian pet names. Shane wasn’t really sure if he would ever be able to hear them come from Ilya’s lips, so sultry and so perfect, without getting hard.

But Shane knew Ilya was right. All he ever craved in his life was for someone to take the burden from his shoulders every so often and take control of something, before it came too much and overwhelmed him. In all the times Ilya had been in charge of making Shane cum, he'd taken him to another world, where his brain switched off and nothing mattered but being fucked so good he cried.

Shane liked it a lot. Too much.

"Yes," Ilya nodded, proudly, knowing his words had infiltrated under Shane's skin again.

"Yes, my good boy. I will fuck you so good again tonight, slap your useless dick until you are begging me to stop and take it in my mouth. And you will do nothing but submit to me, yes? Let me praise you and take control of everything. Your pleasure, your breathing. All of it. Mine. All of you. Mine."

Shane was hard again. Fully hard. *Painfully* hard. Already. *Fuck*.

If this was the life he was signing up for with Ilya, then it was all he wanted.

"Beautiful, strong, lifeguard Shane," Ilya smiled. "Mine. All fucking mine. Rich boy this, rich boy that, money is nothing when I have you, *kotik*. Now get out of the bed and onto your knees."

Shane, desperate to give more to Ilya, to show Ilya how good he was, but feeling a little lightheaded from how quickly things changed from something sentimental one minute to complete filth the next, did as he was told. He rolled out of Ilya's bed and got down on his knees, lips parted and lips trained on Ilya's perfect fucking cock, hanging just in front of his face.

"Take me in your mouth, lifeguard Shane," Ilya's eyes were dark. He was so fucking annoying, but so *fucking good* at this. "Your lips, so sweet, just like honey. So perfect, so good at what they do."

Shane groaned, but didn't take his eyes from Ilya, and was nodding pathetically, parting his lips and slipping his tongue from his mouth, eyes watering at the thought of having Ilya's nine-inch cock in his mouth.

"My dick, is poorly," Ilya whined, fisting his hands into Shane's hair and dragging him forward, needing his mouth on him. Now. "My dick needs kiss of life."

So Shane reaching for the base of Ilya's cock, pinched it carefully, before parting his lips and taking his dick into his mouth. And he blew.

End Notes

okay they are all yours now please love them and cherish them. they are just two babies who need love and have finally found each other.

come scream with me over this on the bird app, because i will be screaming about this for a long time to come. i already miss writing them. god one kudos and i will probably write a part two!!!! you will find me at [godlightilya!!](#)

idk what else to say. i will probably come back soon and add more here. but for now, thank you, and i hope you really love rich boy ilya and lifeguard shane as much as i do.

see you soon!!!!

kudos and comments are most appreciated <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!