

losing his grip

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/88760551) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/88760551>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Heated Rivalry - All Media Types , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Cliff Marlow Cliff Marleau , Victor St. Simon , Ryan Carmichael , Boston Bears Boston Raiders Team Ensemble (Game Changers) , Svetlana Vetrova , Sasha Ilya Rozanov's Coach's Son , Jackie Pike , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Light Dom/sub , Book 2: Heated Rivalry (Game Changers) , Angst with a Happy Ending , Hockey-Typical Homophobia , Situationships , Top Ilya Rozanov , Dancer Shane Hollander , Pole Dancer Shane Hollander , Shane Still Plays Hockey For Fun , Hockey Player Ilya Rozanov , Explicit Sexual Content , POV Alternating , Shane Hollander is Ilya Rozanov's Bi Awakening , Bottom Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander has tattoos , Eventual Smut , Slow Burn , Jock Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Has a Crush on Shane Hollander , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Blow Jobs , Porn , Rimming , Drunk Sex , References to Drugs , Masturbation , Homophobic Language , Mutual Pining , Ilya Rozanov is Obsessed With Shane Hollander , Closeted Ilya Rozanov , Social Media , Instagram , Texting , Pining Ilya Rozanov , Bisexuality , Stripping , Strippers & Strip Clubs , Pole Dancing , Deepthroating , Cum Slut Shane Hollander , Dry Humping , Size Queen Shane Hollander , Hand Jobs , Face-Fucking , Shane Hollander is Obsessed With Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander Has a Praise Kink , Confident Shane Hollander , BAMF Shane Hollander , Bratty Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Wears Ilya Rozanov's Hockey Jersey , Light Bondage
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-07-18 Updated: 2026-10-04 Words: 136,470 Chapters: 13/?

losing his grip

by [okay_so_yeah_713](#)

Summary

Ilya is the youngest-ever captain of the Boston Raiders at 22 years old, and is pretty sure he is straight. Shane was injured before he could go pro, and became a dancer instead. Now, he's out, and the most in-demand male pole dancer in Montreal.

Then, on a random Friday night, Ilya and the Raiders walk into his club. And now Ilya can't stop thinking about him.

OR - What if Shane was Ilya's bi awakening, and it began at a club where Shane was performing? And what happens when this Shane Hollander meets this Ilya Rozanov?

(Don't worry, Shane still plays hockey for fun in this, because I'll be damned if Shane isn't still a bitchy jock who is really good at hockey in my AU.)

Notes

I have been so inspired by reading all the amazing HR fics on this site, that it spurred me to pick up the pen. Clearly, because when you put the bisexual awakening Ilya fries on the tattooed Shane burger... :)

Everything is 100% written by me. I did some internet research to help with locations, injury and hockey stuff, etc., but the writing is AI-free, I promise! I just really love em-dashes.

Also, this takes place towards the start of the 2013-14 season. So, Ilya is in his fourth NHL season and Shane graduated college earlier that Spring.

Inspired by the very talented dancer/choreographer @Kotyyn on Instagram – check them out!

*Note - there are images, texts, etc. that don't show up well on ereaders, so recommend reading in a browser! May eventually post a version down the road that's more downloadable but that's TBD for now!

Chapter 1: Le Vertige

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Montreal, Quebec

November 2013

“So, what’s the plan for tonight, boys?”

Ilya surveys the room as he steps out of the shower, quickly rubbing the towel over his hair, legs, torso, and arms before wrapping it low around his waist. He takes a seat at the bench in front of his locker, rifling through his duffle bag for the plain black shirt and joggers he brought to change into after today’s optional skate.

“Well, we are obviously going out, Roz,” Marlow turns to him from his seat on the bench and grins. “We fucking deserve it!”

Spirits are always high after a win, even higher after beating the Metros, and highest after beating them in their own house. The Raiders won 4-2 last night, and Ilya played well. So yeah, they deserve a night out.

And while he is no stranger to being hungover on an early morning flight, they aren’t even heading to Ottawa until tomorrow afternoon. For once, the road trip schedule actually works in their favor.

Thursday night: beat the stupid Metros. Friday: optional skate at the Metros’ practice facility followed by a free afternoon and team dinner (and getting fucking drunk at a club...and ~~maybe~~ definitely getting laid). Saturday: kick sexy woman out of hotel room, nurse hangover, and fly to boring Ottawa. Sunday: practice and watch tape. Monday: beat the (terrible) Centaurs.

“Okay, but *where*? We are in Montreal, I don’t want to end up at some fucking karaoke dive bar while Connors destroys perfectly good songs.” Ilya throws his hands up. “We can do that in Ottawa, or Buffalo.”

He looks directly at St-Simon, who he knows has pretty solid promoter hookups in most of the fun cities.

“Give me like, two minutes,” St-Simon says with a twinkle in his eye. Then his gaze moves down towards his phone, thumbs moving quickly while he shoots off a text.

Ilya takes the opportunity to step into his slides, swipe some deodorant under his arms, and reach for his own phone on the shelf of his locker cubby. No new texts, which is fine.

“Okay everyone shut up, I have some really great fucking news.” St-Simon turns to the room and holds his arms out wide, preparing to make what is clearly a huge announcement. “I got us into Le Vertige.”

He pauses for a response, but when it's clear most of them don't know what the hell that is (because they live in Boston and why would they know about some obscure Canadian club) he continues.

"It's like, the *most exclusive* club in Montreal...maybe even all of Canada! It's known for having the *best* dancers. We're talking like, the hottest strippers you've ever seen, who come to Montreal just to work there. And they have this chick who swallows swords or something, and like, all kinds of Cirque de Soleil shit."

This does generate some excitement, and Ilya can hear "hell yeah" and "sounds sick" and "I have a sword she can swallow" as he scans the happy faces in the locker room.

"Okay, good. Nice work, St-Simon." Ilya sends him a toothy smile. "What time?"

"I used my magic to get us all into the midnight show. The ten o'clock was booked and this one is supposed to be better anyways. Late night crowd, you know."

While he wouldn't usually have them start the night that late on a roadie, with their relaxed schedule this weekend he supposes it should be fine...team bonding is important... and he really wants to fuck someone tonight. They've had a solid start to the season, with Ilya wearing the C for the first time – 8 wins, 4 losses and 1 overtime loss – but he has been so focused on winning that it's been almost three weeks since he last got his dick wet. And for Ilya, that's a dry spell.

"Okay! You heard the man. After team dinner, we pregame at hotel bar and then go to this fancy club for sexy people." Ilya claps his hands and stands up. "See you all at eight. And don't embarrass me by dressing like idiots, please!"

Whooping and cheering fills the room as they all make their way out of the lockers and towards the team bus, which will take them back to the hotel.

As Ilya is passing through the doorway, St-Simon grabs him by the right arm and turns him so they're face-to-face.

"Roz, there's um, one more thing."

"What."

"This place is like, exclusive for a reason. It's...not cheap to get a table, day-of, at the midnight show, for a hockey team. And the only ones they had left were the front tables."

Ilya sighs. "How much."

"It's a \$5,000 minimum."

"You are fucking with me. Just for tables?"

"It includes the tables, a server, and bottle service."

Ilya groans and throws his head back. "Fine. Whatever." They can't exactly back out now, the guys are too excited, and it's not like Ilya can't afford it.

"Hell yes. You won't regret it, Roz."

Ilya grits his teeth as he turns back towards the exit and walks to the open door of the bus. As long as he sees (and touches) some tits tonight, it will be worth it.



Ilya looks at himself in the mirror and the corner of his mouth twitches upward. He looks fucking good.

He smooths down the hair over his temples, making sure the gel is running through his curls in the way he likes. Then, he turns to peer over his shoulder at how his dark wash AG jeans hug his ass – perfect – and back again to appraise the sleek white button-down (Hugo Boss, of course), which is snug tight over his pecs and biceps. With the sleeves rolled up, his forearms look fucking amazing and you can see his veins, which he knows women like. He adjusts his mother's necklace, undoes one more button, fixes his Rolex so that it sits properly on his wrist, and reaches for his black Burberry overcoat, just in case they're going to be outside.

As he takes one final look at himself, his lips press together and he can feel that familiar warm hum in his chest, that flutter he gets before leaving for the night. Getting dressed up to go out never really gets old. More than three years into his NHL career, and he still loves exploring the (fun) cities, dancing with hot women, flirting until they fall into bed with him, making them come, and then doing it all over again.

The hockey itself is fine, great even, and he knows he is the best. He earned the Calder (*what, would it have gone to fucking Vincent Lemaire?? It's not like he's made a huge impact on the Metros*), got the Art Ross and finished third in Hart Trophy voting last season, he's a three-time All-Star and the youngest captain in Raiders history, and they made a deep playoff run in the Spring. He is pretty sure they can get the Cup this season.

He just thought it might be a little...more difficult? More stimulating? He loves most of the guys on his team, and there are some talented vets he likes to play against, but he can't help but feel like there's an itch he can't scratch. He keeps hoping some prodigious rookie will enter the draft and just, knock him back on his skates a bit, or something.

But hey, winning is great. And so is being the best. And being hot and rich, so. He's good.

He toes on the Saint Laurent boots he bought when he had some free time before their last game in New York, grabs his wallet and hotel keycard, and pushes open his door to the hallway.

Dinner is at the hotel restaurant, and the vibes are great. The guys actually listened to Ilya, and don't look like shit.

"Marly, you cleaned up nice! Is that Giorgio Armani or Dior cologne?" Ilya chirps with an exaggerated sniff as he pats Marly on the back, slinging his arm around him before taking his seat next to him at the table.

"Shut up, Roz. It's Tom Ford."

Marly has broad shoulders and a long torso, so he fills out the brown leather jacket nicely. Ilya thinks it looks good over his tight white t-shirt, paired with dark blue jeans and a leather belt. Marly has this kind of rugged, golden retriever, dumb guy thing going on, and ladies love him. It makes him a great wingman, and the fact he looks and smells good tonight is a good omen for how the rest of the evening might turn out for Ilya.

Dinner is filled with the usual shittalking, a slightly alarming number of steak orders (protein is important for a growing hockey team), and two to three rounds of drinks, depending on how fast the guys can finish them.

After the bill is paid, they make their way to the hotel bar, where Ilya gets his third vodka and sips down the chilled liquor while Connors talks about this short blonde nurse he fucked last time he was in Montreal, and how he got her number but for some reason it isn't working, because he's been messaging and hasn't heard back. So, must have been the wrong number. Ilya glances at Marly who is laughing behind his hand, shoots the rest of his vodka, and orders a fourth.

By the time 11pm rolls around, about half the team has gone back up to their rooms, leaving 12 of them who want to hit the club. *A pretty good showing*, Ilya thinks to himself, likely due to the late flight the next day.

St-Simon says it's a 15-minute walk from their hotel to the district where Le Vertige is, so they decide to head out. May as well get there a little early, order some drinks, and look at some tits while they wait for the show to start.

It's a bit chilly – it's Montreal in November, so – and Ilya puts his hands in his coat pockets as they stroll down the sidewalk towards the Golden Square Mile. He can see his breath in front of his face as his eyes rove over the limestone buildings, mostly luxury hotels and old offices and apartments, but also some upscale restaurants where he can see diners laughing and flirting through the golden glow of the windows. It's that time of night. And it's honestly pretty quiet for a Friday evening – he expected the club would be in a bustling downtown area, but this definitely isn't that.

They turn the corner, and St-Simon leads them down a dark side street. Ilya can't see much beyond the walls and a few hedges, but then they pull up to a plain black door with a brass plaque that reads Le Vertige, barely lit by a warm yellow bulb hanging above the doorframe.

"You will murder us?" Ilya turns around to glare at St-Simon, and a few of the guys chuckle, but also look a bit unsure as they side-eye their guide.

"I told you this place is *exclusive*. This is part of the allure. Just trust me, it will be cool inside." St-Simon types something on his phone, and then the door opens, swinging outwards towards the group.

Ilya steps inside and immediately feels the knot in his stomach relax. The entry way opens into a wider space with a high ceiling, dimmed chandeliers, and that fancy molding that he's used to seeing inside a lot of the older buildings back in Moscow.

The walls are a deep mauve, but are almost black in the low light, and there are curtains in a similar shade along the walls, sweeping the marble floor. The bar looks like it has a great selection of liquor, all out on display against a big wall at the back, and also suspended from the ceiling along a semicircular glass and gold shelf around the bar, which has seating for maybe 20 people. And then of course, there is the stage, which is flanked by curtains and set in front of maybe 20 tables as well as some larger booths. It's a pretty intimate space, and looks more like a theater than a strip club.

What feels more familiar are the half naked women and men casually weaving throughout the venue, serving drinks, chatting up the guests, and giving out dances. So, still a club, thank goodness.

Ilya shoves off his overcoat and hands it to the staff by the front door, who carry all their jackets over to the coat closet.

"Welcome to Le Vertige, gentlemen!"

Ilya turns away from the coat room and stares directly into the eyes of one of the most stunning women he's ever seen. She's nearly his height in heels, with a toned, hourglass figure and a truly incredible set of breasts. Her skin is a rich brown and her eyes must be blue, maybe green? Blue-green? She has long dark hair, full lips that are in a sort of permanent pout, and a sultry look to her eyes, like they are permanently half-lidded. *She kind of looks like if a cat made a wish to become a sexy woman*, he muses.

She's wearing a black lace bra and panties, with garter straps attached to fishnets, and high black heels with an ankle strap. The outfit itself would be simple if she wasn't the one wearing it, and maybe that's the point. Plus, he can tell it's high-quality lace.

"We are thrilled to have you with us tonight, even though I have to admit, I'm a Metros fan," she says with a smirk and a gleam in her eye. "My name is Melanie, and I'm going to be your server tonight. So if you need anything at all, just ask me," she practically purrs.

"I can think of something I need," Carmichael mumbles from behind Ilya.

"Shut the fuck up, Carmichael. She's still speaking." Ilya snaps at him.

Melanie tilts her head towards Ilya with a soft smile. "Now, before we go to your tables, I want to go over a few ground rules. We are a photo- and video-free establishment. I recommend you put your phones away for the duration of the show, to avoid any issues. If you'd like, we can also just collect them now and hand them back to you when you leave."

A few of the guys grumble while they put their phones into their pockets. Ilya peeks at his – he missed a call from Alexei during the walk over here – and then hands it over to the staffer who is holding out a bag for phones. He doesn't need it.

"Thank you. The only other rules are, no touching without explicit permission and, we don't do the whole, throwing dollar bills at the performers, thing. If you want to show your appreciation for any of our talent, I will bring the bill at the end of the evening, where you can add gratuity and leave a

note for specific performers, if you'd like. There is also an envelope if you prefer to give cash. Any questions before we go to your tables?"

They shake their heads, and Melanie starts walking away, obviously under the assumption they will follow her.

Oh my god, her ass. Ilya has to remember to close his mouth and keep his gaze directed upward as he steps forward into the club.

They land at the front three tables, which have semicircular velvet-lined booths around them that can each seat four men, and are basically right up against the stage. There are already buckets with champagne and glasses on them, and the guys place their drink orders with Melanie before she heads back to the bar to fill them.

"Jesus Christ, that woman is a fucking eleven," Marly blurts out as soon as she is a few steps away from the booth.

"Eleven? She's like a thirteen at least," Connors shouts. "Did you see her ass?"

"Guys, look around. Every single server and dancer looks like that," St-Simon says, waving his arm to show them what he's seeing.

He's not wrong. It's clear why the club has its reputation. Even without having seen the show, Ilya is already impressed by the caliber of hot people all gathered in one space. He turns around in his seat to look at the table behind theirs, where a gorgeous, chesty blonde has just taken off her bra and is slowly teasing a man sitting down – he looks to be in his 40s, with a neatly trimmed salt and pepper beard, and maybe like he's in finance or something – with a dance. Nice.

The music is honestly pretty good, too. It's not Top 40 bullshit, but it's not totally bizarre electro-house beats either – they've found a nice middle ground.

"So far so good, St-Simon. Hopefully the drinks don't suck," Ilya chirps, as Melanie starts placing cocktails on their table.

"If you don't like your drink, please let me know and we can have it replaced, Mr. Rozanov," Melanie says with a wink before she walks away.

"Ooohh she heard you, Roz!" Marlow chokes out, before Ilya whacks him in the arm.

"Shut up, Marly."

"Guys, you're missing the pre-show," Connors says, as he gestures towards the stage.

Sure enough, there are two poles onstage, each being made use of by two very hot female dancers. It's a simple routine, clearly just to have something going on before the main show. They look good, they can definitely dance, and Ilya is enjoying himself.

But, if he doesn't want to leave here alone, he can't rely on flirting with the servers and dancers, who are here to do a job. He needs to seduce another guest – somebody who is going to get as horned up as he is by the performances and want an outlet for release afterwards.

He turns around again to survey all the tables behind them, and lands on a goldmine. A bachelorette party. Fuck. Yes.

“Marly, look.” He jerks his head towards the group.

“Oh hell yeah,” Marly says, and rises from the table with his drink.

The next twenty minutes go pretty well. Ilya has made great progress with the maid-of-honor, a cute redhead (though her hair is probably dyed, because she doesn’t have any freckles), who lives in Los Angeles and has never watched hockey in her life. So, she thinks Ilya is quite the novelty. She has an adorable giggle, and is laughing at pretty much everything he says. He honestly thinks it might be a sure thing, as long as the rest of the night goes well and neither of them get too drunk.

Marly is having some luck with another bridesmaid, Lucy or something, so it’s good times all around.

Then, they hear a sultry voice over the speakers: “Five minutes to showtime, so please grab your drinks and take your seats.”

Ilya and Marly settle back into their places at the middle front table, where he notices another drink has been set down so he doesn’t have to order again when he finishes his current one, which is almost done. *Thanks, Melanie.* He takes a sip and lets out a contented hum as the cold liquor slides down his throat. *Good vodka.*

The house and stage lights go all the way down, the two poles on the stage are pulled down into the floor, and a steady beat starts booming over the speakers, signaling the show is starting.

As advertised, it’s fantastic.

The first performance is a captivating burlesque show. The women are hot, the striptease is sexy without being tacky, and Ilya even finds himself laughing at some of the comedic bits.

The burlesque is followed by a sensual cabaret singer, who has an otherworldly voice, and covers some of the year’s top hits – including “Royals” by Lorde, “Stay” by Rihanna, and “Get Lucky” by Daft Punk (Ilya loves that one). It’s also a great opportunity for everyone to order more drinks, which is why he thinks they probably set the show up this way. The singer is also *very* nice to look at and wearing very little clothing (though she’s still not completely nude).

The next act is a pair of aerial dancers, one man and one woman, dressed only in tan bandages, so they basically look naked. They are both so strong, and the way they wrap themselves around each other, and wrap the silky ribbons hanging from the ceiling around their bodies, has Ilya’s mouth hanging open. At one point she is completely curled around her partner, straddling his lap, while he holds up both their bodies by the ribbons. *I wonder if I would be able to do that*, he thinks to himself as everyone applauds their closing trick.

They still haven’t seen the sword swallower, and there are only two acts left, so Ilya imagines that might be what’s coming next.

Then, a rhythmic beat starts playing over the speakers, like the thumping of a heart, accompanied by a deep male voice.

“Ladies, gentlemen, and everybody else, I hope you are enjoying the show so far!”

The room erupts, as everyone – now sufficiently buzzed and pretty horny – shows their appreciation for the previous acts.

And then, a pole rises up near the front center of the stage, and fastens itself to the ceiling.

“Fuck yes, it’s a stripper,” Marly slips under his breath to Ilya, nudging his shoulder. Ilya grins in response.

“We also heard we have a rival hockey team in the house tonight,” the disembodied voice says, which results in the guys whooping and laughing while the rest of the patrons boo and jeer.

“Our next act has made quite the stir here in Montreal, and just so happens to be a big fan of the Metros...so this performance might be extra special for you.”

“What the hell does that mean?” Connors turns to look at Ilya and Marly, who shrug in response.

“Just be quiet and watch,” Ilya huffs. “I’m sure it will be sexy like everything else so far.”

“Everyone please enjoy the mesmerizing moves of our next performer... the one and only... Canada’s very own... Wolfe!”

The lights go down, and the stage is immediately bathed in red lights, coming from both the floor and ceiling.

Instead of the sultry crooning of the cabaret or the ethereal beats of the aerial show, the sound that starts playing over the speakers is an aggressive electric guitar, accompanied by heavy drums. It’s an unmistakable rock sound, and it’s fast-paced and intense.

And then, Wolfe steps out onto the stage.

♪ *Cut my life into pieces, this is my last resort.* ♪

“Is that, Papa Roach?” Marly asks, to no one in particular.

Ilya doesn’t even really hear whatever Marly just asked him, because his gaze is locked onto the dancer that just appeared behind the pole.

Wolfe is a man. A male pole dancer.

Has Ilya ever seen a male pole dancer before? He doesn’t think so. It makes him feel a little weird. Like, this is obviously taboo in a way that regular male go-go dancers or the strippers walking around the club are not, for some reason.

And Wolfe isn’t dressed like a “regular” sexy pole dancer, in high heels and lace or whatever.

No. Wolfe is dressed like a fucking *hockey player*. A Metro, actually.

Well. He’s dressed like a *slutty* Metro.

Wolfe is wearing a cropped hockey jersey that comes to just above his belly button, and the sleeves end just before his elbows. The fabric is dark blue, white, and red, just like the Metros jerseys, with the number “24” on the sleeves and back (*Ilya doesn’t recall there being a #24 on the Metros, so that must just be his lucky number or something*). He is somehow both broad shouldered – frankly, he’s jacked – while still being lean and lithe like a dancer. So the jersey hugs his chest, while the fine lines of his lower torso peek out from underneath the bottom and direct a path to his narrow waist.

Following that line of sight, Ilya can see Wolfe is wearing what appear to be a pair of black hockey warm-up pants, with a white side stripe and burgundy and blue piping down the legs. But they're not as loose on the top as typical warm-up pants – they are fitted snugly against the curve of his ass, and what are clearly very thick thighs.

Does this guy actually play hockey? Why does his butt look like that? It's almost as big as Ilya's.

He's also barefoot, okay. Ilya thought maybe he would be wearing heels, but it's kind of cool that he isn't.

Then, Ilya looks up, at Wolfe's face. He's only a few feet from him, since they're so close to the stage and pole. And he's... well, he's very pretty.

Since Ilya was a teenager, honestly probably even before, he has been able to admit to himself when men are good looking. It's not something he really says out loud a lot, but he's not an idiot. He knows when a guy is hot, can admire a body someone has worked hard for, and isn't above feeling envious of a nice set of abs or great pecs. And he likes looking at attractive things, so.

But this guy might be the best looking man he has ever seen. His skin is clear and tanned, and looks smooth to touch. He has dark black hair that falls perfectly around his face and over his forehead, with a loose, off-center middle part and the sides just touching the tops of his ears. He has what appear to be dark brown eyes, though it's hard to tell in this light, and is maybe part Japanese, or has some East Asian heritage. And his nose is perfect, straight-sloped and prominent.

Wolfe's ears are pierced, and he has diamond studs in each of them, which glint when the red lights reflect off of them. And, he has tattoos.

Ilya can see them going up each of his forearms, over the visible veins – leaves or vines, maybe? And there is something poking out on the skin from underneath the bottom of the jersey, leading underneath his waistband. Ilya wishes he were closer, so he could lift it up and see... *wait, what?*

He snaps back into the moment, where Wolfe is beginning to dance.

The guys are shuffling a bit uncomfortably next to him, not quite sure how to react to the male presence onstage, plus the Metros jersey of it all. Ilya can hear some murmuring and scoffing, but ignores it.

Wolfe either doesn't notice or doesn't care, because he smirks as he turns to face the pole and grabs it with his right hand, slightly above his shoulders.

♪ *Cut my life into pieces, this is my last resort.* ♪

Then, he does a full body roll, up against the pole, quick and fast, in time with the heavy rock music as the guitar jams. *It's like he's fucking the pole.*

He immediately turns and spins his whole body around the pole, flipping and twirling around it multiple times *quickly*, his right hand grasping towards the top and his left hand grasping near the bottom, while his leg curves up and around the pole as he spins.

♪ *Suffocation, no breathing...* ♪

Suddenly, he's now behind the pole facing the crowd, and his hands are gripping it as he *lifts his entire body* up off the ground and his legs fly upwards towards his head, splayed out on either side of the pole, with his feet kicking all the way back towards his head at breakneck speed.

♪ *Don't give a FUCK if I cut my arm bleeding...* ♪

He continues to fling his body around the pole while the electric guitar strums hard and fast. The girls in the bachelorette party are screaming.

Ilya chances a glance to his left and sees that some of the guys look...impressed? It's honestly an amazing show of strength, so it makes sense. A few of them are sort of turned away to talk to each other though, like they don't want to look too closely. Whatever.

Wolfe now has one leg up behind the pole and the other down towards the ground, basically in a full sideways split, while he holds himself up in the air by his arms. His wingspan looks huge and his forearms and biceps are bulging. He's also staring directly into the crowd, at their tables, with a smug, almost smile, on his face and a dark, piercing gleam in his eyes.

He keeps flinging his whole body up and around, powered only by the strength of his upper body and core. At one point he is basically upside down with his legs over his head as he turns, and *oh my god his ass is straining against his pants*.

Then, something new happens.

Wolfe slides down onto the ground on his knees, legs spread like he's straddling the floor, and *bounces* up and down to the beat of the roaring electric guitar, as he grips the pole with his left hand. *Is he looking at Ilya?*

He moves his right hand from his neck down his torso until he reaches the bottom of his jersey, which he lifts up to expose his abs and chest. And then, the jersey comes off.

Bozhe moy. Fuck.

The bachelorette girls must agree with him, because they are losing their damn minds.

Wolfe has an objectively, very nice body. He is cut, with rippling abs and defined pecs. You can see every muscle, and his shoulders and biceps are huge for a dancer. Ilya supposes it makes sense when he thinks about the strength it must take to get up on the pole and lift such a massive body.

Ilya can see the tattoos a bit better now, too. The ones on his arms come up to the top of his chest (*and maybe there is something on his back?*). There are also definitely tattoos on either side of his v-line, branching up slightly and then down towards his pelvis and disappearing into the waistband of his pants. He still can't quite tell what the designs are, but he wants to push his thumbs into them while he holds onto his waist and –

What. Wait.

Wolfe bounces back up and down on his knees on the ground again, this time grabbing onto his crotch with one hand and leaning backwards slightly, all in time with the blaring music.

“What the fuck,” blurts Marly.

Ilya ignores him.

Wolfe has gone back up the pole, spinning around, doing more almost-splits, gripping tightly to it while he kicks backwards and his ass is pushed out towards the crowd, pressing up against the warm-up pants over and over again, threatening to break free of them.

Ilya can see every muscle in his arms when he manhandles the pole and strains to lift himself upwards. He can see every ripple in his abs and the way his pecs flutter under the weight of flinging around his own body. Wolfe is starting to sweat a bit, and his skin is practically glistening under the lights as a bead of perspiration slides downwards from his neck, to his chest, over his nipple, along his abs, to his waist.

Ilya literally cannot tear his eyes away from the stage. He is struck by how *masculine* the performance is. This isn't the traditional weaving and twirling around a pole that he's used to seeing women perform – not that those performances don't take crazy strength and balance as well – but something else. And it's not like the campy, "Thunder from Down Under" male striptease that Svetlana dragged him to after the NHL Awards in Las Vegas, either.

It's almost like he's watching Wolfe *work out*, sweating and grunting while he pushes his muscles and his body to their limits. But he can also obviously *really* dance, and is putting himself on display for the audience to ogle at and admire. It's really...well, it's fucking *doing something* for Ilya, honestly. And it's making his face warm and his hands clammy.

Wolfe slides back down to the ground again, this time turning to face the pole sideways, with his knees on the floor and his left hand holding onto it above his head. He ducks under his own arm, spinning around before doing a small hop to place his feet on the floor, with his knees bent and his ass dipped toward the ground, almost like a low squat – his left hand never leaving the pole. His right arm comes up to grab the top of his head, elbow bent, and he turns to look, *directly at Ilya* from under his right wrist, while he slowly dips his whole body backwards and towards the ground, pushing his ass out behind him so you can see the defined curve of his lower back and the swell of his cheeks, while his right hand moves from his face, down his chest towards and over his crotch, before he jumps back up to standing and is once again grabbing the pole with both arms and spinning.

"Great glutes though, honestly. I wonder what his routine is...aside from this." Marly glances at Ilya before turning back to the stage.

Ilya is hard.

How the fuck is he hard. He shifts to make sure it's not noticeable in his jeans, but he doubts anyone can see anything in this lighting, or is even looking at him.

Ilya still can't look away from the stage, from Wolfe.

And then, impossibly, another new thing happens.

At some point while Wolfe is deftly flinging his own body weight around the pole, he tears off the warm-up pants and tosses them to the side. He is now wearing only a pair of tight, black compression shorts.

"Oh shit, he's packing, too," Marly blurts out.

"Marly, what the fuck dude," yelps Connors. "That's gay as fuck."

“He is though,” says Marly, unphased.

Ilya’s mouth is dry. His cock is (for unknown reasons) straining against his underwear and jeans, his fingers are (he’s just now noticing) clenched into a fist, and his mouth is fucking dry. He shakily reaches out to take a sip of his vodka to cool himself down. It barely helps.

What is actually happening right now.

It seems like the song might be coming to an end, and Wolfe has now slid down the pole and landed *hard* on his knees behind it, facing the crowd and *looking at Ilya(??)*, with his left knee down on the ground and the front of that leg hooked in front of the pole on the floor. His right foot is on the ground with his right knee bent up in the air. With his knees held out wide like this, he is basically putting his dick on display for the audience from behind the pole, and it’s bulging against the black fabric of the already tight compression shorts.

Okay.

Then, with his left hand remaining on the floor, Wolfe leans back and rolls his whole body upwards, *grinding his dick up* against the pole, up and down, up and down, while his right hand rubs over his face and down his neck.

Well.

He twists and turns around the pole on the ground, ass sticking out, and then he’s back on his knees again, and all Ilya can see is his defined chest, the tattoos poking out from under his slutty shorts, and those big arms that look like they could throw him.

And then Wolfe is doing that gyrating thing again, turned to the side, looking over his shoulder while he rolls his body over and over again, knees pushing in and out, sliding along the stage floor. *Looking directly at Ilya.*

The stage lights go down and there is rapturous applause, the girls screaming at the top of their lungs and waving their arms.

A few of the guys at the tables on either side of him are lightly clapping, while the rest keep their hands in their laps. Ilya is still frozen, staring at the stage. He remembers, a little too late, that he should be doing something with his hands, and claps them together a few times.

The lights turn back on briefly, blue this time, and Wolfe grips the pole while he takes a bow. He grabs his jersey and his pants, and scans the row of hockey players with... is he smirking? And then he winks at them. And walks away.

Ilya’s mouth is open, fuck.



The next act is the stripper sword swallower. Ilya is frankly, barely paying attention. But the guys seem to be loving it, she is definitely very hot, and the applause after she finishes is deafening. Ilya joins in, basically on autopilot. At least his boner has gone down, Jesus fuck.

After the official show ends, the regular strippers and dancers come back out, and Melanie takes another drink order.

“I’m grabbing a smoke before we pay. If you want to tip your favorite sexy person, put cash in the envelopes before I come back. Otherwise I will just put on main bill.” Ilya glances around at each of the tables until he gets some affirmative head nods, and then makes his way towards the door that leads to the back, where he saw some servers duck out earlier.

He really needs some fucking air.



Shit, he forgot how cold it was outside. At least the crisp air is grounding him, bringing him back into his body after... whatever that was.

Ilya takes a long drag of the cigarette, breathing in deeply and relishing the burn in his throat and lungs. He leans back against the stone wall with his eyes closed, slowly blowing out the smoke through his mouth, and feels his shoulders drop down a fraction.

Okay. So he got hard in public, watching a pole dancer. A male pole dancer. That’s not, crazy, though...right? It’s like, an environmental response to being in a sexy club after watching multiple

sexy *female* acts. He's watched a lot of pole dances in his life and so this was like, triggering, or something. *But you don't usually get hard when you watch them, though. And this guy was super masculine.*

He lets out a groan and digs his back harder into the wall behind him. It's fine.

Ilya isn't totally sure how long it's been, maybe a few more minutes, when he hears what sounds like the door to the back alley closing. He turns his head to the left without moving from his position leaning up against the wall, to see which staffer or guest is now joining him back here for a smoke break. Maybe they'll need to borrow his lighter.

Shit.

The man walking towards him definitely isn't a server or the guy from the coat check. He's too big and broad, and almost as tall as Ilya, and has floppy black hair, and Ilya can see the light from the lamp in the alleyway glinting off his stud earrings.

"Hey sorry man, you're actually not really supposed to smoke back here," Wolfe says, as he slowly makes his way down the alley towards Ilya.

Ilya realizes he has sort of hidden himself in the dark, several feet away from the light by the doorway, and Wolfe probably can't tell who he is yet.

Not that he will definitely know who Ilya is. But, if he's actually a Metros fan – if that wasn't just part of the act – he should know? Right? Honestly, Ilya isn't sure whether he wants Wolfe to recognize him or not.

"Sorry, I'm not sure if you heard me. You actually can't smoke out here." Wolfe is now just a couple feet from Ilya, and getting closer.

"Okay." Ilya grimaces and stubs out the rest of his cigarette against the wall, pocketing it so he doesn't litter. Hopefully it doesn't fuck up the lining on the inside of his jeans, gross.

As Wolfe finally steps up to stand just in front of him, Ilya's mouth goes completely dry again, and he's not sure what his face is doing.

Oh great, he's prettier up close.

From his seat in front of the stage earlier, Ilya could tell that Wolfe had a very nice face. Maybe the nicest face he's seen on a guy. But now that he's right in front of him, he is *certain* that this is the most attractive man he's ever seen.

Wolfe's eyes are as he suspected, a deep brown color, and they're big and wide and, sort of shiny. Like a baby deer, or something. And his lips are plump and pink, especially the bottom one. His face is slightly flushed, probably from the performance (*and maybe he showered afterwards? He smells kind of like the ocean*) as well as the cold, and he has fucking *freckles*. They're scattered across his cheeks and over the bridge of his nose, and Ilya briefly thinks that he kind of wants to know what it feels like to touch them.

Ilya's tummy is flip flopping like he just missed a step on the stairs. And then tripped over the steps and landed upside down.

Stop being weird. So he's pretty, so what. You talk to pretty people all the time.

Wolfe isn't in his stage outfit anymore, obviously. He's changed into a relaxed-fit charcoal hoodie that hits right above his waist and matching joggers, paired with casual sneakers. And he has a duffel bag slung over his left shoulder (*are his sweaty hockey clothes in there?*). He's probably headed home for the night.

"You're Ilya Rozanov, right?" Wolfe cocks his head down slightly as he asks, his lips pressed together, not quite in a smile or a frown, as his uncertain eyes meet Ilya's.

Well, that answers that question.

"Yes," Ilya says quickly, and then closes his mouth tightly. Most people either really love him or can't fucking stand him. And if this guy is really a Metros fan...

"My mom fucking hates you." Wolfe is smirking when he says it this time, and he shifts slightly from one foot to the other as he awaits Ilya's response. He must be getting cold.

What the fuck? Ilya has to stop himself from snapping back with a classic, 'that is not what she told me last night.' It doesn't feel like the right thing to say.

Instead, he huffs out something between a cough and a laugh, though he still isn't smiling. "Does she."

"Sorry. You are an awesome player to watch, though. Just, fuck the Raiders, you know?"

Ilya isn't sure what to say to that either. This guy clearly doesn't like him. Why is he even still here? He just stares at Wolfe blankly, and realizes the man isn't making direct eye contact with him anymore, just shifting his gaze from over Ilya's left shoulder to his right.

His lips really are nice to look at. Ilya didn't even realize he had started looking at them, and now he has that funny fluttering feeling behind his ribcage near his heart. The one he gets sometimes when he's talking to a woman he wants to take home from a bar. *Okay, let's not think too much about that, actually.*

"Well, anyways. Nice to meet you." Wolfe holds out his hand for Ilya, like he's politely closing a business transaction. *Now he wants to shake my hand? What is this guy's deal?*

Ilya removes his right hand from the pocket of his jeans and confidently grasps onto Wolfe's. It's cold from being out in the alley and his fingers are long – a dancer's hands – but the inside of his palm and fingers are rough and callused. *Oh right, from the pole. And maybe, also from weights? He's so big up close.* Not as big as Ilya, but still.

There's a zing in his lower belly, and after just a brief moment of their hands connecting in a firm shake, Ilya lets go and pulls back.

Wolfe's eyes flutter downward as his gaze drops and he dips his head in a parting nod, turning to walk away from Ilya – presumably towards wherever he parked his car.

Ilya feels like he should probably say something else. He's barely said three words to the guy. He already thinks Ilya is a dick because of hockey, the guys were kind of weird during his

performance, and for some reason... Ilya doesn't want Wolfe to think more badly about him than he already does.

"It was a great show," he shouts down the alley towards Wolfe's back. "Even though you dressed as player from shitty team."

"Oh? Thanks, man. Glad you liked it." Wolfe turns back to look towards Ilya as he says it, and Ilya thinks he might be smiling. His freckles are all squished up under his eyes, and he looks...well, it looks *cute*. "Go easy on the Centaurs on Monday. They're my home team."

"Mm, no. That is not happening." Ilya chirps with a low chuckle as his top lip curls up into a half smile.

Wolfe has his hands tucked inside the front pocket of his hoodie, and he lifts one of them up in a makeshift half-wave towards Ilya, which raises the bottom of the fabric to expose a sliver of his waist, and those fucking tattoos. He's still sort of smiling.

Ilya bucks his head up quickly in a goodbye nod, and then Wolfe walks away.

Hm.

Once Wolfe is out of sight, Ilya realizes he's actually really fucking cold, so he should probably go back inside.



As Ilya is settling their exorbitant bill, he leaves a hefty tip for Melanie under "Server Gratuity" (for putting up with their bullshit), and then after hovering the pen over the "Featured Artists Gratuity" section for a moment, he decides to give each act an extra \$200. Respectable.

And then, because he feels badly about the guys being kind of rude, and because he maybe wants to be a little spiteful, he tips Wolfe \$500 and next to the figure he writes, "go raiders :)".

It's only once he's back in his hotel room that he realizes he never closed the deal with the adorable redhead. Oops. Marly isn't here, so he must have had better luck with her friend, at least.

Then for some reason, even though he's horny as fuck and it's been weeks, he can't do anything about his dick. He's hard, and he's in the shower, but he just can't bring himself to touch it beyond making sure it's clean. And much later, in bed, when he finally considers stroking it, he closes his eyes and sees a hard body under red lights, calloused hands gripping a pole, and freckles.

What the fuck.

Chapter End Notes

Next up, Shane POV!

If you're wondering how the hell Shane – who canonically has no rhythm and does not like to dance – found himself in this situation, I hope you can suspend some disbelief and let me convince you as the story moves forward. After all, he was always super coordinated, graceful, and “in his body” on the ice! And while I love a neurotic, tightly wound Shane, and in some ways he always will be, I also think it's fun to explore what he might be like if was able to find himself sooner.

And with regards to this Ilya, while I love that he shamelessly flirts with Shane from the beginning in the show/books, and has internal monologues about his hotness, please remember that while this Ilya notices that men are attractive, he has not yet accepted the fact he is bisexual. So his thoughts and behaviors towards Shane will be different at this point in the story.

Probably worth noting that I am bisexual and only really acknowledged/accepted it later in my life, so I'm doing some projecting here and putting Ilya in a similar mindset. I still remember how it felt when I realized I really wanted to kiss the woman I was staring at, and actually bring her home, and that I wasn't just admiring her beauty. Oh, comphet!!!

I do have this whole story mapped out, and am fully planning to finish it. Let me know if you like it! Will update tags as I go to avoid spoilers :)

Chapter 2: he's an asshole, right?

Chapter Summary

A few days in the life of professional dancer Shane “Wolfe” Hollander, post-Rozanov run-in at the club, while he tries to figure out how he feels about it.

Chapter Notes

Welcome back to those of you who were kind enough to check out my fic :) I’m actually having so much fun! I work in communications so I write a lot, but I never get to write fiction like this... it’s wild to think even a few people are reading my silly words. Thanks for being here.

Also this Shane is very precious to me, I hope you like him.

(And I realize this is a lot of Shane background, but it’s necessary for the #plot.)

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

Montreal, Quebec

November 2013 – The Next Day

Shane blinks his eyes open and sees nothing but darkness.

As he shifts over onto his right side to peek at the clock on his nightstand, he can feel some tightness behind his left shoulder. Not abnormal for the morning after the club, but something he should probably stretch out after breakfast.

9:58AM.

Ah, so he’s done that thing where he wakes up two minutes before his alarm goes off again. The human body is so weird sometimes, and he often finds that his is especially strange. Or maybe it’s just really attuned to his bizarre schedule.

He swings his legs over the side of the bed and rises to his feet, padding across the room to pull aside the blackout curtains – which are the only reason he is able to sleep in this late and get his full eight hours – and bathe his bedroom in light.

He quickly scans the rest of his body, twisting around, bending to touch his toes – noting which muscles are especially tender. From what he can tell, it’s just the usual soreness in his forearms and

hands, and some tightness in his inner thighs (as well as the left shoulder). Nothing alarming, and he probably won't even notice it after his morning stretch.

He grabs his phone, proactively turns off his alarm, and heads to the kitchen to start a pot of coffee, scrolling through any missed texts while he waits for the water to boil. He's got one from his mom (just checking in), and one from the guy he sucked off in his car after a first date on Wednesday.

◀ Messages

Josh (tall accountant)

Contact

Today 8:57 AM

Good morninggg! What you up to today?

Shane grimaces and then immediately feels kind of badly about it. Josh was perfectly nice and the hookup was fun. He is tall, plays soccer in a men's rec league so he's in pretty good shape, and has a real adult job at a firm downtown.

Their conversation flowed well, and he seemed to really like Shane. Typically, that would be enough for Shane to say yes to a second date (and therefore the opportunity to get fucked).

But Josh did that *thing*, the one that Shane knows is a sign that it's probably not going to go anywhere, and he may as well end it now. Because when Shane talked about what he does for a living, he saw that tiny flicker of uncertainty (and maybe a bit of discomfort) in Josh's eyes.

It doesn't matter that Shane explained he is a professional dancer who teaches classes at a local studio at least four days a week, and has even started making money off small brand deals on his Instagram (it's not much, but still), and that he never takes all his clothes off, and that Le Vertige is actually a really classy, exclusive club where highly in-demand performers work.

The pole makes some people uncomfortable.

It just is what it is. Shane loves what he does – he loves how challenging it is to master, how there are always new moves to learn, how it pushes his body physically, how it makes people look at him with admiration, and how he's really *really* fucking good at it. It also helps that the club pays well and his videos do numbers online.

But not everybody wants to date a pole dancer, and that's okay. He just doesn't want to waste what little free time he has, and he doesn't want to get fucked by somebody who is judging him – he'd rather have a one-night stand and not know what the guy thinks of him beyond wanting to get inside him. And there are plenty of men who want that.

Plus, he knows that on top of the pole thing, he isn't the easiest person to date. He's been told he can be a bit *particular*, and he doesn't like to stray from his very specific, inconvenient schedule, even for a relationship.

So, he takes a deep breath and decides to kindly end things with Josh before they can begin.

◀ Messages

Josh (tall accountant)

Contact

Today 8:57 AM

Good morninggg! What you up to today?

Hi! Nice to hear from you. I had a great time the other night, but I think we are probably better off as friends. Wishing you the best.

Delivered

Shane just can't bring himself to ghost somebody. It's so *rude*. He's been on the other end, and he doesn't understand why people can't just be honest. So, he has formulated what he believes is a perfectly polite 'I don't want to see you again' message for this exact situation.

Josh doesn't respond, and that's fine with Shane.

After his cup of black coffee and morning stretches, he constructs the large grain bowl he likes to eat on his studio + club days, since it has to keep him going until dinner. He already meal-prepped the tofu, carrots, sweet potatoes, and dressing, so all he has to do is make brown rice and steam kale.

He throws on SportsCentre while he eats, which is recapping last night's hockey games. Pittsburgh beat New York 4-3, although Hunter looked solid in the highlight reel. It sucks that he couldn't watch it due to work – it looked like a pretty good game.

After a quick shower, moisturizer, and deodorant, he changes into his usual teaching outfit - a slightly oversized black tank and black fitted athletic shorts, layered underneath his grey hoodie and sweatpants (which he will shed once class really gets going). He switches out his stud earrings for small silver hoops and quickly glances in the mirror to make sure his hair doesn't look too crazy, running his hands through it a few times.

He grabs his phone, wallet, keys, and a protein bar, steps into his Converse high-tops, and snatches the black coat from next to the door. It's a little cold out, but not so bad he can't handle the 15-minute walk to the studio.



His first session of the day is his favorite – his contemporary adult class. It's a co-ed group of twelve dancers in their 20s and 30s, and while they're mixed in terms of skill level, most have been

dancing for at least a few years now. They're there to have fun, but they also really *care* about learning and getting better.

They're working on a group piece that Shane choreographed for the voluntary showcase in December, as well as their individual performances – and by the time class is over, he has officially gotten too warm for his outer layer and stripped down to the tank top and shorts.

He says his goodbyes, scarfs down the protein bar, and makes his way over to the section of the studio with two rows of poles, wiping them down in preparation for his next class.

His pole class is always a wild card. Sometimes he gets the dancers who have been doing pole regularly, but most of them go to the female instructor who teaches it during the week. And since he is signed up for Saturdays, he usually ends up instructing a – he glances at his phone to check the schedule – yup, bachelorette party.

He hears them before he sees them.

“I am so fucking hungover, I don't know how I'm going to get through this. Whose idea was this.”

“I actually think I might throw up after doing like, one spin.”

“Lacy, please tell me you're joking. Because if I see you throw up, it's going to make me throw up.”

Shane chokes out a laugh as the ladies spill into the studio. “Do I need to bring out a bucket and mop for this? Maybe a barf bag?”

“Oh my god... you're the hot pole dancer from the club last night!” A tall woman with an impressive head of curly black hair screeches, as she points at Shane with wide eyes.

“No fucking way!” A slightly shorter member of the party with a blonde bob and a white sash over her sports bra shouts over the excited chattering of the group. “We are all obsessed with you. Okay, I'm actually so glad we booked this class now. I'm Shannon, the bride.”

She reaches her hand out to Shane, and he shakes it with a soft smile on his face, as he surveys the group more closely. Ah yes, they were definitely at Le Vertige last night, a couple tables back from the front. They were very enthusiastic.

“Well, I'm glad you liked the show, ladies. I hope it inspired you to get up there and try it yourselves today. Before we get started, where are you all from, and when is the wedding?”

He finds out they're mostly from the West Coast in the states, specifically Los Angeles and San Diego, and they heard Montreal was an up-and-coming destination for bachelorette parties, which is what brought them here. The wedding is in April, but they wanted to see Canada in the winter and no other weekend worked for everybody.

“It was so funny that you dressed up as a hockey player in front of all those hockey guys,” the bridesmaid with black hair (he's learned her name is Lacy) says with a large grin. “They were like, in shock.”

“Oh, do you ladies watch hockey?” Shane asks as he forces himself to smile and swallows down the discomfort rising in his stomach. He'd prefer not to talk about how the Raiders reacted to his

performance.

“No, but Lacy is *intimately* familiar with hockey players after last night,” Shannon blurts, while nudging her curly-haired friend in the shoulder.

“Oh my god, shut up please,” Lacy groans, covering her face with her hands.

“I’m not sure I want to know what that means,” Shane huffs out with a strained chuckle.

“She brought the hot brunette one with the beard back to our Airbnb last night. The tall guy that looked kind of like a sexy lumberjack.” Shannon barks out with a twinkle in her eye. She might still be a little drunk.

Also, Shane is pretty sure Lacy had sex with Cliff Marlow last night.

“Well Amber was supposed to bring the hot Russian one back, so I wasn’t going to be the only one! Don’t slut-shame me! Also, it was really good so I have no regrets.” Lacy exclaims, and then immediately takes a seat on the floor and bends over with her head resting in her hands. “I have to sit for a second, sorry.”

“Okay!” Shane claps his hands together. “Who needs some water, or ginger ale?”

Every hand goes up.

As Shane walks over to the mini-fridge in the corner to grab their drinks, he mulls over what Lacy just implied.

Did Rozanov not go home with anybody last night?

He seemed pretty horny to Shane when he ran into him smoking out back, after Kat’s sword-swallowing routine. Like just, objectively speaking, he looked a bit worked up and his pupils were scarily dilated – at least from what Shane could see in the dim light of the alley.

Also, from what he knows about Rozanov, the guy doesn’t pass up an opportunity to get laid. He’s photographed with women in like, every city he visits.

Huh.



“It’s a great crowd tonight. There’s a lesbian birthday party *and* a gay bachelor party out there. And some hotshot corporate guys on a business trip from Paris – they’re clearly loaded.” Andrea looks over at Shane from her chair in the dressing room as she swipes a makeup wipe over the left side of her face, smearing her mascara on its way down. “You look hot, by the way.”

“Don’t I always?” Shane arches a brow at her and bites back a smile as he turns back to the mirror to adjust the dark eyeliner he was smudging over his lower lash line. “And you sounded amazing. As usual.”

Saturday night at Le Vertige is always a little rowdier than Friday, with more large groups and A-listers. As he hops from foot to foot and shakes out his hands backstage – warming up his limbs and pumping himself up – Shane can hear audible gasps in response to Andy and Tara’s closing routine, and the following applause is somehow even louder than the night before.

He checks himself out in the mirror one last time, and he has to admit that he looks pretty fucking good. His hair is mussed up with gel, and he’s wearing mismatched earrings – a black stud in one and a hoop in the other – as well as a choker that’s half silver chain and half black leather. And while the black tearaway pants and slightly ripped Nirvana cut-off tank won’t be on his body for too long, they fit him well and sell the fantasy.

He’s decided to retire his hockey player act tonight, instead going with his classic grunge-rocker routine for the 10PM set, and then a new MMA fighter/boxer performance he’s been workshopping for the midnight show. The audience loves when the robe comes off, and there’s something about wearing hand wraps while gripping the pole that gets everybody going.

As expected, the crowd is *hot* from the second the music starts, and Wolfe has them eating out of the palm of his hand within his first thirty seconds on the stage.

He’ll never get over this feeling – looking out into the audience and knowing everyone there either wants to be him or fuck him. Well, anyone who is attracted to men probably wants to fuck him. But he knows that even the ones who aren’t can’t help but admire the strength and skill behind Wolfe’s performance, and he loves the idea that he could be making them confuse that with attraction.

Not that he would ever want to fuck a straight guy (he’s been let down by the ‘I just wanted to experiment, I’m sorry, I’m not gay’ thing enough times and has *no* interest in repeating that experience ever again), but he likes the fact that they might be *thinking* about it because of what Wolfe is doing onstage.

He likes being Wolfe. He likes that when he’s performing, he doesn’t have to try and decipher what people are thinking, or what they mean when they say things. It’s just him, and the stage, and he knows exactly what to do. And while dancing may not have always been his dream, he does it really, really well. It’s fun. It’s difficult. And it *affects* people. That’s powerful. *He* is powerful.

Plus, at Le Vertige he never has to get fully naked and he is given a lot of creative freedom to build his own routines. Club management wanted Wolfe based on what they saw online and at his competitions, and they trusted him to deliver.

And later, as Shane is collecting his paycheck and looking through his tips from the weekend, he is reminded that he also loves how well the club pays. Between this, his studio gig, and his social media side hustle, he makes enough to afford his one-bedroom in the Plateau and enjoy life in Montreal.

Wait, what the fuck?

The Raiders tipped him \$500 last night.

That number isn't necessarily out of the ordinary for the wealthier patrons, and Shane is frankly used to getting large tips, especially ones accompanied by a name and phone number. But the Raiders...well, they didn't seem to love his performance.

Shane would be lying if he said that when he heard the Raiders were coming to the club, he hadn't wanted to fuck with them a little bit. His mom is the world's biggest Metros fan, which makes him a fan as well, and they really *do* hate the Raiders – especially their asshole captain, Ilya Rozanov.

So yeah, he thought it would be funny to put on his slutty Metros costume and give the boys a fucking show. And *maybe* he spent way more time staring down the front row, instead of doing what he usually does, which is move his line of sight around the audience so that everybody feels special.

And *maybe* he paid a little more attention to Rozanov, because he wanted to fuck with him specifically. Maybe.

So Shane wasn't surprised when the team mostly reacted exactly how he thought they would. Which is to say, they shuffled around uncomfortably, avoided looking at him, or even downright ignored him. He was impressed that no one heckled him, honestly.

But surprisingly, a few did give him the time of day, and watched the whole performance. Like Marlow and St-Simon. And strangely, Rozanov.

Well, Rozanov kind of glared at him the entire set, actually. It must have been some sort of reverse psych-out tactic, or maybe it's because he's Russian? The Slavic stare is a thing, right?

"Hey, Derek?" Shane calls over his shoulder to the club's manager, who is still sitting behind the desk in his office, across the hall from the dressing room. "Who took care of the Raiders' bill last night?"

"Um, one second," Derek murmurs as he clicks through the touchscreen system that handles all the club's payments and reservations. "Looks like it was Ilya Rozanov. He left a note. Says 'go Raiders' with a little smiley face. His handwriting sucks."

Fucking Rozanov. He should have known that rich asshole was just messing with him. Maybe it was payback for Shane telling him his mom hates him. Or for saying 'fuck the Raiders.' Or for grinding his dick against the pole while staring directly into Rozonav's eyes.

It's cheeky, and annoying, and kind of confusing, and Shane doesn't know why he's smiling.



Shane re-racks the barbell, wipes the sweat off his brow with his towel, and taps his phone on the bench next to him to check the time.

11:15AM.

Okay, sweet, he has just enough time to walk back to his apartment building and take a quick shower, without making himself too late to lunch.

He grunts involuntarily as he rises to his feet, driven by a stab of pain in his glutes. Fuck, okay, maybe he was pushing it a little doing a lower-body workout the morning after two nights at the club... but he also relishes the soreness in his muscles. It means he's reaching his limits, and that means he's getting stronger. And that makes him smile, even as he winces.

##

"Shaney! On time as always!" Brynn beams at Shane, beckoning him over to the seat next to them, holding their arms out for a hug. "You look cute."

"Oh my god, he's straight Shane today." Skylar grins at him from across the table and bucks his head up in a nod. "What's up *dude*."

"Fuck off, Sky. You say that literally every time I wear a backwards hat." Shane rolls his eyes, but he can't hide the amusement on his face.

"Yeah, because you look heterosexual. Don't be mad, I love straight Shane. It means more guys hit on me instead of you."

"Everyone, leave Shane alone. He should be able to dress however he wants. We don't all want to push the boundaries of gender and heteronormativity every time we leave the house." Molly shoots him a sympathetic smile from her seat next to Skylar.

"*Thank you*, Molly. Now are we splitting the cauliflower bites again or am I getting my own? Fair warning, I am hungry as fuck today so we might need to order two if you want to share."

Even though sometimes he feels like he sticks out like a sore thumb, Shane loves hanging out with his queer friends. They all met as freshmen at Concordia, when Shane was still what Molly called a "baby gay", barely out to anyone besides his parents and completely terrified.

Molly and Skylar already knew each other from some dance intensive they had done the summer before, and they picked Shane as their third group member for a movement piece in their Composition I class. He later learned that they chose him because he looked “hot and strong,” which meant he would be a sturdy base, and they could ogle him while they practiced.

They were also convinced Shane was straight, and that Molly, who is bi, might have a chance with him – despite him completely misreading all her advances. But when Shane overheard them talking about hitting up a queer party off campus, he gathered all the courage he could muster, driven mostly by his desire to make out with someone (and maybe do more) and asked if he could go with them.

He still remembers the shock on Molly’s face and the glee on Skylar’s when he explained that no, he hadn’t misheard, yes, he wants to go to the party, and actually, he’s gay. A couple months later, they met Journalism major Brynn at one of the parties, who was equal parts hilarious and clever, and the rest was history.

A fumbled drunk hookup made it clear that Skylar and Shane were not...compatible, physically, and he became a huge help while Shane attempted to navigate college as a gay man. And Molly was a warm and steady presence as he dealt with messy makeouts, bad dates, and several unadvised hookups and borderline situationships with DL athletes (for some reason Shane couldn’t stay away from the athletes... probably because he was always on the hunt for what Skylar called, a “big, strong top”).

They came with him to get his first tattoo, too. He still remembers how scared he was, even though he started relatively small with the single pine tree on his inner forearm. And then, how much he actually enjoyed the burning sting of the needle, and the way the ink looked against his skin, and how he couldn’t wait to book his next appointment.

But maybe what he’s most grateful for, is how they helped him get back to hockey. After a drunken confession towards the end of freshman year, in which Shane spilled his whole sad story, they convinced him to sign up for the intramural team. They even came to some of his games, despite having no idea what was going on.

And they didn’t get upset when he started hanging out with them less, and the team a bit more.

So yeah, even though he’s exhausted, and he knows his social battery will be absolutely zapped by the time he crawls into bed later tonight, he will always prioritize these lunches.

“Shane, whatever happened to that Josh guy?” Brynn asks between bites of cauliflower, their piercings rising along with their eyebrows. “You said he was tall... that’s good, right?”

Shane lowers his fork and groans. “Can we not talk about it actually? I already ended it. It wasn’t going to work, I could tell I was gonna be too much for him.”

They share furtive glances between each other, before returning their stares to Shane.

“Shane...” Molly says his name slowly, like she’s going to frighten him off if she speaks too quickly. “This is like, the fifth guy this year where you’ve ended it before a third date... for the exact same reason.”

“Leave me alone. Why don’t we talk about Skylar’s new guy... he’s like what, 45 years old?”

“Oh my god, he’s only 32. Fuck you!”

And that’s enough to get them onto Skylar, and off Shane’s back for the rest of lunch.



Shane takes a deep breath as he prepares to cross the threshold into the locker room. Despite using the last few hours at home to recharge – which basically meant stretching again, reading a chapter of *Dancing on My Grave*, and swiping through Grindr – he still has to get his mind right before an entire evening of playing hockey and socializing (again).

“Heyyy Hollzy, you ready to kill these guys?” Nikhil sends him a wide smile from where he’s putting on his pads on the bench.

“Duh.” Shane shoves his way onto the seat next to him and starts taking off his shoes.

“Good. Because I’m still fucked up about the Metros game, and can’t handle two losses in one week.” Nikhil looks at Shane with a fake frown on his face, his lips wobbling slightly. “I might actually cry.”

“Come on, man. You know we’re going to win this one. We literally can’t lose to a team called ‘The Sea Lions,’” Jimmy shouts from the other side of Nikhil. “My wife will actually laugh in my face.”

“Actually, speaking of that Metros game, I do have another funny club story for you guys,” Shane says with a sly grin on his face.

“Fuck yes! I love these.”

“Is this going to beat the one about the guy who snuck a live snake into the club, and then tried to give it to you after the show?”

“Honestly, maybe. Just listen. The fucking *Raiders* came to the club on Friday night. I guess they were still in town between road games. Anyways, I decided to fuck with them and do the hockey routine, and I wore my Metros costume.”

“Shut. The fuck. Up.” Nikhil’s mouth is wide open. “Was Rozanov there?”

“Yes,” Shane says with a smirk.

“Oh my god. Was he as hot in person as he looks on TV and in all the ads? I’m actually dying right now. How did they react? Hollzy. I cannot believe you did that routine. You’re a fucking crazy person. You’re my hero.”

Shane knew Nikhil would love this story. He's his one gay hockey friend, and he also played intramural with him at Concordia. And they might have spent an evening, or two, or four, getting drunk and ranking all the guys in the league they would fuck.

And unfortunately, despite the fact that he plays for the Raiders, is a notorious womanizer, and is definitely straight, Rozanov always made the list. I mean, they have eyes.

“Honestly, I thought it would be worse. Most of them were clearly uncomfortable and ignored me. But a few of them actually watched, including Rozanov, and nobody threw a drink at me or anything. But that’s not even the best part. It’s what happened *after* the show.” Shane pauses for dramatic effect and sweeps his gaze between Jimmy and Nikhil, biting into his bottom lip as he holds back his grin.

“Hollzy, the suspense is killing me. Speak, man!” Jimmy’s eyeballs are practically boring holes into Shane’s forehead as he waits for him to continue.

“Okay. On my way out of the club, I ran into Rozanov in the back alley. He was smoking where he wasn’t supposed to. So I told him to stop, and then we kind of had a conversation?”

“What do you mean, you had a conversation? What did you talk about? Was he a huge fucking asshole? Did he like, hate crime you in the alley?” Nikhil actually looks worried.

“What, no? How would he even know I’m gay, what?”

“I mean you’re also Asian, I don’t know. Plus with the pole dancing and the cornering him in a back alley...maybe he thought you were hitting on him?”

For the first time all weekend, Shane actually replays what took place that night between him and Rozanov, from beginning to end. Was Rozanov an asshole? Well, he *is* an asshole. But was he an asshole to Shane, specifically?

First, Rozanov actually watched Wolfe’s performance. Very closely, even. And he clapped a little when it was over, *though he may have just been doing that to be polite*.

Then, he put out his cigarette when Shane asked him to.

And then, Shane chirped him. At the time, he thought it would be funny, or that the asshole would just give it right back to him. That’s what hockey guys do, and it’s definitely what Rozanov does.

But instead, Rozanov kind of just looked... nervous? And slightly flustered? He barely said two words to Shane.

And then, Shane shook his hand... *Oh my god, did he think Shane was hitting on him?*

But then why did he say that nice thing about the show when Shane was walking away? And then tip him \$500?

What the fuck was that whole interaction, actually? This is definitely one of those times when Shane wishes he was better at reading people.

“I mean, no. I don’t know.” Shane stutters as he tries to think of the correct response.

“No he didn’t think you were hitting on him? Or no he wasn’t an asshole?” Nikhil looks less worried now, and more confused.

“Both, I think? He actually wasn’t what I expected. I tried to chirp him... like I told him my mom fucking hates him... but he sort of just stared at me, and then he shook my hand, said it was a great show, and then he tipped me 500 bucks.”

Nikhil and Jimmy are both staring at him now, their mouths hanging slightly open.

“Hollzy. You’re actually a fucking legend, man.” Jimmy starts laughing so hard that Shane thinks he might be crying.

Nikhil is shaking his head back and forth, his gaze pointed downward towards his feet. “I actually hate you sometimes, dude. This kind of stuff only happens to you, I swear.”

Shane has never been more confused in his life.



“Honestly man, Rozanov is lucky he doesn’t have to play you,” Jimmy says, through the fistful of nachos still in his mouth. “I almost felt bad for the fucking Sea Lions tonight.”

Shane smiles from his seat across the bar, though it doesn’t quite reach his eyes. “It was a team effort, as always, Jimmy.”

As he goes to take another bite of the salmon salad he orders after every beer league game, he realizes that at some point in the last few minutes he must have placed his hand around his left knee, and has been rubbing slow circles just under his kneecap.

Shane doesn’t even have pain there anymore, if he’s being honest. Maybe some mild stiffness, the same way anyone in his profession does. And yet at one point, it was all he thought about.

The too-hard hit. Landing awkwardly against the boards. Reconstructive surgery, followed by fourteen months of rehab, when he should have been on the ice being noticed by scouts.

Trying to come back at 16, and still being good. But he knows he’s favoring his right leg, and he’s hesitating *ever* so slightly before putting weight on his left, which makes him less explosive, which was part of what made him so good before. Before the surgery, he was the fucking best.

And if Shane wasn't going to be the best...

And then somewhere, in the middle of all of that pain, and trying to come back, and comparing himself to how he was before, there was Wesley. And his stupid "advanced movement training" to accompany his PT. And Wesley noticing how fast Shane picked up the movement, and the damn contemporary dance class...and Shane was good. He was better than good, actually.

Because he had great balance, and he was fearless in the way he moved, and he was strong, and powerful, and disciplined, and... maybe slightly fueled by rage.

And there was also Wesley's boyfriend, and they were kissing in front of Shane, and he realized that maybe there was a reason it never worked with his high school girlfriend.

And then Shane thought, if he's going to be hazed, and put up with all the slurs in the locker room... and he's going to have to hide who he is and who he wants to be with...*and* he's not even going to be the fucking best? Well then, fuck that.

He looks up at Nikhil, whose parents moved to Montreal from India when he was four. He's grinning around the top of his pint glass as he recounts Shane passing him the puck through the defender's legs, so he could tip it into the top right pocket in the last two minutes of the game. And then Nikhil reaches down to pick up his phone, because his boyfriend is calling, and Shane feels a glow of warmth inside his chest and removes his hand from knee.

And so. Yeah, Shane is also feeling lucky that he's not playing Rozanov. Not if it means that he wouldn't have this.



Shane bites into his lower lip as he tries to set up the tripod in *just* the right spot, so it has the best view of the pole in his living room. He thinks for the millionth time that he should probably put a piece of tape on the floor in this spot, so he doesn't have to play this guessing game whenever he wants to record.

He had to pay double his deposit, but it was worth it to have the pole installed directly into his apartment. Now, he can practice and record videos in his own home, instead of only when the studio is available.

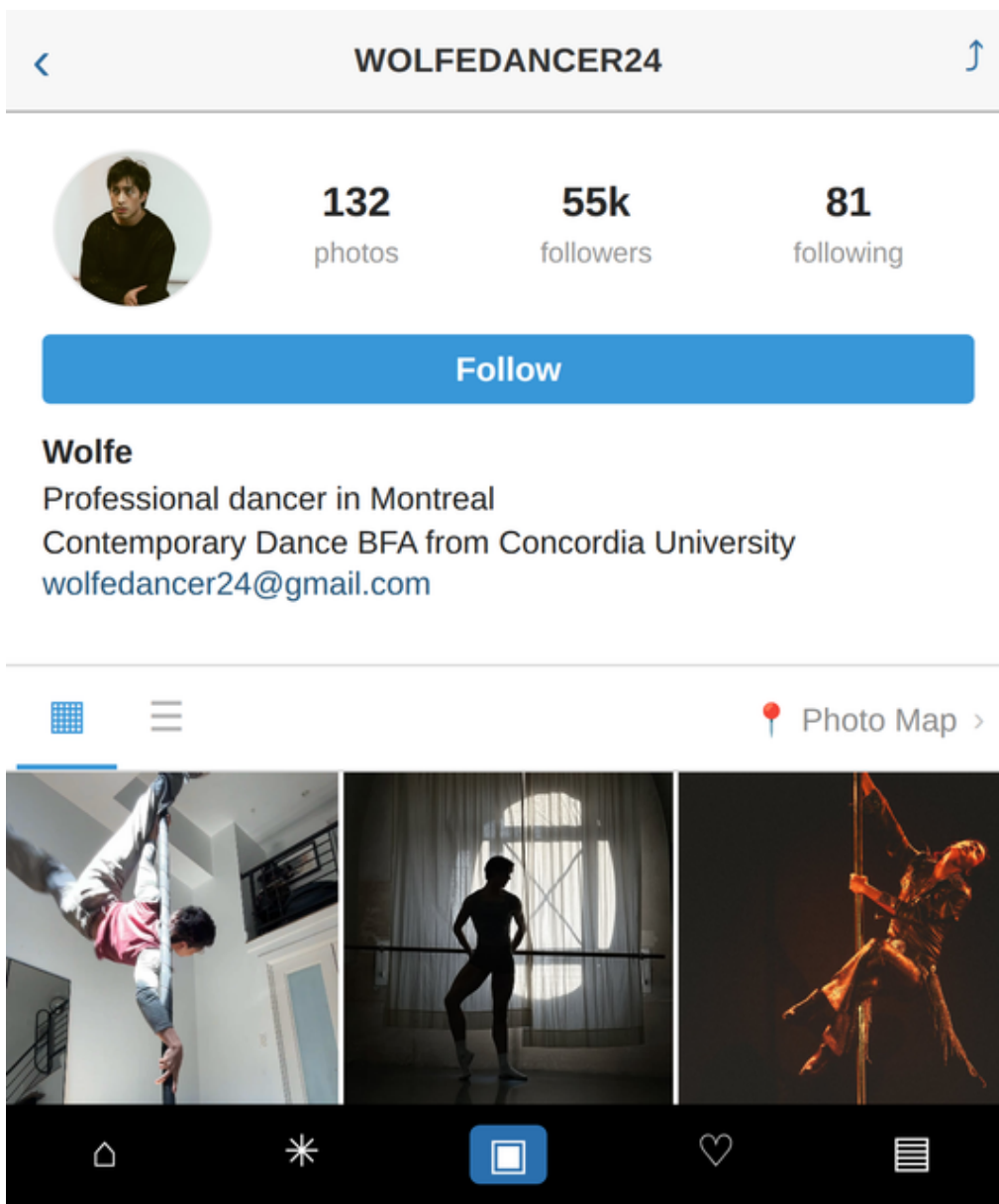
Sunday and Monday are his two "free" days, and since Sunday is usually busy with beer league and trying to catch up with friends or family, Shane records on Mondays.

He started posting on YouTube when he was still at Concordia and first trying out pole, so he could review routines and track his progress. Then, when Instagram launched his sophomore year, he used the app to take pictures in his “Wolfe” persona, linking back to his videos to gauge reactions.

As with most things Shane dedicated himself to, he excelled quickly, and people loved watching him. So by junior year, “Wolfe” had just over ten thousand followers, and Shane started getting free stuff from dance-wear companies if he tagged them.

Then, Molly suggested he post more videos shirtless, and well... by graduation “Wolfe” was at 42 thousand followers. And now that he can post videos directly on Instagram, he’s at 55 thousand – so in addition to free merch and products, he’s getting some paid sponsorships. It’s not much, maybe \$750 to \$1500 in a really good month, but it’s something.

And maybe most importantly, it got Shane noticed by Le Vertige, which got him the club job on top of his studio gig, which pushed him into “making good money for 22 years old” territory.



Shane stopped reading through all his comments and messages like six months ago, when he started getting too many weird ones. Now, his mom helps him manage his business inquiries via

email, and he only checks the ones she tells him to. Thank god for Yuna Hollander.

Shane decides that today's video will be frat/skater themed, as those have been doing well for him lately. Brynn says it's because of the juxtaposition between the masculine clothing and the femininity of the dancing, or something?

So, Wolfe's got on a backwards hat, a silver chain necklace, silver hoops, a long-sleeve, black-and-white baseball tee that hugs his pecs and arms, a pair of slightly ripped jeans, and his Converse high-tops. Perfect.

He clicks play on "Smells Like Teen Spirit," and gets to work.



Once Shane has showered and changed for dinner, he grabs the bottle of red wine he bought earlier that week from his kitchen, in case Jackie is up for having a glass with him. He's pretty sure she can drink at seven months postpartum, so it's worth a shot. And because Hayden is a giant baby, he "doesn't like the taste of wine," and will only drink beer, so.

Shane allows himself to drink one night per week, and he's decided that watching the Raiders pummel his poor Centaurs tonight is as good a reason as any.

Once he's inside his car, he shoots Jackie a quick text to let her know he's headed over.

< Messages
Jackie Pike
Contact

Today 6:15 PM

On my way.



Hell yeah.

Shane adores Jackie Pike. They met about six months ago in one of his postpartum dance classes, and immediately hit it off. He doesn't usually hang out with students outside work, but Jackie was so deeply *kind*, funny, and determined to befriend him.

So, they went to brunch, she kept coming to classes, he went to her house for a movie night, and the next thing you know he was meeting her husband, Hayden, who just so happens to play for the Metros.

They both know all about his injury and his job, and so far Hayden hasn't been too weird about it. Shane doesn't like to talk about it in front of him, though – he knows how hockey players can be. And it's not like the Metros ever come to Le Vertige... *probably because of the male strippers*.

When Jackie opens the door, she's holding a baby girl in each arm.

"Can you take Ruby, please? I'll take the wine and get it breathing." She places a squirming Ruby Pike in his arms while somehow snatching the bottle at the same time, and trots off to the kitchen for the corkscrew.

Sometimes, Shane can't believe the Pikes trust him to hold their babies. But he would be lying if he said he doesn't love wrapping his arms around their warm little bodies. And as Ruby's face splits into a wide grin just looking at him, he can't help but beam back at her.

"Fucking Rozanov, man! He's such a dick. He did *not* need to push Bood that hard."

"Hayden! Swear jar. Two times."

"I'm sorry Jackie, but he's an asshole, okay. Trust me, I've actually met the guy."

Shane stares at the tiny Rozanov on the screen, gliding over to the penalty box with a smirk on his stupidly handsome face. A face that Shane has now seen up close, and can confirm, is maybe the hottest he's ever seen in real life.

The camera zooms in further, and now he can see the mischievous twinkle in Rozanov's bright blue-green eyes, the furrow of his brow beneath his helmet, and the sweat dripping down the side of his temple, down into the coarse hairs on his jawline.

It brings Shane back to the alley, and how those piercing eyes were staring directly at *him*, wide as saucers and full of... *something*. And how that same smart mouth, with its pronounced cupid's bow and full bottom lip, curled into a smile as Shane waved goodbye.

And those impressive hands, warm and rough and so deft with a stick, that shook Shane's before writing him a tip for \$500, and then presumably, not touching anyone else for the rest of the evening.

Is Rozanov an asshole? Shane isn't so sure anymore.

It doesn't matter, anyways – it's not like Shane is ever going to talk to him again.

Chapter End Notes

Up next, Ilya is back in Boston and thinking thoughts...and maybe doing something about them...

I added a slow burn tag, because I think it might qualify? But smut is coming soon, I promise.

A few other thoughts on this chapter:

- Right, Shane...Ilya's pupils were dilated because of the sword swallower. Totally.
- Ilya and Shane both like when people want to fuck them? Freaks, I mean forks, found in kitchen
- Do we think Josh was actually turned off by Shane's job? Mr. super reliable narrator, over here...
- It is important to me that Shane is very good at what he does. I just don't see him struggling professionally or financially, sorry. Not in the world I'm living in.
- Similarly, I do believe that a Shane who came out at 18 and never met Ilya enjoys having regular sex. Let Shane be a bit of a slut, your honor!
- Also I realize there are a lot of OC names in this, but Shane must have coworkers, queer friends, and hockey friends, so. Here we are I guess.
- Did yall know Instagram didn't support video until June 2013? I did. It was rare, I was there (I am aging myself)
- Trying to do period-accurate graphics is so hard, oh my god

Lastly, wanted to shout out some fics that inspire me:

Map Contact by Regolith (metonym)
faded on the fine lines by impetuous
drawn in by strange_ghost
Untouchable Face by ZenaidaMacroura

and @abdelspin on TikTok – we love a pole dancer in a backwards hat and converse!

Chapter 3: you make me curious

Chapter Summary

After his interesting evening at the club, Ilya tries to figure out what he's feeling, and what he's going to do about it.

Chapter Notes

We are back in Ilya POV! And he is going through it, but it's all part of the journey. Also, pay attention to months/dates because (in true HR fashion) there are some time skips.

I feel I should mention, I loosely based Ilya's bisexual self-discovery / some of his inner thoughts on my own. I know that every person has their own experience, and this is just one version. Hopefully some people can relate to it, too!

Please excuse my horrendous photoshop job in this one, but I was trying to avoid using AI to make the image. I think it gets the point across, though.

Thanks again for being here, it's so cool people are reading this and leaving nice comments :)

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

Ottawa International Airport

November 2013

“Roz, Marly. You’ve gotta see this.”

Ilya glances up from mindlessly scrolling through Twitter to stare at Connors, who is waving his phone in front of Ilya’s face, practically bending in half over the backpack between his legs just to try and get the screen in Ilya’s eyeline.

“Calm down, Connors. You’re going to pull something. What is it.” Ilya grabs the device from him and holds it out between himself and Marly so they can look at the screen together.

“I started following the sword swallower from the club on Instagram. She has *so* many videos... and some are even crazier than what she did during our show.”

Ilya feels his stomach drop a fraction at the mention of that night, which he had been trying very hard not to think about. He’d been doing a pretty good job of it, too, distracted by getting a team of hungover idiots through the rest of the weekend and winning Monday’s game. A game in which he

decidedly did *not* go easy on the Centaurs, despite being asked to by a very perplexing Metros fan with tattoos and freckles.

But Ilya isn't thinking about him anymore.

"How did you even find her Instagram, dude?" Marly huffs incredulously as he swipes up to the previous video, where @kat_swallows somehow has four swords shoved down her throat.

"I went to the club's Instagram, and then looked to see if they tagged her in anything. I followed the singer, too, actually. She was good. I've left her some comments but she hasn't responded."

Ilya barks out a laugh. "Connors, these women are never going to fuck you. You're wasting your time."

"Whatever, Roz. You miss 100% of the shots you don't take. And it's not like we won't be back in Montreal for games." Connors scowls and snatches his phone back, leaning further into his seat. "Some of us actually have to *put in effort* to get laid, you know."

Ilya rolls his eyes, shoves his headphones back over his ears, and returns to reading nonsense on Twitter until they can board the plane. He just needs to get the fuck out of stupid Canada, and back to Boston.



By the time they've landed, the whole thing almost feels like a distant memory. Almost.

The next couple weeks come and go in a blur. Practice, beat Buffalo at home, practice, lose to Florida at home, eat, sleep, gym, send more money to Alexei, practice, fly to New Jersey, win, bus to New York, lose on Thanksgiving (fuck you, Scott Hunter).

The boys are cranky and agitated from the loss, on top of being away from their families for the holiday, so they decide to go out. Ilya thinks it's a fucking great idea.

It's not like he usually does much for Thanksgiving, anyways, and they're in New York. Going out with the team is preferable to eating Chinese food alone in his apartment while he watches whatever action movie is on TV, or *maybe* spending the evening with Svetlana if he gets lucky and she wasn't invited somewhere else. It's a stupid American holiday and if he has to spend it anywhere, he's glad it's here.

Their cabs drop them off outside a club in the Meatpacking District, and soon they're all four-plus drinks deep, screaming at each other to be heard over the thumping bass in the dark corner booth they've commandeered.

"What about her? She's hot." Marly's breath smells like tequila and tickles his ear as he shouts over the music, and Ilya follows the line of sight from Marly's finger to the dance floor, where a tall, dark-haired woman in a skintight blue minidress and wedge heels is dancing chest-to-chest with her friend, who is a similar height and basically wearing the exact same outfit in pink.

Ilya nods affirmatively at Marly, and by the start of the next song they've charmed both women, who are now grinding their asses against them while a remix of "Talk Dirty" by Jason Derulo blasts from the speakers.

She's really fucking hot and her ass feels incredible as it rubs the front of his crotch, but Ilya still finds his eyes wandering over the crowd, catching on the go-go dancers on the elevated platforms. There are three – two women and one man – and his gaze lingers on the male dancer. He has a nice body.

It's not like Ilya has been thinking about that night at Le Vertige *a lot*, but he would be lying if he said it hasn't been consistently nagging at him, like a tickle in the back of his throat or an itch at the part of his back he can't quite reach.

He still doesn't understand why he responded the way he did to Wolfe's performance, or perhaps even more strangely, to being so close to him in the alley. And ever since that night, Ilya has been *noticing* attractive men more than ever before.

Or rather, he's noticing the *way* he notices them.

Where once he might appraise their looks the way he would a beautiful painting, now as soon as the thought enters his mind, he finds himself wondering... is this even a normal way to look at a hot guy? Are his teammates doing this, too? Do they recognize a man's beauty the way Ilya does, and does it affect them like it affects him? Do they ever want to reach out and *touch*?

He's starting to worry that the way he feels is not normal for a straight guy... it's something *more*. It's making him rethink every thought he's ever had about good-looking boys, and then men, since he was a tween.

Like back in school when he really enjoyed spending time with Dmitri in the year above him, always wanting to be *around* him, for some reason. Or how when he watches porn, he also looks at the guy – not as much as the woman, but he definitely looks. Like, the actor needs to be hot and make good noises, just like the woman. But doesn't everyone do that?

And he can't exactly ask any of his teammates about it, so he is stuck ruminating on these thoughts, turning them over and over again in his mind. It may slowly be making him slightly insane.

And behind all of his confusion, is that night at the club in Montreal. And Wolfe.

So later, when even after he's eaten out the woman in the blue dress – Tamara – until she's screaming and begging him to fuck her, and they have sex up against the wall of her apartment until her neighbor knocks on the door and tells them to stop or he's calling the cops, and they don't stop until she's cum again and Ilya is covered in sweat, and he's back in his hotel room lying in bed, and

he is *still* thinking about that night at the fucking Montreal club... Ilya decides he can't hold back any longer.

He opens Instagram, and he searches for Le Vertige. He scrolls through dozens of images until he finds what he's looking for, a post about their 'hot new act,' Wolfe. And he's tagged.

Ilya hovers his finger over the '@wolfedancer24' tag. His stomach is turning, and he's pretty sure it isn't from the drinks he had earlier.

Because while he wants to scratch the damn itch and see Wolfe's face again, there is also a voice inside his head telling him that if he does this, he is acknowledging an unexplored part of himself and potentially stepping over a precipice he can't walk back up again.

Ilya's heart beats faster at the prospect of making such a decision, a flush of adrenaline rushing from his glands into his bloodstream. The moment feels dangerous... and fuck if Ilya doesn't love a little bit of danger.

Fuck it.

He presses his finger down, and realizes he must have been holding his breath when he lets out a deep exhale as the page populates.

As Ilya expected, the profile is filled with videos of Wolfe dancing, both on a pole (*in his living room, maybe?*) and on the ground, in what appears to be some sort of studio.

He clicks on the most recent post, heat rising in his cheeks. Immediately, he can tell it's not like the routine Wolfe did at Le Vertige, which was hard and fast, erotic in a way that was clearly meant to turn on the audience.

In this video, Wolfe is wearing nothing but a pair of maroon compression shorts, the rest of his smooth skin on full display. The music is something classical that Ilya doesn't recognize, and the lighting is dimmed and moody. Wolfe has wrapped himself around the pole with his back against it, his left arm outstretched upward gripping the metal, while his right is curled up against his chest. His right leg is hooked around the pole while the other is kicked straight out – he is being suspended only by the strength of his calf, thigh, and hand, while he twirls *slowly* around the pole.

He flows effortlessly from one position into the next, drifting through the air like he's moving through water – *like a ballet dancer*, Ilya thinks. At one point, he's holding his entire body off of the pole by only one arm as he gently spins around it, without any sign of a struggle aside from the bulging of his bicep and shoulder.

He is beautiful. He's like a Roman statue come to life to dance.

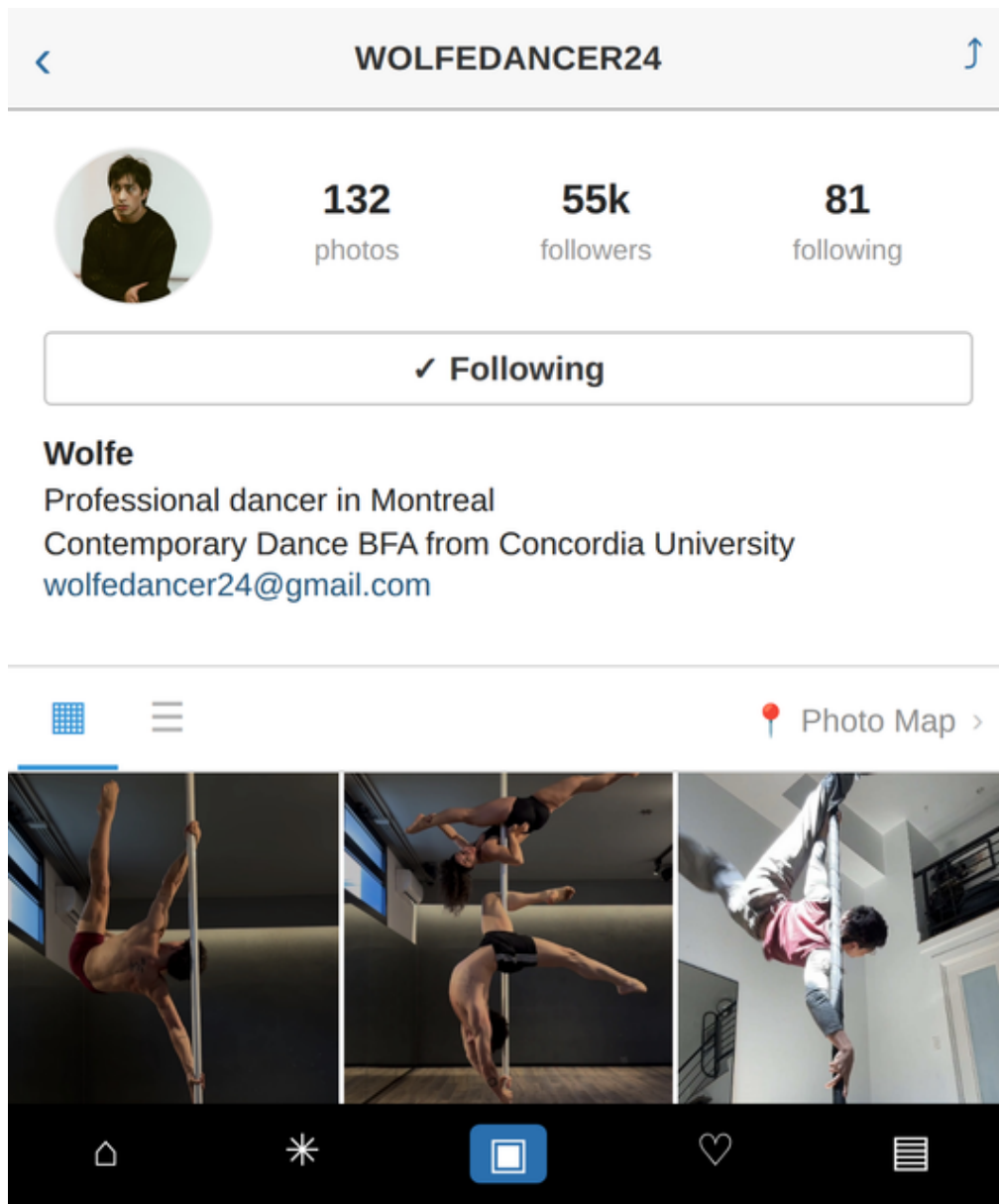
It's a show of grace and strength Ilya rarely sees, being that he spends most of his time around a boisterous team of hockey players. He wants to see more.

There are videos of Wolfe dressed like a skater set to punk rock songs, some where he is suspended from a pole that is hanging up in the air with no connection to the ground, a few where he shares the pole with a woman dancer, and *wow he is strong as he lifts her*, and one video in particular Ilya enjoys, in which Wolfe is wearing nothing but red-and-white track shorts, matching tube socks, and a pair of sunglasses, set to "Gas Pedal" by Sage the Gemini.

Okay, so Ilya likes watching this guy dance. That isn't strange – Wolfe is an impressive dancer and dance is a form of art. And clearly, Ilya's not alone in thinking this, as Wolfe has *55 thousand* Instagram followers. Would it really matter if Ilya is one of them?

He worries his bottom lip between his teeth as he considers hitting the follow button.

It's not like anyone is really paying attention to who Ilya follows on Instagram, but just in case, he decides to go back and follow all the performers from the club. And for good measure, he clicks through his 'Explore' tab and follows several models. Now it just looks like he went on a random following spree.



Ilya puts down his phone and falls asleep smiling. He feels better already.



Boston, Massachusetts

December 2013

Over the next few weeks, Ilya treats Wolfe's Instagram like an illicit drug that he does only in secret, and sparingly.

He's noticed that Wolfe usually posts once a week, typically on Mondays, so he makes sure to find a way to be alone those evenings so he can watch without anyone looking over his shoulder.

And if he also scrolls through Wolfe's profile and re-watches some of his other videos – well, that is Ilya's business.

After all, Ilya is certain that if he just keeps scratching this small itch, eventually it will go away. He will get bored and move on like he does with most things. That hasn't happened yet, but it will – it has to.

On New Year's Eve, Ilya goes to a bougie house party in Back Bay with Svetlana and some of their good friends who live in Boston. Among them is Kenzie, who has been working with Svetlana at a hotshot marketing firm in the city since they were both undergraduate interns – she handles fashion and beauty clients, while Svetlana works mostly with sports teams and athletes.

Kenzie is blonde, sexy, and a lot of fun – so naturally, they fucked soon after she and Ilya met. But it was just the one time, with neither of them wanting it to turn into a repeat thing, and since then he's really enjoyed having her as a friend. The three of them have a great time together – they all love fancy parties, fast cars, and loud music – and he even likes Kenzie's new fiancé Robert, who is a bit older than them and high up at some consulting firm, so he has a lot of money.

Ilya is happy to be ringing in the new year with them, they all look fucking incredible, and since the Raiders have the day off tomorrow, he figures he may as well get a bit fucked up.

By the time midnight rolls around, Ilya has had two glasses of champagne, three shots, and a few vodka sodas. And he *may* have done a line in the bathroom, maybe.

As the clock ticks down to midnight, he makes eye contact with a stunning brunette in a silver dress across the living room dance floor, and his tongue is licking around inside her hot mouth ten

seconds later.

She's an amazing fuck – super vocal, and clearly likes to be manhandled a bit, which Ilya is more than happy to do. He's got one hand holding her hair into a makeshift ponytail, pulling on it slightly, while he drives himself into her hard from behind, causing her to make the most beautiful noises.

She's keeping herself held up against the wall-to-wall window of his apartment by the palms of her hands, her breasts pushed up against the glass and her breath fogging up under her cheek, when she wails, “spank me, *please*” – so Ilya does. As he looks out over the city skyline, sweat running down his brow, he thinks this is a pretty fucking great way to start 2014.

Eventually, once she's fallen asleep (he's not a total asshole, he wouldn't send her home this late), he drunkenly stumbles over to the bathroom to take a piss and plug in his phone, since she's using the charger by his bed.

Ilya takes a careful seat on the toilet, opens Instagram on autopilot... and his breath catches.

Wolfe posted a new video earlier tonight, even though it's Tuesday.

He makes sure the volume isn't too loud, glances quickly at the shut bathroom door, and presses play. “Applause” by Lady Gaga immediately starts coming through the phone speakers.

Wolfe is wearing dark (*leather?*) pants and a sheer, long-sleeved sparkly black button down shirt, undone almost to his navel, so his entire chest and part of his torso is on display. Against his collarbone, Ilya can see a silver chain necklace that hangs between his pecs, which matches the pair of small sparkling hoop earrings in each of his ears.

Ilya swallows. *He looks really good.*

Wolfe is in a dark room, with red and purple lights coming from somewhere in the corner, as well as a display of scattered white lights, almost like confetti or stars, moving over his body and against the wall behind him.

He's holding a bottle of champagne in one hand and the pole in the other, grinning at the camera, his freckles bunching up under his eyes. He's got on a pair of those stupid glasses in the shape of 2014. *Is he a little drunk?*

Wolfe pops the cork, and champagne goes spurting out the top of the bottle, some of it landing against his arm and shoulder, soaking the fabric and allowing some of his tattoos to become visible through the sleeve.

Still looking at the camera, he lifts the bottle to his lips, opens them to expose his tongue and throat, and tips the foamy liquid into his gaping mouth, swallowing what he can while the rest spills out over his plush bottom lip and chin, and drips onto his chest.

Fuck.

Wolfe puts down the bottle, *winks*, and then swings himself onto the pole, spinning hard and fast, clenching the metal between his thighs, while the practically see-through shirt gapes, exposing one of his nipples.

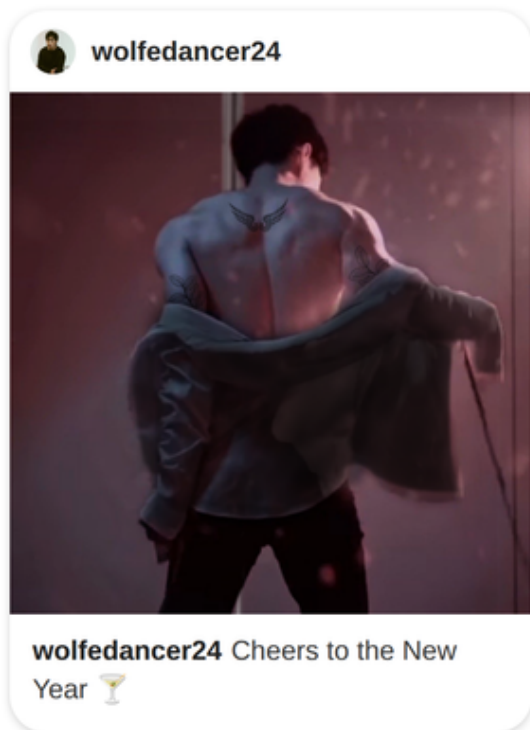
He slides down to his knees, bouncing up and down while he undoes the last few buttons on his shirt, so now it's completely open. *Those fucking abs.*

Wolfe picks up the bottle again, and then climbs back up the pole one handed, before flowing into a slow, upright spin and tilting the bottle for another drink. Again, at least half the pour misses his mouth, leaving his jaw, throat, pecs, and rippling abs shining and wet and sticky under the flashing lights.

Ilya isn't sure if it's because of the alcohol, the drugs, or something else, but his mouth has gone dry again and his eyes won't focus. He rubs his index finger and thumb over his eyelids, and returns his gaze to the screen.

He shouldn't be able to get hard again, after the night he just had, and yet he can feel the blood rushing downward to his lower half. His face is hot, and when he presses his palm to his cheek, Ilya realizes with horror that he might actually be *blushing*.

Fuck. What the fuck. Ilya's head is fuzzy from one too many drinks, his dick is getting hard, and he needs to *do* something. Before he can think himself out of it, he's opened a direct message and hit send.



 happy new year
ilyarozanovofficial · 3:07 AM

 Write a message... 

As he crawls back into bed beside Tamara, Ilya decides that on top of winning the Stanley Cup, he has another New Year's resolution for 2014. And it's to figure this shit out.



Boston, Massachusetts

January 2014

In January, Ilya watches gay porn.

It happens on a random Monday night, after seeing that Wolfe (who never fucking messaged him back) posted a new video, in which he was wearing nothing but a pair of grey sweatpants. A bunch of the comments were asking Wolfe for advice to make the pole stop hurting against your skin and improve grip, and Ilya got hard again.

It didn't help that the Raiders spent the previous night beating the Metros in Montreal, and Ilya wanted to crawl out of his skin being back in that city.

So now here he is, in his bed opening PornHub, deciding to find out just how far his attraction for men goes. It was always leading up to this really, if he thinks about it.

Plus, a lot of people watch porn depicting sexual acts they would never actually attempt, or even want to attempt, in real life. So, maybe this will be like that for Ilya.

He types 'gay sex' into the search bar, and his head jerks back at some of the results.

'Little Twink Fucked by Daddy Dom'

'Fucked my Stepbro'

'Gang Bang in Bus'

Jesus Christ.

None of that sounds sexy to Ilya right now. He can feel his boner deflating, until he scrolls down several videos and sees: 'Athletic Guy Seduced and Fucked.' Both guys look hot in the thumbnail – there's a tall blond and a brunette, and they're pretty fit.

He takes a shaky inhale through his nostrils and clicks play.

The video starts with the muscular brunette, *he has tattoos*, standing at the kitchen sink in a pair of briefs, washing the dishes. The slightly taller blond comes up behind him, pressing his groin into his lower back, and wraps his arms around his waist, kissing his shoulder, and then moving his hands over his pecs and nipples before using his left hand to turn the other man's head to face his – and then they start making out.

Ilya stares at the brunette's Adam's apple, shifting and pulsing under the skin of his throat, while his jaw works and he gets more and more into the kiss. Their tongues are dancing over each other, and the brunette lets out a soft moan. The blond is rubbing his fingers over the other man's nipples, and then moves his mouth downward to nip and bite at his upper back and shoulders, kissing his way down his spine until he's on his knees.

Ilya shifts a bit under the covers, moving the palm of his hand over the top of his underwear, pressing down slightly into his hardening dick.

Okay, this is actually really hot.

The brunette arches against the sink and pushes his ass out behind him, prompting the blond to start rubbing his big hands over the other man's clothed dick and ass, before yanking down his briefs to kiss and lick at his right asscheek.

Fuck.

Ilya moves his hand inside his boxers, wrapping his palm and fingers around his dick and stroking slowly, eyes still locked on the screen.

Then, the blond buries his face between the brunette's asscheeks, licking into his hole while he takes the other man's cock in his hand. The brunette lets out a guttural sound of pleasure, and it goes right to Ilya's dick.

Ilya has done this part before, to women (well, the ass part), and he knows he likes it. He is a bit surprised that he seems to enjoy watching it done to a man, though. He finds himself wondering how different the experience would be in real life.

Both men are now facing each other, and they fall into another deep kiss. Then, the blond *picks up* the brunette, lifting him up onto the counter so that he's laying back with his legs up in the air. He licks his way up from the brunette's asshole, over his balls, and swallows his dick in his mouth, pumping his head up and down, sucking him off while his right index finger circles his hole.

Jesus Fucking Christ... what does that taste like? Is it heavy in his mouth?

Just the thought has Ilya's own cock filling up even more, and his hand moving faster up and down his shaft.

Well, shit. These thoughts are getting pretty gay, aren't they.

After fingering the brunette open with his cock still down his throat, the blond shifts his body so he's hovering over him, and starts slamming his dick into his stretched hole. The man underneath him is moaning, letting out these *ah ah* sounds that have Ilya speeding up his own hand under his boxers, chasing his release.

Ilya closes his eyes as the sounds of the two men fucking, gasping and moaning, skin slapping, fill the room. Without meaning to, Ilya suddenly finds himself envisioning big brown eyes looking up at him, atop a smattering of freckles and a plush mouth. *I wonder what he sounds like when he cums.*

"Blyat!" His orgasm hits hard and fast, coating his hand and the inside of his boxers. He snaps his laptop shut with a bit too much force, and stalks off to the bathroom to clean himself up.

Then, only once he's lying in bed, trying and failing to fall asleep, does he allow himself to mull over what he just did.

Ilya is pretty sure that even *if* the guys on his team notice that men are attractive, they don't watch gay porn. And even if they do watch it, he's not sure they actively think about sucking a dick, or drawing the same moans out of a man they've *met in real life*.

Ilya isn't homophobic. Really, he isn't. He never allows those slurs in his locker room. And Svetlana came out to him as bi a couple of years ago, and it didn't change the way he feels about her at all.

When they were growing up together in Russia, they both also used to spend a fair amount of time with his coach's son Sasha – who despite doing a pretty good job of keeping it quiet, well... Ilya knows he was secretly sleeping with men when they were in school.

Maybe that's why this whole *thing* is fucking Ilya up so much. Sasha knew he liked men back then, and Svetlana told him she's pretty much always felt this way about both men and women. So why didn't Ilya? Why is he coming to this realization so late? It makes him feel like he's faking it, or something.

And how will Ilya even know for sure that he is like Sasha – or probably more like Svetlana given how attracted he is to women – if he doesn't actually try to be with a man in real life? What if this is all some fantastical idea he's worked up in his own deeply troubled, horny brain?

In the back of his mind, as much as he hates to admit it, even to himself...he can also hear his father and his brother's voices, calling him *reckless* and *stupid* and *selfish*. And Alexei shouting *faggot* when Ilya picked flowers from their garden, or wanted to bake cookies on his birthday. He's also not unaware of the fact that what he's considering doing is currently prohibited in his mother country.

So...this *could* just be another classic Ilya adrenaline junkie thing, like illegally racing sports cars, or doing drugs in a club bathroom. Maybe he only wants to do it because it's taboo, and he just needs to try it once and get it out of his system... like that time he tried MDMA.

There's really only one way to find out, and to do it safely, it may just have to be in the most dangerous place possible.



Sochi, Russia

February 2014

If Ilya had ever thought he might back out from tonight's plan, Russia's loss to Latvia cemented that he definitely will not.

His father and brother have done nothing but make him feel like shit since the game ended, blaming him for being unable to pull the team together and bringing shame to Russia. Fuck them. They don't even know him. If his mother were here...*no, we aren't doing that.*

And his father is acting strange. Ilya thinks he is maybe getting worse.

So, Ilya feels like being *reckless*, and *stupid*, and *selfish* tonight, actually. He wants to do something that will make him feel like anything other than a sad, pathetic failure and bury himself in a bottle of vodka.

"*You look like you need saving,*" Sveta whispers to him in their mother tongue, as she grabs his hand and pulls him away from both of their fathers, practically dragging him down the stairs to one of the more private bathrooms near the grand ballroom.

She looks gorgeous, as always, in a slinky floor-length black dress with a high-neck made of gold chains that wrap around her slender throat. Her auburn curls are pulled up such that a few pieces fall perfectly around her stunning face to frame her twinkling eyes and full lips – she's always been too good for Ilya.

"*You are a vision, Svetlana.*" Ilya is truly so grateful for her. She has saved him so many times.

"*I know.*" She sends him a grin and locks the bathroom door behind her, turning to face him. "*And I have a surprise!*"

She flicks her eyes behind Ilya, prompting him to look over his shoulder, where he sees none other than Sasha lounging in the bathtub. Once again, Svetlana has helped Ilya in ways she isn't even aware of.

Ilya steps toward Sasha, snatching the bottle of wine from his outstretched hand and taking a long pull. He's going to need some liquid courage for whatever happens next.

Sasha looks just as pretty as the last time Ilya saw him, and so he allows himself to look a little more closely tonight, shifting his gaze from Sasha's dark brows and heavy-set brown eyes, down to his handsome nose and pink lips, and then further, to where his open shirt exposes a clean-shaven chest adorned by a simple gold necklace.

"*Well, hello to you too, Ilya,*" Sasha purrs, smirking and falling back further into the tub.

Svetlana furrows her brow and sends Ilya a quizzical glare, her shoulders hunching up in a sort of '*what the fuck*' gesture, which Ilya ignores.

"*Hello, Sasha.*" Ilya takes another healthy sip from the bottle, holding eye contact with Sasha while he leans against the sink across from him.

After discussing hockey for a few minutes – during which Svetlana almost convinces Ilya that none of this was his fault and he is going to win the Cup with the Raiders this year – she excuses herself from the room, seeming a bit surprised when Ilya says he wants to stay.

“There’s still some left,” Ilya says to her, while jerking his head towards the line of cocaine on the counter next to one of the sinks. *“I’m feeling a little dangerous tonight.”*

“Just don’t do anything stupid, please. They’re not worth it.” She kisses him on each cheek and glides across the room and out the door, leaving him alone with Sasha.

If there is one thing Ilya Rozanov knows how to do, it’s seduce someone. Mind you, that someone has historically always been a woman, but he can’t imagine it’s *that* different with a man.

“Weren’t you going to do the rest? If you don’t, I will.” Sasha has stepped out of the tub to stand in front of him, and is holding his hand out towards the drugs, as though offering them up to Ilya.

“Mm, no. I think I want something else.” Ilya reaches out to place his right hand against Sasha’s upper bicep, just resting it there gently in case he wants to pull away.

“Ilya...” Sasha is fighting back a smile, and he hasn’t moved, but Ilya can see the uncertainty in his eyes. *“Are you...?”*

“I think yes, maybe.” Ilya puts on the best ‘fuck me’ eyes he can muster and squeezes Sasha’s bicep. He needs to know.

“Wow. A few years in America have made you very... evolved. Have you done this before?”

“No.”

“Hm.” Sasha’s eyes are searching Ilya’s for something. *“So why now? Why tonight?”*

“Because I know you. And I know you will be good about it. We will have the same secret. I can’t... risk it there. But I want to know.”

He knows he’s being a bit too vulnerable, and that vulnerability might not be very sexy. But Ilya has known Sasha for years, and he thinks this approach will be received better than pretending like he’s been pining after him all this time. He doesn’t want to lie.

“What do you want to do?” Sasha asks the question without judgment, which Ilya appreciates. *“You know we are in the bathroom at a party with our families upstairs.”*

“I want to kiss you.” Ilya moves the hand from Sasha’s bicep up to just under his jaw, and places the other on his waist. His belly flips-flops a little, and he swallows before licking his lips to wet them, just in case this is actually about to happen.

He feels like he’s standing on the edge of a very tall mountain, seconds from stepping off the cliff’s edge. It’s exhilarating and it’s terrifying, and he needs to know.

Sasha nods. And then, Ilya is kissing him.

The first difference he notices is actually the smell. Sasha smells manlier than the women he’s kissed, and there’s a sort of woody musk entering Ilya’s nostrils from where he must have dabbed cologne on his neck.

The kiss is slightly firmer than what he’s used to as well, though Sasha kisses softly, similar to a woman, actually. That isn’t what Ilya expected, and he might be a bit...*disappointed?* But Sasha’s jaw under his hand feels different, and his body feels harder under his hands, which is nice.

He pulls Sasha into him so their groins are touching, and he can feel the flex of his abs against his own. There's a brief flutter in Ilya's lower stomach, and well, his body is responding similarly to how it does when he kisses a woman. Though the moment lacks any real heat, if Ilya is being honest.

Ilya pulls back, and they both look at each other for a few seconds with soft smiles on their faces, before Ilya can't hold back any longer and starts to laugh. Sasha joins in immediately, and it releases something tight in Ilya's chest.

"Thank you," Ilya says. And he means it.

"Well?" Sasha grabs the bottle of wine still on the counter and finishes it in one swift gulp. *"What is the verdict?"*

"I think I have a lot to think about. But this helped." It's the truth, and it's all he can say for sure right now.

Sasha steps towards the counter again, sniffs the line there, and then pulls back to pat Ilya on the cheek before turning away. *"Good luck, Ilya. Don't do anything stupid over there. It would be sad to never see you again."*

And then he leaves.

Why does everyone always think Ilya is going to do something stupid?



Boston, Massachusetts

May 2014

Ilya still hasn't done anything stupid by the time playoffs begin. In fact, he's done an excellent job of channeling his pent up sadness, misery, and rage about losing in Sochi, and his not quite as confusing but still pretty confusing attraction to men, towards a fucking killer playoff run.

And he's only gotten off to gay porn like, four or five more times. And maybe every time, there has to be a muscular brunette in the video, and it's a bonus if he has tattoos or freckles. But that's Ilya's business and no one else's.

It's on a Thursday in late May, after they've just beat the Admirals in Game 4 of the Eastern Conference finals – making the series 3-1 to the Raiders with just one more win needed to make the Stanley Cup Final – when he gets the group text about Kenzie's bachelorette trip, and his stomach drops to his ass.

◀ Messages Kenzie's Bachelorette Details

Today 9:48 PM

Kenzie

Hello, bitches! You lucky ladies and gentlemen are all invited to my bachelorette weekend in... drumroll please... Montreal, August 15–17! 🥳

It's Robert's hometown, so he's doing his bachelor party there with all his buddies, and we want to do Saturday night at the clubs together.

If anyone has ideas for Friday night at the Airbnb, let me know! I'm thinking strippers hehe 😏

And Ilya, you HAVE to say yes because I know training camp doesn't start until September!

Everyone text your RSVP ❤️

Fucking, Montreal. Of course it's in Montreal. Where else would it be?

Ilya sends a thumbs up as his RSVP, and puts the whole thing out of his mind. He can worry about it when the playoffs are over.

And hey, at least this means he can come back from Russia early this summer.



Boston, Massachusetts

June 2014

Ilya doesn't think he's ever been happier in his whole entire life. The energy in the bus is fucking electric, and his body is practically vibrating with pure adrenaline, amplified by the buzz of the

alcohol he consumed in the locker room.

He can barely hear his own thoughts over the music blasting from the bus speakers, the pounding of giant hockey player hands against the backs of seats and the glass of the windows, and the whooping and cheering from the players and staff.

There is beer and champagne all over everything, and the seat next to Ilya is currently occupied by the fucking Stanley Cup.

His cheeks actually hurt from smiling, and for maybe the fourteenth time that night, he clutches his mother's necklace, rubbing the warm metal between his fingers. She would be so happy for him. He wishes she could have seen it.

The rest of the night is a sweaty blur, as they hit club after club. Ilya has lost count of how many free drinks he was given and promptly poured down his throat. He vaguely remembers being on two or three different dance floors, with women grinding up against both his front and backsides. And maybe Marly was there, too? Maybe they were in like, a grinding chain?

By 4am, Ilya has sobered up a bit, and is now only normal drunk instead of absolutely plastered. He merely has to smile at the smokeshow sitting in the booth across from him before they're sloppily making out in the back of a cab to his apartment, and dawn breaks while he's still inside her, thrusting up into her while she rides him.

She actually leaves afterwards, because it's after 5 in the fucking morning, and then Ilya is alone. He takes a leisurely, hot shower during which he still can't stop smiling. He feels like a fucking king.

He collapses in bed, and starts looking through his photos so he can post about the win on Instagram. There's a great blurry shot of him lifting up the Stanley Cup in the locker room while the boys spray champagne all over him – perfect.

He opens up the app, and notices he's gained nearly 15,000 followers overnight. Holy shit. He'd already gained like 30,000 during the playoff run – the Raiders were fucking dominating and Ilya's cheeky press interviews may have gone a little viral – so now he's at over 300,000. This probably means even better sponsorships, which means even more money, which is fantastic for Ilya.

He posts the picture with the caption "winners" and sinks back into his pillow with his eyes closed and a fat smile on his face, as he listens to the notification tone ping over, and over, and over again.

But, before he puts his phone away to finally get some sleep, his fingers move automatically to the Instagram search bar, to look up Wolfe's profile.

There's no new video, but his eyes catch on the 'Following' section of Wolfe's page. Ilya has unfortunately (*pathetically*) visited his profile enough times over the last six months to notice that the number has *changed*. It *definitely* used to be 81, and now it's at 82.

Ilya knows that it's stupid, and he's exhausted, and his brain must have turned to mush from the whirlwind of his last 24 hours, but he just can't help himself. He clicks on 'Following' and starts typing into the search bar... 'i'... 'l'... *holy shit*.

Wolfe is following him.

And for some reason, even though Ilya just won the fucking Stanley Cup, and he did it for himself, and his team, and his mama, and to prove something to his father...he finds himself smiling ear to ear because it made a boy – this *specific* boy – notice him.

Ilya feels a little bit high right now, off the Cup, off the sex, off the lack of sleep, off the follow...off the adrenaline rush that is stepping over the cliff's edge and seeing where he lands. So even though he has no idea if this will even work...he has to scratch the itch, and he has to know.

What is it that Connors said, you miss 100% of the shots you don't take?

Ilya opens up his messages, sends a quick text, and then shuts off his phone so he can finally rest.

He has a few calls to make once he wakes up.

◀ Messages Kenzie Contact

Today 5:47 AM

i have idea for friday night of bachelorette at airbnb

it involves strippers 😎

Delivered

Chapter End Notes

Up next, Shane POV! How will he react to the surprise guest at his private booking? And the boys finally interact again...I'm very excited about this chapter.

Notes on ch3:

- Ilya my love, what you have is a crush. Ilya can't properly recognize his crush on Shane in any universe, I fear
- My first real smut scenes... hope you liked them. I'm sorry they weren't with Shane but Ilya is exploring, okay!
- I wanted to retcon the whole Sasha bathroom thing to be a more positive experience, and I kind of like that Ilya still has a first with him since it was clearly a safe space
- I realize Kenzie is a plot device (I tried to avoid that...) but I refuse to have it be Svetlana who is getting engaged at 22 haha
- Fun fact, Instagram didn't launch DMs until Dec 2013, so I had to edit that part of ch2. And, you couldn't tell if someone was following you unless you looked through their following list! So if it reads awkwardly, it's because it's accurate, sorry.
- Feeling less queer than the other queer people I knew was a real thing for me that lowkey hindered me coming out, so I tried to capture that here...was just so used to straight being the norm that I couldn't identify what had clearly been wlw thoughts all along...like girl you were watching lesbian porn, you weren't straight. So now this Ilya must go through it as well, sorry!
- Hopefully I added the right tags but let me know if I missed anything :)

Chapter 4: will you disappoint them?

Chapter Summary

Shane is surprised to see someone he recognizes at his private booking, and the night goes somewhere he never expected.

Chapter Notes

Enjoy 😊 I've been looking forward to this chapter so hope you like it! It's a little longer than the others, but I didn't really see the point of splitting it up since it's all Shane POV.

(FYI I put some links to songs to enhance the experience – recommend right-clicking to open them in a new tab so you don't leave the site.)

Also I know I've said it before but your comments seriously make my day – thanks so much for reading!!

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

*Montreal, Quebec
June 2014*

“I can't believe that asshole is about to get MVP,” Nikhil huffs into his can of golden ale, his eyes still locked onto the TV in front of them. “He's already super hot, why does he also have to be so good at hockey.”

“He's the best, probably,” Shane grumbles under his breath, so quietly he can't be heard over the sound of the awards host teeing up the next category.

“What?” Nikhil turns to him from the other end of the couch. “Did you say something?”

“I said he's not *that* hot. It's just that most hockey players are ugly.” Shane rolls his eyes and takes a sip of his ginger ale to hide the flush creeping down his cheeks onto his neck.

“Shane, you suck at lying. I don't even watch hockey and even I can see that guy is like, objectively hot,” Nikhil's boyfriend yells from behind them, where he is refilling his drink in the kitchen. “Especially in that fucking suit.”

Shane would love to disagree with Carl. But unfortunately, Rozanov does look really fucking hot in a suit. He's also done something different with his hair, like pushed it back more. It looks good.

And as Rozanov steps onstage to receive the Hart, he also has a big, fat grin on his stupid, sexy face.

Shane clenches his fingers a little tighter around his Canada Dry, causing a few droplets of condensation to drip onto his lap. *That could have been me.*

He's been trying so hard not to think about it the past couple weeks, ever since he watched the Raiders lift the cup.

Since Shane started playing again, he actually hasn't had a difficult time enjoying the NHL, or seeing other players take home the cup and win awards. He just loves the game.

But... he would have been in Rozanov's draft year. They would have played against each other. Shane could be on that stage, standing where Rozanov is right now, holding that same trophy.

He purses his mouth shut, biting into his bottom lip and pushing down the swell of emotion threatening to rise into his chest from behind his ribcage. *He's gotten over this. It's fine.*

Rozanov is thanking his coaches and his team, his friends, and the fans. He says something in Russian about his 'mama,' but doesn't mention anyone else. Then he chirps out something ridiculous about this being just the first of many cups and many awards he will win. And then he *winks* before walking offstage.

"Ugghhh I can't stand him! Hollzy, I still can't believe you actually shook that guy's hand."

"Nikhil, please stop talking."

"Wait, Shane, you met him?" Carl is looking at him with wide eyes. "Was he as hot in-person?"

"Oh my god, I asked him the exact same thing when he told me!"

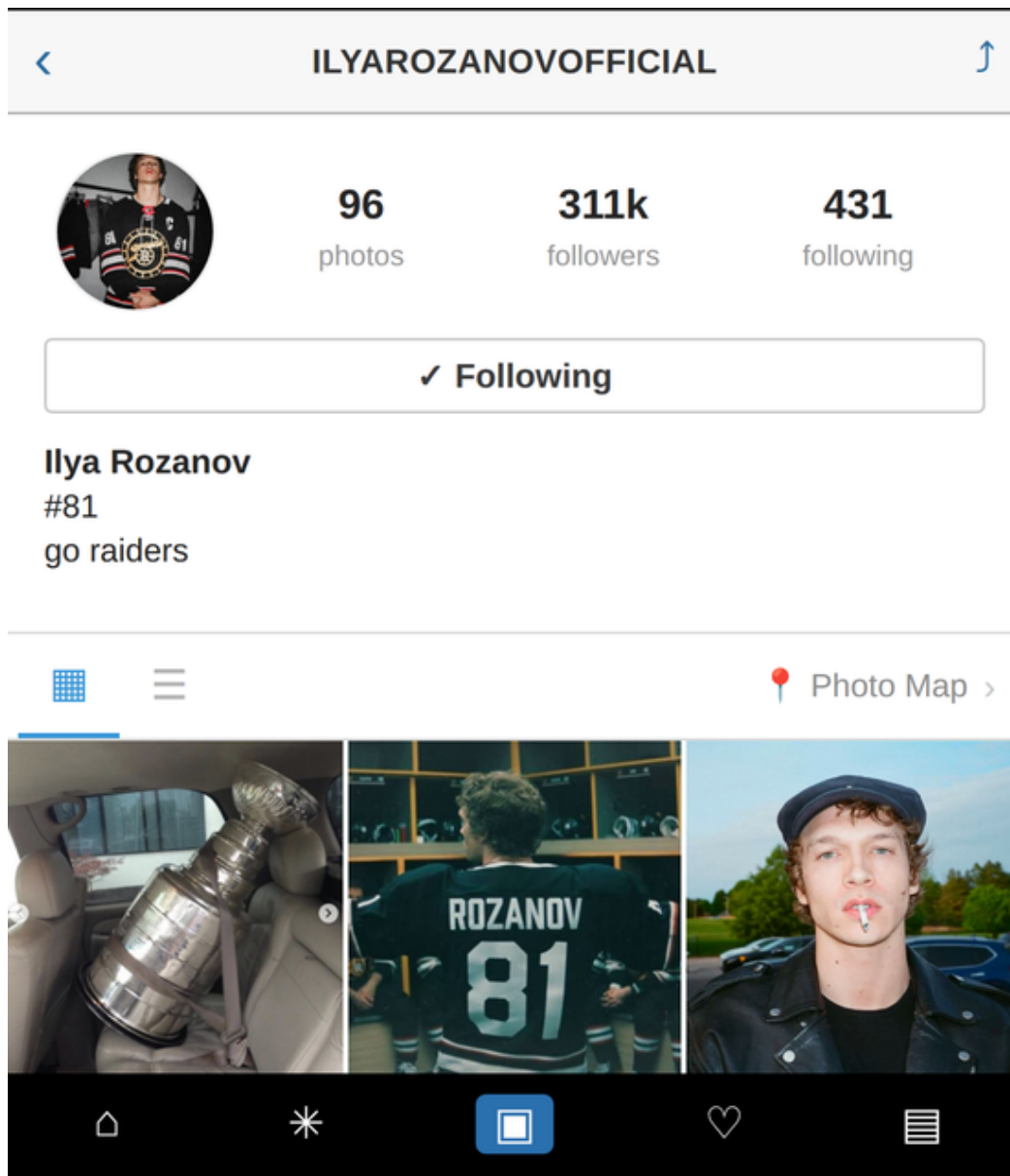
"Please *shut up*, both of you. I said we are never talking about that again, Nik." Shane rises to his feet, placing his ginger ale on the coaster before marching off to the bathroom.

"Hollzy, I'm sorry..." Nikhil's words die off as Shane gets further down the hallway, and he practically runs into the bathroom to get away from having to answer any more questions about that night, or watch Rozanov take home any more awards.

Even though it's been more than six months since he ran into Rozanov in the alley behind Le Vertige, Shane hasn't told anyone else about it. The conversation with Nikhil and Jimmy was weird enough, and he doesn't even want to think about the look on Hayden or Jackie's face, or god forbid his *mom's*, if he tries to explain it to them.

He considered telling his non-hockey friends, but they would just give him a hard time. They are way too good at reading him and would definitely say some shit about him crushing on a straight guy. A straight athlete...*classic Shane.*

He sits down on the closed toilet lid and pulls out his phone, bringing up Instagram. Rozanov hasn't posted anything about the awards yet... probably because he only just got back in his seat.



Shane keeps meaning to unfollow Rozanov ever since – after only two beers and against all judgment and reason – he apparently lost his mind the night of the Stanley Cup Finals and hit that damn follow button.

It's just that Rozanov had such a dominant playoff run, and he's so fun to watch... and *maybe* Shane started paying a little more attention to his games after they met, and *maybe* he also watches all his interviews. Rozanov is actually pretty funny, sometimes, if you can look past the whole 'asshole' thing.

And it's not like he is going to notice that Shane – or “Wolfe,” actually – follows him. He has hundreds of thousands of followers.

Shane is interrupted from his cyberstalking by a text from Derek, which he clicks on immediately. He doesn't usually hear from his boss this early in the week.

◀ Messages Derek (Le Vertige) Contact

Today 9:07 PM

hey shane, can you come to the club early on Friday night? need to talk to you about something. it's not bad, so don't freak out.

Fuck. What the fuck does that mean?



*Montreal, Quebec
August 2014*

“I don’t know why the fuck we agreed to do this,” Shane grunts as he hauls the awkwardly-shaped ski bag into the back of his SUV.

“Shane, I’m only going to let you complain about this like, one more time and then you need to suck it up. Who knows... you might actually end up having *fun*.” Simone shoves his shoulder as she walks past him to the passenger side door. “And, we are making so much fucking money!”

Shane very much doubts that he is going to have fun, but he can’t argue with Simone’s logic.

When Derek first told him about the special request for two of Le Vertige’s ‘exotic dancers’ for a private party, Shane said ‘absolutely the fuck not.’ He might be known for his pole work, but he expressly doesn’t take jobs where he’s expected to get naked and hump random people.

“Shane, they’ve specifically asked for Wolfe, in addition to one of our best female pole dancers,” Derek had started to explain. “And – “

“Derek, you know I don’t do private bookings like this. It’s usually some sleazy, rich asshole who wants to get me alone. My mom says I get emails about this kinda thing all the time.”

“No, listen. It’s a group of like, eight to ten kids in their 20s from the U.S... women and men. It’s just a regular bachelorette party at their Airbnb in Westmount. I had them send their booking info to prove it. Shane, they are willing to pay *a lot* of money.”

And then, he told Shane how much money. And well, it was more than Shane makes in *two months* working at Le Vertige, even with Derek taking a cut.

Which means that Shane will have more money to put towards buying his own place, and be able to teach fewer classes while he prepares his routine for the Canadian Pole Fitness Championships in

Toronto next month.

So, after confirming a few more details and making sure someone can take over both his and Simone's shifts that specific Friday night in August, Shane said yes.

And now, after spending his free-day on Monday working with Simone on their routine, he's pulling up to one of the most beautiful historic mansions he's ever seen.

"Holy shit. They are definitely going to tip well," Simone says with a huge, toothy smile on her face. "Let's give them a great fucking show."

"Well, obviously we are going to give them a great fucking show," Shane grins at her. "That's the only kind of show we do."

"That's the spirit!" She jumps out of the car and grabs her backpack from in front of her seat. "Do you think we have enough time to set up?"

"Yeah, it honestly shouldn't take more than 30 minutes to get the pole up, and then we just have to change."

He hoists his duffle over his left shoulder and the ski bag over his right, and walks with Simone up to the enormous double doors at the front of the house.

"This place is actually insane, I can't wait to see the inside," he remarks mostly to himself, as he rings the doorbell.

An absolutely stunning woman opens the door, a halo of auburn curls bouncing around her face, her green eyes twinkling and her lips curling into a smile. She's wearing a tight black top and fashionable blue jeans that fit her perfectly, with a pair of black wedge heels.

"Oh, wow. The guy I spoke to at the club wasn't kidding. You both are *really* hot," she says, shifting her gaze between their faces, and then slowly appraising them from top to bottom.

"Thank you," Simone purrs. "You're pretty nice to look at, too."

Shane rolls his eyes. Simone is fucking shameless. But she's not wrong, this woman could be a model. And she looks kind of familiar to him, for some reason.

"You must be Svetlana?" He reaches out his hand to her, "I'm Wolfe, and this is Simone."

"So nice to meet you both," she says as she shakes each of their hands, and then gestures for them to follow her through the doors. "Please, come in! Everyone else is out back, playing drinking games. We wanted you to set up first so the show is more of a surprise."

Shane lets his eyes roam up and past the grand staircase in the foyer, and then over to the front sitting room, which has a gorgeous fireplace. The ceilings are tall and there are exquisite marble features everywhere.

"Do you know who built this house?" He blurts before he can stop himself.

"What? No, sorry." She actually seems apologetic. "Maybe we can ask the owners? We are just renting it for the weekend."

“Right, sorry. Nevermind.” Shane blushes and fiddles with the strap of his bag on his shoulder, and Svetlana sends him a warm smile.

Once they’re in the main living room, and he confirms that the area is sufficient for their needs, Shane starts taking out all the pieces of the X-Pole from the ski bag so they can assemble it.

He has to admit, the space is kind of perfect – it’s massive, with hard marble flooring and a low-enough, flat ceiling to mount the pole. There is also a huge, semicircular white couch framing the living room, which can easily seat the eight to ten people at the party, and they’ve removed any rugs or tables, and brought out a few extra chairs, per Shane and Simone’s request.

“So, we just have to check a few things before we start. You all signed the waivers, and everyone is aware of the rules?” Shane glances up at Svetlana from where he’s connecting the sections of the pole together on the floor.

She nods, and he hears muffled cheering from outside. Someone must have just won a game, or something.

“Okay, so everyone knows that even though we will be...stripping... we won’t be taking all our clothes off? And no photo or video?”

“Yes.”

“And everyone is okay with touching? I mean us touching them? And touching us, too, but only with our permission.”

“Yes.”

“Okay, because they can change their minds at any time.”

“Right, we all know that. Though I *really* doubt anyone is going to change their mind,” she says, looking directly at Simone with a gleam in her eye.

Shane has to look away from whatever mating dance is already taking place between the two of them. He can only imagine how the show is going to go.

After about 15 minutes, he’s extended the pole all the way to the ceiling, increasing pressure until it feels secure. Then he and Simone do a few inverts, spins, hop on together, and shake it a bit, tightening it as they go.

Once it’s satisfactory, they have Svetlana show them where the aux cord is to hook up one of their phones to the speaker system, and where they can go to change their clothes.

“Great, thanks! We’ll start right at ten, so you should all be seated out here before then,” Simone says, wiggling her fingers at Svetlana. “See you sooonnnn.”

Svetlana is still giggling as they walk away, and Shane shakes his head. “You are unbelievable.”

“What? She’s like, one of the hottest women I’ve ever seen.” Simone shrugs as she drops her backpack on the floor of the guest bedroom. “You can change in the bathroom and I’ll change out here. My makeup is already done.”

Once they're both dressed, they stand next to each other in front of the wall-to-wall closet mirror for a final outfit check.

"We look so fucking good," Simone chuffs, bumping his left shoulder with her right.

Shane has to agree with her. Simone moved to Canada from Brazil when she was just a few years old, and her skin is naturally a deep bronze, practically glowing with whatever glitter or oil she's put on. She's tall, has long, flowing brown hair, light-brown deep-set eyes, each adorned by a sultry wing, and naturally large breasts. He's never seen her strike out when she's interested in someone.

She's wearing a purple push-up bra with a matching thong and (removable) pleated micro-skirt, as well as thigh-length purple fishnet stockings and high heels.

Wolfe on the other hand, is dressed a bit more casually, but he knows the look will be a hit. He's got on a tight white tank top that reveals every muscle through the fabric, and ends just above his waist, where his tattoos and the band of his white Calvin Klein briefs are visibly peeking out from dark grey sweatpants (he's made sure his underwear is thick enough that it won't be too obscene once it's all he's wearing).

He also has on a backwards black baseball cap, gold hoop earrings, a lightweight, gold chain necklace, and a pair of black and white Nike sneakers. He's tied a flannel around his waist, though it won't be there for long.

He decided that if he's going to do this, he's going to give it his all.

And it's not like he's never done anything like this before. In college, he and his friends used to get drunk, play on the pole, pretend they were strippers, grind on each other... nothing abnormal for a bunch of dancers. And he technically does strip at Le Vertige and in some of his cheekier Instagram posts.

But there's definitely a difference between being up on a stage separated from the crowd, or behind his camera, and being in an intimate setting like this one where he's touching other people.

It's not usually his thing, like, at all. But he's had plenty of time to prepare, and he knows that once he's Wolfe, and the music starts, he will kind of just, get in the zone. It reminds him a lot of being on the ice. His body knows exactly what to do and how to move.

And Simone was right – dancing is fun. Especially when the audience is having a great time. Also, they're paying a *lot* of money for Wolfe, so he can't disappoint them.

"Let's fucking go," he says, locking eyes with Simone in the mirror.

"There he is!" Simone smacks him on the ass and turns towards the door. "See you soon."

He hits play on the mix they've created, which starts with "Buttons" by the Pussycat Dolls, and is rewarded with immediate screaming and whooping from the living room.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Buttons — The Pussycat Dolls](#)

Shane pokes his head out of the bedroom door – from this angle he can see Simone on the pole, but the sofa isn't quite visible. The lights have been dimmed, with just a few lamps illuminating the

area behind the pole, and the focus of the dim ceiling light on the pole itself.

Simone is killing it, of course, her hands grasping near the top of the pole while she swings her body up and around, spinning quickly, throwing her legs out into a split over her head. The group is fucking loving it.

As the song starts coming to an end, Shane shakes out his hands and bounces from foot-to-foot. He can do this, he's practiced this, he's really fucking good at this. It's going to be fun.

The song makes its transition into the recognizable first few beats of "Pony" by Ginuwine, and the cheering from the couch gets louder in anticipation. Wolfe turns his cap around on his head so the bill is facing forward, grabs onto it with his right hand, pulling it down so he's slightly covering his face, and holds onto it while he slides his way out to the center of the dance floor.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Pony — Ginuwine](#)

The screaming is deafening now, and he grips the bill of the cap with both hands and ducks his head while he bodyrolls to the beat, just in front of the pole, thrusting his hips up into the air to punctuate each note.

Then, Wolfe twists the cap around so it's backwards and squats lower, grasping onto the top of his sweats and swerving from side to side along with the song, before finally looking up at the group.

Holy fucking shit. Shit fuck. What the fuck.

It takes every professional bone in his body not to physically react to the fact that he's currently staring directly into the eyes of Ilya fucking Rozanov.

He's sure his face is doing *something*, probably not anything good, and he can feel his cheeks heating up — but he composes himself quickly, neutralizing his expression and returning his focus to the routine while his thoughts spiral.

What the *fuck* is Ilya Rozanov doing here. Why the fuck is he at a bachelorette party in Montreal. Why is he at *this* party. What did Shane do in another life to deserve this?

He turns to the side, rolling his body and hips forward, then leaning all the way back to tap the floor with his left hand before spinning upwards again.

Then, he pivots to face the group and slides forward quickly on his knees along the floor, with his left hand on the ground and his right up on his head.

He looks directly at the bride, who's in the middle of the couch wearing a white dress and a sash (and screaming), while placing both his palms against his pecs and rubbing down from his chest all the way to the top of his waistband... then down to the floor, where he spreads his knees out wide, before sliding them in and out to shift his body to the left.

As he propels himself backward by his hands and knees, he rolls his hips forward, pushing out his ass and humping the air below him. Then, he hops to his feet in a low squat, before executing a perfect backflip and landing with a smack on the ground behind him.

Everyone is going fucking nuts, and Wolfe can't help but smile as he looks up at them. He once again makes eye contact with Rozanov, who is staring with so much intensity that Wolfe would think he is angry, if it weren't for the massive grin on his handsome face.

Fuck, he really is hot up close.

Rozanov is wearing a fitted black tank top and dark wash jeans, and his curls are pushed back a bit, like they were at the NHL Awards. Which makes Shane think about the Hart, and the cup, and the smirk on Rozanov's stupid, sexy face on that stage...and then his own face starts getting hot, and a fire starts burning in his belly. *I'm not going to let this smug asshole intimidate me on my own stage.*

Wolfe is going to give these people the best fucking show of their lives.

He winks in the bride's direction (if it just so happens that Rozanov is right next to her, then, well), and starts to untie the flannel from around his waist, resulting in more high-pitched shrieking.

He rapidly spins the flannel in the air until it's one long piece of fabric, grabs it on each end, and then hooks it behind the bride's head, pulling her in close to his body while he thrusts his torso and hips up near her face.

Her friends are yelling their support as he pulls back, leaving the flannel around her neck. Wolfe slides back about a foot, his hands gripping the bottom of his tank top as he bobs and weaves, and then he forcefully rips it off over his head, flexing his abs in the process.

He flips his now shirtless body sideways up into the air, still holding onto the tank with one hand, catching himself with his hands on the floor before his lower half smoothly rolls forward, like he's fucking into the ground. He faces the bride, leans back with his hands on the floor behind him and his feet in front, thrusting his dick up into the air over and over again.

Then, Wolfe rises to stand...and *shoves* the tank top down the front of his sweatpants, while he stares directly into the bride's eyes, before pulling it back out and tossing it at her. The shouts from her friends are deafening, and he can hear 'oh my god' and 'sniff it' as he leers at them.

He does a few more suggestive dances, and then pivots to face the pole, gripping the metal to hoist himself up into the air. Let's fucking go.

Wolf executes a series of crowd-pleasing moves, including one where he basically "hops" all the way up the pole using only his hands and the space between his neck and shoulder, with his ass towards the ground and legs curled up in front of him. It's a show of brute strength, and he's grunting and sweating by the time he reaches the top.

He twists and turns, doing splits and holding other positions that show off his abs, biceps, and ass, before holding his body suspended into the air, his back facing the ground and legs out straight in front of him.

♪ **Now Playing** ♪

[S&M — Rihanna](#)

The song transitions into "S&M" by Rihanna, and that's when Simone re-enters the picture. She hops up onto the pole, using Wolfe's legs – which don't so much as flinch – as a step, and they flow into a series of sensual partner moves, each one drawing louder screams than the last.

... Wolfe, holding onto the top of the pole with just his right hand, legs hooked around the bottom, while Simone straddles his lap and leans backward as they spin.

... Both of them in full splits spinning rapidly, Wolfe towards the top of the pole facing up, and Simone upside down towards the bottom.

... Simone grasping the top of the pole, sitting ass to ass with an upside down Wolfe, who is clenching the metal with his thighs, his legs straight out she can use the back of them as a seat, her legs spread wide while they turn.

... Wolfe at the bottom of the pole in another upside down full split, while Simone grasps the top of the pole and stands, one heel on each of his ankles, arching her ass out as they rotate.

The room is *hot* from a combination of the turned-on bodies and their exertion, and Wolfe and Simone are sweating as they execute their final move. Simone starts at the top of the pole, her knees pulled up to her chest, while Wolfe is gripping it towards the bottom like a koala, his hands and feet both touching the metal.

Then, at the exact same moment as Simone slides rapidly down the pole, he pushes down hard to boost his entire body off of it, leaping upwards to grab the top. She glides to her knees, and Wolfe does a backflip off the pole to dismount, landing right behind her.

Everyone is whooping and applauding, and Simone and Wolfe have matching grins as their chests heave in and out with each gasping breath.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Smack That — Akon ft. Eminem](#)

“Smack That” by Akon starts blasting over the speakers, and they transition to the floor for a steamy dance, during which their bodies are basically connected the entire time.

Simone bends over to touch the floor, shaking her ass against Wolfe’s dick as he grips her hips... and then he grinds up against her while she slowly pushes her ass up and down, knees bent. They shift upright, her back to his chest, and body roll against each other while he grasps her throat with one hand and she caresses his thick outer thigh with hers.

Simone lays down on her back spreading her knees out wide, and Wolfe slides towards her, backwards on his hands and knees, until his ass meets the space between her spread legs, his feet on either side of her cheeks. Using his leg muscles, he flips Simone over hard and fast, so she’s on her stomach, and then she jiggles her ass against his crotch, his knees on either side of her thighs, while he smacks her ass before grabbing it with both hands and shaking hard.

He knows they look fucking hot together, and he swears he can feel the temperature rising with each passing verse of the song.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Low — Flo Rida ft. T-Pain](#)

Eventually, “Low” by Flo Rida starts playing, and the interactive part of the evening begins. Wolfe pulls one of the extra chairs out in front of the pole facing sideways (so everyone can see), and Simone brings the bride over to take a seat.

Her friends are screaming at the top of their lungs..."Go, Kenzie!" and "You look so hot, girl!"

Kenzie is bright fucking red, but she's clearly having the time of her life, as Wolfe positions himself in front of her, straddling her while standing up. He takes each of her hands in his, and smacks them onto his pecs, dragging them down his skin slowly while he stares directly into her eyes and bites his bottom lip.

She shrieks but doesn't pull back, if anything she moves in a little closer. Wolfe squats down further, and then moves her hands to his ass, giving them a little squeeze so she knows it's okay. She takes that as permission to grab a handful of each of his ass cheeks, jiggling them as her mouth falls open in delight.

He chuckles, and can't help himself from turning to see how the group is feeling about the whole display.

Rozanov's gaze is locked onto his, and he looks redder than he did at the start of the show. His mouth is in a tight line, and he's really fucking focused on the performance. *Good.*

Wolfe returns his attention to Kenzie, doing a few more classic lap dance moves before stepping back and *lifting* the entire chair up into the air with her facing him, causing her to scream with pure delight. "Oh my god, oh my god!"

Then, he *carefully* and *quickly* shifts his grip from the sides of the chair, to Kenzie's ass. The chair clangs to the ground, and he hoists her up so her crotch is in his face, her legs on top of his shoulders while he bounces her up and down as she screams.

He lays her down on the ground and crawls over the top of her, moving her hands to either side of the waistband of his sweatpants. Then, Wolfe whispers into her ear, "hold on tight to my pants, okay?"

After she nods eagerly, he toes off his shoes behind him and continues crawling over her body, pulling his legs almost completely out of his pants, until his dick – now only covered by his underwear – is over her face. He does a few body rolls and then flips over and away from her, kicking the rest of his sweats off completely.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[No Hands — Waka Flocka Flame ft. Roscoe Dash & Wale](#)

Everyone is losing their minds, and as Simone takes Wolfe's place to dance with Kenzie, he finally makes his way over to the couch to dance with the other party members.

He's obviously *not* starting with Rozanov, so he heads over to Svetlana, who is next to him.

"You're so fucking sexy," she says, beaming up at him with her emerald eyes.

"I know," he chirps, sending her a wink before grabbing her hands to place them on his ass. While he's grinding up against her, one leg up on the couch, he peeks sideways at Rozanov.

Jesus Christ.

Rozanov is sweating now, his gorgeous curls are slightly mussed, and his big hands are clenched into fists at his sides. He's staring directly at where Svetlana is gripping into the meat of Wolfe's

ass, and his nostrils are flaring from breathing hard out of his nose with his lips pursed.

Is he okay?

A few seconds later, the side of Rozanov's left hand lightly touches the skin of Wolfe's left thigh, causing a current of electricity to shoot up his body, while the room somehow gets five degrees warmer. Wolfe swallows and glances down to see that Rozanov's hand is *twitching*, almost like he's holding himself back from touching him again.

No, that can't be right. It was probably just an accident.

Wolfe moves onto different members of the party, as does Simone, so that everybody can get their money's worth. He does notice that Simone pays a little extra attention to Svetlana, though – at some point he thinks he saw her fingers in her mouth.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Gimme More — Britney Spears](#)

“No Hands” by Waka Flocka ends, transitioning into their last song, “Gimme More” by Britney Spears, when Wolfe realizes the only person he hasn't danced with yet is Rozanov.

Okay, here we go. Everything is fine...he's just another member of the audience. A very hot and confusing one.

Even though Rozanov touched Simone when she danced on him, Wolfe doesn't want to assume anything. Rozanov may be keeping company with what is clearly a mixed group of straight and queer people tonight, but he's still a fucking hockey player. A Russian one, at that.

So, to be extra certain, Wolfe leans in over Rozanov without touching him, standing with his legs on either side of his knees, one arm up on the couch cushion behind him. They're both sweating, and he can feel the heat rising off the side of Rozanov's neck, his beating pulse visible under the wet skin there.

“Are you okay with touching?” He whispers into Rozanov's ear, so as not to make a big thing of it. “You can say no.”

He pulls back to look at Rozanov's face, which is now mere inches from his, his ocean eyes wide and slightly frantic.

He shakes his head back and forth, in a movement so small that Wolfe almost misses it. *No.*

“Come on, Ilya! Don't be weird!” Svetlana looks shocked, and mildly annoyed, as she glares at Rozanov.

But Rozanov doesn't want to touch Wolfe, or be touched by him. And that's fine.

He'll just give him the best hands-free lap dance of his life. If he wants Wolfe to back off, he can fucking say so.

Wolfe leans back slightly, and then swings his foot up onto the couch next to Rozanov, thrusting his groin forward as he rolls his body, dragging his hands from his neck down his bare chest, towards the tattoos on his pelvis and the top of his briefs, never breaking eye contact. Then he turns around

so that his hands are on the ground and his feet are on either side of Rozanov's lap, shaking his barely clothed ass in Rozanov's stupid hot face.

Hopefully he doesn't punch me after the show.

When he turns around, Rozanov at least has the decency to look a bit embarrassed, his cheeks now a deep red as he slides his gaze away from Wolfe's to look over his shoulder. Then, he shifts in his seat on the couch, pulling briefly at the front of his jeans, to fucking *adjust himself*, before placing his hands in his lap to casually cover his groin.

Oh my fucking god. Is he getting hard?

Is that why he didn't want Wolfe to touch him?

He doesn't want Rozanov to know he saw anything, so he sends him what he hopes is a sexy, if not slightly shaky smile, and then joins Simone for the final lap dance for the bride.

Everyone is whooping and cheering so loudly that they can't even hear the regular party playlist start playing, and Simone and Wolfe take a sweeping final bow from either side of the pole.

"Thank you so much!" Simone beams. "You all were awesome. We're just going to change and then we'll dismantle this thing."

Rozanov is only looking at Wolfe, his lip curled up into an uncertain smile, and Wolfe can't tell what the fuck he's thinking. He still doesn't know what just happened.

He refuses to think about it while he's changing into his post-show outfit – a casual pair of jeans and a fitted white t-shirt, with his backwards cap still on – up until they're back in the living room to take down the pole.

Most of the party has dispersed into the kitchen and outside, but Svetlana is hanging around to chat, *and hopefully give them their tip.*

"You both *have* to stay and play some drinking games with us," Svetlana pleads, her eyes locked onto Simone's. "It's only eleven... and I promise we are a *lot* of fun!"

Simone turns to look at Shane, her eyes wide like a puppy's. "That sounds great – "

"Simone..." He pauses from unscrewing part of the pole to stare daggers at her. She can't be fucking serious.

"Can I talk to you in the bedroom, please, *Wolfe*?" Simone glares at him, before gazing back up at Svetlana. "Just give us a second, we'll be right back."

Once she's closed the bedroom door, Simone pivots to face him, and he can tell from the determination in her eyes that he's about to hear an impassioned speech.

"Shane, please. It's so early, we wouldn't even be going on for our second shift at the club right now. And she's *so* fucking hot, Shane. They live in America, I may never see her again! Are you really going to ruin this for me? *Please* be fun, Shane. I know you can be fun." Her hands are clasped together in front of her, like she is actually begging.

His immediate thought is to double down and say no... but she has a point.

He cleared his schedule tomorrow because he wasn't sure how he'd be feeling after tonight, and it's not even that late yet. Plus, he really likes Simone, and he can tell she's super into Svetlana. And, it's been a while since he let loose, so...

For reasons that have absolutely nothing to do with the Stanley Cup-winning, 215-pound hockey player in the kitchen, Shane says:

"Fine. But don't let me drink too much because I have to drive us home. And we aren't staying past one."

"Oh my god, you are the fucking best, Shane. This is going to be so funnnnn." She winks at him and strides out of the room.

Shane looks at himself in the closet mirror and takes a deep breath. *Let's fucking go, I guess.*



After the X-Pole is back in the ski bag, Shane finds himself in the kitchen, where various party guests are posted up with mixed drinks and jello shots. He opens the fridge to grab something he actually wants, landing on a bottle of pale ale.

"Do you know how to play pong?" A deep, accented voice sounds from behind him.

"What?" Shane turns to find himself face-to-face (once again) with a grinning Rozanov, who's holding a red solo cup filled with clear liquid in his hand.

"Beer pong. It is American drinking game. With red cups and ping pong ball? You know it?"

"Um, yeah. I know how to play beer pong. We play it in Canada, too," Shane says, cocking up one eyebrow. "Why?"

"Svetlana and I need someone to play us. You can grab your friend? She can be your partner?" Rozanov looks... hopeful, actually. Like he really wants Shane to say yes.

"I don't know..."

"What, you're scared you will lose?"

"You fucking wish, dude. Let me grab her and we'll meet you outside." He knows he's taking the bait, but Shane can't say no to a challenge like that, especially not from Rozanov. Also, he's really

fucking good at beer pong.

Once Shane has collected a very excited Simone, Rozanov motions for them to join him and Svetlana at the table, where they're almost done pouring beer into each of the cups.

"Okay, since you are the special guests, we can play by your Canadian rules," Rozanov says, looking directly at Shane.

"Pull the cup right away after the ball goes in. If you forget and we make the same cup, you pull two. Everybody gets two reracks and a 'gentleman's.' Girls can blow and guys can finger the ball on a bounce. Middle cup is bitch cup. If we get it in three turns in a row, you pull an extra cup." Shane sends Rozanov a satisfied smile, with his hands on his hips.

"Hm, okay. But that blow and finger thing is sexist. Everybody should be able to do both." Rozanov winks at him.

What the fuck? Why does Rozanov care about sexist pong rules? Shane is also kind of surprised Molly never called that out when they were at school.

"Okay...fine."

Rozanov claps his hands together. "Good. Let's play!"

It's clear mere minutes into the game that Shane and Rozanov are well-matched. And they are both taking it *way* too fucking seriously.

It takes nearly five throws just for them to figure out which team gets to start, because – despite having to gaze directly into Rozanov's piercing eyes from across the table while they both lob the ball at the same time – they each keep making it into the cups.

Finally, Rozanov's toss bounces off a rim, and the game begins.

Simone isn't bad, and she makes her first throw into the front cup, resulting in enthusiastic applause from Svetlana.

"Svetlana, they are the enemy!" Rozanov pushes her hands down with his own.

"Shut up, Ilya. It's just a game," she says, rolling her eyes.

Shane's up next, and his ball lands in the middle cup. *Fuck.*

"Ha! Bitch cup! You must finish your own drink now, yes?" Rozanov looks unbelievably smug about the whole thing, his arms crossed over his chest.

Shane groans, looking down at his practically full bottle of beer. He starts drinking, stopping about halfway down. Surely it's not that serious.

He looks up at Rozanov, who is shaking his head back and forth. "Ah ah. *More.*" He gestures with his hands towards the bottle.

In a moment of obedience that feels almost beyond his control, Shane immediately brings the bottle to his lips, sucking down the rest of the liquid without removing his gaze from Rozanov's. His cheeks are hot again.

He quickly composes himself, placing down the empty glass. “Balls back, Rozanov. We both made it,” Shane says, the corner of his lip twitching upward.

Rozanov swallows, and rolls the balls back down the table to them. The game continues.

““Gentleman’s,’ please,” Shane shouts from across the table. Both teams are down to two cups, but he’s basically only playing with Rozanov now – as Simone and Svetlana have given up their turns and are giggling about something next to the table, Simone’s hand on Svetlana’s waist.

“So polite, Mr. Canadian,” Rozanov smirks as he positions the two remaining cups in a line. And then, he turns to say something to Svetlana, and Shane quickly bounces his ball down the table for the chance to end the game right there.

He’s not fast enough, because Rozanov hears the bounce and quickly leans over, his necklace dangling over the cups as his big arms bracket the edges of the table, and he *blows* the ball out of the cup.

“Fuck!” Shane blurts, as the little white ball rolls off the table and onto the floor. “That shouldn’t even count.”

“Why not?” Rozanov challenges, smiling at Shane like the cat who got the cream.

Shane isn’t sure what to say without sounding like a sexist asshole, so he just flips Rozanov his middle finger. “Ugh, fuck you.”

Rozanov is *laughing*. He looks kind of beautiful when he laughs. And it makes Shane laugh, too, so now they’re both giggling like schoolboys.

They end up in a sudden death round that goes on far too long, each of them making last cup over and over again. Their frustration is growing, as are the ridiculous chirps.

“I will give you 100 dollars if you miss this cup.”

“Really, Rozanov? You have to bribe me to win? Expected better from you.”

“200 dollars, then.”

Shane makes it.

Finally, Rozanov misses, the ball flying over the cup and hitting Shane in the stomach, before falling to the floor.

“Let’s fucking go!” Shane turns to celebrate the win with Simone, only to realize that she must have left with Svetlana. *When did that happen?*

“This is only because we play by stupid Canadian rules,” Rozanov grunts, as he walks over to join Shane on his side of the table. “In Boston we do not have so many reracks.”

Shane grins and starts rubbing his index finger and thumb together in Rozanov’s face. “I am playing you the world’s tiniest violin.”

Rozanov’s face splits into a smile, and Shane forgets he is supposed to hate him for a second.

“Good game. Was fun,” Rozanov says earnestly, holding out his hand to shake Shane’s.

“It was,” Shane responds, as their warm palms, a bit sticky and wet from the beer and their own sweat, clasp together in a firm shake.

God, his hands are huge.

Then, even though Shane hasn’t mingled with anyone else at the party yet and has no clue where Simone went, he finds himself following Rozanov to grab another beer from the cooler, and then over to the private side yard, where they are now standing next to each other at a high-top table overlooking the Montreal skyline.

“Very pretty,” Rozanov practically whispers, breaking the silence.

“Yeah, Montreal is a beautiful city,” Shane says, turning his head to face Rozanov, who isn’t actually looking at the skyline at all. He’s looking at Shane.

Shane’s stomach flips. *Control it, Shane. He’s talking about the city.*

“Eh, is not as nice as Boston,” Rozanov shrugs, shifting his gaze back to the view in front of them. *Is Rozanov blushing?* It’s hard to tell in the dark.

“You like it there, then?” Shane asks, trying to keep the subject light. “You’ve been there for more than four years now, right?”

“Ah, you are following my career, Mr. Metros fan?” He says with a smile. “But yes, I do. Lots of fun things to do, fun people.”

Well yes, it could have been Shane’s career, so. He’s been following it.

“Is that how you know Kenzie then, and Svetlana? Are they from Boston?”

“Svetlana, no. We are childhood friends from back in Russia. She introduced me to Kenzie. They work together in Boston. But we all like to party together, as you can see,” Rozanov grins at him.

“Yes, I can see that. Well, Svetlana obviously knows how to throw a great party. I mean, she booked me, so…” Shane says with a wink, before taking another sip of his beer.

“Mm, no.” Rozanov’s eyes are locked onto the side of Shane’s face, and his hand is rubbing the back of his neck. “That was my idea.”

“What?” Shane blurts, pivoting to face him. “What do you mean, it was your idea?”

What the fuck?

Before Rozanov can respond, Shane feels something slam into his back, shoving his chest forward and knocking the rest of his beer down the front of his shirt, soaking it through.

“Fuck!”

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to,” Simone yelps. “I was coming to give you a hug and tell you I’m going to hang out with Svetlana in her room, so don’t wait up for me. I can call a cab.”

“Jesus Christ, Simone. Are you sure? How much later will you be? Maybe I can wait –”

“No. I’m probably going to be a while,” Simone grins. Her lipstick is smudged.

Shane sighs, “Okay, fine. Be safe, please.”

“Always!” And then she’s gone.

“Well, I guess I should go change my shirt before I head out,” Shane says to Rozanov, who has gone oddly quiet and looks a bit shell-shocked, his gaze stuck on Shane’s wet torso. His cheeks are definitely red, and he’s fiddling with the label on his beer bottle.

Shane makes his way back to the bathroom he was in earlier, closing the door behind him. He strips his shirt off, and then wets a washcloth to wipe down his neck, chest, and stomach. Gross.

He splashes cold water on his face, trying to bring himself back into the moment.

What the fuck just happened out there? Between the lapdance, the suggestive comments about guys blowing, the apparent fact that it was *Rozanov’s idea* to book Wolfe tonight, and well...the way Rozanov has been looking at him...

Shane knows that he isn’t the most observant guy, and he’s been told he misreads a lot of signals. But he’s almost positive that he isn’t misreading anything tonight.

And on top of their first meeting at Le Vertige...*holy shit. Is Rozanov actually interested in him? Does he like men?*

Shane’s skin is buzzing, his neck is flushed, his stomach is churning, and he grips the counter to steel himself as he looks up at his damp face in the mirror. *Get it together, dude.*

Aside from the fact that Shane and everyone he knows *hates* Rozanov – which would be bad enough on its own – even *considering* hooking up with him also breaks Shane’s biggest and most important life rule.

After a few truly disastrous experiences in college, Shane promised himself that he would never *ever* again fuck or date a closeted guy, *especially* a closeted athlete. They are completely off-limits. If his friends were here, they would be fucking furious with him for even letting the thought enter his mind.

Okay, it’s time to go.

If Shane leaves now, this whole thing becomes moot, and he will never see Rozanov again. He will unfollow him on Instagram, and go back to only watching him on TV.

He swings open the bathroom door, his beer-soaked shirt still in his hand, and steps back into the bedroom.

Fuck.

Rozanov is sitting on the edge of the bed gaping up at Shane, his phone in his hand and plugged into the outlet in the wall.

“Oh shit, sorry. Svetlana said we could use this room to change,” Shane stammers. “I was just going to throw on a clean shirt, grab my stuff, and go.”

Rozanov’s eyes are wide as saucers. “This is my room. I came in here to charge my phone,” he says, running a hand through his hair. “You are going?”

“Yeah, it’s getting late, so…” Shane walks over to his duffle bag and quickly shoves his white tank top from earlier on over his head. The air in the room is thick with the weight of their silence, and all Shane can hear is the muffled party music from outside the closed bedroom door – when Rozanov suddenly speaks again.

“Why didn’t you message me back?”

“What?” Shane turns back to face him, and Rozanov’s gaze travels from Shane’s mouth down to his chest, and back up again.

“On Instagram. I messaged you but you did not respond.”

Shane is sure he must look ridiculous, just standing there with his arms stuck to his sides, staring open-mouthed at Rozanov.

“What? When?” He practically squeaks out the words. Rozanov isn’t making any sense.

“New Year’s,” Rozanov mumbles, ducking his head a bit, like he can’t look at Shane while he says it.

“New Year’s? That was like… I don’t believe you.”

“It’s true, look.” Rozanov pats the spot on the bed next to him, and Shane walks over in a trance, the bed creaking slightly and sagging with his weight as he sits. The bare skin of their shoulders is touching now. They’re both so warm.

Rozanov holds the phone in front of him, and sure enough, there’s a private message to @wolfedancer24 responding to his New Year’s pole dance – the one he did while he was a little tipsy. Shane had to wipe down the pole twice afterwards, because it was covered in champagne.

Oh. Shane is suddenly reminded of sitting in front of his parents’ old Windows desktop computer as a small child, waiting for it to connect to the internet. It felt like he would sit there forever, listening to that absurd, robotic dial-up tone.

Keeeeeerrrr-beep-ong-dee-ong-waaahhh-urrrrrr-shhhhhhh. Shane is pretty sure that if someone looked inside his brain right now, that’s what it would sound like. He needs a second to get back online.

He should probably say something.

“I’m sorry, I don’t really read my messages,” Shane says, hoping that he sounds as sorry as he feels. “I never saw it.”

“Oh,” Rozanov’s mouth turns downward. *Is he really that disappointed?* “It’s okay.”

They sit in silence for what could be a minute, or could be five, the air getting thicker with each passing second. Shane should probably get up. He should leave. His heart is beating way too fast, it

can't be safe.

“Do you have a girlfriend?” Rozanov blurts, without looking at Shane, his hands still gripping his phone on his lap. “Or a...boyfriend?”

The question used to make Shane panic, but he's not eighteen anymore, so. He takes a deep breath, and gives the same answer he always does.

“No. No boyfriend.”

Rozanov looks up at him again, and his knee presses into Shane's a little, causing his stomach to flip. Rozanov's eyes are darker than they were before, probably because his pupils are huge now, and his lips are quirked up into a small smile.

“What, are all the men in Montreal idiots? They must be if you are single,” Rozanov chuckles, and then his gaze flickers to Shane's mouth, his long eyelashes fluttering with the movement.

If Shane was hooked up to a heart monitor, he thinks he would be flatlining.

He's too fucking handsome. His curls look too soft, and his lips look too pink, and his arms are too big. He's too good at hockey. He's kind of an asshole. And he's in the fucking closet, Shane.

“I should go,” Shane says, practically jumping to his feet and nearly tripping as he steps back from the bed. He grabs his duffle from the floor and starts walking to the door, not even turning around to say goodbye.

“Wolfe, wait,” Rozanov shouts. “Your tip.”

Fuck. Shane turns around, his back against the door. He really shouldn't leave without getting their tip. He hopes Rozanov can't see how fast his heart is beating from under his tank top.

Rozanov picks up an envelope from next to the bed, and slowly walks over to Shane, holding it out to him in the palm of his hand. As Shane grabs it, Rozanov's fingers sweep against his wrist, in a touch so delicate he's surprised he's capable of it.

Shane sucks in a breath at the contact, and slides the envelope into his bag. “Thank you.” He squeezes his other hand around the doorknob behind him, ready to twist it open.

“You know,” Rozanov says, from where he's standing just a foot away from Shane. “You never congratulated me.”

“Congratulated you? For what, losing at pong?” Shane tries to say it with some confidence, even though he's pretty sure his stomach is currently in his asshole.

“No, for winning the Cup. You saw it, no?” Rozanov is smirking at him again, and his hands are on his hips.

This fucking asshole.

“Sorry, must have missed it,” Shane huffs. He grips the doorknob a bit harder.

“Mm, no. I don't think you did.” Rozanov takes a big step towards him, bringing their faces just inches from each other. Shane can practically taste his hot breath in the space between their

mouths.

Despite wearing only a tank top, Shane is on fire. His hand is clammy against the doorknob, and he can feel the blood pumping rapidly in his chest, his pulse racing. He's standing in front of Ilya fucking Rozanov, and there are ten, maybe twenty, different reasons why he should leave.

But.

But he's standing in front of Ilya fucking Rozanov, with his perfect curls, that Shane wants to run his fingers through, and his massive shoulders, that Shane wants to *squeeze*, and his piercing eyes, which are trained directly on Shane's mouth.

Fuck it.

Shane drops his duffle to the ground with a thud, and his fingers move quickly from the outside of the doorknob to find the lock nestled in the center of the metal.

Click.

"No, I didn't."

And then Shane is moving.

Chapter End Notes

Up next, Ilya POV hehe. We pick up right where we left off...

Notes on Ch4:

- yes, Wolfe's "Pony" routine was inspired by Magic Mike. also, I've been watching so much pole dancing to inform this story and it looks SO difficult
- jock Shane, jock Shane!
- the boys being good at pong is canon to me. it was fun to use my own pong knowledge (clearly have some experience)... and apparently they do play in Canada! No clue if they use my rules, but in this story they do
- Ilya orchestrates a private Shane hangout in every universe IMO
- proud of Ilya for finally using his powers of seduction on Shane. Poor guy never stood a chance, especially once Ilya started being an asshole
- next chapter, it's Ilya's turn to have his mind blown haha
- also wanted to add, I know Shane is on the spectrum but I do think that in canon he is fine with touching, sweat, physical discomfort, etc. when it comes to his sport/career and making money (hockey, brand deals). he's still an athlete and he chooses to lock in! So that's how I've chosen to portray him haha

Chapter 5: i like trouble

Chapter Summary

Ilya has an enlightening experience.

Chapter Notes

This was supposed to be a shorter chapter and then I ended up writing basically 7K words of smut alone lol. Enjoy :)

Also idk if this is even necessary to say but I have zero issue with people sharing my fic...the more the merrier. I'm just happy you're here! And I absolutely loveee reading your comments <3

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

Montreal, Quebec
August 2014 - The Same Night

“Mm, no. I don’t think you did.”

Ilya risks stepping even closer to Wolfe as he says it. Not so close that Wolfe can’t still leave if he wants to, but close enough for Ilya to feel the heat emanating from his flushed skin.

A sudden ‘thump’ tears Ilya’s eyes from Wolfe’s plush mouth – which has been hanging slightly open and trembling with the force of his breathing since he backed himself against the bedroom door – to the ground, where the bag that was hanging over Wolfe’s shoulder is now lying, tipped slightly to the side, some of its contents spilling onto the carpet.

Click.

At the sound of the lock turning in the doorknob, Ilya glances up again, this time daring to meet Wolfe’s gaze. His eyes are still wide and shiny, but he doesn’t look quite as anxious, or ready to bolt like he had before Ilya mentioned the Cup.

Fuck. Is this actually happening?

Wolfe is exhaling hard out of his nose now, and Ilya can see his chest rising and falling with the force of each puff of air.

“No, I didn’t,” Wolfe practically growls, his voice low. And the fierce expression on his face – his dark brows slightly furrowed and sharp eyes snapping to Ilya’s mouth – is one Ilya is *very* familiar with. Wolfe looks ready to pounce.

This is happening.

Of course, when Ilya initially reached out to Le Vertige, this is what he *hoped* might happen. He had done everything in his power to make sure Wolfe would be here tonight, so Ilya could prove *something* to himself, even if he wasn't quite sure what, exactly.

Ilya had even asked Svetlana to handle all the phone calls and logistics with the club herself, so that Wolfe wouldn't know Ilya was involved in the booking. Ilya was pretty sure Wolfe wouldn't have agreed, had he known, given how he feels about Ilya and the Raiders... and the fact he never replied to Ilya's message.

"And why exactly can't you do it, Ilya?" She had asked him, in that lilting tone she puts on when Ilya is being especially petulant.

"You are the maid of honor, Svetlana. This is your job. I already contributed by coming up with the brilliant idea to hire the hottest, most in-demand strippers in Montreal. Plus I am paying for it, so."

And that was satisfactory for Svetlana. Until she called him back the next day, because apparently there was a problem.

"The manager said Wolfe doesn't do private shows, Ilya. Can't we just find someone else?"

"No, Svetlana. Just...tell them we will pay whatever he wants. No limit."

"Ilya..."

"Just, do it, please."

Ilya knows he isn't being reasonable. He's not *actually* insane – he recognizes how ridiculous this is, going to such lengths to hire a guy who probably barely thinks about him.

But the thing is... even after the kiss with Sasha in Sochi, which Ilya enjoyed, and the porn, which definitely gets him off, and the Instagram stalking, which he for some reason can't stop doing... Ilya still feels so *itchy* under his skin, and he hasn't been able to properly scratch.

It's like, he is trying to figure himself out, but he won't get any real relief unless he pokes and digs at the *source* of his confusion. And no matter how hard he tries to pretend otherwise, he knows that while these feelings may have existed in some form before, they started escalating that night at the club in Montreal.

So he thought that maybe, if he could just *see* Wolfe in person again, he'll realize this is all an absurd illusion – a chimera Ilya has fabricated within his own perverse mind. He's worked himself up, because that's what Ilya does sometimes, but when he actually interacts with Wolfe again, it will become very clear that there is nothing there. And Ilya can finally move on.

In fact, he's spent the last few weeks – in between avoiding his father and brother and hitting up various clubs and parties in Moscow – convincing himself that as soon as he faces Wolfe again, Ilya will laugh at how ludicrous the past nine months have been. Or that maybe, even if he is still attracted to Wolfe, he will have terrible breath, or a disgusting personality, and it will turn Ilya off completely. Or that even *if* Ilya decides to show interest, Wolfe will be straight.

Except none of that fucking happened. Not even a little bit.

Instead, the Wolfe in the living room of their AirBnb was even sexier, and more beautiful, and more talented than on Instagram or in Ilya's memory. Ilya is actually proud of himself for surviving the performance, because he's pretty sure his heart stopped during the lapdance. Thank god Wolfe didn't touch him.

And after, under the bright lights in the kitchen, Wolfe had *so* many fucking freckles. Way more than Ilya remembered from the alley or can be seen in his videos. And his eyes aren't just dark brown...they're warmer, like cinnamon or melted chocolate.

For someone in his line of work, Wolfe is also more awkward, and polite, and serious, than Ilya expected. But he's also a bit, bitchy? And competitive. And funny. And well... none of those things turned Ilya off, unfortunately.

So, Ilya had no choice, really. He flirted, and he poked, and then they were completely alone, and Wolfe said 'no, no boyfriend,' and it's not Ilya's fault that he likes trouble.

And he's definitely in trouble.

The truth is that Ilya has been burning up from the inside since Wolfe stepped into the living room in those slutty white briefs, and his stomach has been flip-flopping since Wolfe gulped down his beer because Ilya *told him to*, and then Ilya got that telltale flutter in his chest behind his ribcage, because Wolfe was sitting right *next* to him on the bed, with his big, wet eyes. And it seemed like maybe, Wolfe wants Ilya, too.

And so Ilya thought, maybe he just needs to get *this* out of his system. Scratch the original itch, dig at the source. Do something *reckless* and *stupid*, and dangerous, and then be done with it forever.

And now...now it's fucking *happening*. It's thrilling, and a little scary, and standing here in front of Wolfe, Ilya is suddenly painfully aware that he wants it, badly.

Wolfe launches himself off the now-locked bedroom door and steps in so close to Ilya that his nose is practically tickling Ilya's cheek, his warm breath ghosting against the sensitive skin there. Ilya goes shockingly still, and breathes him in – he smells of citrus and something salty, like sea air mixed with sweat.

Wolfe's right hand hovers over Ilya's shoulder, his left over Ilya's hip, as he leans in further to whisper into Ilya's ear, his voice gone husky, "Are you okay with touching now?"

The cheeky callback catches Ilya off guard, and he chokes out what is supposed to be a laugh but comes out more like a hoarse grunt. And despite his confidence mere moments ago, he can hear his own pulse beating in his ears, and his hands are clenched into clammy fists at his sides. His stomach has turned over completely, and his skin is vibrating with the need to feel Wolfe's hands on it.

Holy shit, this is it.

So Ilya nods, his body tense and his voice quiet. "Yes. Please."

As soon as the words slip out, Wolfe's rough hands are on him, one grasping at his neck and the other at his waist, and they're *warm* and *big*, and his plush mouth crashes into Ilya's, finally closing what little space remained between them.

And fuck, Wolfe's lips are soft. And the pressure of his hands is more forceful than what Ilya's used to, hinting at the underlying strength he's consciously holding back.

The kiss starts off gently – like Wolfe is making sure Ilya actually wants it – but also firm, suggesting that Wolfe is *hungry* for more and will push harder as soon as Ilya signals that he wants that, too.

And Ilya does. He really wants that.

So Ilya tilts his head, and brings his hands up to cradle Wolfe's jaw, putting slight pressure on the sharp bones there with his fingers to turn Wolfe's face for better access. And Wolfe obeys beautifully, allowing himself to be moved exactly where Ilya wants him, a soft sound escaping his throat with the motion, his fingers squeezing Ilya's hips.

Fuck. Ilya needs more. He needs to know what other noises Wolfe can make.

So Ilya parts his lips, slipping his tongue out to gently run along the seam of Wolfe's full mouth, and Wolfe opens immediately, practically begging for Ilya to lick inside, letting out a quiet moan as their hot tongues dance over each other. Then Wolfe deepens the kiss, pressing his lips even harder against Ilya's, purring again as he does so, and practically fucking his tongue into Ilya's throat.

Wolfe tastes a little like beer, along with something sweet and heady, and Ilya feels drunk off it. He moves his hands down from Wolfe's jaw to his neck, which is a little damp with sweat, and then along the sides of his massive, tattooed shoulders and biceps, squeezing and pulling their bodies closer together so he can feel the hard lines of Wolfe's abdominal muscles underneath his thin tank top, eliciting a low groan from Ilya's own mouth.

Jesus Christ. This is nothing like kissing Sasha. That was nice, and Ilya liked it. But Ilya has done a lot of kissing, and he knows the difference between a good kiss and a great one. And this kiss with Wolfe is...electrifying. It's like every neuron in Ilya's body is firing at the same time. There's heat, and desire, and the heart-stopping awareness that he's never had an experience like this before.

There's something about the small sounds Wolfe is making, his pliancy under Ilya's hands, and the rigid planes of his body as they connect, the impressive muscles shifting with each movement of his head and mouth, that has all the blood in Ilya's body rushing to his dick.

Wolfe starts to pull back a fraction, his tongue slowly sliding out of Ilya's open mouth, his teeth grazing Ilya's bottom lip before tenderly latching on and *biting* and *tugging* with just enough pressure to make Ilya moan, before he lets go. Then, Wolfe presses kisses along Ilya's cheek, down to his jaw, before nuzzling his face into the side of Ilya's neck, licking and nipping at the delicate skin under his ear.

"Fuck," Ilya grunts, as Wolfe grabs *hard* at his ass with his massive, calloused hands and nibbles on his earlobe, yanking it with his teeth before returning to suckle at his neck again. Ilya gasps in a breath, and can feel the hair on his arms rising, his skin prickling, and his cock hardening further in his jeans.

"Mm," Wolfe mumbles from where he's now licking at the curve of Ilya's collarbone, his fingers tickling at Ilya's hips and waistline. "Take this off."

Through the haze of his arousal, it takes Ilya a moment to understand what Wolfe wants, but then he jerks back to quickly remove his tank top, tossing it to the floor.

If Wolfe looked hungry before, he is now staring at Ilya's bare chest like he is starving, his eyes darker than Ilya has seen them all evening, a flush running all the way up his neck onto his cheeks, making his freckles even more pronounced. His mouth is wet and swollen from the kissing, and he's panting.

"You, too," Ilya heaves, waving his hand towards Wolfe's torso. "I want to see."

"Oh, you didn't see enough earlier?" Wolfe smirks, though it's weakened by how heavily he is breathing and the way he's still looking at Ilya.

"No, I want more," Ilya says with all the seriousness he feels. "Off. Now."

Wolfe swallows, and Ilya is transfixed by the way his Adam's apple bobs with the movement. Then, he removes his tank top, and Ilya needs to already be touching him, actually.

Wolfe must have the same idea, because they collide simultaneously, the damp skin of their bare chests sticking together, their rough hands grasping at other's shoulders, and waists, and necks, and backs, and asses, and *fuck his ass feels better than Ilya imagined it would, even with jeans on*. Ilya swallows Wolfe's gasp with his mouth, his tongue exploring the velvety chasm behind Wolfe's teeth.

Then, before Ilya can even process that it's happening, Wolfe grips onto Ilya's biceps and – with the immense strength Ilya has seen Wolfe display many times on the pole – he flips Ilya around completely, shoving his back against the bedroom door with a loud thud. The display of power sends more of Ilya's blood south and triggers another zinging sensation in his lower belly.

Wolfe straddles Ilya standing up, his hands pressed against the door behind him, and shoves his left thigh between Ilya's legs, grinding upward, the front of their jeans rubbing together with the harsh force of his thrusting. The friction is *so good*, and it's not enough, and Ilya can tell that they're both really fucking hard.

"Fuck, Wolfe," he gasps.

"You were hard during the show tonight, weren't you?" Wolfe grunts out between heaving breaths, as he dry humps Ilya's leg. "For how long? The whole thing? Or just my parts?"

So bitchy.

Instinctively, Ilya reaches up with his right hand to grab Wolfe just under his jaw and chin, his thick fingers rubbing the skin there, where he can feel that new stubble is just starting to come in. He presses into Wolfe's flesh, not so hard that he can't breathe, but enough to make Wolfe let out a soft whimper.

Ilya tilts Wolfe's head up slightly, and their eyes meet. Wolfe's have gone slightly glassy, still dark with desire and need, as he refuses to look away from Ilya's gaze. His lips are shiny and puffy from Ilya's tongue and teeth. *He looks beautiful like this*, Ilya thinks, and he can't help himself from grazing his thumb over Wolfe's lower lip, poking at the silky skin.

Wolfe immediately opens his mouth, and Ilya presses his thumb harder against Wolfe's bottom teeth, pushing until his head is tilted downward, his big brown eyes looking up at Ilya from under furrowed brows. Then Wolfe inches forward slightly, nudging Ilya's thumb into his wet, open

mouth...and *sucks*, murmuring around the digit as his tongue laps at the skin, swirling around Ilya's thumbnail.

Too fucking pretty. And definitely trouble.

Before Ilya can think too much about that, though, Wolfe's hands are on the waistband of Ilya's jeans, fingers poking and digging and pulling at the button and zipper, until they've both been undone.

Oh shit. Ilya definitely wants Wolfe to touch his dick right now. Which, wow. That's something.

He's still sucking on Ilya's thumb, and his eyes are boring into Ilya's, and then his huge hand is down Ilya's pants, and palming Ilya's dick through his underwear. *Yes.*

"Gddmnt," Wolfe mumbles from around Ilya's thumb.

"What?" Ilya asks, as he gently pulls his hand back and away from Wolfe's mouth.

"I said, goddamnit, Rozanov. Of course you're fucking huge," Wolfe grunts, rolling his eyes and cupping Ilya harder, causing him to groan.

"Mm, but you haven't even seen it yet," Ilya purrs with a wink.

Wolfe huffs and cocks his eyebrow in annoyance, but Ilya knows it worked. Wolfe is going to take his dick out now, for sure.

"Shut the fuck up, Rozanov."

"Make me."

And then, Wolfe removes his hand from inside Ilya's jeans, and he is kissing Ilya again – first his lips, and then his chin, and then down the side of his neck, pressing soft kisses down his traps and collarbone until he reaches Ilya's right pec, where he suckles at his skin and bites at his peaked nipple, his left hand forcefully groping at the other side of Ilya's chest.

"Fuck," Ilya hisses, his head falling back against the door with a thump.

Wolfe keeps moving lower, licking down the hard line between Ilya's abdominals, his perfect freckled nose following the path downward, before stopping right above the waistband of Ilya's underwear and undone jeans. He curls his fingers underneath the fabric and looks up at Ilya from where he's perched on his knees, with wide, glassy eyes, tilting his head in silent question.

Ilya nods. *This is really about to happen.*

Wolfe yanks down Ilya's briefs and pants in one quick motion, freeing Ilya's cock until it's standing at full attention in front of his face. Ilya is so fucking hard, he thinks he might die. Wolfe swallows a gasp, and Ilya swears he can see a flush creeping up under his freckled cheeks again. *Trouble.*

Then, Wolfe shifts his body forward, his hands sliding up the back of Ilya's thighs to palm his ass cheeks, while his face dips underneath Ilya's balls to nudge and lick at the salty skin, pulling the sack into his mouth and rolling the balls around on his tongue.

“Shit,” Ilya whispers, bringing his right hand to rest atop Wolfe’s backwards cap, which has somehow managed to stay on his head. “Right there, fuck.”

Wolfe makes an affirmative noise from underneath Ilya’s balls, which sends a tingling sensation up into Ilya’s core. *Ah, so he likes praise.*

Then Wolfe moves his left hand around the base of Ilya’s shaft, and positions himself so he’s facing his cock head-on, before tilting his face to the side and licking one quick stripe from the bottom of Ilya’s dick up to the head, where he suckles at the tip, fucking his tongue into Ilya’s foreskin and over his slit. *Jesus Christ.*

“Fuck,” Wolfe pants between licking, and kissing, and swirling his hot, wet tongue around the head of Ilya’s dick. “You really are big.”

Oh god. Ilya lets out an involuntary moan, and his fingers press into Wolfe’s cap a little tighter, before releasing again. For the briefest of moments, Ilya panics about being overheard, but quickly realizes that he can still hear music, laughter, and voices outside, and that no one is anywhere near his room and he should just relax and try to enjoy himself while he still has this.

Wolfe pumps his large hand up and down Ilya’s dick a few times, stroking and twisting, with the perfect pressure of someone who knows what feels good for a guy, and then he slowly releases a thick string of spit from his mouth directly onto the skin, lubricating his strokes.

“Mmmh,” Ilya grunts. *He’s really fucking good at this.*

Then, Wolfe opens his mouth, and sticks his tongue out, and starts moving his face even closer towards Ilya’s aching cock, and Ilya can’t stop himself from saying the thing he always does, because it’s true: “Is okay if you can’t take all of it. As you said, is too big for a lot of people, but will still feel – ”

“I never said it’s too big,” Wolfe huffs, peeking up at Ilya from under his long, dark lashes. He’s smiling.

Oh. Shit.

And then, Wolfe sucks in a breath, and grabs onto Ilya’s thighs with his hands, and in one swift motion, he swallows Ilya down entirely, sucking him into the wet heat of his soft mouth, dragging the head of Ilya’s cock to hit the back of his open throat and then enter it, squeezing the sensitive nerves at the tip as he ignores his gag reflex to constrict the tight muscles there.

“*Bozhe moy,*” Ilya pants. “Fuck, Wolfe.”

Wolfe’s nose is tickling the hair at the base of Ilya’s cock, and Ilya can feel the warm breath puffing out of his nostrils. His wide, brown eyes are fixed on Ilya’s, getting wetter by the second, and his freckles are prominent against the reddening of his face from the effort of keeping Ilya this deep inside him.

Then, Wolfe pulls back off of Ilya, almost all the way, leaving Ilya’s dick shining with spit as he does so, before immediately sucking him down again, setting a punishing rhythm, bobbing up and down at an insane pace, with perfect pressure, and fucking humming and moaning with Ilya’s cock down his throat – sending tingles and pleasure waves through Ilya’s entire body.

“Fuck, Wolfe, just like that,” Ilya pants. “You look so fucking good on my cock.”

He really does.

Ilya has gotten a lot of blowjobs, and many of them have been outstanding. He also prides himself on being able to last long enough to fuck the woman he’s with after, if that’s what she wants to do, but also not last *too* long that it’s uncomfortable for her, if that’s all they’re doing.

Right now though, Ilya is worried he is going to come faster than he has since he was a teenager. He’s not sure if it’s because Wolfe is just that good at this, or it’s the novelty of the experience, or because it’s so much better than he imagined it would be, or if it’s the way Wolfe is gazing up at him with tears in the corners of his baby deer eyes on top of those fucking freckles.

But Ilya is about to come, and he’s realizing with a shocking clarity that he *really* doesn’t want to yet. If this is going to be the last time he ever does this, which it almost certainly is, then he wants it to last.

But life has never been fair to Ilya, and he’s about to come. And whether it’s in Wolfe’s mouth or his hand, or somewhere else, he wants his fingers in Wolfe’s hair when it happens. Ilya hasn’t run his hands through Wolfe’s pretty hair yet, and that simply won’t do.

So with trembling fingers, Ilya yanks Wolfe’s cap off his head, twists it around, and places it backwards on top of his own.

Wolfe pulls off him, a string of spit dangling from his plush, pink bottom lip and still attached to the tip of Ilya’s dick. “What the fuck, Rozanov, did you just steal my hat?” He’s panting, and red, and his voice is scratchy, and there’s a very cute, scrunched expression on his face.

Ilya tightens his fingers in Wolfe’s hair, tugging just enough to elicit another beautiful whimper from his wet mouth. It’s enough to distract Wolfe from the hat thing, and he returns to Ilya’s cock, taking it to the back of his throat again, triggering his gag reflex and producing another incredible noise, somewhere between a choke and a whine.

The sounds filling the room are obscene — slurping and clicking as Ilya’s dick slides in and out of Wolfe’s mouth, knocking against the back of his throat, and humming and grunting and panting as they both struggle to breathe through the activity.

And Ilya can’t take any more.

“Fuck, I’m coming,” he growls, and starts to pull Wolfe off him by his hair.

But Wolfe grabs the back of Ilya’s thighs and drags himself forward, fucking Ilya further into his face, and holding him there. He’s fucking strong, and Ilya can’t move. So when Ilya’s orgasm hits, stunning him with its intensity, he spills directly into Wolfe’s hot, wet mouth, as a rough, guttural sound escapes from somewhere deep in Ilya’s chest.

Ilya slowly pulls himself out, his hand still holding onto Wolfe’s hair, petting him a little, and then Wolfe fucking looks up at him, his eyes practically glazed over, and then he *opens* his mouth, tilting his head back to show Ilya the cum sitting on his tongue and in the back of his throat. And then, he swallows.

“Bozhe moy,” Ilya pants. “Как ты можешь быть настоящим.” (*how are you real*)

Wolfe smiles. "I hope that means something good." He wipes the back of his hand over his lips, and shakily comes to standing again, his breath still uneven and his chin shiny with spit, his mouth curved upwards, bunching his freckles up under his eyes. Ilya chances a look down, and even with his jeans still on, he can tell that Wolfe has to be painfully hard.

Ilya wants to eat him. Wolfe just sucked Ilya's soul out of his dick, and now Ilya is struck with the very sudden and extreme desire to return the favor. Even though the thought of it is also slightly terrifying.

But he's Ilya *fucking* Rozanov, and aside from hockey, sex is what he's best at. He's been told as much by a countless number of women. He's a very giving and attentive lover, and he knows how to please his sexual partners – well, the female ones.

Ilya is a quick learner though, and he's watched a lot of gay porn, and he was paying attention to what Wolfe was doing, and he's competitive, so. He wants to do this, and he wants to do it well. It's probably his only shot to try it, and he's going to make it good.

Ilya reaches out to grasp the back of Wolfe's neck, dragging him in for another hungry, open-mouthed kiss. He can still taste himself on Wolfe's tongue. Then Ilya pulls back just enough to rasp, "Get on the bed," nodding his head towards the fairly large guest bed behind Wolfe. "And take off your pants."

"So bossy," Wolfe chirps. But he's still smiling, and he's already started unbuttoning his jeans, exposing those fucking indecent white briefs again. And then, he *folds* his pants and places them on top of his duffle on the floor.

Ilya's lip twitches at the surprising action. *Cute*.

Wolfe steps over to the bed and lays himself down on top, his head in the center of the pillows, and his legs out in front of him. He looks delicious, from his flushed face and neck, to the swirling tattoos across his tanned skin, to the rippling muscles of his chest and torso, to his thick thighs. And from what Ilya can see through his underwear, he's not exactly *small*, either.

"You going to join me, or just stare at me?" Wolfe smirks, one eyebrow lifting.

Ilya scoffs, and bends over so his hands are on either side of Wolfe's ankles at the edge of the bed. And then, he starts to crawl over Wolfe, until his naked dick is rubbing against the cotton of Wolfe's briefs, and his face is nuzzling into the crook of Wolfe's warm neck. "You have such a good mouth," Ilya breathes into the damp skin, nudging his earring with his nose and tickling his earlobe.

"Thank you," Wolfe croons, and his breathing has already gone uneven again, or maybe it never leveled out. "Please touch me," he whispers.

So Ilya swallows, and slides his right hand across Wolfe's firm pec, down the side of his defined waist, until he's hovering it over Wolfe's groin, where Wolfe's dick is jerking upwards in anticipation. *Here we go*.

Ilya presses his palm down, his fingers cupping Wolfe's hard length through the fabric of his underwear, and *fuck he's already wet*, Ilya can tell. He's also almost as big as Ilya, he has to be. *Okay*.

Wolfe hisses, and pushes his hips upward, thrusting into Ilya's hand with a groan. The movement makes Ilya's own dick twitch again, and heat rises in his cheeks, his mouth filling with saliva. *Let's fucking do this.*

Ilya licks a stripe up the side of Wolfe's neck, producing another gorgeous whine from his plush mouth, and then shuffles downward, pressing kisses down Wolfe's collarbone and chest, until he reaches his right nipple. It's beautiful, and brown, and incredibly reactive when Ilya puffs out hot air, licks the perky nub, and then blows cold air over it.

"Jesus Christ," Wolfe pants. "Fuck."

Ilya smiles – he's glad to know that some of his usual tricks work on Wolfe, too – and he wants to draw more noises out of him. So after torturing his nipples for another minute or so, he continues his ministrations down Wolfe's torso. And fuck, his abs are hard, and they're shifting and pulsing as Wolfe squirms against Ilya's suckling.

Once he reaches the waistband of Wolfe's briefs, where the mysterious black designs are poking out atop Wolfe's v-line, Ilya squeezes his eyes shut, pausing to collect himself. He's been thinking about the tattoos inked onto Wolfe's skin here for months, never imagining he would actually be this close to them.

Ilya swallows, and re-opens his eyes, daring to glance up at Wolfe, whose hands are gripping the comforter as he stares down at Ilya, his eyes dazed, his brows furrowed and his mouth slightly parted. Ilya returns his gaze to Wolfe's waistline, and digs his fingers under the band of his underwear, slowly inching the fabric down to expose the tattoos that have been haunting him, as he kisses each new swath of smooth skin.

Fucking hell.

"Snakes?" Ilya chokes out, his voice gone hoarse.

"What?" Wolfe gasps. "What are you talking about?"

"Your tattoos. They're snakes. I had been wondering," Ilya says, unable to tear his eyes away from the two beautifully drawn reptiles that are twisting and curling their way up Wolfe's defined v-line, their fangs and tongues framing the trail to his perfectly groomed pubic area.

"You'd been wondering," Wolfe breathes out quietly, almost like he thinks Ilya is lying. "What, do you hate snakes or something? You going to leave me like this, Rozanov?" He chirps, lifting himself up on his elbows.

"No, definitely not. I was going to say, they're really fucking hot." And then Ilya returns his mouth to Wolfe's skin, licking up the coiled body of the snake on the right, from the tip of its sharp fangs and forked tongue, along every winding scale, to the end of its looped tail, his hot breath ghosting over the entire sensitive area as he goes. He kisses, and sucks, and hums, and then he does the whole thing again to the left snake, taking his time, worshipping the ink until Wolfe is thrusting against Ilya's palm, begging for any type of relief.

"Fuck, Rozanov," he chokes out. "You must really like snakes."

Ilya nips one of the snake's heads, and Wolfe shouts, his whole body bucking upward.

As much as Ilya would like to keep doing this, he decides not to drag it out any longer. He's going to suck a dick now. For the first, and probably last, time.

Ilya takes a steady breath, and hastily jerks the rest of Wolfe's briefs down over his massive thighs and long legs, pulling them completely off and tossing them in the general direction of Wolfe's bag on the floor.

As Ilya expected, Wolfe's dick is only slightly smaller than his own. It's pretty, and pink, and cut, and dripping precum, and Ilya's mouth is *watering*, which takes him a bit by surprise. He places one hand on Wolfe's thigh, and the other around the base of his shaft, and then he squeezes and strokes upwards, twisting at the top – which is how Ilya likes it.

It feels like... a dick. *Obviously*. Ilya collects some of the precum at the top on his next stroke, bringing it down to help lubricate his movements over the soft and velvety skin. Wolfe is moaning and shifting on the bed a little, and Ilya thinks it's going well.

Ilya moves the hand on Wolfe's thigh down to his balls, cupping them gently, rolling them around a bit between his fingers, eliciting a soft hiss from Wolfe, and then he steels himself, and bends over to kiss the head of Wolfe's cock, his tongue darting out to taste the slit, while he continues pumping his hand up and down his length. It tastes a little salty, but not bad. Different from a woman, but not better or worse, actually.

Fuck it. Ilya can definitely do this.

He tries to remember what Wolfe did, and what some of the talented women he has been with have done, and commits himself to giving Wolfe what is hopefully a solid fucking blowjob. He inches himself down slowly, nudging more and more of Wolfe's dick into his mouth while being mindful of his teeth, until he feels the head hit the back of his throat. *Shit*.

Ilya gags a little, but recovers quickly. He's not going to be able to take it all, but that's fine. He has talented hands and fingers, and knows how to use them. What he can't take into his mouth, he wraps his hand around, and keeps his other hand lightly cupping Wolfe's balls, which, based on the noises he is making, he seems to enjoy.

Then, Ilya sets a steady pace, bobbing his head up and down, breathing through his nose, twisting his hand and squeezing just hard enough to draw more groans out of Wolfe. It's definitely not easy, his throat is getting sore, and he's a little lightheaded, but it's worth it when he glances up and makes direct eye contact with Wolfe, who has gone very red again, his eyes glazing over. When Ilya looks back down, he feels Wolfe's hands land gently on his head.

Wolfe makes a small sound of frustration, and then yanks the cap off Ilya, tossing it who knows where. Then, he twists his long fingers into Ilya's curls, scratching his scalp and tugging on the strands a little.

"Mmm," Ilya grunts. *That feels good*. And Ilya isn't sure how much time passes after that, his brain gone a little fuzzy as he continues sucking and humming and trying his best not to gag while still taking as much of Wolfe's cock into his throat as he can, and mostly succeeding. Wolfe is so responsive, and he's making so many beautiful noises, and it's fucking *hot*.

He feels Wolfe's fingers flexing in his hair, and then Wolfe's dick grows impossibly harder in Ilya's mouth, his balls pulling up closer and tighter inside Ilya's hand. "Rozanov, I'm gonna come," Wolfe gasps. "Sorry, you should probably –"

But Ilya is nothing if not competitive, and he's not backing off now. As Wolfe pulls on his curls again, trying to lift Ilya off him, Ilya grips onto the sides of Wolfe's waist, pressing him down into the bed and not letting up. Ilya is strong too, he plays professional hockey for fuck's sake – he should be able to keep this guy down.

"Holy shit, Rozanov. I'm –"

And then, hot, salty liquid shoots into Ilya's open mouth, coating his tongue and the back of his throat. Ilya can't quite stop himself from coughing a little, but manages to gulp most of it down, with only a few drops spilling over his bottom lip. He glances up at Wolfe again, who is staring at him with wide, shiny eyes as Ilya slowly slides his tongue out to catch what's left on his lips, licking it back into his mouth with a grin on his face.

Wolfe looks fucking wrecked, and throws his head back onto the pillow. "Jesus Christ," he mutters, as Ilya crawls back over him, coaxing him into another wet, sticky kiss before collapsing onto the bed beside him. The mattress is shaking with the force of their heavy breathing.

"What's so funny?" Wolfe asks, sitting up against the pillows and turning himself to face Ilya with furrowed brows — and it's only then that Ilya realizes he has been *chuckling* to himself.

"Nothing," Ilya says, hoisting himself up so he's sitting as well. "That was fun." He shoots Wolfe a smile in the hopes it will remove the concerned expression from his rumpled face.

"Yeah," Wolfe huffs. "Is this like, a thing you do, then? Hire dancers, or strippers, or whatever, and then hook up with them?"

"What? No, no. I have never done this before," Ilya practically spits out. He doesn't want Wolfe to think he's some kind of rich creep. "Ever."

"Okay, sure," Wolfe says, rolling his eyes and starting to lift himself from the bed. "Well unless you have an NDA for me to sign, I should probably –"

Ilya reaches out to grab Wolfe's arm, causing him to freeze and turn to face Ilya again. "Wait, please, you must listen. I do not do this. I have never even... with a man, before. Not until tonight."

Wolfe's eyes grow impossibly wide, maybe the biggest Ilya has ever seen them.

"What?" Wolfe gasps a little too loudly. "What the fuck do you mean? You've never been with a guy before?"

"No. Well, I kissed my friend back in Russia. But I have only ever slept with women. Until you." Ilya shrugs, rubbing his hand over the back of his neck. "You couldn't tell?" He can't resist smirking a little at the notion that his performance was that good.

"Honestly, no," Wolfe says, letting out a strained laugh. "I just figured you were closeted, and Russian, and so you maybe didn't have as much experience. But you were very...eager. And confident, so." Ilya dares to look at Wolfe again, and he's sort of smiling. Thank god, he's not too upset.

"So, you're...you like men, though?" Wolfe asks, his voice gone quiet, like he doesn't want to scare Ilya. "Or, I mean obviously, but..."

“I definitely like women, and men too, maybe. I’m figuring it out,” Ilya says, truthfully. He may as well be honest with the guy whose cum he just swallowed, who he’s never going to see again. “I have always noticed men and...ah...after we met...I could not stop thinking about you, so.” His face feels hot, and he’s finding it hard to look at Wolfe.

“Oh. Wow.” Wolfe swallows, and then goes quiet, clearly needing a moment to process this new information. “So... you did plan this.”

“Mm, a little. Plan was to hire best dancer in Montreal for Kenzie’s party. But, yes, I hoped this would happen,” Ilya says, fixing his eyes on Wolfe again. “I was curious.”

At this, Wolfe turns back to Ilya, his face red and eyebrows scrunched together again, his voice sharper and more cutting. “So tonight... was like, a fucking *test* for you, or something?”

Ilya isn’t sure what to say. It kind of was a test, wasn’t it? He just sniffs and shrugs his shoulders in a noncommittal gesture, hoping that gets him out of actually answering the question.

“Wow.” Wolfe lets out an exasperated sigh, shifting on the mattress. “Well? Did it... confirm you’re straight?”

“Ah, opposite, probably,” Ilya quietly admits. “Was very good.”

“Oh.” Wolfe has clasped his hands together, and he’s fidgeting with his fingers. He still looks kind of pissed off. “Okay.”

It’s then that Ilya is hit with a sudden jolt of panic, and he becomes aware of how precarious the situation is. What he’s just done, and then what he admitted to afterward, it’s fucking *dangerous*. “You cannot tell anyone about this,” he blurts, his heart racing. “Please.”

Wolfe turns to him again, a look of horror on his face. “Are you fucking kidding me? I’m not telling *anybody* about this. My friends, my mom, they would kill me.”

What the fuck? For some reason, even though Ilya should be happy Wolfe is going to keep his secret, he’s fucking offended.

“What? Is so embarrassing to hook up with me?” Ilya asks, his mouth in a tight line. Ilya knows he is mostly a piece of shit and no one’s idea of a perfect partner, but even still, he usually has the opposite problem – women always want to brag about sleeping with him. Marly even told him he needs to worry about being ‘baby-trapped,’ though that’s more about Ilya’s money than anything else.

“Well, yes, kind of, actually. You’re Ilya Rozanov, so. Everyone I know fucking hates you. But also, just to be clear, I would never ‘out’ anybody anyways, so you have nothing to worry about.” Wolfe starts moving to get off the bed again, and this time Ilya doesn’t stop him.

“Okay,” Ilya says, and he rises to find his briefs from wherever they landed on his way over to the bed earlier.

They get dressed in complete silence, the only sounds the muffled music still playing outside, and the shuffling of their bodies as they shove their clothes back on. Eventually, Wolfe sighs, runs his fingers through his hair, and turns from where he’s standing with his bag by the door to look at Ilya — who is now sitting fully dressed on the edge of the bed.

“Listen, Rozanov, I did have fun. And I hope you figure everything out. I know it can’t be easy, with hockey and Russia and everything.” He plucks a bit at his eyebrow with his fingers, and then glances up at Ilya, waiting for his response.

“It was fun. And you are very pretty,” Ilya chirps. “Very good mouth, as I said.”

“Gee, thanks,” Wolfe huffs. But he’s blushing again, and his freckles are scrunched up on his cheeks, so it was worth it.

Ilya suddenly feels a tightening in his chest, as he realizes this is the last time he will see Wolfe, and probably the last time he will do this, ever. He feels pretty weird, actually.

“Well, bye, I guess,” Wolfe shrugs. “I would wait for Simone, but she said it’s gonna be a while so _”

“She will probably stay overnight,” Ilya says, interrupting him. “Svetlana likes morning sex.”

“Right,” Wolfe says, chuckling a little. “Of course you know that. Anyways, good night, Rozanov. I would wish you good luck next season, but I wouldn’t mean it.”

And well, Ilya can’t help himself. It’s too much fun poking at this guy. “No need. We are going to win the cup again, so,” he smirks. “How will you congratulate me next time?”

“That is not fucking happening, Rozanov,” Wolfe scowls, and reaches to unlock the door, holding his hand over it as he looks back at Ilya. “Maybe in your dreams.”

“Mm, maybe,” Ilya says, with a little too much emotion behind the words.

And then Wolfe opens the door, poking his head out to make sure no one is in the hallway or the living room. It seems like there isn’t, because he starts to step forward, when Ilya shouts –

“Wolfe, wait!”

“Yeah?” Wolfe turns to face Ilya again, but he’s halfway out the door now.

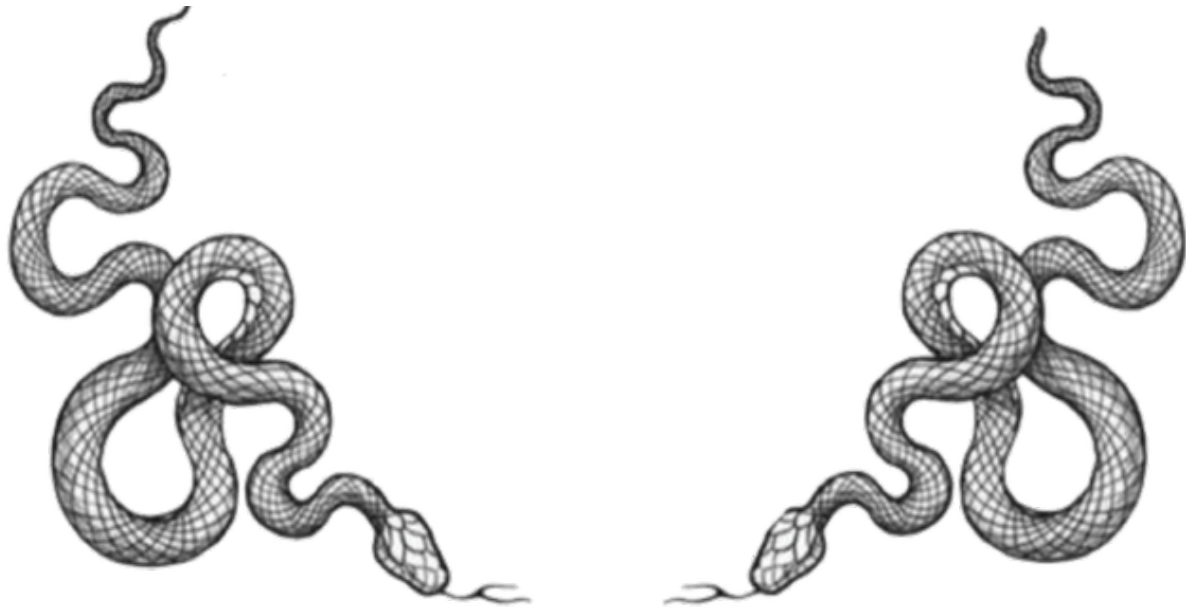
“Ah, I just wanted to say that...you can message me back. On Instagram. If you ever want to talk to a good hockey player, or, I don’t know.” What the fuck is Ilya saying? It’s like he lost his mind. It’s like Wolfe sucked it out of his dick.

“Okay...good to know. Goodbye, Rozanov,” Wolfe nods.

“Goodbye.” And then Wolfe is gone.

Fuck. After several minutes pass – during which Ilya is just staring at the closed bedroom door – he finally looks down at his feet, preparing to get up, when he sees something black poking out from underneath the bed.

Ugh. Wolfe forgot his stupid fucking hat. Ilya knows he should just leave it, but for some reason he finds himself bringing it over to his suitcase, and shoving it inside.



The rest of the weekend passes in a rush of day-drinking and club-hopping – during which Ilya indulges in a hot and heavy dance floor makeout with a gorgeous Swedish model, though he doesn't bring her back because it's already pretty late – and before Ilya knows it, they're on the flight home to Boston.

Ilya is the hero of the weekend, with Kenzie and the rest of the party showering him in nonstop praise for his excellent choice of entertainment. And of course, Svetlana is especially thrilled, having had incredible sex with Simone on both Friday night and Saturday morning. She is also so distracted that she doesn't ask him any questions about Wolfe, thank god.

He spends the next several weeks enjoying the rest of his offseason – catching up with his agent, as well as the brand managers at Hublot and Red Bull, squeezing in a couple new ad shoots, getting a pedicure *and* a massage, and doing some casual skating and informal workouts as players get back into town ahead of training camp.

And of course, to stop himself from getting bored – or from feeling that weird pit in his stomach he sometimes gets when he lies in bed too long and is unable to move for hours, even to eat or pee – he fucks at least one woman a week. The sex is good, and it helps, and he barely thinks about that night with Wolfe at all – aside from really late at night when he can't sleep, or after his hookup finally leaves, or a couple times in the shower, and definitely when he looks at Wolfe's Instagram, which is every Monday.

But, the thing with Wolfe basically *just* happened, and it was a total mindfuck, so of course Ilya is still thinking about it. It doesn't mean anything. It's just that nothing more exciting has happened to him since.

It's a shame Ilya will never get to fuck him, though.

The now recurring thought first snuck up on Ilya about a week after they got back from Montreal, when he was hooking up with a flexible yoga instructor he met on Tinder. She wanted to do anal, and Ilya was opening her up, and she was moaning under his hands, and then... he thought about what Wolfe might sound like, and how he might look under Ilya, with his big, brown eyes and his muscular back, and his sculpted ass. Would Wolfe make the same noises he did that night, or could Ilya unlock new ones?

It doesn't do Ilya any good to think about this, and he knows that. Ilya is aware that — for many very important and legitimate reasons — he can't be with a man like that ever again. That was why he needed to get it out of his system in the first place, so he could leave it in the past instead of driving himself crazy with the 'what ifs' until eventually making a stupid, spontaneous mistake. He was being *smart*.

Besides, Ilya doesn't *have* to do it again. Because even though he now knows that he likes having his dick sucked by a man, and he likes sucking a man's dick, Ilya is fortunate to also really like fucking women. Which means that the evening with Wolfe can just become another one of those crazy 'wow, can you believe you did that, Ilya?' memories he gets to fondly look back on, and never repeat. He will always fuck women, and sometimes think about men, and he'll remember Wolfe, and that will be enough.

But the problem is that now Ilya can't seem to wipe this new thought – the one about *fucking* Wolfe – from his mind. So towards the end of September, after a Saturday night out with the boys to celebrate the start of preseason, Ilya finds himself scrolling through Instagram, and his heart stops when he realizes Wolfe randomly posted.



Ilya huffs out a laugh. Of course Wolfe competed in this thing, and of course he won. Ilya lifts his hand to his lips, and realizes he is fucking smiling. Ugh.

Wolfe never messaged Ilya back – not that Ilya expected him to – but he hasn't unfollowed Ilya, either. Not that Ilya cares either way, of course. But for some stupid reason, Ilya now finds himself itching to comment something on the post (*which he obviously can't fucking do*), or even message Wolfe directly. To congratulate him, to mess with him... both, maybe? Ilya hovers his finger over his phone screen, with no real destination in mind, for what feels like at least a minute, before taking a deep breath... and double-tapping.

Fuck it. It's not like Wolfe is going to notice he 'liked' it, and it made Ilya feel better, for some reason.



*Boston, Massachusetts
October 2014*

Pre-season is pretty uneventful, and Ilya sits three of the games, including the one in Montreal. He's mostly focused on getting the team ready for the season, talking down the nervous rookies, and trying not to forget anyone's name, even if they're probably being sent to the AHL.

They've brought on a couple new defensemen, and they're looking pretty good. He knows it's early, but he thinks they've got another great shot at the cup this year, with this team of guys.

They win their opener versus Philadelphia, and then head to Detroit for their second game of the season. Ilya plays well, as usual, and has a goal and an assist, bringing Boston up 2-1 just before the end of the first period.

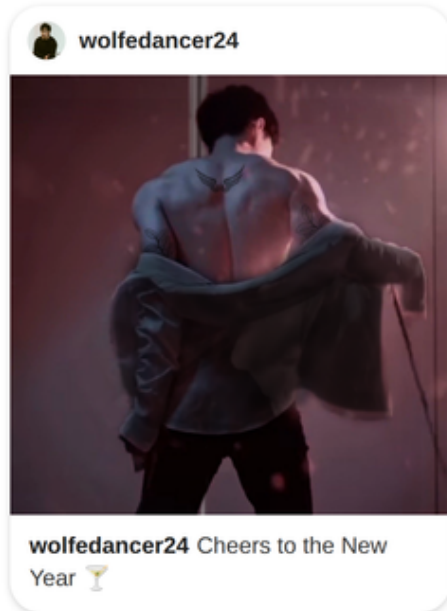
Then, with mere seconds to go before intermission, Detroit's captain – fucking Maynerd, who has always had a bit of a temper – decides he wants to come at Carlson, one of Ilya's new rookie defenseman. Carlson's behind the net, and he's not even at the right angle to see it coming, so he can't fucking defend himself, and Maynerd goes barrelling into him, driving him toward the boards with his fucking *elbow*.

It's dirty, and it's only Carlson's second real NHL game, and Ilya frankly doesn't even think. He's already close, so he's over there pretty much immediately, shoving Maynerd against the boards, grabbing his jersey, and throwing him onto the ice. "Really, Maynerd? The rookie?" Ilya growls, shaking him a bit – but whistles are blowing, and his coach is yelling, so he backs off.

Ilya gets two minutes for charging, and two for roughing, and they'll start the second period with Detroit on the power play. Fuck.

Later, once Ilya is finally back in his hotel room, snuggled under the covers doing his nightly social media scroll, he's more than ready for a good night's sleep. On instinct, he wanders over to Wolfe's Instagram page – no new posts – and then over to his direct messages, just to see if anyone interesting has reached out.

Holy. Shit. He has a message (messages?) from @wolfedancer24. What the fuck?



happy new year

ilyarozanovofficial · 3:07 AM

OCTOBER 8, 2014

that was realy fuckingg
dumb

cant believe you got sent
to the box in your secdon
game

second

could have lost you the
game



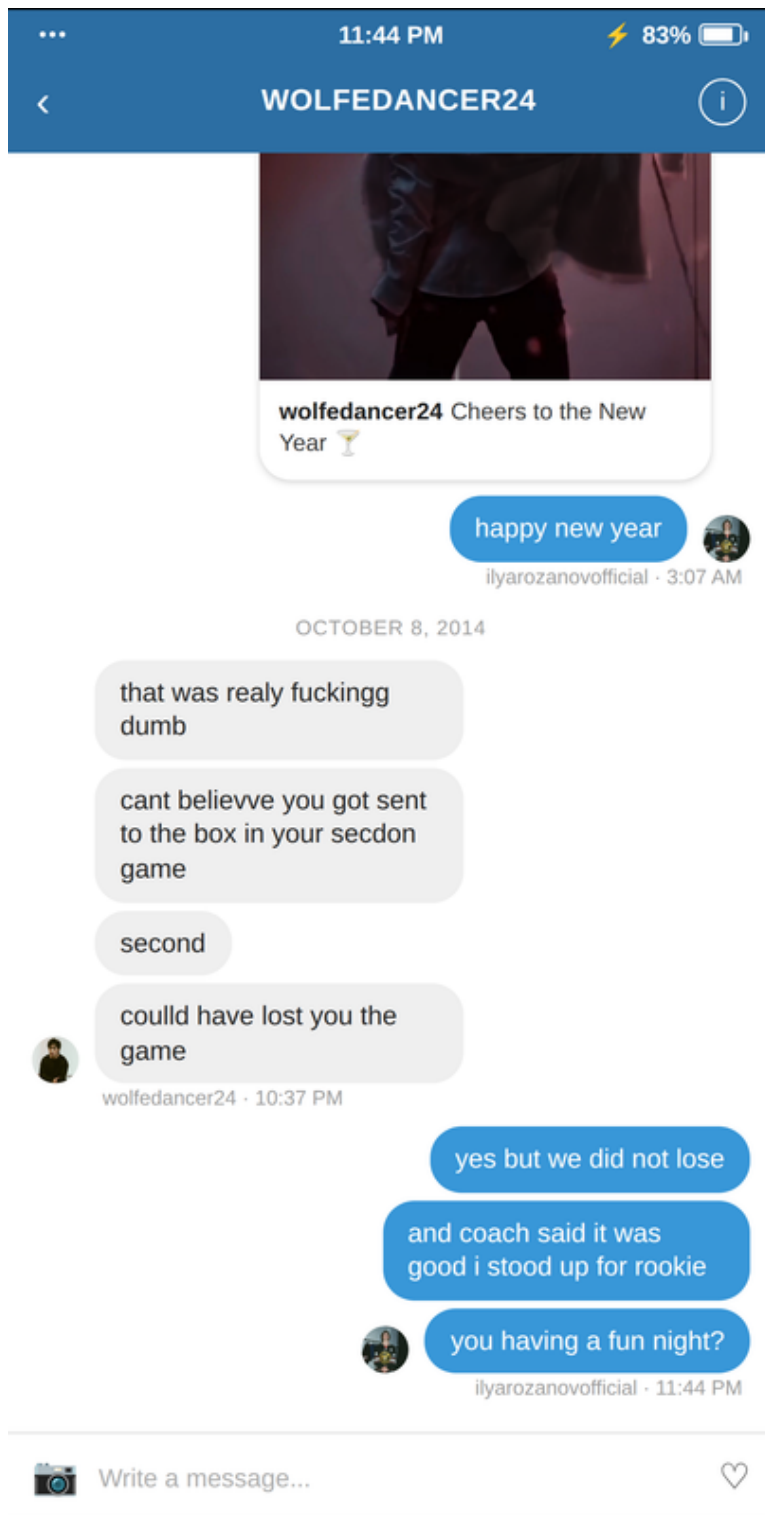
wolfedancer24 · 10:37 PM



Write a message...



Wolfe watched the game. And he's obviously a little drunk. As usual, Ilya doesn't think, he just starts typing.



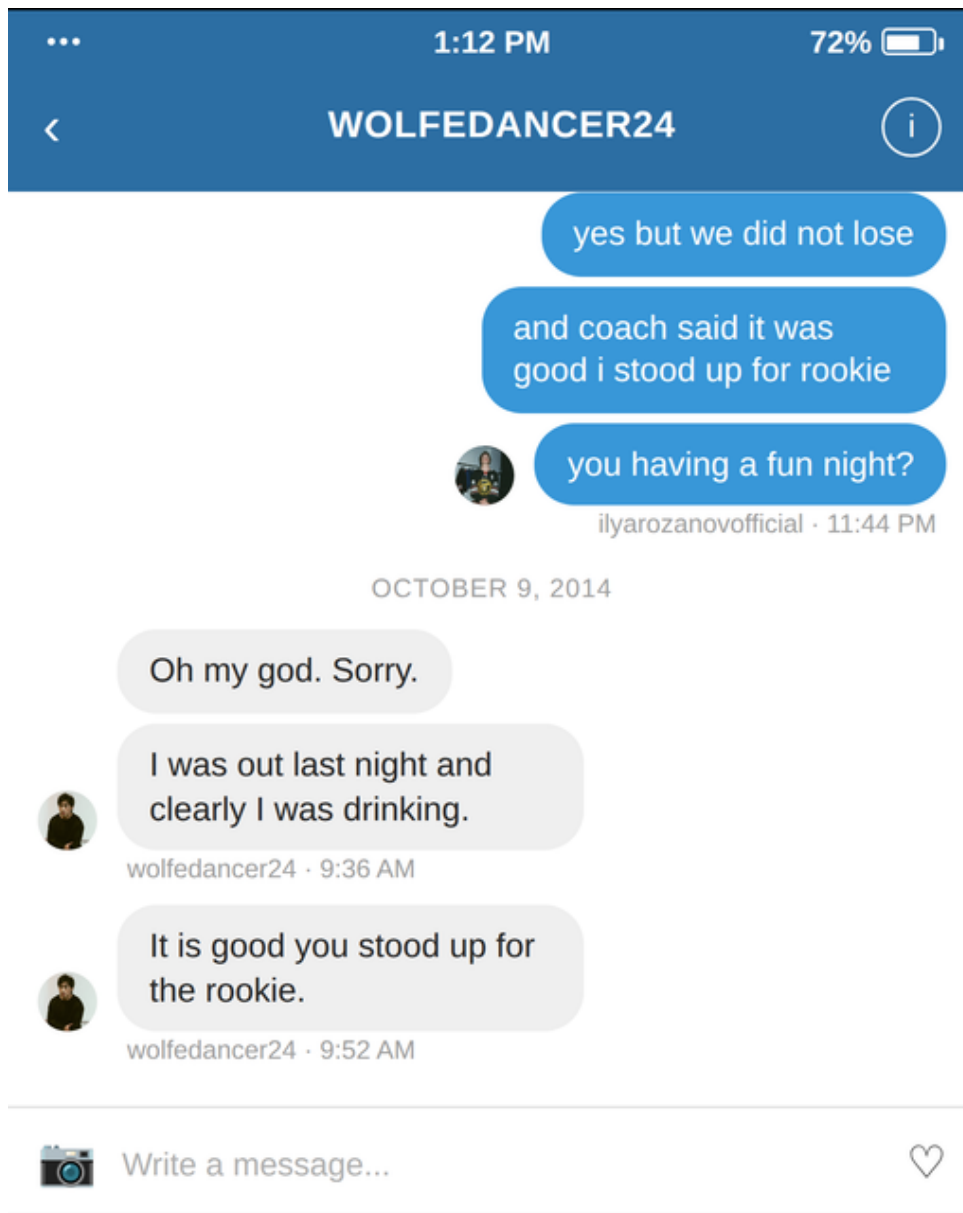
It's been over an hour since Wolfe first messaged him, so he isn't expecting anything necessarily – but Ilya still feels a nervous flutter in his stomach waiting for a response.

Unfortunately, after another forty-five minutes of scrolling Twitter and sporadically checking Instagram, the pull of sleep finally drags Ilya under.



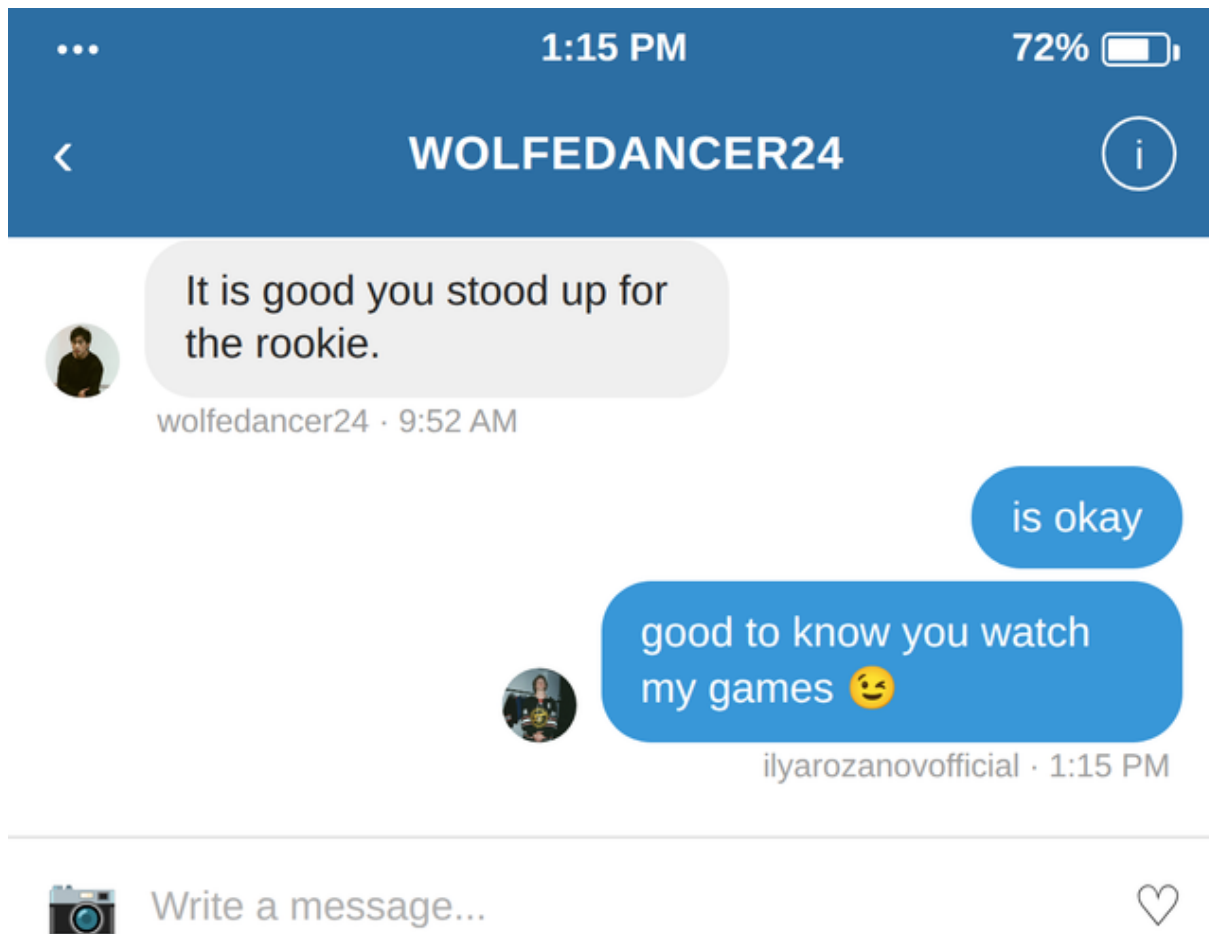
There's still nothing new from Wolfe in Ilya's DMs when he wakes up, and he refuses to check at breakfast, on the team bus, or the flight back to Boston, in case anyone is looking over his shoulder. This team is nosy as fuck, and he won't risk it.

Once Ilya is back home that afternoon, he finally allows himself to open the app, and he can feel his cheeks getting hot and the corner of his mouth lifting when he sees that Wolfe responded earlier that morning.



Ilya lets out an involuntary chuckle, quickly covering it with his hand even though he is completely alone. Wolfe messages like an old man. Why are there so many periods? And he's so polite, even though he was kind of a brat when he messaged last night.

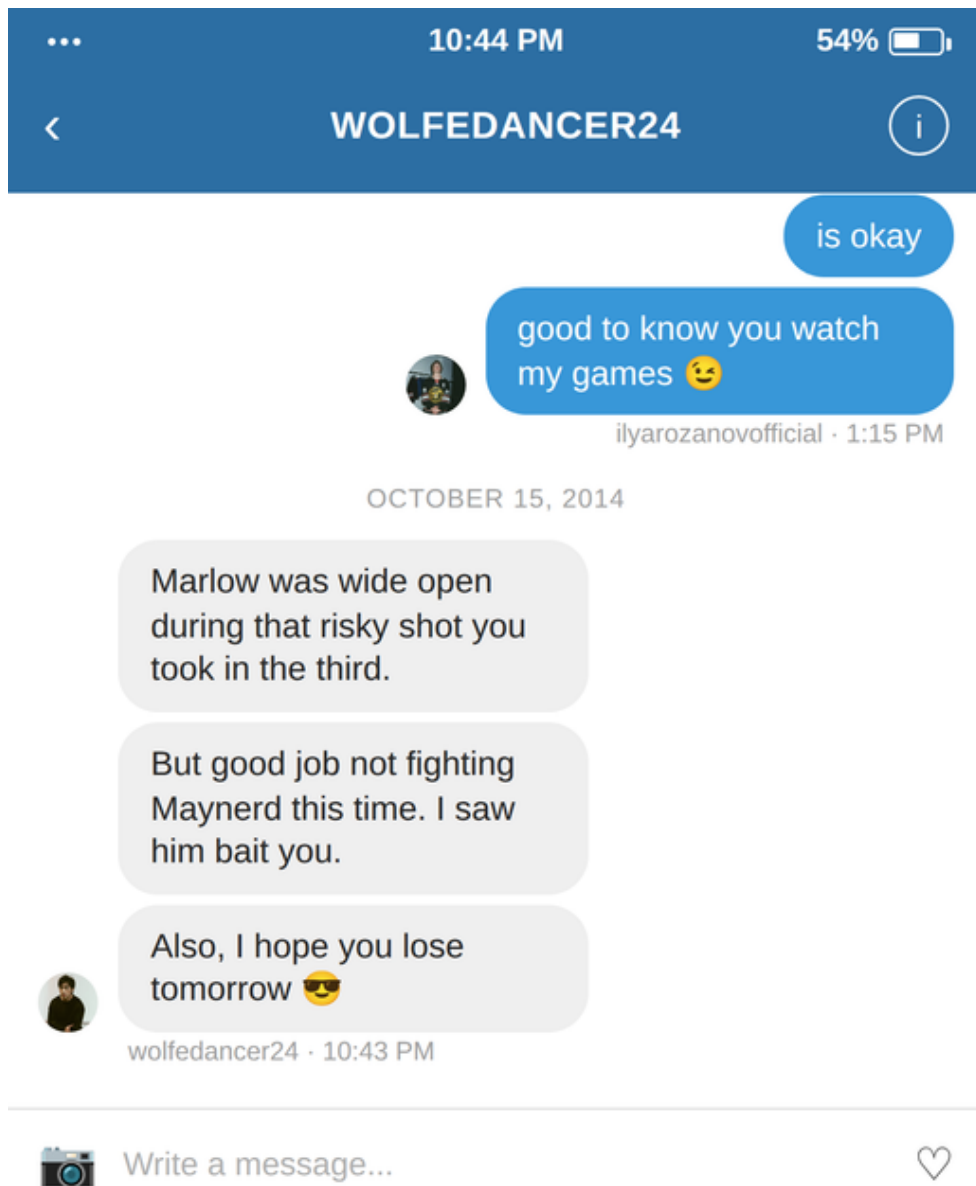
Ilya considers how to respond, and lands on something a little flirty. Why the fuck not.



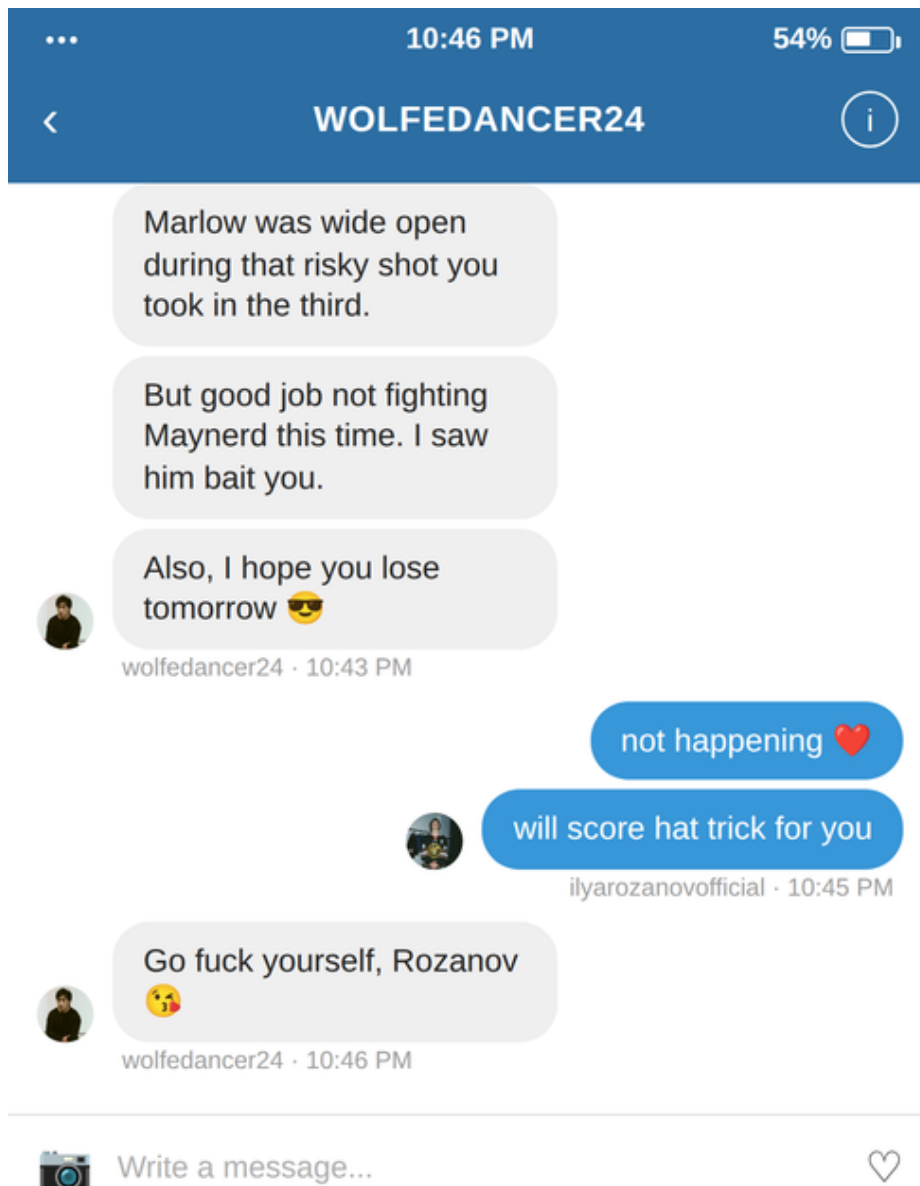
Wolfe wasn't lying when he told Ilya he never checks his messages, because Ilya doesn't hear from him for almost a week. That doesn't stop Ilya from checking his DMs once, or twice, or even three times a day, though.

At one point, Ilya even considers getting into a *little* fight on the ice during their game against Colorado, just in case Wolfe is watching and it will piss him off. Plus it's a Monday, so he knows Wolfe will be on his Instagram at *some* point. But Ilya's not completely pathetic, or totally insane, and he doesn't really care about Wolfe that much, so he's a good captain and behaves himself.

Then, they play Detroit again, the day before their game in Montreal. Ilya scores two goals, and doesn't fight anybody, and when he checks his messages from his empty row on the team bus afterwards – turning around to make sure Connors is sufficiently distracted behind him – he sees that Wolfe actually fucking messaged him again. And he *just* sent it.



Ilya doesn't waste any time, not wanting to miss the moment.



Fuck. Ilya wants him. He can't, and he shouldn't, but Wolfe has somehow gotten under Ilya's skin *again*, and now he needs to do something about it.

Maybe it's because Ilya hasn't fucked him yet. Maybe he just needs to do that – just one more thing – and then it will really be out of his system. It makes sense, if Ilya really thinks about it. He hasn't actually had penetrative sex with a man yet, so of course he's still curious.

"Are you blushing, Roz?" Marly plops his big ass down into the seat next to him, and Ilya almost drops his phone in the scramble to turn the screen off and get it out of Marly's eyeline.

"I told you, Russians do not do this, Marly." Ilya rolls his eyes, shoving his phone into his jacket pocket.

"Who were you texting?" Marly asks, nudging Ilya's shoulder. "She hot?"

"Your mother. Now leave me alone, I'm tired." Ilya turns away from Marly to rest his head against the cool glass of the window. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and tries not to think about anything but hockey all the way to Montreal.

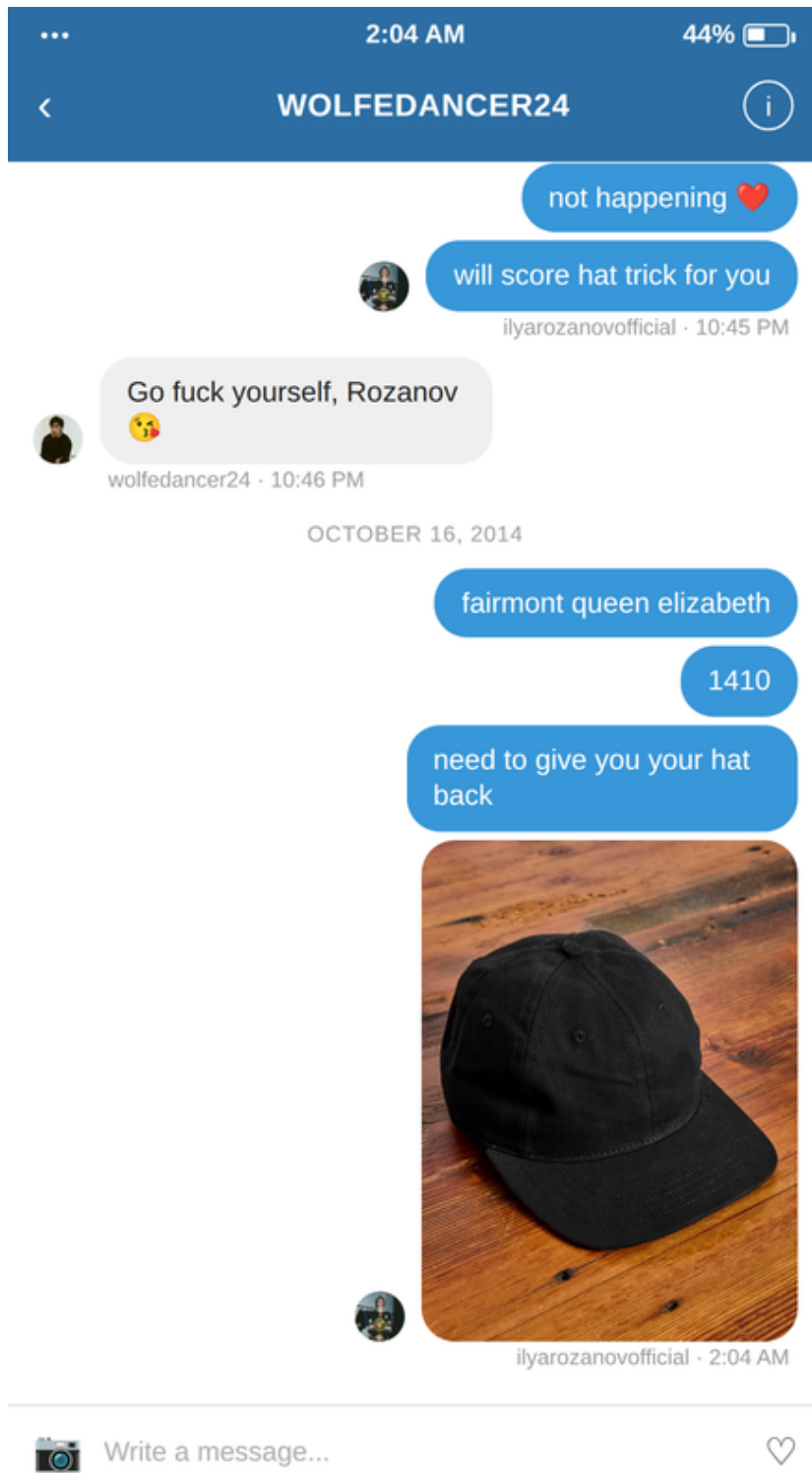


It's nearly two in the morning by the time Ilya gets inside his hotel room, and he should be exhausted, but he feels like he just drank four shots of espresso. He's pacing the carpet in the spaces around the bed, while his thoughts run wild in his stupid head.

Is it really such a big deal if he hooks up with Wolfe again? Ilya typically doesn't do repeats, but he has made exceptions in the past. Svetlana, for one, though she's probably not the best example. There was Tampa Tessa, he saw her a few times when they played in Florida. She was incredible in bed, and polyamorous, so there was really no risk that she would want something more with Ilya. He's sure there are at least two other women who were such good fucks that he met up with them more than once when he was back in their city. Like, definitely a woman in Los Angeles and maybe one in Philadelphia?

Ilya groans, collapsing onto the bed with his travel clothes still on, and then immediately jumps up, disgusted. He wanders over to his suitcase and rummages through it to find a pair of boxers to throw on after his shower, when his hand stops on something semi-hard and black, squished into the corner of the case.

He pulls up Instagram.



Chapter End Notes

Next up, Shane POV :) Time to find out how he's feeling in the aftermath...and if/when/how the boys will interact again...will he get his hat back??

Notes on Ch5:

- that feeling when you are already feeling shame about hooking up with a guy and then he tells you it was a test...but also you passed? And it was really hot? And also you have empathy for him? Big, confusing night for Shane.
- I love how these boys suck at communicating but just can't help how much they like each other
- I'm having fun playing with the dynamic between a more experienced Shane and a questioning Ilya. IMO they're always gonna be super compatible sexually...and canonically Ilya is super confident and naturally good in bed, while Shane is a size queen with an oral fixation so he would be a throat goat lol. my truth!
- Hopefully I added the right tags...
- Next chapter really should be shorter haha

Chapter 6: this is such a bad idea

Chapter Summary

Shane has lots of feelings about hooking up with Rozanov, and makes some choices.

Chapter Notes

LOL I said this would be shorter...I lied! Thank you again for being here and for all your amazing comments 😊 I'm having so much fun writing and it's so cool people are enjoying it.

Sorry this one took slightly longer (aiming for at least one chap a week), work was crazy and I was out of town. But we back!!

Also reminder to pay attention to dates/locations :)

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

Concordia University (Montreal, Quebec)
Halloween 2012

“Shane? Are you in there?” Molly’s voice is muffled through the closed door, and she jiggles the locked doorknob, trying to wrench it open. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Shane rasps from where he’s hunched over the toilet, his knees pressing into the cold tile of the bathroom floor, his sweaty palms rubbing the top of his thighs as his fingers grip the material of his pants, trying to ground himself as he sways back and forth a little. His mouth is filling with saliva, and the nausea is much worse than it was when he first ran in here. Fuck, he’s going to throw up.

He already feels like shit, his face is wet with tears, he’s sniffing every two seconds to avoid adding snot to the mix, and now he’s going to throw up. He raises a hand to rub his knuckles over his right eyelid and cheek, desperate to wipe away some of the tears, even though he’s definitely still crying so it’s basically pointless. When did he take his glasses off, are they in the bathroom? Are they with his tie, which is for some reason no longer around his neck?

“Can you please open the door, Shaney? We just want to help,” Brynn shouts to be heard over the music in the hallway. “Please let us in.”

“No, don’t want anyone to see me,” Shane groans, as the nausea finally wins its fight, wrenching its way upward into his esophagus, and he retches into the porcelain bowl in front of him. His barf is fucking blue, thanks to whatever noxious punch he grabbed off the table earlier.

“Oh my god, Shane, we can hear you throwing up. Let us in!” Skylar has never been as tactful as Molly or Brynn, and there’s anger mixed in with the concern in his voice. “Don’t be a fucking hero.”

“But I’m Superman,” Shane tries to chuckle, but it morphs into a wet, pathetic sniffing sound, and then fresh tears start streaming down his face.

“Oh my god, Skylar, don’t laugh at that. He’s drunk.”

“Sorry, but that was funny. Drunk Shane has jokes.”

Shane is cold, shaky, nauseous, and *sad*, and he needs his friends. He swallows, fighting back the urge to lose even more of whatever is in his stomach, and rises to unlock the door.

Molly, Brynn, and Skylar come barrelling into the small bathroom, immediately locking the door behind them so no one else can come in.

“Holy shit, Shane. What the fuck happened?” Molly joins Shane where he’s once again kneeling on the floor, leaning back against the side of the bathtub next to the toilet. She glances up nervously at Brynn and Skylar, who look just as anxious.

Brynn thrusts their water bottle into Shane’s face. “Please drink this, Shaney.”

Shane shakily brings the bottle to his lips, and more hot tears make tracks down his cheeks as he tries to get words out through gulps and hiccuping breaths.

“He – he was *here*. With – he has a fucking *girlfriend*. I can’t fucking – we literally just – he was inside me *last night* – fucking – “ His nose is fully running now, and he can taste salt as he slips his tongue over his lips. “Can someone please get me a tissue, this is so – *hiccup* – fucking gross.”

Skylar holds a wad of toilet paper out to him, which Shane runs over his whole face before tossing it into the toilet and flushing it for what has to be the third or fourth time since he entered the bathroom.

“Thank you.”

“Shane, what the fuck are you talking about. *Who* was here? Have you been seeing somebody?” Molly’s eyebrows are furrowed with concern, but it’s hard for Shane to take her seriously with the stupid cat ears and drawn on whiskers.

“Ugghh, yes, okay? I am – *was*. But I couldn’t tell you. He’s not out.” Shane slumps forward. His stomach is sore and his throat is burning, and his head is starting to hurt now, too, probably from all the crying. And the drinking. And the throwing up.

“Fucking hell, Shane. Again? And he has a girlfriend?” Skylar runs his hand through his hair, shaking his head. “Did you know?”

“Of course I didn’t *know*, Sky. I would have never – we’ve been fucking for like, *months*. And obviously it was a secret because he plays – fuck – it doesn’t matter. I didn’t expect to see him here, and then he was – *hiccup* – he was all over this girl. So I confronted him, and he told me he’s like, in love with her, and that he was just messing around with me, and he’s not gay, and – fuck.” His

eyes are welling up with tears again, and he desperately doesn't want them to fall. "I just feel like a fucking idiot."

"Shaney..." Brynn crouches down, pulling Shane into the best version of a hug they can manage from their cramped positions on the floor. "I'm so sorry."

"So...is no one going to say it, then? I'm going to have to say it?" Skylar's eyebrow is raised, his mouth pursed, and his hands are on his hips as he shifts his gaze between Brynn and Molly, who remain silent. "Okay, cool. Shane, you can't keep doing this. The 'fucking DL athletes' thing. It's hurting you. And it's kind of fucked up. And we keep having to pick up the pieces."

"Fuck you, Sky. You guys don't get it." Shane shoots his gaze back up to meet Skylar's, his face hot with anger. "There's not that many gay guys – *out* gay guys – here to begin with, and –"

"We've tried to set you up with people, Shane –" Molly starts to say, but Shane cuts her off.

"Yeah, the same like, three guys in 'Queer Concordia,' and they're either not my type, or I'm not theirs. It's not like – they're attractive, okay – but they don't – they don't *get* me. We don't have stuff in common, like – hockey or, I don't know, they're too *nice* or they want me to be like, this big, dominant jock guy, or this like, sexy pole dancer guy, but then I'm actually just kind of awkward and serious and – it's not – I know it's *fucked*, okay, but it's just been – better – with the athletes. Even if they're assholes. I know I have shitty taste, okay. Trust me, I know. I'm *sorry*." Shane is fully crying again now, and he's honestly not sure how he hasn't run out of tears yet.

"Okay, Shaney, okay." Brynn slowly rubs Shane's back, and sighs. "But maybe...maybe you can, like, stop now? We only have one semester left after this, and then you'll have more options."

"Yeah, Shane. What about...how about we promise to stop giving you a hard time about it, or pushing you onto other guys, but then you also promise to stop doing this? I mean, don't you want to stop feeling like this?" Molly's eyes have gone wide, and wet, and fuck, it's looking like she is going to cry, too.

"Okay. Fuck – okay. You're right. This fucking sucks. Fuck him, and fuck this. I'm done with it." And Shane means it. He's going to focus on school, and his career, and he's going to get a job he loves in the city, and then he's going to meet a great guy who he's really into, and who is really into him. Maybe the guy will even like hockey. And then Shane won't ever have to feel like this again.



August 2014
Montreal, Quebec

Shane turns the key, shutting the ignition off, and hunches forward, his forehead pressing into the leather of the steering wheel. He should really get out of the car, now – it's fucking late, and he desperately needs to shower. He needs to wash off the beer, and the sweat, and... Rozanov.

Fuck. He can still feel Rozanov all over him. He can still taste him.

Shane's stomach flips at the memory of Rozanov kissing his way down from Shane's neck, to his chest, to the tattoos on his pelvis. Rozanov was fucking obsessed with those. And then...

Shane groans, sitting up in his seat and rubbing his palms into his eyes until it hurts. The whole night feels like something he made up, like a bizarre wet dream or fucked up fantasy. But he can still feel Rozanov's warm tongue on his skin, his soft curls under his fingers, his big hands squeezing his ass. That really fucking happened.

Shane lets out an involuntary laugh at the absurdity of it, and then reaches for his phone, taking a quick peek at any texts he missed before he heads up to his apartment and inevitably gets sucked into his nighttime routine.

Edit
Messages (4)

Simone (Le Vertige)
12:41 AM
hey im gonna go hangout with svetlana in her room
>

Molly, Skylar, Brynn
11:48 PM
Brynn: how was it shaney?? need to schedule an impromptu debrief brunch tomorrow? ❤️
>

Mom
11:17 PM
How did it go tonight? Call me when you can tomorrow.
>

Derek (Le Vertige)
9:46 PM
good luck! please don't forget to return the x-pole tomorrow if you can.
>

Jackie Pike
Thursday
There's a 7:30 showing of guardians of the galaxy that night if you still wanted to try see it?
>

Dad
Thursday
Okay sounds good.
>

Nik Nik
Thursday
noooo hollzy how have you not seen it yet man the soundtrack is so good
>

Great. His sweet, loving friends and his thoughtful, caring mom are asking how the show – which they know he was pretty anxious about – went. Shane is not even sure what to say.

Well, actually. Turns out, the only reason I was even there is because Ilya fucking Rozanov, you know – the Stanley Cup-winning, Russian, playboy captain of the Boston Raiders who myself and everyone I know hates and who I probably would have played against in the NHL – booked me for it. Yeah, actually, would you believe me if I told you he reached out to me on Instagram a month after we met at the club and said he has been thinking about me ever since? And then we played beer pong, and it was actually surprisingly really fucking fun, and then oh, this part is crazy...we sucked each other's dicks! And, here is the kicker, can't forget this, he told me he's never even hooked up with a guy before and is still exploring his sexuality! Ha ha, so funny, right? Oh, sorry, you asked me how the show was. The show itself was good, thanks. Everyone seemed really happy with it and I made a ton of money.

Yeah, Shane isn't going to respond to any texts right now. They can wait until morning. Tonight, he needs a fucking shower.



Instead of continuing to spin out about that night with Rozanov, Shane chooses to spend the next month locking the fuck in. When he's not performing at the club, or teaching, or posting videos, he practices his routine for Nationals, making sure that it's absolutely *perfect*. Anything less than perfect – anything less than Gold, really – is unacceptable, and he works tirelessly to ensure that when he hits that stage in September, he will be the fucking *best*.

And if a side effect of being busy as fuck, and working himself to the point of exhaustion, is that it also distracts Shane from thinking about the night with Rozanov – well, that's good, too.

Avoiding talking about it with his parents and his friends is easy – he just tells them the show went well, but that he never wants to do it again if he can help it. Private performances aren't his thing.

It is harder to duck Simone's questions, since she was actually there that night — and despite being besotted with Svetlana and a little drunk, she didn't miss the tension between Shane and Rozanov during their pong game. However, after a couple weeks, Shane is eventually able to shake her off by repeatedly insisting that it was just competitive hockey bro energy, and actually Rozanov is an asshole, and he's straight, and she's losing her mind if she thinks anything happened. Every time Simone brings it up, he also switches the topic to Svetlana, and then she gets wistful about the whole thing and lost in the memories of that night (which frankly, Shane can understand) until eventually she forgets to keep bugging him.

And when all else fails, and Shane isn't preoccupied with work, or practice, or the gym, or beer league, or hanging out with friends and family, and his mind starts to wander back to the feeling of Rozanov's tongue exploring his mouth or his massive dick in Shane's hand, he goes on Grindr and he finds someone to fuck him.

He only does it a few times, and he doesn't even get one of the guy's names, and the sex is...*fine*, but it does do a good job of putting his thoughts elsewhere, if only for the evening.

Of course, all these activities can only occupy Shane for so long, and he still ends up alone with his thoughts every now and then — usually when he's lying in bed, trying and failing to fall asleep.

Shane's feelings about that night are just so, confusing. He wants to be upset with Rozanov, for *testing* his sexuality with Shane. But he just feels kind of...flattered? Desired? Like he, managed to fluster the untouchable, insanely attractive, very good at hockey, Ilya Rozanov? He kind of hates himself for it, but he can't stop thinking about how wild it is that Rozanov went to such great lengths just for the *chance* to see Shane — well, Wolfe — again.

And should it disturb Shane that Rozanov organized the whole evening in the hopes he would be able to seduce Wolfe, get him alone, and suck his dick? Probably. But... does it? Shane isn't sure what it says about him that he's not really too freaked out.

Plus, it's not like Shane didn't have a great time. He loathes to admit it, but even before they hooked up, he was enjoying hanging out with Rozanov. He's an asshole, and he's competitive, and he's funny. He pissed Shane off, and when Shane pushed, he pushed back, and it was *fun*. And then, when Shane kissed him...

He still can't believe that was Rozanov's first time with a man. Shane meant it when he said Rozanov was so eager, and so confident, that he assumed he'd been with a guy before. But apparently the arrogant fucker is just that great in bed. Annoying.

The kiss was...it was so good. And his fucking body is insane. There were moments when both their shirts were off where Shane felt like an animal in heat, like he couldn't get close enough to Rozanov — couldn't grab enough of him. And it really seemed like Rozanov felt the same way. So, yeah – maybe Shane has jerked himself off once, or twice, or four-plus times, to the memories of Rozanov holding him down by the waist while he swallowed Shane's cum... or pulling Shane's hair while he said something in Russian... or grabbing Shane by the throat and *squeezing*.

And at least Rozanov was *honest* with Shane, said he had a good time, and admitted he probably isn't straight (which seemed obvious when he was happy as fuck to suck Shane's dick, but Shane knows it can be a lot more complicated than that). Of course, Shane can also empathize with how

confusing it is to be surrounded by heteronormative hockey culture while questioning one's sexuality, and can imagine the pressure Rozanov is under. It's sort of shocking Rozanov took the risk to be with Shane at all, honestly... though it *was* just a one-night stand – it's not like this is something they are going to repeat.

But unfortunately none of these things — being desired by a guy Shane's had a secret crush on for years, *really* enjoying the experience, understanding Rozanov's complicated situation, or knowing it was all just a crazy one-off — have stopped Shane from feeling immense shame about what he did. He'd almost made it two years without breaking his promise and hooking up with a closeted athlete, and then messed it all up to be with Ilya fucking Rozanov of all people. And he can never tell his friends about it, even though it was one of the hottest encounters of his life.

So, Shane also knows that it's pointless to keep thinking about it. All ruminating on it does is make him feel guilty, and kind of horny (which makes him feel guilty again) – and there's also a small part of him that's sad for some reason he can't identify.

He knows that what he *should* do is focus on Nationals, and try harder to get a boyfriend. Jackie has been bugging him to go out with this guy from her yoga class. He's a physical therapist, or something? And apparently he likes hockey, so.

Maybe Shane will do that, after Nationals. And maybe he'll finally unfollow Rozanov on Instagram, too. Maybe once the season starts.



*Toronto, Ontario
September 2014*

God, Shane loves winning. It's the best. It's better than money. It's better than sex. And he knows because he fucking did it. He not only medaled at Nationals, he won fucking Gold, and now he's going on to compete in World's in the Spring. And it feels just as good as he thought it would.

"Come on, Shane, do a shot with me!" Simone appears to be grinning at him, though it's kind of hard to tell in the darkness of the club, with the only lighting coming from colorful strobe lights near the dance floor.

"I fucking hate shots," Shane says, scrunching up his face in disgust.

“Okayyy but have you had a green tea shot? I think you’ll love it! Plus we have to celebrate your *gold* medal, you freak of nature!” She places both hands on his shoulders and shakes him. “Come onnnnn!”

“Okay, Jesus Christ I’ll do one. You’re insane.” Shane smiles and pulls back to survey the bar and dance floor while they wait for their drinks.

“Ooh I know that look. You’re looking for a man,” Simone nudges his arm as she scoots closer to him.

“I mean, we *are* in Toronto. At a gay bar. And you said I should celebrate, so…” Shane winks, and holds one of the shots the bartender just handed them out to her. “Cheers.”

“Fucking cheers!” She howls, and tips her glass back.

It’s actually delicious, so Shane does another one, and then grabs a Moscow mule to take with him to the dance floor.

Two songs later, and he’s grinding up against a stunning blond with a chiseled jawline and a great ass. Frank, or Hank, or something?

“I’m gonna run to the bathroom,” Shane yells into the guy’s ear. “Don’t go far.”

Once he’s inside the surprisingly private and clean bathroom, he pulls out his phone to revisit the Instagram post he shared earlier about his win, unable to resist smiling when the image of the medal pops up on his screen.

What the fuck.

Right under the post, it says ‘liked by @ilyarozanovofficial, @markotunin and 11,219 others.’

Woah. Shane can practically hear his heart beating in his chest, and he raises a hand to his lips, finding that they are curled up into an even bigger smile now. Rozanov liked his post.

Shane’s not sure what’s more surprising, that Rozanov is still following him, or that he went out of his way to acknowledge his win at Nationals. Shane figures Rozanov would have, like, moved on by now, and wouldn’t be thinking about Wolfe at all anymore. It’s an oddly sweet gesture, and it’s making Shane feel really… weird.

The whole thing has actually gotten Shane pretty worked up, and feeling quite strange, so — he definitely needs to go have sex with that hot blond guy now.

Frank/Hank turns out to be pretty good in bed, and his dick is huge, but Shane still finds his mind wandering to memories of Rozanov a few times. Like during the kissing – Frank/Hank kisses with a little too much spit – and when he cums. Shane wishes the guy was a little more vocal, and it makes him think about how hot Rozanov sounded when he came.

Fuck. That isn’t good, is it? He shouldn’t be thinking about Rozanov while another man is inside him.

Shane really needs to get a boyfriend, or something, and stop fixating on his one-night stand with an infuriating, closeted hockey player over a month ago.

So in the morning, he texts Jackie.

Messages
Jackie Pike
Details

Sunday, September 21, 2014

10:04 AM

Okay, I've decided you can give me that guy's number...

Delivered

10:09 AM

OMG yes!!!

his name is Nathan, and he's really great. I think you guys will hit it off

I'll send as soon as I'm out of the grocery store



*Montreal, Quebec
October 2014*

“Shane, did you even hear what I said?” Nathan waves his hand in front of Shane’s face, breaking his concentration on the TV screen above their heads. “Hello?”

“Sorry, what? I got distracted by the game.” Shane wraps his lips around his straw and sucks, but all that lands on his tongue is cold air and some melted ice.

“Yeah, no shit. That’s like the fifth time since we sat down, and it’s still only the first period.” Nathan sighs, leaning back in his chair with his arms folded. “Did you finish your drink already?”

“Oh, yeah, I guess I did. I’m gonna go get another one at the bar. Need anything?”

“Nope,” Nathan says, lifting up his half-full pint of beer. “I’m good, thanks.”

Shane walks over to the bar, where he plops down into a stool with a good view of the TVs so he can continue watching the game while he waits for a refill of his vodka ginger. He doesn't usually drink a lot on dates, but Nathan is already annoying him, so the first glass went down way too easily, and he is definitely going to need several more to get through the rest of the evening.

He and Nathan have gone out twice now – once to dinner and once to the movies – and both dates were fine. Good enough for Shane to take a chance on a third date, at least. Nathan has a really nice face – sharp, bright blue eyes and well-groomed, dark hair – and a great body. He seems like a good person, and he does actually like hockey. *At least, he said he likes hockey.*

They haven't fucked yet, just made out heavily at the end of the movie date, and Shane was hoping things would go a little further tonight, since Nathan is a pretty good kisser. He *thought* going to a sports bar to watch the hockey game together would be great foreplay, but it's not turning out that way, unfortunately.

Boston is playing Detroit, and Shane was under the impression that they would actually be *watching* the game – not talking to each other while the game plays in the background. But Nathan keeps trying to ask him stupid fucking questions about where he wants to go on vacation and what would he do if he won the lottery and how old was he when he came out to his parents and Shane is just trying to watch the damn game. He usually misses the first period or two of Wednesday night games because of his teaching schedule, but he specifically didn't book any classes tonight because of this date – and so yeah, sue him for wanting to actually *watch* the first period, for once.

He carries his new drink over to their table, fixing his eyes back on the screen as he gulps it down, barely taking a break to breathe. Rozanov is playing super well – he's already gotten a goal and an assist. Shane is finding it hard to watch anyone but him when he's on the ice, and – fuck, Nathan is asking him something.

"What?" Shane drops his gaze to Nathan's for a split second, before shifting it back to the game, where Maynerd has the puck and is bringing it towards the Raiders' goal.

"I asked if you've ever been to Italy, I went when –"

"Sorry, Nathan, can we just watch the end of the first period? We can talk about Europe, or whatever, during intermission."

"Um, sure," Nathan huffs.

And then, mere seconds before the period ends, Maynerd goes careening into one of the Raiders' rookie defensemen, shoving the poor guy into the boards with the force of what appeared to be a blind, and pretty dirty, hit.

"Ouch," Nathan says, finally paying attention. "That looked like it hurt."

But Shane isn't listening to Nathan, because he's too busy watching Rozanov, who immediately skates over to Maynerd like a bat out of hell and throws him onto the ice, shaking him like a ragdoll and snarling in his face. It's a really stupid thing for the Boston captain to do so early on in the game, and in their season. But it's also *really* fucking hot.

Shane's cheeks and neck are flushed, and he could swear the temperature in the room just went up several degrees. "I'm going to get another drink," he rasps, rising to make his third trip to the bar since their date began. "Need anything?"

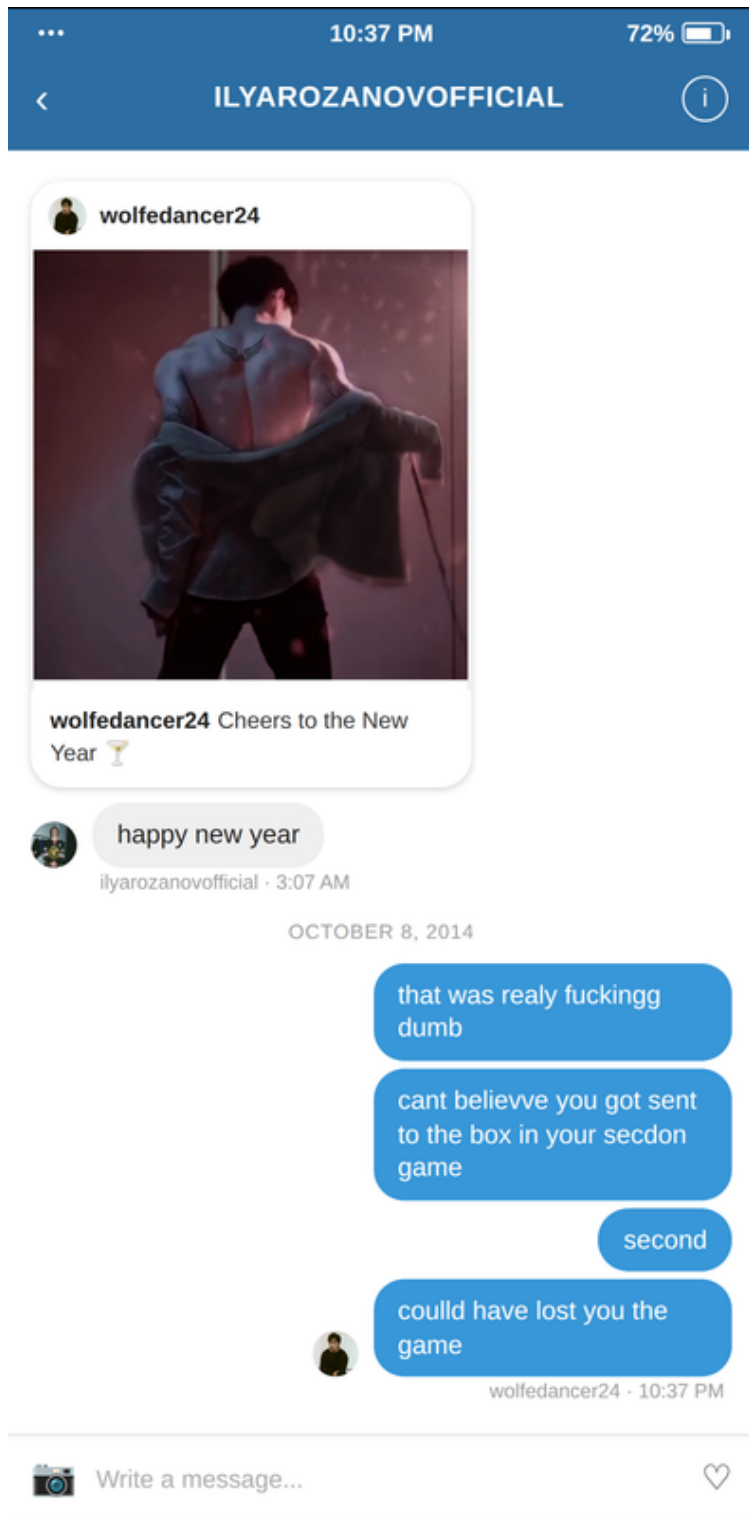
“No, Shane. I’m good.”

By the time the game ends, Shane is pretty fucking drunk, and Nathan isn’t even really attempting to talk to him anymore. At some point during the second period, Shane had asked him if he even really likes hockey, to which Nathan responded that yes, he does, but it’s not like he watches all the games, just Montreal, and then Shane realized that they probably don’t like hockey the same way. That itself isn’t a reason to stop seeing someone, but Nathan is asking him way too many questions, and he’s a little too *earnest*, and Shane thinks it’s probably not a great sign he would rather watch the Raiders do post-game press than talk to him.

Rozanov is doing media now, and he’s not wearing a shirt. They’re asking him about the penalty, and he’s saying something about how Maynerd shouldn’t have come for his rookie, and Shane can tell he’s holding back a smile. There is sweat dripping down the side of his temple, and down his neck, and Shane is remembering how the skin under his jaw *tasted*.

“I’m gonna go to the bathroom,” Shane slurs, knocking the side of their table a little as he gets up, which almost makes Nathan’s drink fall over. “Oops, sorry.”

Once he’s alone in the stall, Shane pulls out his phone, and opens Instagram. Rozanov said Wolfe could message him, right? He wouldn’t say that if he didn’t mean it? Shane wants to rib him about the game tonight. It will be funny.



His fingers aren't working quite right, and the screen is a little blurry, but Shane is pretty sure he achieved what he set out to do.

When he gets back to the table, Nathan has already called him an Uber. Shane tries to protest and even invites Nathan over to his place – he's fucking horny and he thought they were going to fuck tonight – but Nathan says Shane is too drunk for that. Which, to be fair, he's probably right about.

Shane promises to text him when he gets home safely, and the next thing he knows he is falling into bed, succumbing to the heavy darkness of an alcohol-induced sleep.

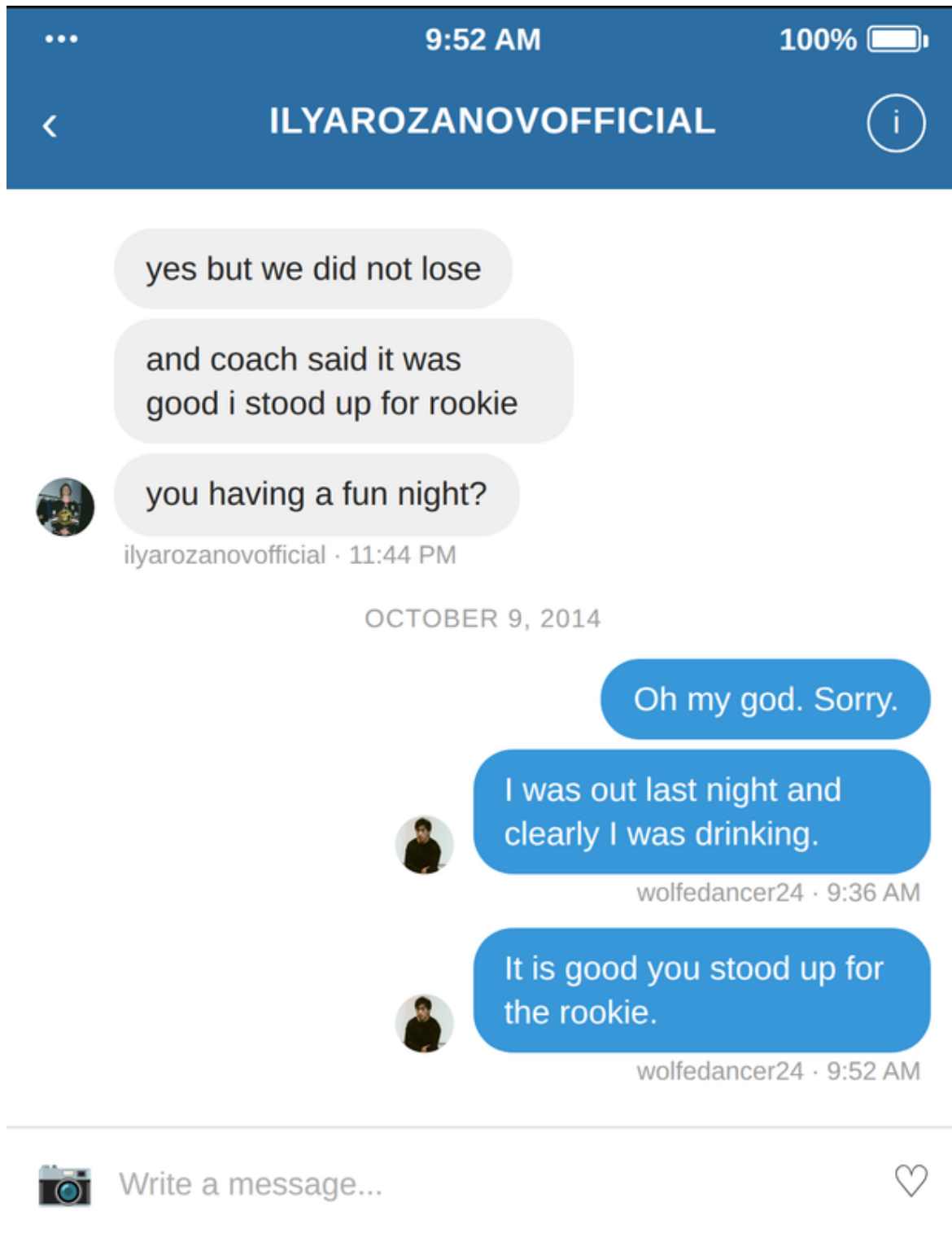


The next morning, Shane has a headache, his mouth is dry, and he is fucking mortified when he is slapped with the memory of drunkenly messaging Rozanov on Instagram. And while he knows it's highly unlikely that Rozanov even saw it, nevermind responded to it, he can't help the lurch in his chest as he pulls up the app, his fingers trembling. He needs to eat something.

Fuck. Rozanov messaged him back.

This is so fucking embarrassing. Drunk Shane should not have access to social media. Or a phone, probably.

Shane groans, rubbing his fingers into his temples, and throws his head back onto his pillow. There's frankly nothing he can do at this point to take back what he's already said, but he types out what he hopes is a somewhat apologetic message that explains his actions. And then, just about twenty minutes later, he follows up with one more message that is a little bit *nice* – because it's kind of sweet that Rozanov responded at all, and for some reason Shane doesn't want to discourage him from that sort of behavior. And it's fun to talk to him about hockey.



Shane closes the app and refuses to check it anymore. He doesn't care if Rozanov messages him back, which he probably won't. Why would he?

But Shane does need to text Nathan.

Messages

Nathan (Jackie yoga friend)

Details

Thursday, October 9, 2014

9:59 AM

Hi. Sorry again about last night. I've had a great time getting to know you, but I think we are probably better off as friends. Wishing you the best.

Delivered



“Shane, we need to talk about the X-Pole sponsorship.” Yuna reaches for her glass of wine, taking a quick sip before placing it back on the coaster. “Now that you’re at 92 thousand followers, and with the win at Nationals, they want to do more with you.”

“Okay, mom,” Shane sighs. “I trust you to handle it. I’ll do whatever they want.”

“Whatever they want? Sweetheart, some of their ads are kind of racy...”

“Well, okay, not that, obviously,” Shane rolls his eyes and pours more ginger ale into his glass. “You know what I mean.”

Yuna smiles at him, and pulls her phone out of her purse from where it’s laying next to her on the couch. “Great. I’ll send them an email now. Hopefully we can find some time for you to talk to them, too.”

Shane returns his gaze to the TV, where Scott Hunter is celebrating the goal he just scored.

“Fuck!” Yuna shouts, glaring at the handsome man hugging his teammates on the ice. “We have got to stop Hunter, it’s ridiculous. Like, do they not prepare specifically for this game, to defend against him? I swear to god.”

David laughs and throws his arm around Yuna, jostling her a bit. “We will get the next one, honey.”

“The game is almost over, David. And we still need *two* goals.”

The feed cuts to commercial, and Shane grabs the remote, quickly switching the channel to the ongoing Boston versus Detroit game. It’s 1-1, with Rozanov scoring Boston’s only goal so far. Marlow has just intercepted the puck from one of the Detroit players, shooting it off to Connors,

who finds Rozanov speeding down center ice, on a breakaway towards the goal. He outskates and outmaneuvers the defender on his back, until he's basically one-on-one with the Detroit goalie, and

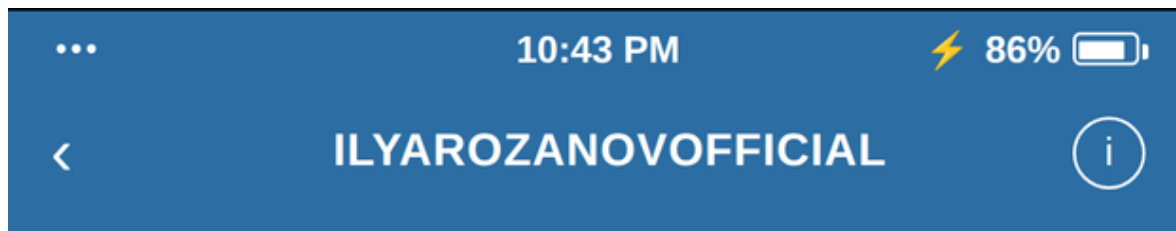
—

“Goddamnit,” Yuna huffs. “He scored *both* of their goals tonight. I hope he doesn’t play like this tomorrow.” She furrows her brow and tips back more wine, as Rozanov celebrates by doing several pushups on the ice. “Ugh, fuck him.”

Shane bites back a smile, and stares down at his glass to avoid making eye contact with either of his parents. Rozanov did look really good tonight. And for some reason, Shane has the urge to tell him that – and to pass on his mom’s chirp about tomorrow’s game.

It then strikes him with a sudden clarity that if he wants to tell Rozanov something, he just *can*. Shane has direct access to him in their DMs. (Plus, when Shane finally caved and checked his messages the other day, he saw that Rozanov said he was glad to know Wolfe watches his games, so...). It’s basically harmless, it’s not like Rozanov is even likely to respond again, and it allows Shane to release some of the weird tension he’s been feeling over the past several weeks. And maybe it will actually get inside Rozanov’s head before he plays Montreal. *Fuck it.*

So after David and Yuna leave, once Shane is tucked into bed with his glasses on and a book on his lap, he ignores the fluttering in his belly, and the slightly nauseating feeling that he is doing something a little *sneaky* and *dangerous*, and opens Instagram to send a message.



is okay



good to know you watch
my games 😊

ilyarozanovofficial · 1:15 PM

OCTOBER 15, 2014

Marlow was wide open
during that risky shot you
took in the third.

But good job not fighting
Maynerd this time. I saw
him bait you.



Also, I hope you lose
tomorrow 😎

wolfedancer24 · 10:43 PM

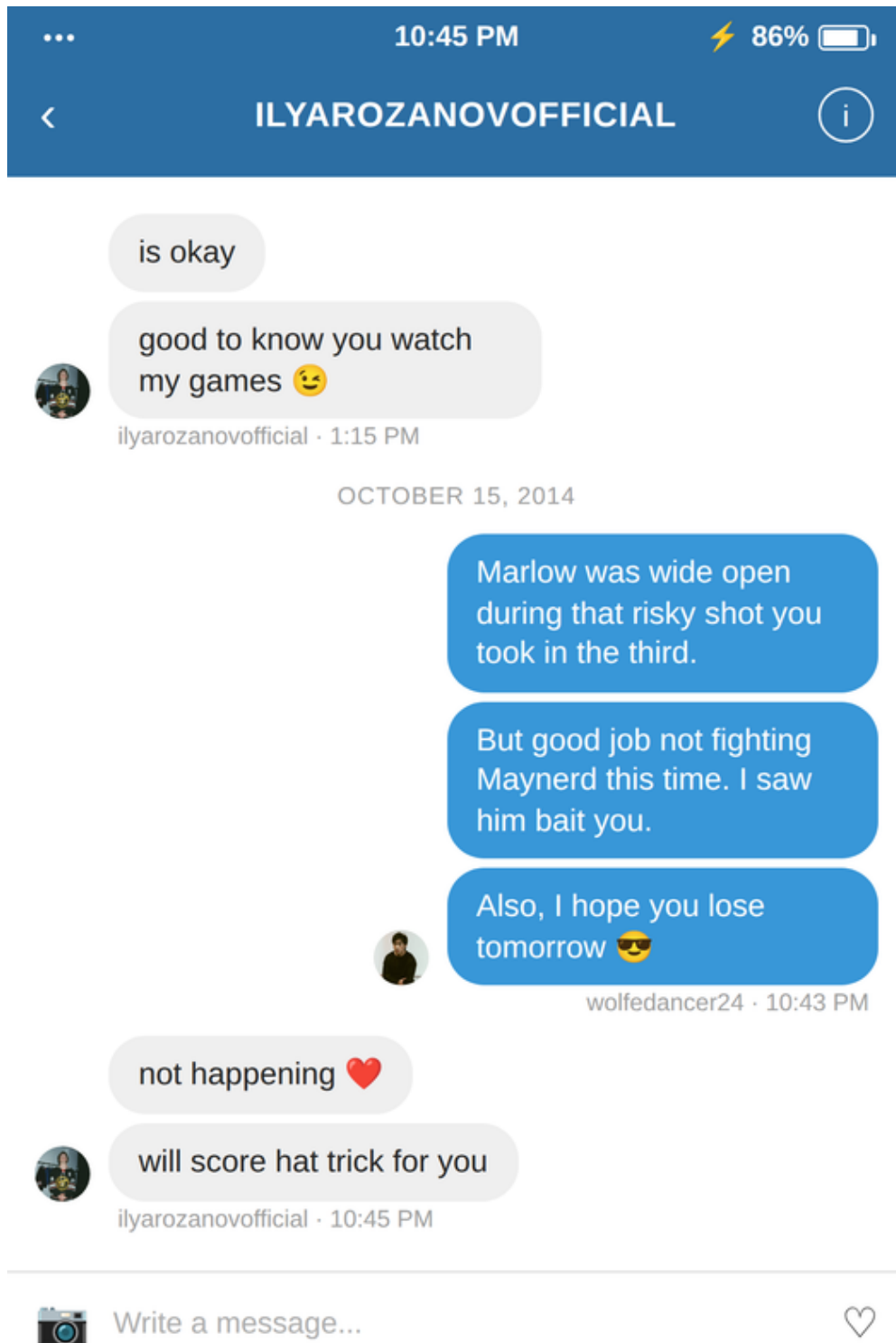


Write a message...



Oh, shit, Rozanov is already typing a response? Did he like, have his messages open right as Shane texted him? What the fuck is going on?

The flutter in Shane's belly has turned into a full on flip now, and his fingers are frozen above his keyboard at the thought that, somewhere in Detroit at this very moment, Rozanov is staring at their messages, too. He can barely blink.



What a cocky asshole. And, a red heart emoji, really? Is he...flirting?

Before Shane can think too much, or talk himself out of it, he fires off a “go fuck yourself, Rozanov,” and adds a kissy emoji. Okay, maybe the kissy emoji is a bit much, but Shane wants to mess with Rozanov – he wants to get in his head.

And the fact that Rozanov might also still be thinking about Shane, or Wolfe... or that night... well. Shane just has to poke him a little bit. He’s sure Rozanov will eventually stop responding, or

actually get pissed off about something Wolfe says. But until then? It's kind of fun to see how he will react.

However, despite the fact he was just typing a minute ago, Rozanov isn't immediately responding to Shane again. *Fuck, maybe the kissy emoji really was too much.* Whatever, at least Shane got the last word.

After waiting for a reply for fifteen minutes, and before he can spin out about it any further, Shane returns his phone to his nightstand, reads a chapter of his book, and finally surrenders to sleep.



Shane moves through the next day like he would any typical Thursday. He wakes up, makes coffee, eats breakfast, works out, showers, has lunch, and then heads to the studio for lessons. And he specifically, purposefully, intentionally, does *not* check his Instagram for any new messages from arrogant, attractive Russians.

When he finally gets a quick break between his Teen and Adult contemporary classes, he opens his texts to see if the guys made any plans to watch the game later. When he can, Shane tries to join them straight after his last class so he can at least catch the third period – especially for bigger games like Montreal versus Boston.

Messages

Outlaws 🐱

Details

Thursday, October 16, 2014

4:02 PM

Nik Nik

yo boys, we good to meet at the bar tonight for the game?

Jimbo

ya ill be there with cara, probably like right at 7

Mikey Mo

same

4:47 PM

Smithy

still out of town sorry boys. but go metros fuck the raiders

5:43 PM

Nik Nik

hollzy you joining?

5:56 PM

Should be able to, will keep you posted.

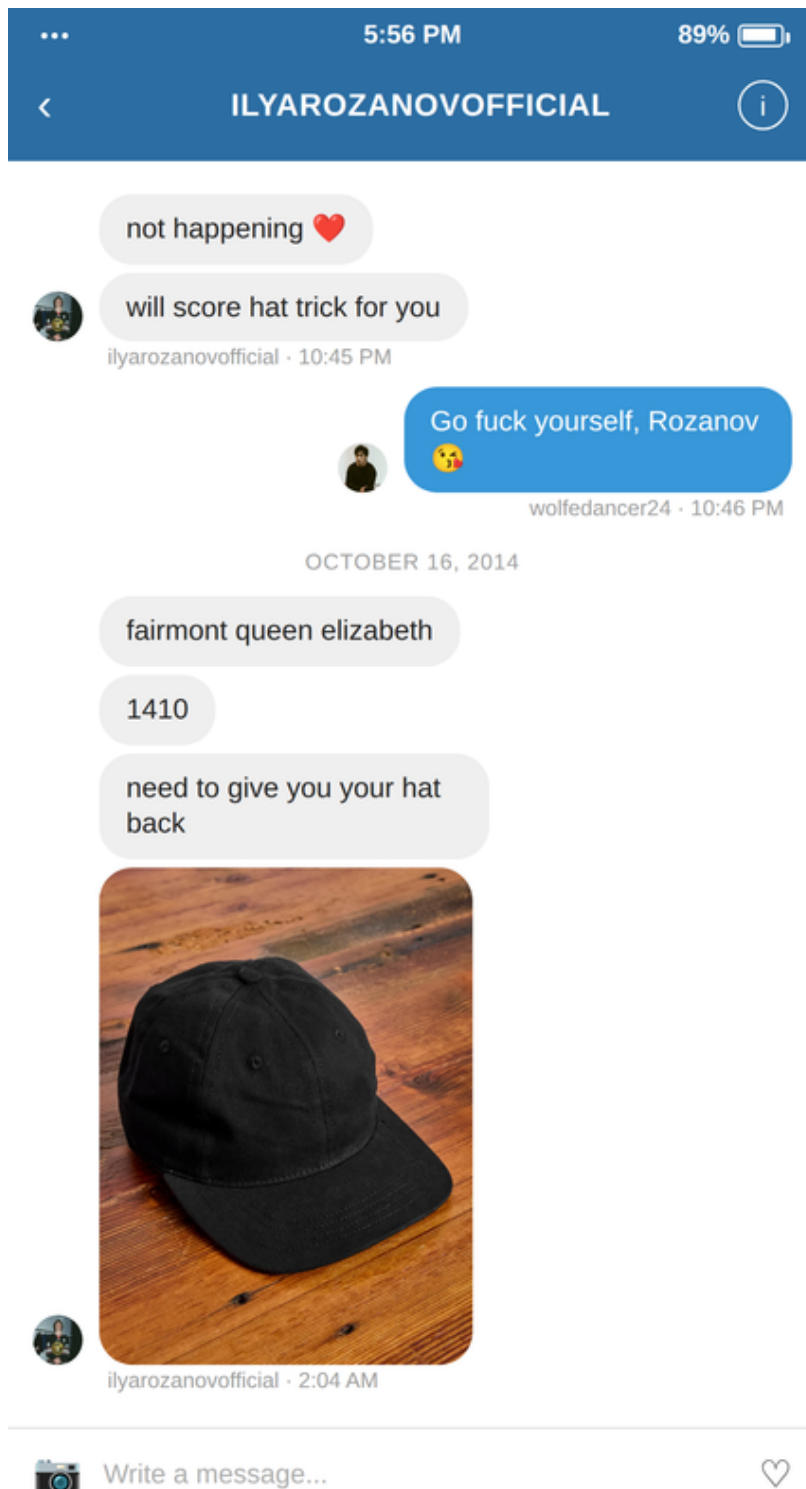
Delivered

He figures he should purposely leave his plans tonight open-ended, just in case his classes are more draining than usual, in which case he's more than happy to watch the game alone on his couch.

Plus, he's honestly not sure if he wants to watch Rozanov try and score a hat trick in front of all the guys at a crowded bar. Rozanov, who he has seen naked, and who is in *his* city right now. Rozanov, who is already inside the stadium, probably warming up. Or getting changed in the locker room.

Shane sighs, and opens Instagram. He made it basically all day without checking his DMs – that's good enough, right? But when he opens his chain with Rozanov, his breath catches.

Holy. Shit.



Shane's stomach drops so far it may as well have just fallen out of his butthole and onto the floor of the studio. Is he hallucinating? Is this real, or is Shane's alarm about to go off, and he will wake up, and this day will start all over again?

Rozanov sent Shane his fucking hotel name and room number at two in the morning. He got into his room late last night, and one of the first things he did was...this.

Several different emotions hit Shane all at once. He's confused, and excited, and scared, and nervous, and a little angry. This was not part of the plan – the one where he stops thinking about the

one-night-stand with Rozanov, gets a boyfriend, and lives happily ever after. Getting propositioned to hook up with Rozanov a *second* time was never even on Shane's radar, actually.

This is bad, it's really bad. Shane is not supposed to *want* to see Rozanov again.

But before he can spiral any further, the door to the studio opens and dancers start filing in. *Guess this is a problem for later, then.*



At 8:55pm, Shane exits the studio, gets into his car, and drives home in a daze.

Then, he sits on his couch with his microwaved, meal-prepped salmon bowl and a can of ginger ale, and he silently watches the Boston Raiders beat the Montreal Metros, 3-2. Rozanov does not score a hat trick, but he does play incredibly well.

After the final period ends, Rozanov answers questions from the press, his chest still heaving from the exertion of the game, his necklace glinting against the golden hairs and sheen of sweat between his massive pecs. His pink lips are curled into that mischievous smile he gets when he's talking back to reporters, his ocean eyes sparkling as he spits out clever jokes in his second language.

Fuck. Shane wants him. He knows that he shouldn't, and his friends would kill him, and he does feel guilty – he really does. But he's already broken his promise, anyways. And, well, despite all the shame and doubt he's been feeling over the past two months... he still wants Rozanov.

Is it really that big of a deal if they hook up *one* more time? Shane is only 23 years old, it's not like he can't keep fooling around until eventually he finds his person, and then he will obviously stop. He fucking sucks at dating, anyways, so what difference does it make if his next one-night-stand (well, this would be a second-night-stand) is with Rozanov instead of some random guy from Grindr? Rozanov doesn't even know Wolfe's real name. It's basically the same thing as a Grindr hookup, honestly.

And at least Shane knows this one will be good, because Rozanov is hot as fuck and has a seemingly innate sexual prowess. Shane licks his lips as he watches Rozanov turn away from the cameras with a *wink*, waving the press goodbye before heading to the showers. And then, Shane pulls out his phone.



10:27 PM

78%



ILYAROZANOVOFFICIAL



Go fuck yourself, Rozanov



wolfedancer24 · 10:46 PM

OCTOBER 16, 2014

fairmont queen elizabeth

1410

need to give you your hat
back



ilyarozanovofficial · 2:04 AM



Be there at 11:30.

wolfedancer24 · 10:27 PM



Write a message...





At 11:36pm, Shane exits his car, enters the lobby of Fairmont The Queen Elizabeth, steps into the elevator, and presses the button for the 14th floor.

As he watches the LED numbers gradually climb higher with each passing level, he shoves his hands into the pocket of his hoodie, takes a deep breath to fill his lungs completely, and blows all the air out of his mouth in one loud exhale. *This is really happening.*

When the elevator doors open, he scans the hallway for any lingering hockey players, finding it empty, and walks down the corridor until he is suddenly face-to-face with the door to room 1410. He raises his hand to knock, hovering his fist above the dark wood for a moment, completely frozen. *This is it, Shane. Turn around. Go home.*

He knocks.

Almost immediately, Rozanov wrenches the door open, a fat grin on his handsome face, his fluffy curls slightly wild from how they must have dried after his post-game shower. He's wearing a grey tank top and matching grey sweatpants, and he's sort of glowing in the warm light of the bedside table lamps – he looks *soft* and *warm*.

Shane steps into the room and flips the latch of the second door lock behind him, just to be safe, before turning back to face Rozanov.

"You came," Rozanov says, still smiling. "I was not sure you would."

"Well, you have my hat, so." Shane steps forward again, a little closer to Rozanov. "Where is it?"

"Uh, it is – I will get it," Rozanov pivots on his heels to walk over to the corner of the room, where Shane's hat is sitting on top of a large wooden desk. That must have been where he took the photo he sent Shane earlier.

Rozanov returns with Shane's hat in his hand, but when Shane reaches for it, he yanks it behind his back, sending Shane stumbling forward, practically slamming into Rozanov's chest.

"What the fuck, Rozanov. Give me my hat." Shane lunges at him, the fingers of his right hand just barely skimming the brim of the cap.

"Is really what you want?" Rozanov is smirking, and jerking the hat just out of Shane's reach every time he tries to grab it.

“Yes, actually. It’s one of my favorite hats,” Shane huffs, crossing his arms. “Why the fuck else would I be here?”

Honestly, Shane doesn’t even know where this hat came from. It’s possible he got it for five dollars at like, Giant Tiger. But Rozanov doesn’t need to know that.

“Oh... Okay.” Rozanov holds the hat out to Shane again, but this time his lips are curved downward into a small frown, his gaze lowered. He looks really... disappointed.

“Rozanov,” Shane says gently, a small smile creeping onto his face. He needs Rozanov to look at him again.

“Mm?” Rozanov slowly tilts his head upwards, until his uncertain eyes meet Shane’s. He’s still holding the stupid hat out in front of him.

Shane reaches for it, but instead of grabbing the hat, he grips Rozanov’s wrist, tugging him forward until they’re chest to chest, breathing into each other’s mouths.

“I’m not here for the fucking hat,” Shane hisses. And then he closes the gap between their faces, pressing his lips against Rozanov’s, who grunts in surprise and drops the hat to the floor with a soft thump.

Rozanov pulls back an inch, his eyes twinkling as the huge smile from earlier returns to his face. “Thank god.”

They crash their lips back together, the kiss immediately intensifying in pressure and depth, squirming tongues breaching teeth and gums. Without breaking the kiss, Shane shoves Rozanov backwards with both hands against his chest, until the back of Rozanov’s knees hit the edge of the bed and he collapses onto the comforter with a small ‘oof.’ Shane follows him, straddling Rozanov’s lap and licking into his hot mouth with a quiet moan.

“Fuck, Wolfe,” Rozanov groans, as he forcefully grasps Shane’s ass with both hands, groping and squeezing his cheeks. *His hands are so fucking big.* Shane is also wearing sweatpants, and their already very hard dicks are rubbing against each other through the relatively thin fabric. “I have been thinking about this,” Rozanov gasps.

Shane tilts his head back to look into Rozanov’s darkening eyes, and lightly brushes the tips of their noses together. “Oh? What exactly have you been thinking about?”

Rozanov smiles with his teeth, his eyes sharp and locked onto Shane’s, and Shane is suddenly reminded of a documentary he watched on the BBC the other day about feline predators. “I have been thinking about fucking you.”

Oh. Shit.

Shane’s dick twitches against Rozanov’s, causing Rozanov to whimper and his smile to falter slightly. He bucks up, grinding his cock against Shane’s again, harder this time.

“Rozanov – *fuck* – I don’t think – we shouldn’t do that tonight,” Shane rasps, as he continues humping Rozanov’s lap, his dick already leaking precum against the inside of his sweatpants. “Your teammates are – they could hear us.” *He also didn’t really prep properly to get fucked tonight, but he doesn’t need to tell Rozanov that.*

“Mm,” Rozanov hums, and his hands move from Shane’s ass to burrow under his hoodie, his warm, rough fingers finding purchase in the skin over Shane’s lower back and tailbone, and then sliding up his spine towards his shoulder blades, sending shivers up Shane’s neck. “But what if we are quiet?”

Shane huffs a laugh into Rozanov’s open mouth, before kissing a pathway up his jaw and neck, until he’s breathing into Rozanov’s ear. “I won’t be quiet,” he whispers.

Rozanov groans and slips his hands out from under Shane’s hoodie, falling backwards onto the bed again, his beautiful curls splayed out behind his head. “Fuck. I really want to fuck you.”

“Not happening, Rozanov,” Shane says, his palms pressing into Rozanov’s pecs over his tank top, their dicks still rubbing together through the fabric of their pants with every harsh forward movement of Shane’s hips. “Are you – *shit* – telling me you haven’t fucked anyone in the past couple months? Why are you so needy?”

Rozanov is lying on his back with his hands tucked behind his head, elbows out, watching with wide eyes as Shane grinds against him fully clothed, over, and over, and over, again. His breathing is growing more rapid, his chest rising and falling more quickly by the second. “I have fucked women, of course – *bozhe moy, Wolfe* – but no men,” he pants.

“Hmm,” Shane purrs, slowing his pace down to a painful rhythm, pushing down with so much force on each thrust that it almost hurts. “And why should I let you fuck me?”

“Let me?” Rozanov huffs, rising up onto his elbows and tightly gripping Shane’s hips, encouraging him to speed up again by pushing and pulling on Shane’s waist with his powerful hands. “Because I am very good at fucking.”

Shit, now Shane is actually thinking about the very real possibility of Rozanov fucking him. He knows he shouldn’t even entertain it, but imagining Rozanov driving into him from behind, with his big dick, and his big hands, and his sexy accent... and Shane getting to show him what great sex with a man can be like, for the first time... it would be really fucking *hot*.

They really *can’t* do it here, though.

Shane pauses his movements, eliciting a low whine from Rozanov, who is twitching underneath him. “What if – stop moving, Rozanov – what if – if you still even want to, and you haven’t changed your mind – next time you’re in Montreal – you could come to my place. And then *maybe* I’ll let you fuck me.”

“Next time?” Rozanov is sweating a bit now, and his dick is so hard it’s practically tearing a hole in Shane’s sweatpants. He’s clearly very fucking horny. “When is that?”

“How the fuck am I supposed to know?” Shane snaps, his brows furrowing. “It’s your schedule, Rozanov.”

“Oh, Mr. Metros fan didn’t memorize the schedule?” Rozanov laughs, squeezing Shane’s hips with his fingers.

“That’s it, I’m fucking leaving,” Shane snorts, and starts shifting backwards, swinging his right leg off the bed.

“No, Wolfe, stop – I was joking.” Rozanov roughly pulls Shane back down onto him, refusing to let him budge any further. *He’s fucking strong.* “Is in like a month – November 13th.”

Shane bends down until his lips are brushing Rozanov’s, and he can feel the light touch of his eyelashes against his cheek. “Okay. Let’s see if you still want to in a month, then,” he breathes into Rozanov’s mouth.

Rozanov lifts his chin to meet Shane in another bruising kiss, one hand grasping the back of Shane’s neck and the other fondling his ass. “Mm, I am pretty sure I will,” he mumbles.

Shane isn’t quite so sure that Rozanov won’t move on, fuck a different guy, or get over his bizarre fascination with Wolfe before then, but he’s proud of himself for insisting on waiting. The delay also gives Shane time to change his own mind, or hopefully meet somebody else that will distract him from going through with this new, very terrible – very against his rules – idea.

“How much do you weigh?” Rozanov asks in a low voice, his palms sliding to Shane’s waist again, before moving further down to cup his ass.

“Like 195, I think? Why?”

And then, Shane’s knees are no longer on the bed, straddling Rozanov’s hips. Because he is being *lifted* up into the air, supported entirely by Rozanov’s hands under his ass. Shane’s arms fly up to hold onto Rozanov around the back of his neck. Their dicks are still hard against each other through their pants. “What the fuck, Rozanov!”

Shane isn’t exactly small, or light, but Rozanov doesn’t appear to be struggling at all.

He just laughs, and *carries* Shane over to the desk, where he places him down gently on the wooden surface. He’s standing between Shane’s knees now, and pulls him into another frantic kiss, licking into his mouth with a sigh. “Take this off,” Rozanov rasps, tugging at the hem of Shane’s hoodie. “Please.”

Shane relents, and yanks the sweatshirt off over his head, tossing it onto the bed. He’s not even wearing a shirt underneath – he hadn’t seen the point when he was getting dressed earlier.

Rozanov reciprocates by shedding his tank top – *fuck, his pecs are huge* – and then bends over to carefully remove each of Shane’s sneakers, placing them side-by-side next to the foot of the bed. *Thoughtful.*

“Rozanov, wait,” Shane gasps, which causes him to immediately stop suckling on Shane’s neck, his hand stilling from where it was moving downward towards Shane’s cock. “You should turn the TV on. And maybe run the shower or the sink, or something.”

“Ugh, you worry so much,” Rozanov says, rolling his eyes. But he walks over to the bedside table and grabs the remote, flipping through the channels until he lands on one of those music broadcasts playing Top 40 hits. “There. Better?”

“Yes, thank you,” Shane says, and reaches both his arms out, beckoning Rozanov to him. “Now get back over here.”

Rozanov closes the gap between them, shoving his hand into Shane’s sweatpants and wrapping his long fingers around Shane’s dick, drawing a low moan from deep in Shane’s throat. “Fuck, you

don't have any underwear on? So slutty."

"Fuck you," Shane pants, and grabs Rozanov by the back of the neck, pulling him into another kiss, bucking his hips up to thrust his dick further into Rozanov's hand. "You like it."

"Mm," Rozanov purrs. And then he yanks Shane's pants off completely, so now he's naked on the desk, while Rozanov is still half-dressed, his dick tenting his sweatpants. He continues slowly stroking Shane's cock with his right hand, while his left grips Shane's hip. And he looks *hungry*.

Then, Rozanov shifts back a bit and drops to his knees on the carpet, lifting both of Shane's legs up so that the back of his thighs are on top of Rozanov's shoulders, forcing Shane back onto his elbows. Rozanov's face is lined up with Shane's asshole now, and – *oh fuck*.

"Jesus Christ, Rozanov – *fuck* – oh my god."

Rozanov's hot, wet tongue licks a stripe up from Shane's hole to his balls, and Rozanov *hums*, his fingers squeezing into the flesh of Shane's legs.

Shane squeezes his eyes shut and throws his head back, as Rozanov laps his tongue against Shane's hole, which is fluttering open a bit now. It's *so* fucking good, and he can feel Rozanov's nose bumping against the sensitive patch of skin under his balls, the stubble of his beard rubbing against the swell of Shane's asscheeks, as his tongue continues fucking into him. It's wet, and warm, and it's sending waves of pleasure up into Shane's core. He needs Rozanov to touch his fucking dick.

"Please, Rozanov," Shane groans. "Fuck."

"Mm," Rozanov murmurs into his hole. "You taste good."

Jesus Christ.

Shane is thrusting his hips up into the air, begging for some kind of relief for his aching cock, while Rozanov tries to keep him in place so he can continue torturing his hole with his tongue.

Shane can't take it anymore, so he grabs his own dick, giving it a few tugs, moaning with each stroke. He glances down at Rozanov, who is *smiling* from beneath Shane's ass, his chin covered in spit and his curls sticking up in several different directions. He looks unreal from down there, and Shane throws his head back, his hand moving faster on his dick.

Rozanov reaches up to slap Shane's hand away, replacing it with his own. "Stop that," he grunts against Shane's now wet skin, and returns to licking at his ass, his tongue sliding in and out of the widening hole as he firmly grips Shane's cock, slowly stroking his palm up and down the shaft.

"Fuckkk," Shane wails. He is not going to last much longer. The combined sensations of Rozanov's tongue firmly pressed against his hole and his massive hands fondling his cock over and over again are overwhelming. And Rozanov won't stop fucking *humming* and *moaning* as he tortures him, sending shockwaves up Shane's entire body. Shane's head has gone fuzzy, and he's not even sure what noises he is making anymore.

"Oh my god, Rozanov, I'm coming," he shouts, and Rozanov's hand speeds up as Shane's orgasm hits him in an explosive burst of white hot pleasure, cum erupting from his dick and landing all over Rozanov's fingers and Shane's own stomach. Rozanov is still licking at Shane's hole as he milks his cock, and the whole experience is way too fucking much.

Oversensitivity soon breaks through the haze of Shane's orgasm, and disturbs the floaty feeling in his head. "Okay, Rozanov, fuck – that's enough," he rasps.

Rozanov slowly pulls back and rises to his feet, still gripping onto Shane's thigh with his clean hand as he towers over him on the desk. Rozanov's eyes look black from where Shane is laying beneath him, and his face is still shiny with drool – Shane wants to lick it up. But his legs are trembling against the sides of Rozanov's waist, and his cum is sticky against his skin.

Rozanov must sense his growing discomfort, because he gently steps away from Shane and grabs a couple tissues from the bedside table, which he uses to clean them both up.

Shane still feels all floaty, and happy... and now he needs something in his mouth. Ideally, Rozanov.

He lifts his upper body off the desk with a groan, and then slowly slides himself down until he's kneeling on the floor, his hands gripping the back of Rozanov's legs, before reaching up to tug his sweatpants and briefs down and free his freakishly large dick.

"Fuck," Rozanov breathes. "You look so good on your knees."

"Mm," Shane hums, as he kisses his way up from Rozanov's knee, to his muscular thigh, to the soft skin of his hip bone, to his insanely defined v-line.

Shane is feeling really good. His mind has gone a little foggy from Rozanov eating him out and the power of his orgasm, and... he wants to try something. There's this thing he likes to do – well, he likes to have it done to him. But he finds that a lot of guys are a little too careful about it, or they aren't sure Shane really wants it so they don't do it properly, or they go the other way and are far too aggressive with it, and then it kind of takes all the fun out of it. But he thinks that maybe with Rozanov... well, he seems to have the potential to do it the way Shane likes it. He's a little bossy, and kind of an asshole, but in the *fun* way. So, Shane may as well try.

He shifts his weight a bit so that he's up higher on his knees, his hands grabbing onto Rozanov's ass. And then, he gathers a pool of saliva in his mouth, and he *spits* onto Rozanov's throbbing, very erect dick.

"Bozhe moy," Rozanov gasps, his eyes flashing with hot desire.

Shane smiles, and opens his mouth as wide as he can, before sucking down Rozanov as far as possible. His dick bruises the back of his throat, and he does his best to slide it past the opening, resisting the urge to gag, until his nose is pressed against the well-groomed area of Rozanov's pubic bone. "Mm," he murmurs around Rozanov's cock, tightening his throat around the head. *It's so fucking big. And he smells nice down here... like, musky and woodsy.*

"Fuck – hmm – your throat feels so good," Rozanov grunts, his hands petting Shane's hair gently. He twitches a bit, and Shane can tell he's trying to resist moving, even though he clearly wants to. "Have been thinking about your mouth."

Shane pulls off Rozanov in a wet slide, taking a heaving breath, grateful for the rush of oxygen. "Rozanov," he pants, his voice gone husky as he stares up at him with wide eyes, "I want you to fuck my face."

“Holy shit,” Rozanov breathes, his mouth hanging slightly open, his chest rapidly rising and falling. And then, he tightens his grip on the sides of Shane’s head, pulling him forward until Shane’s lips are kissing the tip of his dick. “Open,” he rasps, his eyes dark and fixed on Shane’s.

Fuck yes. Shane obeys immediately, opening his mouth and sticking out his tongue, his gaze never leaving Rozanov’s as he waits.

Rozanov takes one hand to his dick, the other keeping a tight hold on the top of Shane’s hair, and taps the glistening, pink head against Shane’s tongue a couple times, his salty precum dripping from the tip. Shane lets out an involuntary groan, his eyes briefly squeezing shut, and that’s all Rozanov needs to hear to keep going.

He drives his hips forward, his cock breaching Shane’s lips and slamming into the back of his throat, before pushing past the opening and triggering his gag reflex. Shane chokes, but Rozanov doesn’t pull all the way out – he just slides his dick out halfway, before thrusting it right back in. He thrusts forward, and then pulls back, again, and again, and again – holding Shane’s head in place, *using* Shane’s mouth, and it’s fucking *hot*. Shane is trying to keep breathing through his nose, his eyes prickling with tears from the lack of oxygen, and his head is filled with static. Rozanov is grunting, and groaning, and swearing in Russian, and it’s making Shane’s spent dick twitch back to life.

“Посмотри на себя,” (*look at you*) Rozanov moans, “You like this? Choking on my cock?”

“Mmnggh” Shane mumbles around Rozanov’s dick, and attempts to nod his head. He fucking loves hearing the praise, especially in that accent, and he also appreciates how Rozanov is subtly checking in with him.

Then, Rozanov forcefully holds Shane down all the way on his cock, both of his massive hands on Shane’s head, while his throat spasms around his length. Rozanov grunts and reaches down to wrap his right hand around Shane’s throat, squeezing the sensitive muscles there just a little, drawing a whine from deep within Shane’s chest.

“Fuck... I can feel myself in your fucking throat,” Rozanov gasps, staring down at Shane with awe, and maybe even reverence, in his eyes. “Holy shit, you are incredible.”

Shane is floating, and he’s not sure how long Rozanov has been using his mouth for. But every time it seems like Rozanov is going to hold him down a little too long, or slam into him a little too hard, he pulls back. He’s not actually hurting Shane, but he’s getting just close enough that it’s making Shane’s vision blurry with tears and his brain shut off.

“Fuckkk, Wolfe – I’m going to cum,” Rozanov grunts. And then he pulls out, his long fingers wrapped around his cock, stroking himself quickly while his other hand remains on Shane’s head, tugging on his hair. Shane opens his mouth again, his tongue hanging out while he gasps for air, and then Rozanov cums over his gaping mouth with a strained groan. Most of the hot liquid spills onto Shane’s tongue, while the rest lands on his cheek and chin. He lifts his fingers to the sticky drops that missed, gathering everything up before sucking them into his mouth and swallowing everything down, without breaking eye contact with Rozanov.

“Blyad – you – I cannot – I definitely have to fuck you,” Rozanov pants. His face is red, sweat is dripping down his neck, and his necklace is askew against his damp chest.

Shane smiles and rises to his feet, where Rozanov pulls him in for another deep kiss, his palms groping the skin of Shane's jaw and waist. He still tastes like Shane, and as their tongues dance over each other, their saliva mixes together until it tastes like a heady combination of both of them. After a minute or so, the pressure of the kiss and Rozanov's hands bring Shane back into his body, and he can feel the haze of the evening clearing.

He pulls back from Rozanov, and reaches to grab his sweatpants from where Rozanov had placed them on top of the comforter. As he steps into them, Rozanov clears his throat, and takes a seat on the edge of the bed, still naked.

"So," Rozanov mumbles, his hands clasped in his lap while he fiddles with one of his thumbs. "One month."

Shane – who is now fully dressed – raises an eyebrow and stares at Rozanov with his hands on his hips. "What? You okay, Rozanov?"

"You said we can go to your house? In a month?" Rozanov looks fucking *shy*, and a little awkward, and it's weirding Shane out. He's also not sure why he keeps mentioning them hanging out again, when it's probably not going to happen.

"Yeah, my apartment...sure," Shane sighs, running a hand through his hair. He wants Rozanov to relax. "How about I give you my number? You can text me if you don't change your mind about meeting up. It's safer than Instagram, which I suck at checking anyways. And don't worry, I'll put a fake name in." *This isn't Shane's first rodeo.*

Rozanov smiles and grabs his phone from the bedside table, handing it to Shane, who plugs in his contact info before passing it back.

"Jane?" Rozanov asks, his eyebrows furrowed in confusion as he stares at the screen.

Ah, shit. Shane didn't even really think about it, he just entered the fake name he always used in college, because it sounds close to Shane.

"Yeah – it's, um – it's just like, a basic girl's name, so." Shane shrugs, and shoves his hands into the pocket of his hoodie.

"Okey. I will text you, *Jane*," Rozanov smirks. He looks happy again.

"Sure you will, Rozanov," Shane huffs. "Well, I'm gonna go now. I'm sure you have an early flight." And then he turns on his heels, quickly walking over to the door.

"Goodbye. See you in a month," Rozanov says jovially from where he's still sitting on the bed. "Do not miss me too much."

Shane laughs and yanks the door open, checking to make sure no one is in the hallway, before pivoting back to face the bed again. "Goodbye, Rozanov." And then he leaves.

Not a minute later, as soon as Shane is inside the elevator, he hears his phone ping multiple times.

Messages
(617) 555-1221
Details

1:14 AM

you left your hat again

will give to you next time

28 days 😊

Shane groans, throwing his head back until it thumps against the wall of the elevator. *This is bad.*

Shane is in trouble. He either needs to grow a stronger backbone, or find someone else to date in the next few weeks, or change his number and delete his Instagram. Otherwise... he's probably going to let Rozanov fuck him.

Chapter End Notes

Up next, Ilya POV... he is going to be totally normal about everything, I'm sure.

Not gonna lie, I can't stop thinking about what's coming and there is a lot of fun stuff planned in future chapters... stay tuned 😎

Thoughts on Ch6:

- If you don't like face fucking I'm sorry, but I think it's really hot and I think Shane would like it. It's lowkey really powerful to choose to be "submissive" and be the source of someone's pleasure like that, so...and I like when he blows Ilya's mind lol
- Tbh I really like dom/sub dynamics in general so expect more of that!
- If Shane is a throat goat then Ilya is an eater...argue with the wall
- I based Shane's college experiences off stuff me and my queer friends went through in real life – so many closeted athletes who only want to hook up in secret and it's so tough for everybody involved :(
- I hope people don't find the chapters too long...I keep trying to tighten them but I like detailed smut scenes and backstory SUE ME
- Love yall thanks for being here and going on this journey with me

Chapter 7: russians do not do this

Chapter Summary

Ilya is on a mission to satisfy his curiosity.

Chapter Notes

Thank you SO much for all the sweet comments! They are seriously so motivating, I reread them before I write.

Yall...I almost split this into two chapters, but decided against it because you said you like long ones, so... I give you, a very long one! And phew, it definitely takes longer to write a chap with this many texts in it (and to do photoshop, which I suck at)...but the boys have each other's numbers now, so! Hope you enjoy – and as always, thank you for being here 💜

TW: some homophobic language in this one

Also disclaimer: need everyone to pretend Shane has the right tattoos in any pics going forward...because it will take WAY too long to poorly photoshop every time haha

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

Montreal, Quebec
October 2014 – The Next Day

“He lives!” Marly shouts at Ilya from across the breakfast bar, where he is attempting to balance a second croissant on top of his already overflowing plate of sausages, bacon, and assorted muffins and tarts.

“Would it kill you to eat some fruit, Marly? Jesus Christ,” Ilya huffs, as he gets into the line for the omelette station, scanning the rest of the room for... *thank god*, this hotel still has a gourmet coffee station in the corner of the buffet.

Marly ambles up to him, his massive hand covering the top of his pastry pile to stop it from spilling over. “I already did, Roz. These are my seconds. We’ve been down here for like thirty minutes already.”

“Yes, I know,” Ilya sighs, rubbing his fingers over his eyelids. “I overslept.”

“Not surprised,” Marly laughs. “Sounded like somebody kept you up late.”

Ilya’s heart stops. “What? What are you talking about?” But just as he chokes out the words, the guy behind the counter asks Ilya for his order, and Marly trots off to join the rest of the Raiders at

their table.

Once Ilya is finally seated with his food and a steaming cup of coffee, he finds he unfortunately no longer has much of an appetite, and ends up mostly poking at the fluffy, folded eggs and side of crispy bacon with his fork.

“Marly,” he murmurs under his breath – trying to keep his voice low enough that the other players can’t hear him – and nudges the winger in the right shoulder. “What did you mean when you said someone kept me up late last night?”

“Um, I meant that you clearly had a girl over last night, Roz,” Marly says a bit too loudly around the giant bite of croissant in his mouth. Flakes are falling all over the table and onto his lap. “I was in the room next door, brother. I could hear you.”

“Nice, Roz!” Connors hollers from his seat across from them, where he’s already finished his breakfast and is just shooting the shit with the guys. “How did you even meet her after the game? Did you use an app or something?”

Fuck. Okay, *think*, Ilya. Marly couldn’t have heard much if he believes Ilya had a woman over. That means it’s unlikely he caught Wolfe’s deep voice crying out Ilya’s last name while Ilya’s tongue was licking into Wolfe’s asshole.

So what’s the better option here? Ilya could lean into the fake story about sleeping with a woman – but then he might get tripped up when they start asking questions about her, including how they met or any details about the hookup itself. Or...

“Hate to disappoint, boys, but I did not have a woman over last night,” Ilya grins, leaning back in his chair with his arms crossed.

“Bullshit, Roz. I know what I heard,” Marly snaps. “There was like, moaning and shit. Why won’t you just admit it? Was she ugly or something? Super old? Married?”

“No,” Ilya says matter-of-factly. “I was watching porn.”

Marly jerks his head back in disgust. “What the fuck? You were *watching porn*, loudly, with no headphones on, at like, one in the morning?”

“Yup,” Ilya smirks, and shrugs his shoulders. “Couldn’t sleep, so.”

“That’s really weird, Roz,” Connors mutters, taking a sip of his orange juice. “At least use headphones, damn.”

“Yeah man, I don’t want to hear you jerking off,” Marly scoffs, before squinting at Ilya skeptically. “It *really* sounded like someone else was in there, though, like I heard – ”

“Mm, no. Just me and my hand,” Ilya waves his open palm in Marly’s face, like he’s threatening to wipe his cheek with it.

“Ew, fuck off!” Marly swats at Ilya’s wrist, and scoots his chair a few inches away from him. “You’re being so weird right now, man.”

“I told you, I did not sleep well,” Ilya huffs, lifting his mug to his lips with a lazy smile. “Could not stop thinking about your sister. Had to do something about it.”

“You’re such an asshole, Roz,” Marly chuckles. “You can’t say that shit about people’s sisters, dude.”

And then Carmichael chimes in to say that well actually, Marly’s sister is really fucking hot, so... which causes Marly to get up from his chair and put Carmichael in a headlock, and then everyone is shouting, and they’re no longer bothering Ilya.

Ilya wasn’t lying about not sleeping well last night. After Wolfe left, he washed his face and his dick, brushed his teeth, and then he lay under the covers in a daze, staring up at the blinking green light of the smoke detector on the ceiling for what felt like hours. He tried desperately to fall asleep, but every time his eyelids shut he saw Wolfe’s wide, baby deer eyes spilling over with tears, his beautiful fucking freckles standing out against his pink cheeks, as he struggled to breathe with his wet mouth stuffed full of Ilya’s cock. And the *noises* Wolfe was making as he choked and coughed around Ilya’s dick... just replaying the memory made Ilya start getting hard again, which wasn’t exactly conducive to sleeping.

It also didn’t help that Ilya was maybe kind of spiraling, like, mentally.

When he first sent Wolfe that impulsive DM with his hotel room number, he had convinced himself he was only doing it to satisfy his curiosity about fucking a man. That he just needed to get that final same-sex experience out of his system, and that it obviously made the most sense to do it with Wolfe – if he even wanted to see Ilya again.

After all, kinky people have threesomes all the time, with people of the same gender, even if they aren’t technically queer, right?

But the more Ilya thinks about how *desperately* he had wanted to be inside Wolfe once he was straddling Ilya’s lap... how he practically *panicked* when Wolfe told him they couldn’t (despite the fact Wolfe was correct in assuming they would be overheard)... and the *relief* he felt when Wolfe suggested there could be a ‘next time’... the closer Ilya is getting to being forced to acknowledge what he *is*.

Enjoying making out with a man and sucking his dick one time, after drinking at a bachelorette party, could *maybe* be excused as one particularly crazy night, an ‘I’ll try anything once’ kind of experience that Ilya – who is notoriously wild, sexually adventurous, and rebellious – could write off. And wanting to ‘go all the way’ to push his limits as far as possible could *potentially* be explained away by Ilya’s history of being an adrenaline junkie who likes doing dangerous things. But inviting that man over to your hotel room, eating out his ass, and fucking his face, completely sober...and then basically *begging* to fuck him... all signs were pointing towards Ilya not being totally straight. Like – permanently and undeniably – not just once or twice during a crazy drunken night out.

Ilya’s not an idiot. He realizes his behavior has been pointing him closer to six than zero on the Kinsey scale. But he had sort of decided to, ignore it? At least until he fucks Wolfe. Because that feels like a final test, and – despite how much he enjoyed their encounters – he also still isn’t completely convinced that once he actually puts his dick inside another man’s ass he won’t realize there is a limit to his attraction.

And Ilya...he doesn’t want to acknowledge anything yet. It all feels so serious – so weighty. He’s not totally sure he has to, yet, anyways. Not until after next time. Then he will know for sure.

So between reliving the evening with Wolfe, which made him kind of horny, and spinning out about what defining his sexuality could mean for his career, his future, his *life*.. Ilya had tossed and turned for hours, before a fitful sleep finally found him.



“...Jay’s story kept changing...so how exactly did they corroborate it? Next time, on ‘Serial’...”

Ilya pulls off his headphones and turns to St-Simon in the seat next to him. “Well now I have more fucking questions than answers,” he sighs. “Did you finish?”

Their flight to Buffalo was only about an hour from takeoff to landing, which was the perfect amount of time for the boys to catch up on yesterday’s newly released episode of the true crime podcast, which was already a cultural phenomenon despite only debuting a couple weeks ago.

“Yeah. Jay is fucking *lying*, man! How do you forget what parking lot the body was in?” St-Simon throws his hands up. “Something is seriously *off* with him.”

“Yes, I agree. He is involved somehow,” Ilya nods, and stands up to get his bag from the overhead bin. “Or at least knows more than he is saying.” He quickly glances down at his phone to see if any texts came through during the flight. *Nothing*. Ilya shrugs it off and exits his row to walk down the aisle of the plane towards the cockpit, shoving Marly’s back so that he stumbles into Connors in front of him, just for the hell of it.

“Fuck off, Roz!” Marly huffs, but everyone else is laughing.

When Ilya gets into his hotel room, he still hasn’t heard from Wolfe – or rather, Jane – who never replied to Ilya’s initial texts last night. He tries not to think about it at optional skate, which is easy since his phone is in his locker, or when he’s watching TV afterwards in his hotel room. But by the time dinner rolls around, and he still hasn’t heard anything, Ilya is forced to fall asleep wondering if it’s possible that Wolfe gave him a fake number.

Ilya has *never* been given a fake number before, and the thought makes him slightly nauseous.

Luckily, hockey is an incredible distraction, and one of the few activities that can usually get Ilya out of his own head. He pours all his focus into beating Buffalo – and because Buffalo is fucking awful, they shut them out and win the game 4-0. Ilya gets a goal and an assist, and is feeling pretty good about himself, until he gets back to his locker and *still* doesn’t have any new texts from Wolfe. It’s kind of making Ilya’s stomach hurt, for some reason.

So when he wakes up the next morning in his own apartment, and the only texts he has are from Alexei asking Ilya to call him, and St-Simon asking the Raiders group chat if anyone wants to see *John Wick* next weekend when it comes out, Ilya considers doing something he basically never does. He's going to double-text.

It's driving him fucking crazy that Wolfe never responded to him. And Ilya's not quite sure if he's motivated by the need to know if it's a fake number, or if he's worried that Wolfe is ghosting him and therefore they will never fuck, but he's going to send a double-text. *God*, he barely recognizes himself right now.

Messages

Jane

Details

Friday, October 17, 2014

1:14 AM

you left your hat again

will give to you next time

28 days 😊

Sunday, October 19, 2014

10:11 AM

26 days 🙄 you having good weekend?

Delivered

Ilya lets out a deep exhale, turns his volume up high, and places his phone face-up on the counter before walking over to the fridge to take out the carton of eggs he bought just before their roadie. He gets those frying on a hot pan, starts boiling water, and slices up a lemon from his fruit bowl, since those haven't gone bad yet, to add to his black tea. Unfortunately, he finished the Eggo waffles in his freezer last week, and it doesn't look like he has any fresh bread to make buttered toast, so he'll have to eat boring oatmeal to get his carbs in.

His phone pings a few times, and he sucks in a shallow breath before he checks it. Ugh. A few of the guys responded to the group chat about the movie next weekend. Apparently it's an action movie, and Ilya loves those, so he tells them he will join.

Thirty minutes later, as Ilya is finishing up his breakfast and mindlessly clicking through the channels on his TV – the NASCAR race at Talladega isn't on until later, so he's forced to watch NFL Sunday pre-show programming, which he could care less about – he hears his phone chime again.

He sighs and reaches for it, preparing to read another stupid message in the group chat, and his heart skips when he sees that it's from Wolfe.

Messages

Jane

Details

Friday, October 17, 2014

1:14 AM

you left your hat again

will give to you next time

28 days 🤪

Sunday, October 19, 2014

10:11 AM

26 days 🤪 you having good weekend?

10:52 AM

Yeah, just worked at the club last night and now I'm at the gym.

You couldn't score more than one goal against Buffalo?

Ilya can't stop the smile creeping its way onto his face. Wolfe didn't give him a fake number. And now Ilya is thinking about him at the club... and sweating at the gym. He wants a picture. Will Wolfe send him a picture? He seems kind of paranoid, so probably not?

He may as well try to find out.

Ilya wanders over to his home workout room, where he's set up a solid selection of dumbbells, a squat rack, and space for core exercises, and pulls out his phone.

Messages

Jane

Details

Sunday, October 19, 2014

10:11 AM

26 days 🤪 you having good weekend?

10:52 AM

Yeah, just worked at the club last night and now I'm at the gym.

You couldn't score more than one goal against Buffalo?

have to give other teammates a chance to score, especially against shitty team

you doing upper body?

Lower body.

nice, what exercise?

Barbell hip thrust. Why, you need workout tips? You don't get enough from your fancy trainers?

how much weight

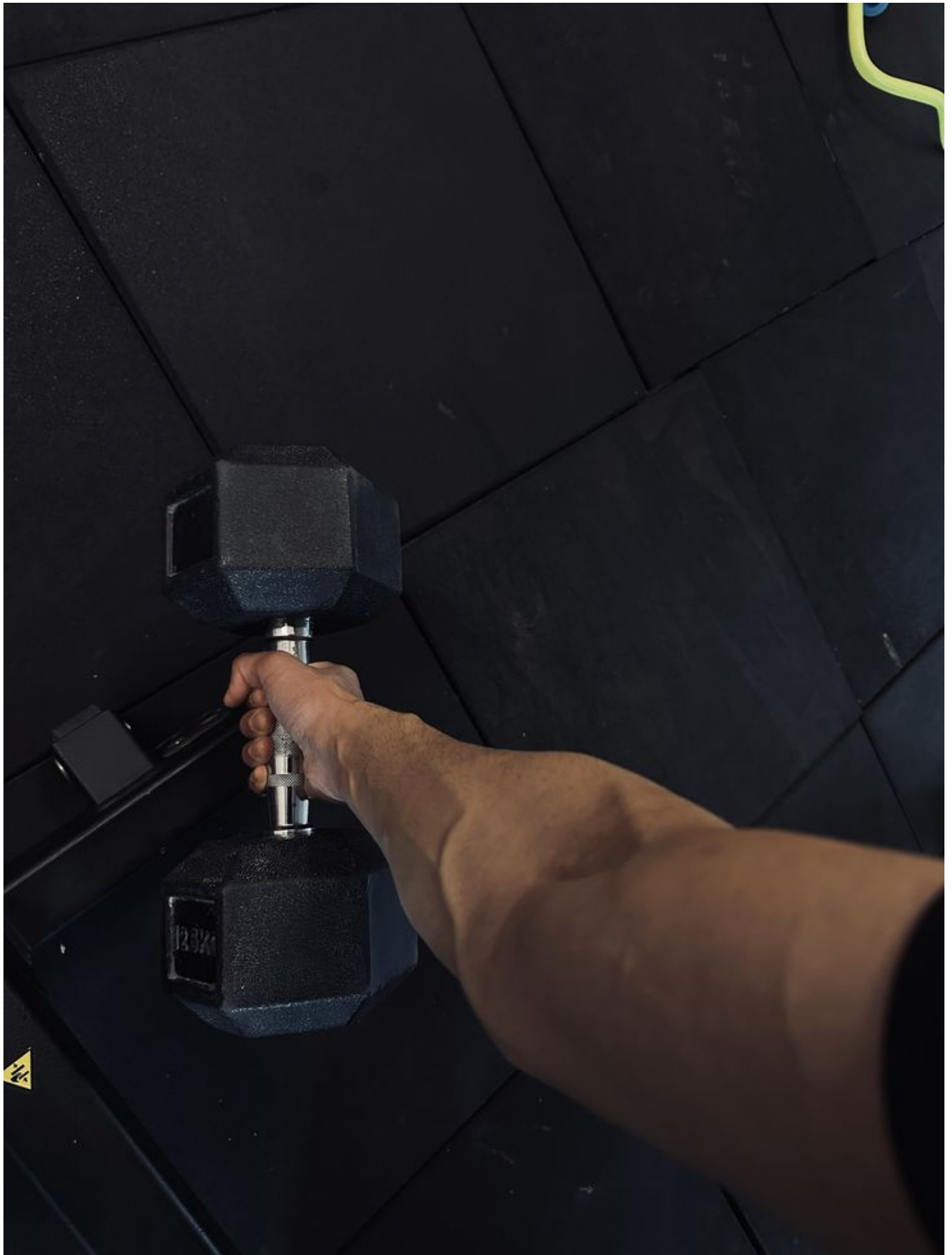
400.

i don't believe you

send picture

Wtf? No...

here i can send you one first



upper body day for me

Delivered

Ilya grins and watches with bated breath while Wolfe types, deletes whatever he was typing, starts typing again, and then gets rid of that as well.

He can imagine the flush creeping up Wolfe's neck and onto his cheeks, making his freckles stand out against his skin. He's probably a little pissed off, and that tickles Ilya. He will be shocked if Wolfe responds at all, nevermind sends a picture in return.

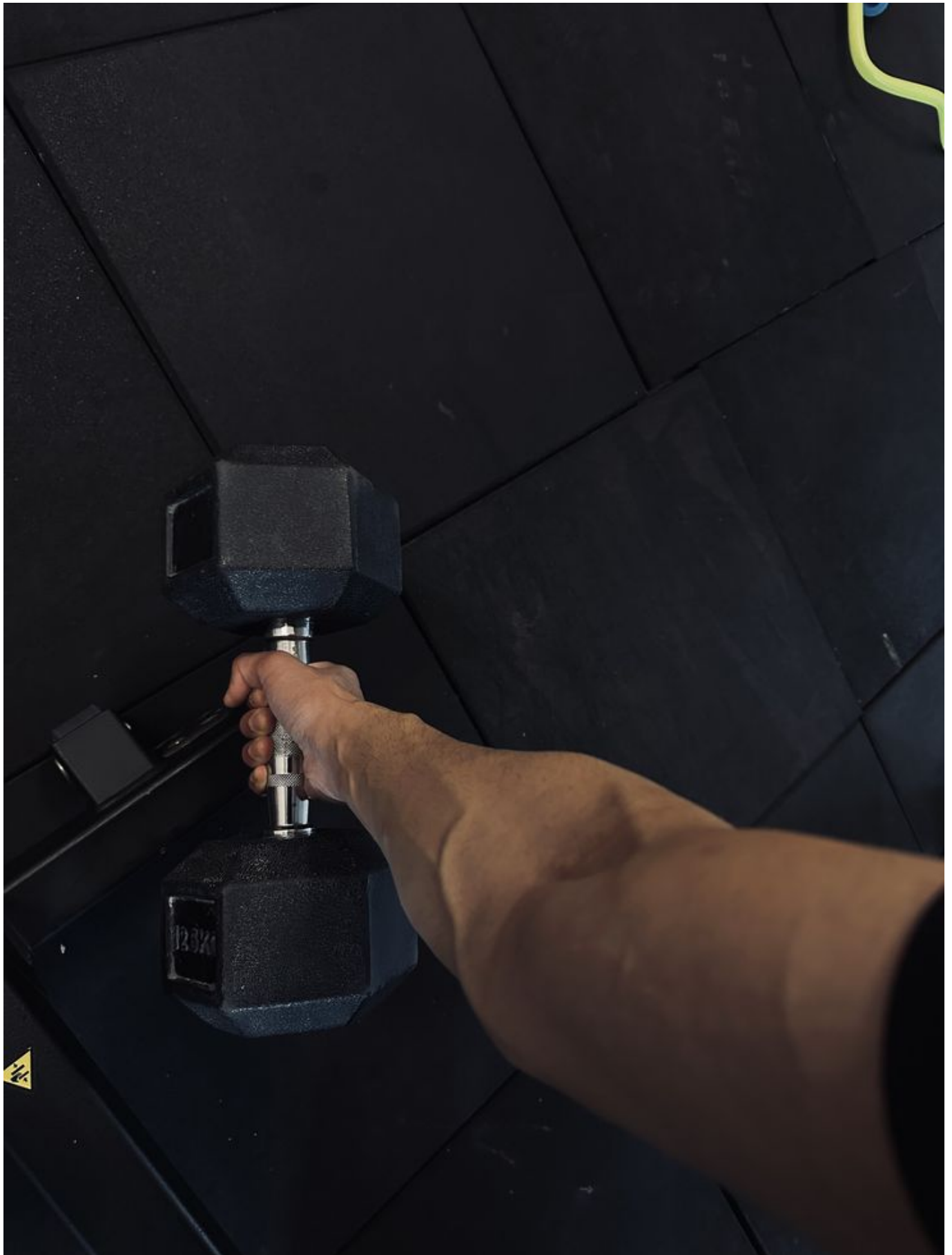
But then, just when he thinks he's not going to hear from Wolfe again, Ilya's phone pings.

Messages

Jane

Details

here i can send you one first



upper body day for me



Moved onto leg press.

Well, shit. *Those thighs*. Now it's Ilya whose cheeks are heating up, probably turning red. He touches his palm to his face, and it certainly feels warm. This fucking guy continues to surprise him.

Ilya finds himself uncharacteristically speechless for a moment, and he hovers his fingers over his keyboard while he decides how to respond.

But before he can figure out what he wants to say, Wolfe texts him again.

Messages

Jane

Details



Moved onto leg press.

Well, I'm headed to lunch. Have a good week.

San Jose is gonna kick your ass, by the way.

Ilya laughs, and sends a 🙌 emoji, before clicking his phone screen off. He can tell Wolfe wants the conversation to end, and that's fine. Ilya got what he needed, and he feels a little bit lighter as he steps back into his living room to enjoy the rest of his off day.



*Boston, Massachusetts
October 2014*

San Jose unfortunately does in fact, kick their ass on Tuesday, and Ilya is going to have a nasty bruise on his upper thigh from blocking a shot in the second period. At least it was a home game, so Ilya can lick his wounds in the privacy of his own apartment.

But the worst part of the night wasn't even the loss, or the injury, it was the fucking post-game press interview. For some godforsaken reason, the reporter from ESPN decided it was a good time to ask Ilya how he felt about the fact that some Russian players have been posting on social media about Putin and Ukraine, and whether he is planning to speak about it. Ilya knows the journalist is referring to Sobolev, a veteran defenseman for Philadelphia, who posted on Instagram a couple days ago about how he wants the war to end. It's not the first time Ilya is being asked about Russian politics when he just wants to be asked about hockey, but on top of the shitty loss, and his sore leg, and how he *actually* feels about Russia... he knows he probably reacted poorly – like he definitely made a face – before he said 'no comment' and told them he prefers to answer questions about the game.

The whole thing made Ilya feel a bit sick, and it only gets worse the next day when he wakes up to missed phone calls from both his father and Alexei. He can't put them off any longer – he's been avoiding their calls for nearly a week – so he spends the next two hours listening to them berate him about the loss, and the reporter's question, and all of Ilya's horrible life decisions and terrible qualities, and of course, money.

"How do you already need more, Alexei?" Ilya shouts into his empty living room, the call on speaker phone on his coffee table while he paces in front of the couch. *"I sent you over one million rubles last month! What did you fucking do with it?"*

“Do you want your niece to starve, Ilya? You are already an absent uncle, now you don’t want her to eat, or have new clothes, either, even though she’s growing out of her old ones?” He can tell Alexei is sneering even from this far away.

Alexei has always known exactly where to hit him – all the sore spots inside Ilya’s tender heart where he can press and push until Ilya has no choice but to relent, lest he bleed out onto the carpet. His niece is four years old, and Ilya has only seen her a few times since she was born. The last time, she called him ‘La,’ and he squished her pink cheeks and tugged lightly on her golden pigtails, and her resulting giggle made Ilya feel like he was glowing from the inside out.

“Fine,” Ilya sighs, pressing his palms into his eyes until he sees spots floating in the darkness behind his eyelids. *“I can send more.”*

Alexei hums, and murmurs what could be a thank you under his breath, but it’s so quiet Ilya can barely hear him.

“Is papa doing any better?” Ilya asks cautiously, running his fingers through his hair. *“When I talked to him just now, he forgot Polina’s name and asked me the same question three times.”*

“He is just tired, Ilya. You’re being such a girl about this. He’s old, he is going to be slow sometimes,” Alexei huffs. *“I have to go. Wire the money today, please.”*

Classic Alexei. He never wants to talk about anything real, or actually share meaningful information about the people Ilya cares about. He only wants what Ilya can give him.

“Okay, Alexei. Tell Natasha I say hello, please. If I can’t talk to her myself.” Ilya takes a seat on the couch in front of the phone, preparing for the call to end.

“She’s not here. Goodbye, Ilya.” And then Alexei hangs up.

Ilya’s stomach is turning over, and his leg still fucking hurts, and his eyes are kind of prickling for some reason, and he just wants to feel better. He is most certainly going to smoke a cigarette, but then he needs to do something else. He mentally flips through the rolodex of activities that typically help him get out of his stupid head, and into his body, and send the much-needed happy chemicals into his brain. It’s a Wednesday afternoon, so probably a little early to start drinking or go to a bar or club, and they also have a game tomorrow against New York, so partying is out.

He’s obviously not going to race cars right now, and he’s also not going to drive an hour or more to fucking Canobie Lake Park or Six Flags, just to get on a roller coaster. He doesn’t have the desire to work out or hit the rink. So, that pretty much just leaves... sex.

When Ilya was fourteen, he lost his virginity to a girl in the year above him. She was very pretty, all the boys had a crush on her – even the older ones – and for some reason she had taken a liking to Ilya. She probably shouldn’t have, because he was pretty moody at the time, and hard to get close to, and he was known for being mouthy in class – always talking back to the teachers and getting disciplined either by the director of the school or his father at home.

But Ilya was attractive, and while other boys hadn’t yet gone through their growth spurts, he was already tall and muscular. And on top of that, he was an elite adolescent hockey prospect, which gave him even more clout with his fellow students, in addition to some of the adults. So maybe it wasn’t too surprising that she wanted to get with the handsome, athletic, bad boy – which Ilya definitely was.

What he remembers most is how when he was inside her, he felt better than he had since before his mother died. He had been so *low* for so long, and nothing that he usually enjoyed could lift the dark cloud he was always stuck underneath. But when they were tangled up in bed together, gasping into each other's mouths and pawing at each other's skin, he wasn't thinking about how much he missed his mama, or how cold and silent his house was since she was gone – he was just focused on making this girl happy, and how warm and floaty he felt when he came, and how the buzz lasted for kind of a while afterwards. And so then, he just... kept having sex. With her, and then with other girls, and then with Svetlana, too. And he hadn't really ever stopped for very long stretches of time – if he could help it.

His hand twitches over his phone in front of him. Ilya is thinking about sex now, and the best way to fill the seemingly insatiable black hole inside himself that almost always craves it.

He picks up his phone, and opens his Messages app.

Messages

Svetlana 🔥🔥

Details

Wednesday, October 22, 2014

4:27 PM

you up? 🙄

ilya...it's like 4:30 on a wednesday

im at work

so that is a yes

...yes

🍆💧?

crazy time of day for a booty call tbh

but fuck it, why not. i will come over after work

IF you pick up Toscano for us to eat after

and don't forget the tiramisu i swear to god

yes of course and garlic bread

see you soon 🍑

Delivered

He has a couple hours to kill before she comes over, and he still has sex on the brain, so naturally, his mind wanders to Wolfe.

Surely enough time has passed since they last chatted, and it won't seem too desperate for Ilya to text him again? Plus, he doesn't want Wolfe to forget about him, and about their arrangement.

Because despite all the reasons he should be letting this thing go, Ilya is definitely still curious and he definitely still wants to fuck him. And the recklessness and danger of that desire has his blood pumping, and it is making him feel *something*, and that's preferable to how he was feeling just a couple of minutes ago. So he opens their message thread and fires off a text.

And to his delight, Wolfe responds immediately.

Messages

Jane

Details

Sunday, October 19, 2014

Well, I'm headed to lunch. Have a good week.

San Jose is gonna kick your ass, by the way.

Wednesday, October 22, 2014

4:36 PM

23 days 🍑

A peach?

Oh, nevermind.

You are so annoying.

lol

what you up to?

Delivered

Ilya stares at the screen, waiting for those three dots to appear again, but unfortunately nothing does. He doesn't hear back from Wolfe at all over the next two and a half hours, during which Ilya calls Toscano to place their order, picks it up, and showers before Svetlana arrives.

She rides him, and she smells incredible, and it feels amazing, like it always does with her. They both cum, and then they relocate to the couch to eat way too much pasta and garlic bread, as well as the beet and gorgonzola salad thing they both like, and a smoked prosciutto pizza. And of course, tiramisu.

Ilya recently got an Apple TV, which he is loving, and after flipping through several different movie categories on Netflix, they decide to watch *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle* while they eat.

"*I don't know who is hotter, Drew Barrymore, Cameron Diaz, or Lucy Liu,*" Svetlana says in between bites of chicken parmesan. "*I would pay all three of them to beat me up.*"

"*Mm,*" Ilya agrees, reaching down to finally check his phone, as his adherence to proper manners meant he would not look at it right before, during, or right after sex.

Oh, shit. It looks like Wolfe responded earlier.

Messages

Jane

Details

Wednesday, October 22, 2014

4:36 PM

23 days 🍑

A peach?

Oh, nevermind.

You are so annoying.

lol

what you up to?

7:49 PM

Just teaching a few dance classes.

Wolfe teaches dance, too? Ilya tries to bite back his smile, and quickly replies, ignoring the flutter in his stomach as he hits send – he can't possibly care that much about hearing back from Wolfe again.

Messages

Jane

Details

Wednesday, October 22, 2014

7:49 PM

Just teaching a few dance classes.

9:36 PM

oh, cool

what kind of classes?

Depends on the day, but today I taught kids, junior, teen, and adult contemporary, and a pole class.

Ilya is definitely *not* thinking about how cute a kids dance class must be, or imagining Wolfe teaching it. He needs to get this conversation back to somewhere sexy, and fast.

Messages

Jane

Details

Wednesday, October 22, 2014

7:49 PM

Just teaching a few dance classes.

9:36 PM

oh, cool

what kind of classes?

Depends on the day, but today I taught kids, junior, teen, and adult contemporary, and a pole class.

wow, busy boy

you home now? what are you wearing 🍑

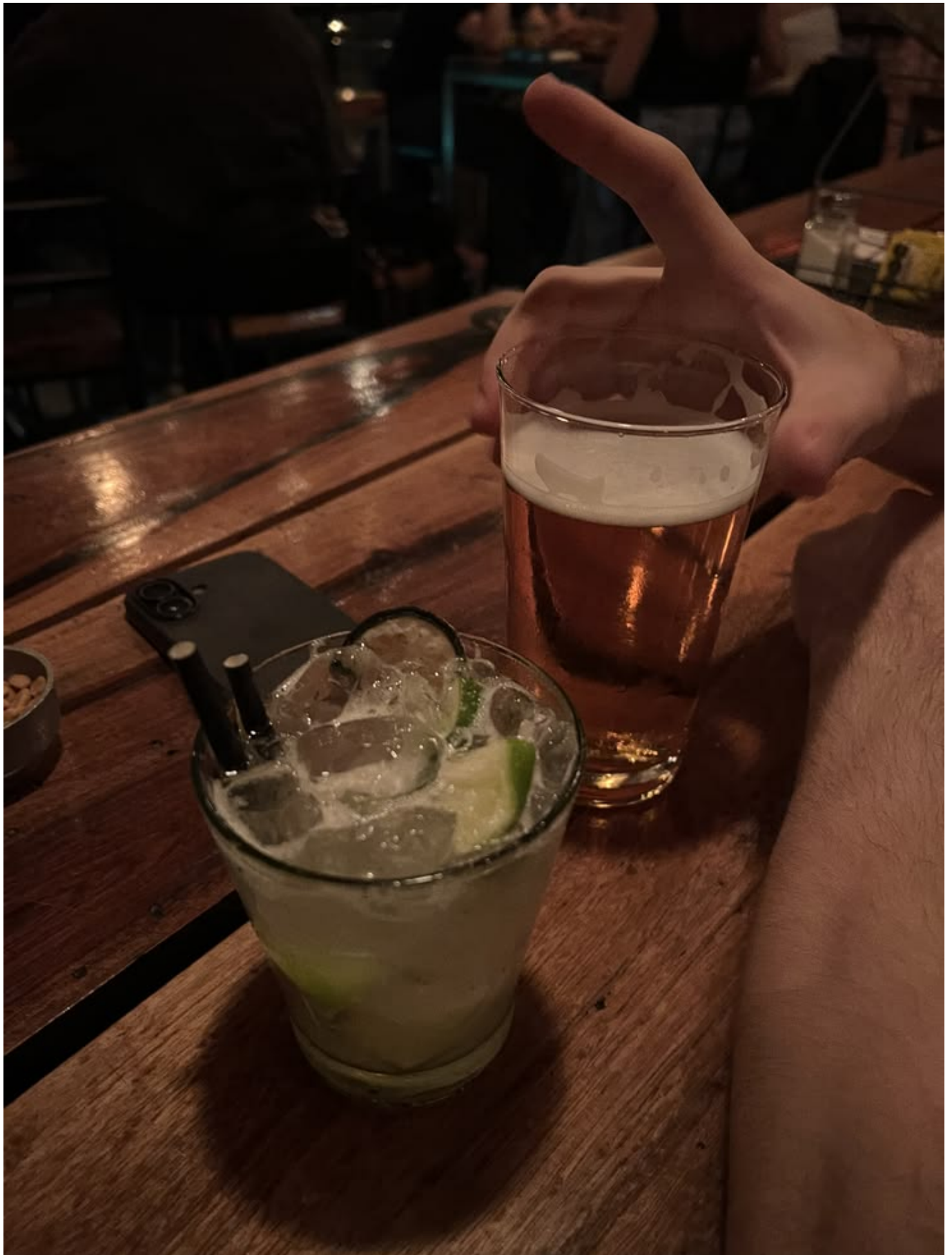
No, I'm out.

And wouldn't you like to know 🤔

oh? ill show you mine if you show me yours

No.





Here.

What the fuck? That's not the kind of picture Ilya wanted. And is Wolfe on a fucking date right now? Ilya can play this game.

Messages

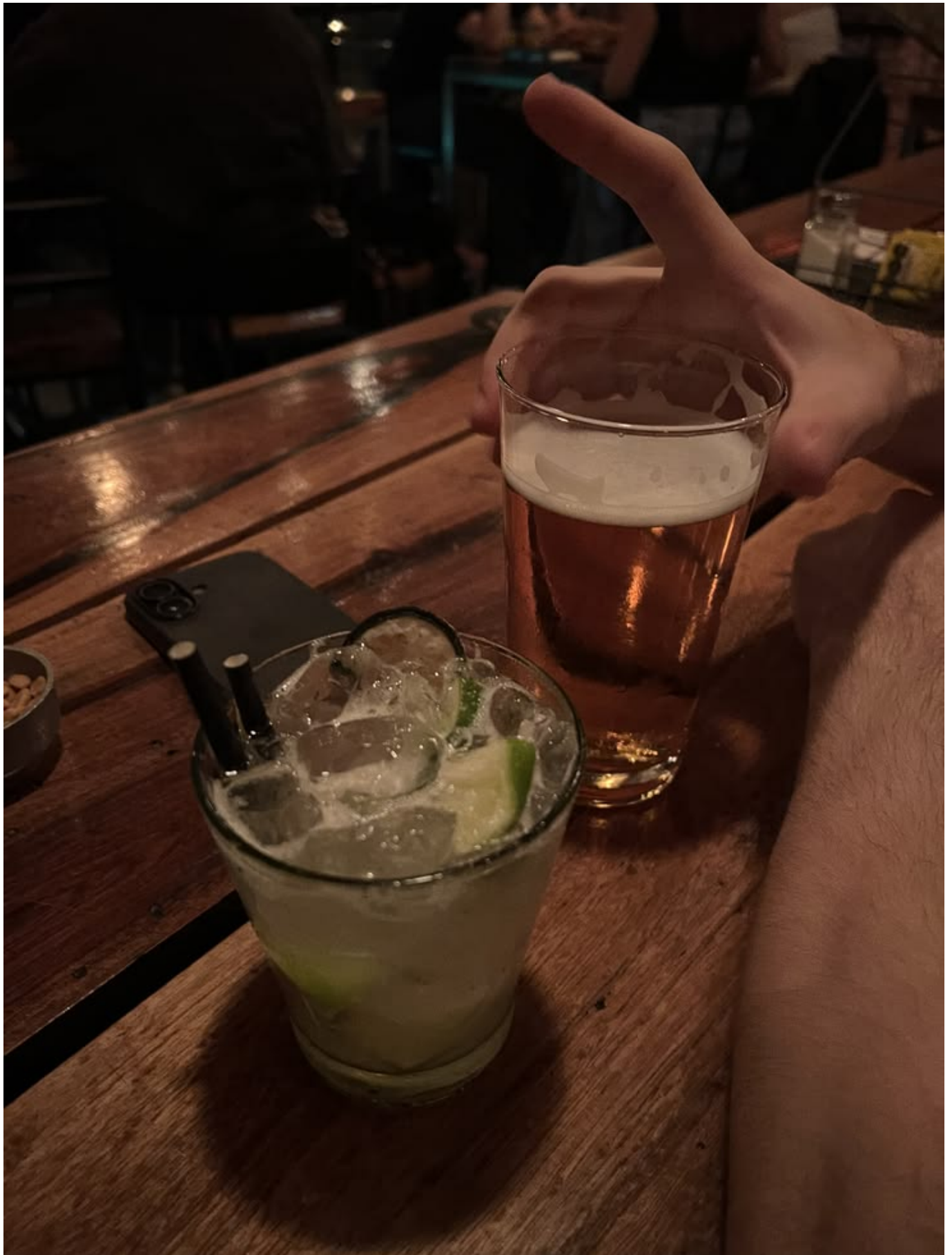
Jane

Details

oh? ill show you mine if you show me yours

No.





Here.



eh, looks boring. could use some pasta

you on a date?

Maybe.

lol

is his dick as big as mine?

Jesus Christ.

You can't just ask shit like that.

You're lucky he's in the bathroom and didn't see anything.

that is not a yes

Haven't seen it yet.

Maybe I will later tonight.

"Who are you texting, Ilya? You are giggling like a schoolgirl." Svetlana kicks him in the leg and snatches his phone from his hands. *"Ooh, who is Jane?"*

Ilya immediately grabs the device back from her, scowling as he clutches it towards his chest. *"Svetlana! Can't a man have some privacy, fuck!"*

"Geez, relax," Svetlana huffs, taking another bite of tiramisu. *"Since when do you care if I see your sexts? I don't even give a shit, Ilya."*

Ilya shoots her a glare, sticking out his tongue at her in what even he can admit is a pretty childish gesture, before firing off a final text and then clicking his phone closed – that's enough of Wolfe for one night.

Messages

Jane

Details

Haven't seen it yet.

Maybe I will later tonight.

don't worry if it's not big enough

you will see mine again soon



He tries to pay attention to the rest of the movie, and the story Svetlana is telling him about her latest difficult client – some baseball player or something – but his mind keeps drifting back to Wolfe on his date. It's not that Ilya cares if he is getting fucked right now, it's just that...what if Wolfe really likes this guy? And then he keeps seeing him, so then he doesn't want Ilya to come over when the Raiders play in Montreal in a few weeks?

Ilya is *so* close to finally closing the door on this whole thing. It would be such a shame for it to get ruined now.



The rest of the week is relatively uneventful. The Raiders beat the Admirals at home, Ilya devours the new episode of *Serial*, they lose to fucking Toronto, they beat Minnesota at home, and then they fly to Buffalo and beat them again, the day before Halloween.

And just to make sure Wolfe doesn't forget about him, Ilya stays in regular contact with him via text.

Messages

Jane

Details

Friday, October 24, 2014

3:47 PM

21 days 🍆



Saturday, October 25, 2014

9:32 PM

Yikes. You should probably have Connors work on his passing.

...don't you have a show to perform

Lol, sore loser.

it is not me who will be sore in 20 days



Sunday, October 26, 2014

9:14 PM

have you seen this john wick movie

Um, no. Didn't it just come out this weekend?

it was so good

but the fucking dog gets killed

sorry if that is spoiler

but like what the fuck

Okay...

also you kind of look like main actor

he is hot



Monday, October 27, 2014

8:12 PM

you like taylor swift?

She's fine. Not my favorite or anything. Why?

saw your new video to her song

Oh, right.

Yeah the album came out today and she's really popular so it made sense to do a video.

video was good

song is pretty good too

Yeah, I guess.

ive got a blank space where you can write your name 🤪💧

That one really doesn't make any sense. 2/10



Delivered

The Raiders have Halloween off this year, and don't play Ottawa until the following night in Boston, which means Ilya gets to go out and get drunk, and probably get laid. He, Svetlana, Kenzie, and Robert are hitting up another massive party at some fancy estate, and costumes are required.

Ilya decides he may as well lean into the whole 'bad boy' thing that women seem to love about him, and dress up as the 'baddest boy' there is. He looks fucking hot, and he's pretty tipsy, so when he's alone in the bathroom at the party and the sultry red lighting is kind of perfect, he can't help but snap a quick picture of himself and send it to Wolfe. He's not sure what Wolfe is up to tonight –

probably performing at the club, honestly – but he wants him to be thinking about Ilya. Ideally, they will be fucking in less than two weeks, so.

Messages

Jane

Details

Friday, October 31, 2014

11:17 PM

happy halloween 🍆



you dress up?

Nice costume. You just shirtless with a pair of horns?

And yeah, I did. Doing a themed show tonight.

...you gonna show me?

and that's really all you have to say about the picture?

i also have a sexy pitchfork

Fine.



lol so you're an angel and im a devil?

Fallen angel. But yeah, kind of funny how that turned out.

you look really fucking hot

Thanks.

You do too.

you should definitely do a video in that

want to see you dance in it

Fuck

Okay yeah I will

Fucking hell. It's possible that Wolfe was already planning to record a video tonight, but if he wasn't... and now he's doing it because Ilya told him to...so that Ilya can watch it... Ilya swallows, and looks up at himself in the mirror. He looks... a little wrecked. His face is flushed, and his eyes are dark with want. He is suddenly very horny, and he needs to get the hell out of the bathroom and find a hot woman to fuck. Maybe a sexy nurse or a sexy cheetah, or something.

Much later that night (technically the next day), when the sexy mermaid has exited his apartment, and he's scrubbed off all the glitter she left behind on his face, neck, chest, stomach, and dick, he opens Instagram to see if Wolfe ended up posting. He's not really expecting to find anything, and his chest seizes when he sees a new video in Wolfe's feed. He clicks play as fast as his finger can move.

Wolfe is still in his fallen angel costume – though now he's also wearing an unfairly sexy leather harness, and dark, smudged eyeliner under his eyes. He's in the dimmed lighting of his living room, and Hozier's "Take Me to Church" is playing — the moody notes of the piano chiming in the background of the clip.

♪ **Now Playing** ♪

[Take Me to Church — Hozier](#)

Wolfe hoists himself onto the pole, his right hand gripping it towards the top and his left towards the bottom, and slowly spins his body – completely parallel to the ground – around it, as his legs float in the air, as though gliding through water. Then, with his arms maintaining their position, he twists his legs toward the ground before kicking them back up over his head so he's completely upside down, his knees towards the pole and feet sent backwards – all while continuing to rotate by mere degrees around it.

As he turns, his legs fall fully back behind him, so his stomach is facing upwards towards the ceiling, and he's holding his entire body outstretched solely by the strength of his muscular arms, which are bulging from the strain of it. He repeats the entire sequence again – *how are his arms not giving out* – his wings splayed out underneath him. He really does look like a fallen angel. He looks beautiful.

Then, Wolfe transitions to the floor, still holding onto the pole, where he does several full body rolls against the metal, fucking his dick up against it... before turning so the wings are backed up against the pole, and thrusting his hips upwards several times – slowly, like he's humping the air – while leaning against it, his arms extended all the way above his head, *gripping* onto the pole. Ilya wants to tie his wrists there so he can't leave. He wants to fuck him there.

Wolfe's abs are flexing with each movement of his upper body and hips, and he is staring directly into the camera, biting his lip. It almost looks like he's moaning, though Ilya can't tell for sure because of the music.

Ilya came very recently, but his cock is hardening again in his boxers. He presses his palm down into it, hissing a little at the sensitivity. But he can't stop staring at Wolfe, at the unbearably hot fallen angel on his screen, and it's making him hard enough to do something about it. He shoves his hand under the waistband, grabbing his oversensitive shaft and stroking upwards. It fucking *hurts*, but it also feels *so good*... because Wolfe kind of made this video for Ilya, didn't he? So he speeds up the motion, gripping his cock with even more force, twisting at the top, and pushing himself so far past pain that he enters pleasure, while he watches Wolfe twist and turn around the pole, grind against it with his groin and ass, and slide to straddle the floor.

"Fuckkk," Ilya whispers into his quiet bedroom, as his orgasm nears. "Fuck, FUCK!"

A slightly pathetic dribble of cum shoots from the tip of his dick, over his fingers and inside his boxers, but Ilya is panting from the effort of it. *Jesus Christ*.

He removes his underwear, tossing it near the hamper in the corner of the room, and grabs a handful of tissues from the box on his bedside table to clean himself up. He shoots Wolfe a text and falls asleep as soon as his head hits the pillow.

Messages

Jane

Details

Fuck

Okay yeah I will

Saturday, November 1, 2014

1:44 AM

very good video

i made a fucking mess

Delivered



Boston, Massachusetts

November 2014

The next week passes painfully slowly. The Raiders obviously beat Ottawa, before getting a couple days off, and then they beat Florida and Edmonton at home. He texts Wolfe every other day to remind him how many days are left until the Raiders come to Montreal, and usually gets a 👍 or a 😐 in response. So, still not a rejection, exactly.

Over their three-day break, just ahead of what's sure to be a tough game against New Jersey, Ilya's new ad campaign for Hublot drops. He looks really fucking hot in the pictures, and even though the team is giving him shit, he knows they're just jealous. He gets hundreds of DMs from incredibly hot women, Svetlana calls him just to share how much she loves it (and she is an expert, so), Hublot and his agent are thrilled with the response, and apparently – despite his 'bad boy' image – a few other apparel and lifestyle brands have since reached out to inquire about working with him, impressed by his modeling ability.

Ilya is feeling pretty great about it, and is kind of frustrated that Wolfe hasn't said anything. He knows it might be a little desperate, but he's been feeling a bit off balance since he jerked off to Wolfe's video on Halloween. So, he decides to send him a few of the pictures, just to see what Wolfe will say. He still has to want Ilya, too, right?

Messages

Jane

Details

Monday, November 10, 2014

5:47 PM

less than 4 days 🔥

did you see my campaign dropped?

Campaign for what?

very sexy campaign for very sexy watches

Oh, cool!





H
U
B
L
O
T

OWN IT



you like?

...are you fishing for compliments?

Don't you get enough of those?

yes i get many many compliments

you should see my DMs

but none from sexy dancer in Montreal

is very sad for me

Oh my god. You look great, okay.

The pictures are hot.

I had already seen them, obviously.

lol

You're the worst.

mmm

i don't think you mean that



Don't you have a game to play or something?

"Who has you smiling like that, Roz?" Marly shouts over Ilya's shoulder, practically shoving him into the locker in front of him. "She send you a picture?"

"First of all, is none of your fucking business, Marly," Ilya snaps, quickly stuffing his phone into his bag. "Second, I would never show you private picture. Is why it's private."

"Woah, who peed in your fucking cereal this morning?" Marly chirps, backing away from Ilya with his hands outstretched, like Ilya is a wild animal he has to avoid setting off. "You like this girl?"

"There is no girl," Ilya says, shrugging his shoulders nonchalantly. It's not a lie. Also, he doesn't *like* Wolfe, he just really needs to fuck him.

"Sure, man. Whatever. Keep your nude pictures to yourself, then." Marly skulks off to his own locker, muttering something under his breath.

Ilya returns his focus to his shin pads, which he was halfway through the process of putting on his legs, when he hears Carmichael yelling some nonsense a few lockers down from him.

"No man, it's true, I swear! I guess his girlfriend saw it with her own eyes." Carmichael appears to be talking to Connors, Hammersmith, and Carlson, but he's speaking so loudly that pretty much everyone is listening to him at this point.

"What are you on about now, Carmichael," Ilya groans, as he rolls his right sock over his shin pad.

“You remember Price?” Carmichael asks, turning to Ilya from where he was gossiping with the other guys.

“Ryan Price? You mean, the giant defenseman who was on our team last season, who we won the Cup with? Who we must play against tonight because he was traded to New Jersey?” Ilya stares at Carmichael with a deadpan expression on his face. “Yes. I think I remember him.”

Of course Ilya remembers Price. He was hard to miss, considering he was fucking *huge* – but he was also quiet, and mostly kept to himself. Ilya couldn’t really blame him – the guy never stays on any one team for long, and he didn’t stick with the Raiders for more than a season. He was a little odd, and incredibly intimidating on the ice, but Ilya couldn’t recall him ever doing or saying anything particularly offensive or notable in the locker room, at practice, or during games that would warrant this kind of frenzied conversation.

“Well *apparently*, my buddy Rocco – you know, one of the second line wingers for New Jersey – his girlfriend was at some gay bar the other night, and she’s kind of a puck bunny so she noticed that one of their players was there. And it was fucking *Price*.”

“Okay,” Ilya says slowly, a sickening feeling creeping into his stomach. “So I have been to gay bars with friends before – I think some of you have also – does not mean anything.”

“No dude, he was with somebody. Like another guy. They were...*together*.” Carmichael almost spits out the last word, like the mere concept is too difficult for him to even speak about normally.

Ilya tries to remember if he ever heard Price talk about his private or romantic life last season, and he’s coming up empty. Price never said anything about a girlfriend, or sleeping with women, but then again... he never really said much, at all. But also, none of the guys – including Ilya – ever asked him.

“What the fuck,” Hammersmith sneers. “He’s a fag?”

“Hey!” Ilya shouts on instinct, narrowing his eyes in Hammersmith’s direction. “I told you we do not say that word here.”

“Whatever,” Hammersmith snorts. “I can’t believe we like, changed in front of him and showered with him and stuff. Fucking gross, dude.”

Ilya’s heart is beating a million miles per minute in his chest, and the mildly sick feeling he had before has evolved into nausea. He knows he should defend Price – he *wants* to – but he also can’t draw too much attention to himself. And that thought alone makes him feel like a fucking coward, and an asshole, and a bad person, and he really wishes that someone else in the locker room would say something, for once.

“I doubt he was looking at your ugly ass, man,” Marly laughs, and comes over to clap Ilya on the shoulder, shocking him out of his stupor. “And you shouldn’t spread rumors.”

“Marly is right,” Ilya snaps. “You should be focused on winning this game, not whatever bullshit stories someone’s dumb girlfriend is telling. Is not going to be easy win, and you will make us late. Get dressed, please!” He claps his hands loudly, effectively ending the conversation and sending everyone back to whatever stage of preparation they were in.

“Sorry man,” Marly whispers into Ilya’s ear, so they can’t be overheard. “I know Svetlana is like, gay or whatever.”

“She is bisexual,” Ilya mutters under his breath.

“Right,” Marly smiles. “Equal opportunity. Hot.”

Ilya lets out a deep sigh, and grabs his jersey from the bench, shoving it on over his head. He really doesn’t feel like playing this fucking game right now.



They lose to New Jersey, but Ilya is relieved that they make it through the slog of a game without any of his idiot teammates saying something rude to Price. They might be insensitive, homophobic morons sometimes, but they at least know better than to pull that kind of shit on the ice while Ilya is their captain.

Ilya is buzzing with nerves as he packs for their roadie to Toronto and Montreal. As he tosses t-shirts and boxers and sweatpants into his bag, he wonders if the next time he is back in his apartment, he will feel any differently, or if he will still be the same person he is right now.

He checks the pocket of his carry-on bag where he keeps a consistent stash of lube and condoms, just to make sure he hasn’t run out. He doesn’t want to be too presumptuous – Wolfe still hasn’t sent Ilya his address or anything – but he’s really hoping he will get to use them.

Ilya is actually starting to worry that Wolfe is going to back out. Ilya sent him a flirty countdown message the day after the Raiders lost in New Jersey, but Wolfe never responded. And now, with just minutes before they hit the ice to warm up before the game begins against Toronto, his fingers are twitching over the Messages app.

Get it together, Ilya. No more double-texting.

He places his phone back in his bag, and turns to face the room. “Let’s fucking go, boys!”



Ilya fucking hates that asshole Dallas Kent and his dickhead winger Troy Barrett.

Kent has been fucking with Ilya all night, shouting stupid bullshit and shoving everybody a little too hard, with Barrett egging him on or joining in, and Ilya is trying really hard not to be the hothead that everybody thinks he is and fly off the handle.

Then, when the game is tied 2-2, and they're coming up towards the end of the final period, Kent brings the puck down towards the Raiders goal, with Ilya hot on his heels, before sending the puck off to Barrett. But it's too late for Ilya to pull back, momentum still driving him forward, and he slams Kent against the boards.

The whistle blows, and Ilya immediately backs off, but Kent is fucking pissed apparently, because he *shoves* him. Before Ilya can even think about it – he's tired, and they're probably going into overtime, and he's sick of this guy – he shoves him back. Barrett is there in seconds, because of fucking course he is, and then the two of them are chirping some bullshit, which Ilya typically wouldn't care about, except –

"You're such a fucking pussy, Rozanov," Kent shouts, spit flying onto Ilya's helmet. "You act tough, but I saw those fucking gay ass pictures you took. You a model now? You playing dress up now, instead of hockey?"

"Sorry brands don't want to work with you, Kent," Ilya snarls. "Too fucking ugly, I guess."

"Oh? You been checking me out?" Kent sneers in response. "Didn't take you for a fucking fag–"

And then Ilya is lunging towards him, arms outstretched, a growl erupting from his throat. Luckily, Marly is on him in seconds, and stops him from actually getting hands on Kent, and Barrett is holding back his captain, so the altercation ends there, and they shake it off as they head back to their benches.

But the words are rattling around inside Ilya's skull, and settling against his temples, seeping into his brain and traveling down into his bloodstream. The whole thing is deeply unsettling, and compounded with the locker room rumors about Price and Ilya's upcoming visit to Montreal... Ilya feels a bit like when he's out on the ice with no skates, trying to move forward but just slipping and sliding around while his stomach drops and his arms flail.

And on top of that, they lose to Toronto in overtime. Two losses in a row, *fuck*.

So when Ilya pulls out his phone back in the locker room and sees several missed texts from Wolfe, his heart skips a beat, and his gut turns over.

Messages

Jane

Details

Wednesday, November 12, 2014

10:25 PM

Kent is such a fucking asshole.

What did he say to you?

10:35 PM

Tough loss. Wouldn't usually say this, but actually wanted you to win that one.

Because I wanted Kent to lose, obviously.

Not for any other reasons.

Despite how absolutely awful Ilya feels – his body and mind both fighting against the physical exhaustion and grotesque interactions of the past 72 hours – his lips are somehow quirking up into a small smile, and the tiniest spark of warmth is coming to life in his aching chest.

Fuck Kent – Ilya isn't going to let that ugly, bigoted bastard ruin this for him. He's been waiting too long for this experience, and he deserves to see it through.

So once he's safe in the privacy of his hotel room in Montreal – and no longer surrounded on all sides by nosy hockey players – Ilya texts Wolfe back. And then he crashes into a deep sleep, feeling a little better than he thought he would.

Messages

Jane

Details

Wednesday, November 12, 2014

10:35 PM

Tough loss. Wouldn't usually say this, but actually wanted you to win that one.

Because I wanted Kent to lose, obviously.

Not for any other reasons.

Thursday, November 13, 2014

1:21 AM

yes, kent is a dick

i will see you soon, yes? 😊

Delivered



Montreal, Quebec
November 2014

Ilya can't remember the last time he felt this anxious before playing Montreal.

"Are you okay, man?" Marly asks cautiously, peering at Ilya sideways from where he's putting on his skates next to him. "You're like, shaking the whole bench."

"Yes, sorry," Ilya says, and immediately stops bouncing his right leg, which he honestly hadn't even realized he was doing. "Just want to beat these fucks."

"Fuck yeah!" Marly hollers, and gets up to say some shit to Connors across the room.

Ilya takes a deep breath and pulls out his phone one last time, just to see if anything has changed, or if Wolfe has sent anything new since their messages earlier.

Messages
Jane
Details

Thursday, November 13, 2014
11:19 AM

Are you sure you still want to?

yes, very

have you changed your mind?

It's just probably a bad idea.

Right?

maybe

but i kind of like bad ideas

I will think about it.

And maybe I'll text you after the game.

Go Metros 😊

What if Wolfe doesn't text him after the game? What if Ilya never sees him again? Ilya may still be able to scratch that itch with somebody else, but he was really hoping it would be with Wolfe. The first two hookups were so *fun*, and he actually feels like he can trust him, for some reason. Plus, he's very hot.

Ugh. Ilya needs to focus on the game right now, not this. He shoves his phone back into the pocket of his bag, which he places onto the shelf of his locker, and rises to give the pre-game speech.



Fucking hell. Montreal had clearly been playing around with their lines, and maybe they hired some new guys to help with tape review or something, because they put up one heck of a fight tonight.

They were up 1-0 on the Raiders by the end of the first period, with Hammersmith tying it up in the second, and from there it was a fucking *slog* – everybody pushing and grinding to pull ahead, with frantic shots and sloppy passes, and the shoving and slamming of bodies into the boards.

Unfortunately, the Metros answered them in the third, and it really seemed like they were going to take it – until Ilya assisted Connors for a successful shot on goal with three minutes left. Of course, on a night where Ilya really wanted to get back to his locker, and out of the arena, the game went into OT.

But Ilya wasn't willing to fail – he simply wouldn't accept it. Not tonight, of all nights. He couldn't handle potentially losing two things he cared about that evening.

And so, less than two minutes into OT, when he managed to break away from a scrum near the neutral zone with the puck, skating at a breakneck speed until he was basically alone in the slot, Ilya proved why he was the #1 draft pick, and one of the highest paid players in the league, and an award-winning captain of a Stanley Cup-winning team. He instinctively tapped into his many hours of practicing a very specific, singular move – something no other player has been able to do – and moved to his backhand, convincing the goalie that was how he was going to shoot, before swiftly switching to his forehand, firing a wrist shot high over the goalie's shoulder and into the back of the net. It was deceptive, and it was *fast*, and it fucking worked.

By the time Ilya gets back to his bag, and his phone, he is sore down to the marrow of his bones, and he's drenched in sweat, and he's still riding the high of the win. He swallows, takes a shaky inhale, and squeezes his eyes shut for a moment – preparing for the worst. And then he opens one eye to peek briefly at the screen, and... he has a text from Jane.

Messages

Jane

Details

Thursday, November 13, 2014

10:44 PM

1221 Rue Hutchison, Unit 3C



Ilya is vibrating with anticipation as he steps up to the cherry wood front door of Wolfe's brick-laid apartment building, his fingers trembling as he reaches out towards the metal buttons on the directory keypad. He shakes his wrist out a few times to steady himself. *Come on, Ilya. Be chill.*

He enters Wolfe's unit information, and listens to the metallic screech of the dial-tone for what feels like an entire minute with bated breath, waiting for Wolfe's voice to come through the speaker.

Instead, the system lets out a jarring buzzing sound, and the latch of the front door clicks open. Ilya supposes it makes sense Wolfe would just let him in right away – who else could he be expecting at this hour?

He slowly makes his way up the three sets of stairs, his legs aching slightly with each downward press of his heel. It's been a tough few days, with the losses and the overtime games, and he's definitely starting to feel it. The pain is actually sort of grounding him right now, though, bringing him back into his body while his mind threatens to spin out.

Once he reaches the third floor, Ilya turns the corner, sucks in a heaving breath to completely fill his lungs with air, and knocks on the door to 3C.

He can hear a sort of shuffling sound through the wood, and then the door swings open, revealing a very beautiful man standing on the other side.

“Hey,” Wolfe breathes, the corner of his mouth lifting into a soft smile.

“Hi,” Ilya says quietly, and he’s pretty sure he’s smiling, too.

Wolfe is wearing a semi-loose black tank top, the neckline and arm holes scooping low, exposing the smooth planes of his collarbone and chest as well as the defined sides of his pecs, with a pair of black athletic shorts that are just short enough to make Ilya’s pulse quicken. He also has white socks on his feet, and small silver hoop earrings in his ears. He’s dressed comfortably, and casually, and Ilya is feeling a bit overdressed in his black t-shirt, coat, and blue jeans.

“You want to come in? Or hang out in the hallway?” Wolfe grins, stepping backwards to make a path for Ilya into his apartment.

Ilya snorts, and steps inside, toeing off his boots at the door, so now they’re both only wearing socks, and then takes stock of his surroundings.

He wasn’t quite sure how he had pictured Wolfe’s apartment, having really only seen what was visible in his videos – so basically just the pole in a small section of the living room. Ilya can see that pole in-person now, fastened to the wooden floor and the white ceiling, positioned a few feet out from a black leather couch, between the actual sitting area and the wall opposite it, which connects to the counter in the compact kitchen.

The relatively small space is warmly lit, with – instead of overhead lighting – several lamps placed on top of the side tables and standing in the corners, the lights inside obviously replaced with golden yellow, almost orange, bulbs. Wolfe also has a few plants scattered throughout the room, which appear to be thriving, as well as framed art on the walls – though it’s hard for Ilya to tell exactly what type of art, in the dim light – and books stacked on the coffee table and in the cubby of the console table underneath his TV, across from the couch. There is low music playing from somewhere, and the flame of a small vanilla-scented candle is flickering on top of the counter next to the sink, and well – it’s cozy, and relaxed, and really nice.

As Ilya is scanning the room, soaking in all the small details that both contradict and fill in some of the gaps of what he thought he knew about the sexy dancer standing in front of him, his eyes catch on a fuzzy sculpture between one of the potted plants and the TV stand.

“I know it’s probably not as big as your fancy place, Roz –”

“You have a cat?” Ilya interjects, turning to stare wide-eyed at Wolfe, and pointing towards the television. “There is cat tree over there.”

“Oh shit,” Wolfe sighs, running his hand through his hair. “Are you allergic? Fuck, I didn’t even think to mention it. It’s really recent. He’s not – I’m fostering him. My friend Brynn – they’re a journalist – did this piece on how, around Halloween, I guess lots of cats need homes because of all the superstitions – especially black cats – and they were getting on me about how I could totally foster one, and dragged me to the shelter, and well, I felt *so* bad for this one cat, and they’re pretty easy to take care of honestly, so. Yeah. He’s living here until they can find him a permanent home.”

Wolfe looks at Ilya sheepishly, clearly feeling awkward about the whole surprise cat thing, and then the rambling to explain himself afterwards. “If you *are* allergic, I’m not gonna lie, even though I vacuumed, there is probably some cat hair around here still.”

Ilya realizes he should probably put Wolfe out of his misery, and finally speaks. “I am not allergic,” he says, and can feel a fat smile growing wider on his face. “Where is he? Is he friendly?” He cranes his neck to try and get a glimpse of the parts of the apartment he hadn’t seen yet, searching for the sign of a fluffy tail or flash of fur, and then bends down to peer under the tables in case he’s under there.

Wolfe huffs out a laugh. “Okay, cool. Um, he’s kind of deaf, so he probably didn’t hear you come in. He likes to hang out in my bedroom... but yeah, he’s friendly. Do you want me to go get him or something?”

“Yes,” Ilya spits out, a little too quickly. “Please.”

Wolfe disappears into one of the two doors Ilya hasn’t been inside of yet – the other must be the bathroom – and comes back out holding onto what has to be one of the ugliest cats Ilya has ever seen. And also, the image of Wolfe clutching the scrawny animal in his massive arms is doing something to Ilya’s chest that he doesn’t want to investigate right now. Wolfe drops him to the floor, and the creature immediately comes padding over to Ilya, rubbing against his calves and ankles while croaking out what is probably supposed to be a ‘meow’ but really doesn’t sound like one.

“Oh my god,” Ilya rasps. “What is his name?”

“It’s – I didn’t name him, okay – it’s Eyeball,” Wolfe groans. “I guess he was hit by a car like, three fucking times, and so he had to get all these surgeries, which is why he can’t hear so well and looks a little fucked up. And he obviously only has one eye, so.”

“So, Eyeball,” Ilya says, crouching down to run his fingers over the cat’s spiny back, petting down the mangled fur as best he can. Eyeball is purring, and blinking his one eye halfway shut with contentment, and Ilya loves him. “Is stupid name.”

“Yeah, I know. And he’s not even a black cat, obviously, but I just felt so bad for him. He’s been through a lot. But he’s still really nice. And he has to take meds, but otherwise he’s pretty easy, honestly.” Wolfe shrugs, looking down at Ilya curiously before barking out a laugh.

“What is so funny?” Ilya asks, glaring up at Wolfe from where he’s now sitting criss-cross apple sauce on the floor between the front door and the couch, Eyeball curling up into his lap.

“Nothing,” Wolfe chuckles. “It’s just weird to see the big, scary Ilya Rozanov crawling around on the floor of my apartment cooing at a little kitty cat. I should take a picture. Could probably sell it.”

“Pfft,” Ilya spits, “People will say it’s photoshopped. They will not believe you.”

“Probably not,” Wolfe agrees, and leans back against the kitchen counter. They stay like that for a few moments, in comfortable silence, while Ilya croons over the cat, giving him butt scratches and rubbing the sides of his cheeks, until Eyeball finally gets bored and wanders away.

“You can take your coat off, if you want,” Wolfe says, gesturing towards where Ilya’s expensive Burberry coat is now covered in a mix of brown, grey, and white fur. “Probably should have said that before.”

“Ah, thank you,” Ilya grunts, his muscles smarting as he rises to shove off his coat and hang it up on the rack next to the door. But as he’s backing away to rejoin Wolfe near the kitchen, his foot

catches on something half-sticking out from underneath the shoe bench, and he sucks in a breath when he sees what it is.

“Hollzy?” Ilya croaks, turning to face Wolfe. If this belongs to him, then...

“Yeah?” Wolfe replies immediately, and then his face drops, his previously rosy cheeks going pale. “Wait –”

“You play hockey? This is yours?” Ilya gasps, pointing at the battered hockey bag on the floor with ‘HOLLZY’ embroidered onto the side, his heart hammering behind his ribcage. He fucking knew it – there’s no way Wolfe’s ass just looks like that.

“Uh...I...” Wolfe stammers, his eyes shifting away from Ilya’s face, like he’s trying to figure out the right thing to say. Why won’t Wolfe just admit he plays? Who fucking cares? Also, why Hollzy? Is that just a nickname, or is that Wolfe’s name? Why had Ilya never wondered if Wolfe was just a stage name, before?

“What position? You any good?” Ilya pokes, even though he can tell the conversation is starting to make Wolfe slightly uncomfortable, for some reason.

“Um, I play center. But I don’t want to – can we not talk about it?” Wolfe’s fingers are tugging at the hem of his tank top, fidgeting with the edges of the fabric. He’s being weird.

“Why not, *Hollzy*?” Ilya chirps. “You on a team or –”

“Don’t fucking call me that,” Wolfe snaps, and he looks pissed off, now, his eyebrows knitted together and his face going red. “Seriously, Rozanov, if you’re actually gonna be an asshole, you can just go.”

Woah. Ilya definitely doesn’t want to leave, and he doesn’t want to make Wolfe upset. He wants to do the opposite of that.

“Wait, no, sorry,” Ilya blurts, stepping towards Wolfe where he’s still leaning against the counter. “I do not want to go. I have not gotten what I came for.” He brackets Wolfe’s hips with his hands, and leans in a bit until he can smell the sweet citrus and bergamot of Wolfe’s cologne, purring into his ear. “Pleaseeee let me stay, Wolfe,” he pleads, dragging out the words into a low whine.

“I don’t know,” Wolfe huffs. “It’s kind of late...”

Ilya tilts his head back so the tips of their noses are touching and he’s gazing directly into Wolfe’s eyes, to gauge how he is actually feeling. It looks like Wolfe’s freckles are starting to bunch up on his cheeks, and he’s forcing his lips together, trying to fight back a smile. Thank god.

Ilya gently shifts his hips forward, so that the front of his jeans are pressed up against the crotch area of Wolfe’s thin shorts, causing him to suck in a tiny, barely audible breath.

“Are you sure about this, Rozanov?” Wolfe whispers, the soft skin of his lips grazing Ilya’s.

“Mm,” Ilya murmurs, and then slips his tongue out to lightly lick at the silky seam of Wolfe’s plush mouth, coaxing it open so he can slide fully inside.

Their open mouths connect with intense pressure, driven by the emotional release of all the built-up tension from the last month, their tongues dancing around each other, exploring the inside of their

gums, as they swallow each other's desperate moans.

Ilya's hands are palming at Wolfe's hips, gripping onto the bones there, while Wolfe's rough fingers grope at his jaw and the back of his neck, petting his nape and scratching at his scalp. They are both only lightly grinding against each other, their hardening dicks gently rubbing together – the lack of friction slightly maddening. Ilya squeezes Wolfe's right hipbone, which elicits a shockingly harsh 'ah' noise from Wolfe's mouth and into Ilya's, echoing at the back of his throat.

Ilya pulls back, sliding his tongue out from between Wolfe's wet lips, pressing a chaste kiss to them. "You okay?" Ilya asks, and pats Wolfe's right hip again to clarify the question.

"Yeah, sorry," Wolfe pants. "Have a bad bruise there. From the pole."

"No way," Ilya laughs, and steps back a few inches, removing his hands from Wolfe's hips to lift up the bottom of his shirt and shove down the waistband of his jeans and briefs, exposing the swath of skin on his right hip. "I have one there, too. Got checked."

Wolfe's gaze is piercing, and much darker than it was just moments ago, as he stares at Ilya from where he's backed up against the counter, his chest rising and falling rapidly.

"Hot," Wolfe breathes, his mouth hanging slightly open. "Come here."

This time, when they collide, it's hungrier than before, their hands grasping at each other's muscular arms, and shoulders, and backs, Wolfe pawing at Ilya's ass over his jeans, palming his cheeks and tugging roughly, smashing Ilya's groin harder against Wolfe's, providing them both with minor relief as their hard lengths press together through their clothes.

Ilya needs to feel Wolfe's ass, like right now. He scrambles to grip Wolfe by his giant, tattooed biceps, and then forcefully turns Wolfe's entire body around, so his broad chest and the palms of his huge hands are slammed against the marble countertop, and his butt – which looks frankly obscene under his tiny shorts – is pushed out towards Ilya's dick.

Ilya leans over, so his body is caging Wolfe's – and there is so much *heat* between Wolfe's back and Ilya's chest – bringing his left hand to cover the top of Wolfe's, and the other to squeeze at Wolfe's right pec, massaging the impressive muscle and pinching Wolfe's perky nipple. All the while, Ilya nudges the crotch of his pants between Wolfe's cheeks, so Wolfe can feel how hard he is, even through his shorts.

"Fuck," Wolfe breathes, grinding his ass up against Ilya. "You miss me, Rozanov?"

"Missed your ass," Ilya growls, and brings his left hand up to grasp the back of Wolfe's neck, while his right slides from where he was playing with Wolfe's nipple, down the side of his ribs, and then to his hip, before settling over his right ass cheek, where he *squeezes* hard and palms at the thick muscle, eliciting another deep groan from Wolfe.

Then, he skims his fingers across the soft polyester of his slutty shorts, until his middle finger is nestled against the crack of Wolfe's ass over the fabric, the rest of his fingers splayed out over both cheeks. He squeezes harder, moving his hand up and down, groping and grabbing with more and more force until his finger is pressed against Wolfe's hole, protected only by the thin material of his shorts. He rubs the spot menacingly, and then pulls his whole hand upwards, tugging at the flesh, causing Wolfe to squirm and grunt and shift his body, trying to get out of the bruising hold.

“Jesus Christ, Rozanov,” Wolfe gasps, as Ilya shoves his head towards the counter with his left hand, squishing Wolfe’s cheek against the cold surface. “Fuck.”

“You going to let me fuck you?” Ilya rasps, still keeping a tight grip on Wolfe’s head and ass, and then bending down to suckle at the exposed side of Wolfe’s neck, licking at the hot skin.

“Fine – *fuck* – okay, yes. You can fuck me,” Wolfe whines, before pressing himself up off the counter by the palms of his hands, so his back is flush with Ilya’s chest – and the fact that he’s strong enough to do it despite all of Ilya’s efforts to keep him down wrenches a groan from deep within Ilya’s chest.

Wolfe twists himself around so he’s facing Ilya, nuzzling his face into the space between Ilya’s right shoulder and neck, and then softly kisses a path from his collarbone up to his earlobe, which he gently tugs on with his teeth. “Where do you want me, Rozanov? Should we move this to the bedroom?” Wolfe whispers, and then he licks directly into Ilya’s ear, blowing on it and sending shivers all the way down from the back of Ilya’s skull into his lower stomach.

“Can I fuck you over there?” Ilya pants, before he can even stop himself, pointing at the pole in the living room.

Wolfe chuckles, and pulls back to look at him, his eyes still heavy with desire but also dancing a little at the slightly ridiculous comment. “Rozanov, no. That’s not where you should – stop, wait – don’t mess with my pole, please...”

But Ilya is already walking up to it, his belly flipping a bit at the reality of being so close to Wolfe’s pole after seeing it in his videos for well, almost a year now, actually. He grabs onto it with his right hand, and turns his head to make eye contact with Wolfe. “Ah, you do not do this? Pole is just for dancing?”

“I didn’t say that,” Wolfe smirks, crossing his arms, and Ilya thinks he might die tonight, actually. “But you are not fucking a guy for the first time on a damn pole, Rozanov. Let’s go to my room.” And then Wolfe turns and walks over to the bedroom door, not even checking to see if Ilya is following him. Which he is, obviously.

Wolfe’s room is just as cozy and warm as the rest of his apartment, with a glowing orange light in the corner, more plants near the window, some black and white images (maybe photographs?) framed on the wall, a couple books on the bedside table, and a large bed with a wooden bedframe in the center, covered by a downy blue comforter and a few matching pillows.

Ilya can admittedly be nosy, so he shuffles over to the wall with the framed photos to try and sneak a look. He swallows the strange lump that appears in his throat when he glances at the first picture, which looks like Wolfe and a few friends celebrating at a Pride parade – they all have huge smiles, and painted faces, and it’s a little hard for Ilya to look at, for some reason. He’s turning to peek at another one – it might be Wolfe with his parents at his graduation – when he hears the sound of Wolfe’s throat clearing behind him.

“You going to fuck me with your clothes on? Not very sexy, Rozanov.” Ilya follows the sound of Wolfe’s voice, and turns to see him lying completely naked on the bed, his hands behind his head. Ilya’s mouth waters at the sight, and he clambers to get his shirt and jeans off as quickly as possible, throwing them behind him somewhere, followed by his briefs and socks.

Then, Ilya leaps onto the bed, eliciting an adorable giggle from Wolfe, who shuffles over to make room for him. They're both turned onto their sides now, looking at each other, the silence getting a little heavy in the small space, the only sound the muffled music floating in from the living room.

"So," Wolfe says quietly, the word cutting into the air. "You sure you still want to do this?"

Despite his eagerness up until this very moment, Ilya does take a second to think about it. This would be his opportunity to quit while he's still ahead – to leave their previous sexual encounters in the past, box them up, write them off as a couple crazy nights with an especially attractive person, and go back to his previous life where he had only ever fucked women.

But Wolfe's face is looking unfairly beautiful in the dim lighting of his bedroom, his constellation of freckles painting the tanned skin of his cheeks, his cinnamon brown doe eyes piercing into Ilya's – lacking any judgment but still clearly filled with want – and his plush lips slightly parted as he awaits Ilya's response with shaky breath. Ilya's eyes sweep downwards, moving over Wolfe's inked forearms and carved torso, to his rippling abs and the obscene snakes slithering towards his very erect, already slightly dripping, dick.

Ilya can't leave now. He's not strong enough.

"I still want to do this," Ilya breathes, and snaps his eyes back up to meet Wolfe's. "If you do."

"I do," Wolfe grins, and scoots closer to Ilya, placing a soft kiss on his lips, which Ilya returns with a smile.

Then, Ilya inches backwards and starts to lift himself from the bed, before Wolfe grabs his arm and pulls him back towards him.

"Wait, where are you going?" Wolfe asks, his eyebrows furrowed with confusion.

"I have lube and condoms in the pocket of my jeans," Ilya explains, starting to move again.

"Rozanov," Wolfe laughs, twisting himself over to face his bedside table. "I have both of those things. We can use mine."

He opens the second drawer, and Ilya can't help but peer inside while Wolfe rifles through it for the items. There's a box of condoms, and a couple different kinds of bottles of lube, and something fluffy, and something silky, and something that looks like it's made of glass, and something big and rubbery and black...

"What is that?" Ilya yelps, unable to resist asking. "The black thing."

Wolfe's hand stills in the drawer, and then his fingers close around the item. "What, you've never seen a dildo before, Rozanov? I thought you were supposed to be a sex god, or something." And then he *throws* the dildo at Ilya, which bounces off his chest and onto the blanket.

Oh god. It's huge, and shaped like a dick, and now Ilya is thinking about Wolfe working this thing inside himself. Ilya wants to use it on him.

He must be making an embarrassing face, because Wolfe takes pity on him, and returns the toy to his kinky sex drawer, before placing a condom and a bottle of lube on the surface of the table. Ilya's cheeks are hot, and he needs to get it together.

“You okay?” Wolfe asks, looking a little worried now.

“Very,” Ilya replies, and then he pounces, blanketing Wolfe’s hot, naked body with his own, their abs flexing against each other – and takes Wolfe’s mouth with a wet, breathy groan, fucking his tongue into it while he wraps his fingers around Wolfe’s throat, pressing lightly into the sensitive flesh.

“Mm,” Wolfe croons, the sound vibrating into Ilya’s chest, and then he’s groping at Ilya’s dick, tugging on it forcefully with his calloused fingers.

“Fuck,” Ilya pants. He’s not going to last if Wolfe starts touching him right now. He needs to fuck him.

So, Ilya thinks back to all the videos he’s watched, and the times he’s prepped women for this same activity, and he takes a deep breath. “On your stomach,” he rasps into Wolfe’s mouth, followed immediately by a slick kiss, his hands squeezing briefly around Wolfe’s throat before pulling off him.

Wolfe turns over onto his elbows, arching his ass up into the air, presenting himself for Ilya. *Jesus fucking Christ*. Ilya has seen Wolfe’s ass naked, obviously, and he was underneath him a month ago in the hotel room, but he hasn’t ever seen it like this, in this position. It’s fucking gorgeous – huge, and sculpted, and smooth, and perfectly groomed.

Ilya shifts up onto his knees behind Wolfe, and smacks both hands down onto his asscheeks, eliciting a beautiful grunt from Wolfe’s mouth. Then he squeezes, pulling them apart a little, before leaning down to taste him.

He lightly licks the tight ring of muscle, teasing it with slow, too-soft strokes of the tip of his tongue, until Wolfe is whining and pushing himself backwards, begging for more pressure.

“Fucking – come on, Rozanov,” Wolfe gasps, squirming his hips to try and move backwards to no avail. Ilya is too strong, and he’s holding him in place.

Ilya is already painfully hard though, and he realizes he should probably keep it moving. So he nudges his face forward, lapping, and licking, and nipping and kissing at Wolfe’s greedy hole, letting the spit coat his face and drip down onto Wolfe’s balls, until Wolfe is writhing and pleading, his arms sliding forward and forcing the side of his face to press into the bed, like he’s in a truly obscene yoga pose.

“Holy shit,” Wolfe murmurs into the comforter. “Your tongue is – fuck.”

Ilya hums happily, and fucks his tongue into Wolfe’s loosening hole again several times, before reaching to grab the bottle of lube. He coats the fingers on his right hand with the liquid, rubbing them together quickly to warm it up, and then steadies himself behind Wolfe, his left hand gripping his left asscheek. He chances a glance down at Wolfe’s untouched dick, which is throbbing and red, and is admittedly impressed at Wolfe’s ability to leave it alone while Ilya does this.

Then, he circles his middle finger around Wolfe’s hole, causing Wolfe to grunt and try to push himself backwards again, making a frustrated noise when Rozanov’s left hand stops him.

“Please, Rozanov,” he whines, his words muffled by the blanket under his chin.

God, he begs so prettily, and he was right about being loud. Ilya is fucking sweating, and his own dick is aching from where it's bobbing between his legs. He slowly slides his finger forward, allowing it to be swallowed by Wolfe's tight hole, until it's disappeared completely, and then pulls it back out at the same bruising pace, before repeating the motion. It goes in and out easily, since Ilya had spent so much time down there with his mouth.

"Fuckkk," Wolfe wails. "Another one, another one."

"Okay, okay," Ilya rasps, his composure slipping. "You want more?"

"Yes, fuck," Wolfe snaps, his eyebrows bunching together and his nose scrunching up. Ilya shouldn't find him cute right now, but he does.

Ilya doesn't move as slowly this time, shoving a second finger in with the first, turning and twisting them inside Wolfe's hole, which is sucking in his fingers hungrily. Wolfe groans, and arches himself further into Ilya's hand as he scissors him open. *Bozhe moy.*

"More," he moans, fighting against Ilya's tight hold on him. "Rozanov, more."

Ilya's palm is sweating against Wolfe's asscheek, and he thinks he may actually die if he doesn't get inside Wolfe soon, so he doesn't even say anything sarcastic in response. He just silently nods, even though Wolfe can't see him from this angle, and crooks his fingers up, searching. This is the part he was particularly anxious about – since women don't have a prostate here the way men do – but he's never had trouble finding the G-Spot, and he's got talented fingers, and he never gives up, so...

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Wolfe grunts, smushing his face further into the blankets, which are slowly getting pretty disheveled underneath them. "Right there, fuck! Your fingers are fucking huge."

Ilya smiles to himself, and continues twisting and wiggling his fingers, nudging at the spot that is lighting Wolfe up, eliciting gorgeous whines from his plush mouth, which is now hanging open, drooling a little onto the comforter. And he's pretty sure Wolfe's dick is actually dripping now, too. Ilya needs to fuck him, like, right now.

He slowly pulls his fingers out with a wet squelch, drawing a low groan from Wolfe underneath him, and reassuringly squeezes at Wolfe's left asscheek before grabbing the condom from the bedside table. As Ilya shakily rolls it onto his desperate dick, Wolfe seems to come back to himself a bit, rising up onto his hands and looking at Ilya, his eyes glazed over but still showing signs of lucidity.

"You still okay?" Wolfe says it with a shaky smile on his wrecked face, his cheeks a deep pink and his freckles prominent against his flushed skin.

Ilya smiles back at him as he coats the condom now covering his dick with lube, and gives himself a few slow strokes to warm it up. "Very okay. I'm going to fuck you now."

"Okay," Wolfe chuckles, slumping forward onto his elbows again. "You got this," he chirps, and... is he giving Ilya a thumbs up?

Ilya laughs loudly, and brings his left hand back to Wolfe's ass cheek with a soft smack, before gripping the meat of it with his fingers.

“Mmph,” Wolfe mumbles involuntarily at the action, and then his hole *winks* at Ilya.

Let’s fucking go. Ilya takes a deep breath in through his nostrils, and grasps the base of his cock, lining it up with Wolfe’s slightly gaping hole. And then, he slowly pushes forward, the head of his dick disappearing inch by inch between Wolfe’s perfect asscheeks.

“Fuckkk,” Ilya moans, as Wolfe’s divine hole sucks him in deeper, the tight heat of him surrounding Ilya completely, until it consumes him entirely and Ilya bottoms out, his balls meeting Wolfe’s warm skin.

“Oh my god, you’re so big,” Wolfe pants, and then he fucking *squeezes* the muscles inside his asshole, constricting them around Ilya’s cock and adding even more pressure to what is already a very tight fit.

“Fuck!” Ilya shouts, breathing heavily and gripping his fingers harder into the flesh of Wolfe’s asscheeks, trying to will himself not to cum immediately. This guy is going to kill him.

“You can move now,” Wolfe says, turning his head back to look at Ilya with a glint in his eye. “You won’t hurt me.”

And then Ilya makes the mistake of looking down, at the broad expanse of Wolfe’s muscular back, the dark ink of the beautiful bird tattooed between his shoulder blades, the dip of his long spine as it curves towards his tailbone, where two fucking *dimples* sit above the swell of his ass.

“I – I need a second,” Ilya rasps, shutting his eyelids and taking another deep breath. This is a lot.

“It’s okay, Rozanov,” Wolfe breathes out quietly, clearly trying to respect Ilya’s wishes by staying as still as possible. “We can stop if you want to.”

But Ilya doesn’t want to stop. Not at all. He needs a second because it’s *too* good – because he wants to fuck Wolfe so badly he feels like he is going to explode. He’s had anal sex before, but there’s something about the novelty of this moment, and Wolfe’s massive body, and back, and biceps, and his deep voice – it’s driving Ilya crazy.

He has to move now.

“No, I don’t want to fucking stop,” Ilya growls. And then, he starts to pull out again, until he’s nearly all the way out, before slamming back in, causing Wolfe’s entire body to shift forward an inch.

“Fuck!” Wolfe screams, his breathing gone heavy again. “Okay, not stopping, fuck.”

From there, it’s like Ilya is a man possessed. He thrusts his hips forward over, and over, and over again, ramming his cock *hard* into Wolfe’s asshole, bumping against his prostate relentlessly, drawing the most delicious ‘ah ah’ sounds from Wolfe’s throat. It feels *so* fucking good, and Ilya is praying he can hold off his orgasm so that it can last as long as possible.

The power of his thrusting forces Wolfe down from his elbows again, and his cheek is once again smushed into the side of the comforter, his mouth hanging open while he wails with his arms outstretched in front of him. Ilya bends over him while he rocks his hips forward and back – pressing his left hand between Wolfe’s shoulderblades, and his right around his hip, where he squeezes into the bruise he found earlier, just a little.

“Ahh, fuckkk,” Wolfe screams into the blankets, but his mouth is quirking upwards into a smile, and he’s arching up even further into Ilya to meet his thrusts, so he clearly liked it.

Ilya wants to kiss the smile off his mouth. So, he leans even farther over Wolfe, his necklace dangling down to tickle his back, and wraps the fingers of his left hand lightly around Wolfe’s throat, tugging him up off the bed until he’s up on his knees, his back pressed up against Ilya, as Ilya drives his hips upwards, thrusting his cock into him. They’re both tall enough that it works, and Ilya doesn’t slip out, and he’s able to turn Wolfe’s head so their lips can meet in a wet and filthy kiss, as they grunt and pant into each other’s open mouths.

“This feel good?” Ilya rasps onto Wolfe’s tongue, really hoping that this is as good for Wolfe as it is for him. “You gonna come for me?” Ilya is getting really close now, so he fucking hopes so.

“Fuck,” Wolfe moans, turning his face away from Ilya, his sweaty back sticking to Ilya’s damp pecs, one of his hands grabbing Ilya’s thigh and the other wrapped around the back of Ilya’s neck. “Touch my dick, Rozanov.”

Ilya obeys immediately, grasping onto Wolfe’s dick with his right hand, and giving it a few lazy strokes, while he continues pounding into his asshole, ignoring any of the pain in his sore leg muscles, and nuzzles his mouth and chin against Wolfe’s left shoulder. “Like this?”

“A little faster – yes – like that, fuck,” Wolfe gasps. “I’m gonna come.”

And then, a breathtaking moan erupts from deep within Wolfe’s chest, and cum bursts from the tip of his already very wet dick, landing all over Ilya’s hand, and the bed, and a little on Wolfe’s own stomach.

Ilya follows him over the edge immediately, grunting and groaning – practically biting into the flesh between Wolfe’s neck and shoulder – as every nerve in his body lights up with the power of his orgasm, and he fills the condom inside Wolfe. They both slump forward, collapsing onto the bed, narrowly avoiding the wet spot they just created. *Jesus Christ.*

Wolfe is tucked against Ilya – they’re basically spooning – and Ilya immediately starts getting a bit too warm, on top of being slightly overstimulated by the contact. He shifts backwards, pulling himself out of Wolfe, and they both hiss at the movement.

Then Wolfe twists his body back around, turning to face Ilya again, mirroring how they were lying not too long ago, before Ilya was inside Wolfe and his whole world turned upside down.

“Well,” Wolfe sighs, a small smile on his face, and he pokes Ilya in the pec with his finger. “Worth the wait, Rozanov?”

“Mm,” Ilya replies quickly. “Yes. Was it... good for you?” He’s starting to get that funny feeling in his stomach again, and he’s not sure why.

“Yeah,” Wolfe huffs, rolling his eyes. “I hate to admit it, but you are in fact good at fucking.” But then Wolfe must notice that Ilya isn’t feeling well, because the smile drops from his face. “Are you okay?” He asks carefully. “Did you want to talk about it, or –”

“No, no,” Ilya says, shaking his head. “I think I just need to clean up. Can I use your bathroom?”

“Oh, right, sure,” Wolfe says, pointing towards the door. “It’s outside and to the right.”

After Ilya tosses the condom and cleans himself up in a daze, Wolfe tells him he needs to take a quick shower, and takes his place in the bathroom.

While Wolfe is in there, Ilya decides he should probably get dressed, so he can leave as soon as Wolfe gets out. He kind of feels like ants are crawling around inside his skin, and it's really fucking late, so. He should go.

He sits on the edge of the bed while he waits for Wolfe to return, staring at the photos on his wall. It looks like Wolfe has a really nice life – supportive friends and parents, fun jobs, and probably hobbies, if he also plays hockey, and reads, and takes care of his plants. He doesn't know why Wolfe is fucking around with Ilya at all, honestly. He's one of the hottest guys Ilya has ever seen. Surely he can find somebody nicer, and smarter, and less fucked up in the head, and more experienced, and certain of their sexuality, to fuck or date? With the haze of his orgasm clearing, Ilya is starting to feel like a dark stain in this warm apartment, and his stomach is in knots, and he needs to get back to the hotel and shower.

Eyeball hops up next to him on the bed, purring as he settles onto Ilya's lap. "You and I are both lucky to be here, aren't we?" Ilya murmurs softly to him. "Even if only for a little while."

Ilya can't even begin to think about what tonight means for who he *is*, but he knows that it definitely had to be the last time – and the thought of that is making his chest ache. He rubs at his sternum absentmindedly, and then he hears the door to the bedroom reopen, as Wolfe walks in with a towel around his waist. He also looks a bit, *off*, if Ilya is being honest.

"Well, this was fun," Ilya says, gently removing Eyeball from his lap and rising to make his exit.

"Yeah," Wolfe agrees from where he's standing near the doorway, and he's kind of struggling to make eye contact with Ilya. "Listen...I may be kind of busy over the next few months, with the holidays, and preparing for Worlds, and stuff." He's fiddling with the top of the towel near his waist.

"Ah, yes, me too," Ilya replies. He can recognize when someone is giving him an out. "And we aren't back in Montreal for months, so."

"Right, totally," Wolfe practically whispers. And then they sort of just, stare at each other for a moment, neither of them knowing what to say.

"Okay, well, I should go. Early flight tomorrow." Ilya steps through the doorway past Wolfe, and goes to put on his shoes and grab his coat.

When he turns around, Wolfe has a pair of sweatpants on, but still no shirt, and he looks painfully beautiful with his flushed skin and his hair wet from the shower, and he has joined Ilya near the front door to see him out. Do they hug? What do they do now? How does Ilya usually say goodbye to his hookups? Why can't he remember what to do?

Luckily, Wolfe saves Ilya from doing something embarrassing, like pulling Wolfe into another heated kiss, and pats Ilya on the side of the arm with one hand, while he reaches in to give him a chaste kiss on the cheek. "Goodbye, Rozanov. Safe travels."

It's over quickly, and then Ilya is giving Wolfe a cursory nod, and before he knows it, he's somehow outside of the building.

By the time he's back in his hotel room, he's so drained – from the games, and the experience with Wolfe, and the emotions he's pushing down and refusing to examine – that he can barely keep his eyes open while he showers. He grabs a pair of boxers from his suitcase in a stupor, and faintly hears something fall to the floor.

Goddamnit. He forgot to give Wolfe the damn hat again. This thing is like actually fucking haunting him, now. He almost pulls out his phone to text Wolfe about it, but then remembers that he isn't doing that anymore. Fuck it, he'll keep it as a souvenir, or something. It can be a reminder of that time Ilya decided to open the secret box inside of himself, and then closed it again, forever.

Ilya gets into bed, and this time, when he shuts his eyes, he doesn't see anything at all.

Chapter End Notes

How are we doing? We've arrived at a bit of angst, I'm sorry. But good stuff is coming! Next up, either full Shane POV or split POV... 😊

Thoughts on Ch7:

- I did in fact read all the Game Changers books, and I'm so sorry to report they explicitly imply that (most of) the Raiders might not have been so cool with the gays. I apologize, but I have chosen to reflect that here because I think it's important to contextualize Ilya's situation. Between Russia and hockey...it's a lot, and it matters for the story.
- Also, I do believe Ryan Price never hid the fact he was gay, it was just that no one asked, and he even dated someone during this timeframe with New Jersey, so, thought it could be interesting to explore that.
- I love the idea that HR is a period piece and am having fun dropping in 2010s things like 'Serial' (if you know, you know!), Taylor's '1989' release, 'John Wick!' What a time.
- Eyeball is based on a real cat I had so you better be nice about him!!
- This was lowkey a tough one to write – just a lot I wanted to include, plus the texts, plus the 'first time,' plus Ilya's internal struggles – I hope you enjoy it and are excited to see where we are going next! Lots of fun things ahead, I swear.

Chapter 8: we're nothing

Chapter Summary

So, Shane slept with Rozanov. So what?

Chapter Notes

Once again, all your comments have filled my heart with joy! I'm having a blast writing this story. It's always such a crazy feeling pressing "post" on a new chapter and not knowing if people will like it, so your lovely words truly mean so much and are super motivating 💕

It was fun exploring in this chapter how this version of Shane would react in this situation versus canon Shane...Hope you enjoy his POV 😊

(also - reminder to right-click/open the music links in a new tab so you don't leave the site!)

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

*Montreal, Quebec
November 2014 - The Same Night*

Shane slowly shuts the door, turns the lock and then the deadbolt, and leans forward to rest his forehead against the hard wood, his fingers still clinging to the cold metal of the knob. All of a sudden, he feels fucking *exhausted*. And like, really thirsty – his mouth is so dry.

He's probably just a little dehydrated, from...well, from all the kissing, and the heavy breathing, and the moaning, and the...sex. Shit, he didn't offer Rozanov anything to drink, did he? *That's like 'hosting 101,' Shane*. His parents would be mortified.

Not that Rozanov seemed like he wanted to stay in Shane's apartment any longer than he had to, even if it would have just been for a glass of water. He basically couldn't get out of there fast enough. And the look on his face...

Shane groans, and turns his head to glance at the neon green numbers of the clock on the microwave.

1:14AM.

It's pretty late, he should really go to bed. He drags himself over to the kitchen, where he fills a tall cup with icy filtered water from his Brita pitcher in the fridge, immediately chugs the entire thing, and then refills it to bring into his bedroom. But the second Shane steps through the doorway and catches sight of his bed, he freezes.

Eyeball is curled up into a fuzzy loaf atop the bottom right corner of the mattress, where the comforter is still lying flat and relatively unscathed. The rest of the bedding is...not. The center of the bed, where he and Rozanov had spent most of their time, is a disheveled mess of blankets and sheets, and even from where Shane is standing he can see the slightly discolored spot on the fabric where he came, and where Rozanov's cum-covered hand had landed soon afterwards.

Shane's stomach drops abruptly at the memory, and whether it's from all the water he just gulped down or the realization that he now has to clean up the evidence of his evening with Rozanov before he can get any sleep, he is feeling a bit nauseous.

He gently taps Eyeball's back with his fingers, eliciting a soft chirrup and coaxing him to hop onto the floor, so that Shane can strip the bedsheets. He tries not to look at the offensive white stain peeking out against the blue cloth while he gathers the blankets into a jumbled heap and places them in a sloppy pile next to the front door – he will haul them to the laundry room tomorrow, so they don't sit in the machine soaking wet overnight. Luckily, Shane has an extra set of sheets and a spare blanket in his closet. They're old, and they don't match, but he doesn't care about that right now – he just needs to sleep.

He makes the bed as quickly as his fatigued limbs will allow him, trying to ignore the mild ache between his legs as he maneuvers around the mattress, shoving the cinched corners of the bottom sheet underneath, and then practically collapses onto it, throwing the time-worn plaid blanket over himself with a deep sigh. *Fucking finally.*

He twists to switch off the warm glow of the lamp on his bedside table, and then realizes that he can still hear music floating into the bedroom from the Bluetooth speaker in the living room. He grabs his phone from where it's charging next to the bed, sets his alarm, and turns off whatever random indie song is playing, only to be faced with an unexpectedly heavy silence that is thankfully interrupted by the tiny shuffling sounds of Eyeball jumping up to join him.

Typically, Shane doesn't like it when the cat lies on top of him, and instead encourages him to take his usual place at one of the corners of the bed, but tonight, he is surprisingly grateful for the warmth of Eyeball's furry body as he sends low vibrations into Shane's chest and kneads at the blankets with his paws, almost like a mini-massage. Shane pulls his right arm out from under the covers to slowly stroke Eyeball from his head to his haunches, causing him to purr even more deeply and press into Shane a little harder – and helping settle whatever weird flipping thing is going on with the muscular organ behind Shane's ribcage.

Shane is really fucking tired – he doesn't want it to be 'tonight' anymore – he wants to wake up and have it be a new day, one where he didn't *just* have sex with Rozanov. But lying there, in the too-quiet room still warm from the heated activity between the two of them, his stupid brain will not allow him to rest.

It's not that Shane is surprised that Rozanov left after they had sex. He's not an idiot - this was just supposed to be a fun hookup and Rozanov has an early flight - and frankly, Shane hadn't even *wanted* him to stay. Shane typically only does sleepovers with guys he is actually dating, or if it's truly way too late at night for either one of them to head home. And in those cases, he practically sneaks out as early as he can in the morning.

But he didn't expect Rozanov to leave quite so quickly. And to be so fucking awkward about it. Especially because the sex was... well it was as good as Shane thought it was going to be.

It was obviously Rozanov's first time sleeping with a man, but that didn't make it any less enjoyable. Just like the first two times they hooked up, it was electric between them from the moment Rozanov backed Shane up against the countertop, breathing into Shane's mouth, grabbing his ass with a bruising strength, and pleading with Shane to let him fuck him.

Rozanov really is annoyingly talented with his tongue and his fingers – probably from all his experience with women – but he also paid such close attention to Shane's responses, listening and learning and adjusting until he was playing Shane's body like an instrument he had been practicing for much longer than just that evening.

And Shane really tried to make sure Rozanov had a good experience, too. Shane remembers the way he fumbled through his own first time, at the end of his freshman year of college with a guy on the swim team. It was fine, it's not like anything particularly traumatic happened, and the guy prepped him and everything – but he also never like, *checked in* with Shane at any point to see how he was doing. And the whole thing felt a bit too stiff, and serious.

So Shane tried to keep things with Rozanov flirty, and fun, like they kind of always were with the two of them. And he also made sure Rozanov was doing okay, and gave him opportunities to stop if he wanted to change his mind.

There was actually a moment right after Rozanov entered Shane – his massive dick making Shane feel so *full* and his big hands perfectly *rough* and *hot* against the skin of Shane's ass – where he thought Rozanov was going to panic and say the whole thing was a huge mistake. And Shane would have understood.

But that's *not* what happened, like, at all. Instead, Rozanov fucked the ever-living shit out of him. He basically fucked Shane into the mattress, actually, and drew a pretty incredible orgasm out of him with one hand around Shane's throat and the other around his dick. In fact, if anything, Shane could have sworn that Rozanov was a little overwhelmed by how good it felt – by how much he liked being inside of Shane. Though it wouldn't be the first time someone acted really into having sex with him and then turned around only to say they weren't into guys, so.

All that to say, Shane is struggling to understand exactly why Rozanov freaked out so soon after it was over. Is it really possible he didn't like it? Shane finds that kind of difficult to rationalize, given Rozanov's behavior during their previous hookups and over the last four weeks.

He was so happy when Shane suggested they could meet up again, and gave him his number. And he was fucking relentless over the last month, texting Shane practically every day to remind him of their plans. Shane knew it was a bad idea – that he shouldn't entertain Rozanov and should find an acceptable, *out* guy to date – and he planned to eventually shut Rozanov down.

At first, he only responded to be polite – Shane doesn't ghost people, and he felt bad when Rozanov reached out again after Shane hadn't replied to his initial text. And then, Rozanov sent the fucking thirst trap picture of his stupidly jacked arm lifting weights... and Shane couldn't let Rozanov think he had rattled him, so he *obviously* had to send him one back to fluster him, too. From there, it was like Rozanov knew exactly how to poke at Shane to keep him on the hook. Shane *tried* to turn him off, telling him about his boring day, replying with nothing but emojis, chirping him about his losses, even sending him pictures while on a date with another guy, but nothing stopped Rozanov.

And on Halloween...okay, Shane admittedly kind of folded on Halloween. But it's not his fault that Rozanov looked unfairly hot in nothing but a pair of devil horns, and said that sexy thing about

wanting to see Shane dance in his costume. Shane really *was* already planning to record a video. But did he *maybe* make the routine a little raunchier, knowing Rozanov was going to watch it? And the next morning, after he saw Rozanov's text about making 'a fucking mess,' did he *maybe* jerk off just to the thought of Rozanov stroking himself to his post? So what if he fucking did.

He really was going to back out of actually letting Rozanov fuck him, though. Regardless of how accidentally deep into it Shane had gotten with the messages, and how much he had secretly come to enjoy receiving Rozanov's annoying texts each day.

But then, that asshole Dallas Kent got in Rozanov's face, and he almost *fought* the fucker, and it made Shane so angry for him, and he wanted to talk to him again. And earlier tonight, just as he was going to tell him 'sorry, but we can't,' Rozanov scored that *filthy* fucking goal against the Metros in OT – the one where he fakes a backhand and then in an inhumanely brief amount of time, switches to his forehand for a perfect wrist shot. Shane almost got hard watching it, and then he was horny, and so he thought, fuck it.

Shane was very turned on, and he was still very single, and so he convinced himself it would be just like any other hookup – because why couldn't it be – and at least this way he could get fucked by one of the hottest guys he has ever seen, who just so happens to be so good at hockey that it makes Shane's dick twitch, and he could also make sure that Rozanov has a good first time. A win-win, really.

And it's not *crazy* that Shane thought maybe this was something Rozanov actually wanted, too – between Rozanov begging to fuck Shane in that hotel room, and then hounding him with daily sexts about the plan to fuck. And then, when the sex itself was just as mindblowing as Shane knew it would be, and Rozanov seemed really fucking into it despite having multiple opportunities to change his mind... well, Shane thinks it's basically impossible that Rozanov didn't like it. Shane may have a lot of trouble reading people in his daily life, but he's very good at sex, and he can usually tell when someone is enjoying fucking him, so.

So maybe...maybe Rozanov really *did* like it, like a lot, and that's why he was freaking out? He's a professional hockey player, and he's Russian, and he said he was trying to figure himself out. Fuck, should Shane have pushed him harder to talk about it, afterwards? Should he text him to see if he's okay? Shane is not sure he's well equipped to guide anyone through this sort of thing – he probably shouldn't be anyone's 'gay sherpa,' or whatever Skylar called himself in college. And it's not like Shane can *force* Rozanov to talk about his feelings. He doesn't even really like discussing feelings much, either, if he's being honest. His friends usually have to yank them out of him, after like, weeks of him pushing them down.

But there's also another thought nagging at the back of Shane's mind. Another reason why Rozanov may have wanted to leave right after they slept together. And it's why Shane was the first to say he'll be really busy over the next few months, thereby giving Rozanov permission to leave his apartment without the promise of ever talking to each other again.

Maybe, after texting Shane for weeks, and learning a little more about what he does for work, and how he spends his days, and then...seeing inside his apartment, and further filling in the picture of who he is... Rozanov simply didn't *want* to stick around, not even for a glass of water and a chat.

It wouldn't be the first time that a guy gets sucked in by the allure of who they think Wolfe is – the sexy stripper from the club, the sensual pole dancer in his videos, the mysterious, (according to his friends) intimidating, good-looking, athletic guy with tattoos. They expect him to be cool, and

edgy, and interesting. But then they realize that he works crazy hours, spends most of his time teaching, which isn't as sexy as stripping at a club, and he's a little too serious, and intense, and maybe even a little boring, and weirdly into hockey, and his apartment is simple, and instead of the provocative interior design they expect from a guy like him, he just has like, photos of his friends on the wall, and a bunch of nonfiction books on his shelves, and now also a hair-covered cat tree and a slightly fucked up cat.

So maybe Rozanov took one look at Wolfe's tiny apartment, and his unexpectedly, relatively uninteresting life, and then he got cat hair all over his fancy coat, and Shane wouldn't even let him fuck him on his pole – which he clearly wanted to do – and so Rozanov figured he would just sleep with him and then leave as quickly as possible.

Shane squeezes Eyeball a little more firmly, slowly rubbing his fingers into his fur, and swallowing down the large lump that has appeared in his throat. Obviously, he can't prove that's why Rozanov left, and he knows he shouldn't jump to those conclusions – his friends tell him that all the time – but it's kind of hard not to when it's happened before. And Rozanov lives such a flashy life, and he sleeps with so many exciting people...

And it's just that, well, if he's being honest with himself, Shane actually *enjoyed* talking to Rozanov, and spending time with him. He was funny, and aggravating, and charming, and actually kind of *sweet* when he was crouched down on the floor with Eyeball. It's not like Shane expected or even wanted them to fuck again after this, but he still kind of hoped the evening would end on a brighter note. Like, maybe they would have teased each other a little, and then had one last heated makeout by the front door, and *then* they would have never talked to each other again. But instead, he's stuck with the final images of Rozanov's forlorn face, sitting on the edge of his bed holding onto his cat in a shocked stupor, and then stammering through an awkward, stilted goodbye.

Ultimately, the end result is the same though, isn't it? Regardless of *why* Rozanov left like that? So maybe Shane just needs to do what he always does in this situation, and what he was planning to do anyways – be happy about the good sex, and move on to the next guy.

And at least this way, there's no risk that Rozanov ever finds out who Wolfe really is – and who Shane Hollander could have been. The thing with his hockey bag tonight was stressful enough, and hearing 'Hollzy' come out of Rozanov's mouth felt like being splashed with a bucket of ice cold water.

Remembering that mildly terrifying moment is enough to snap Shane back into reality. Which is that he just had fantastic sex with Ilya fucking Rozanov, the closeted asshole captain of the Boston Raiders, who is more fun to talk to and more pleasant to be around than he expected, but who left immediately afterwards. And while he doesn't know exactly why Rozanov bailed so quickly, or so weirdly, he did it, and now it's over, and Shane is going to be fine. And hopefully Rozanov will be fine, too.

This new line of thinking makes Shane feel a little better, slowing his heartbeat and dissolving the lump in his throat. So then his hand stills its movements over Eyeball's back, and his eyelids flutter closed, and his breathing evens out, and he sleeps.



*Montreal, Quebec
November 2014*

Shane doesn't message Rozanov the next day or that weekend, though he certainly opens up their texting chain a few times just to stare at it while he strongly considers sending something. He's not sure if it's important for him to check in and make sure Rozanov is okay, or if it's better to give him space and let him carry on with his life. He figures probably the latter, and so he leaves him alone.

The next month is fine. Work goes well; he finally nails the Fonji move he had been trying to master; he has a productive meeting with the X-Pole people; the Outlaws win three of their four games, with Shane scoring a hat trick against the Aces; he goes on a date with a guy who asked for his number at their hockey bar, but the guy is a terrible kisser so Shane doesn't see him again; Molly, Skylar, and Brynn drag him to watch the newest 'Hunger Games' movie – which is actually pretty fucking good and has Liam Hemsworth in it, who Shane thinks is really hot – and Shane still doesn't text Rozanov, even after the Raiders' overtime loss to Pittsburgh, during which the captain looked a little rough. And he doesn't hear from Rozanov at all, either.

And every Monday, Shane continues to post videos on Instagram, where he can't help but notice that Rozanov still follows him.

For the first video just a few days after their hookup, Shane wants to look as unaffected as he is telling himself he feels, so he records a cheeky routine to the current Top 40 hit that Skylar is obsessed with – "No Type" – completely shirtless, wearing black sweatpants, a pair of sunglasses, and a backwards hat. For better or worse, Shane really does tend to like 'bad bitches,' so it feels fitting, honestly.

♪ **Now Playing** ♪

[No Type — Rae Sremmurd](#)

A week later, Shane's not feeling quite as flashy, so he dances in his blue compression shorts with the lights dimmed to a slower song that he's actually enjoyed listening to recently, which also happens to be charting at #1 and therefore playing nonstop on the radio. He takes the opportunity to show off the newest move he's perfected, the Spatchcock, during which he holds a wide straddle against the pole, resting it across his neck and hooking it behind his outstretched forearms and legs. It looks pretty cool, and he's happy with it.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Stolen Dance — Milky Chance](#)

Shane decides to partner with Simone for his next video, a fun couples routine they record at the studio, set to “Chandelier,” in which they swing each other around on the pole and show off their more avant-garde contemporary dance skills on the floor. They sort of model it after Sia’s music video, and Wolfe is dressed in nude-colored shorts, while Simone wears a skin-toned leotard and wig. It gets a ton of likes, though none from Rozanov (not that Shane checked).

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Chandelier — Sia](#)

Shane’s in an admittedly shitty mood the following Monday, after what was an unexpectedly unpleasant day. He had agreed to allow two potential adopters to swing by his apartment to meet Eyeball, after the shelter screened their initial applications and Shane reviewed them as well, to make sure they could be a good fit.

The first was an older gentleman, looking for companionship after his wife passed away. But when Shane actually saw him in person, he could tell the guy wasn’t in great health, and he wasn’t holding Eyeball correctly, and it made Shane’s eye twitch. Eyeball is only a few years old... what would happen to him if this man gets sick, or passes away? So that was a no, for sure.

And then, the next potential adopters showed up – a married couple with a thirteen-year-old boy and an eleven-year-old girl. The moment they saw Eyeball, the boy crinkled his nose in disgust, the girl barely even glanced up from her phone – *Shane doesn’t remember being allowed to have even a cheap flip-phone at that age* – and the father whispered something he didn’t want Shane to hear into the mother’s ear, completely ignoring the cat as he rubbed up against his ankle.

“Didn’t the shelter tell you that he has some scarring and disfigurement from his surgeries?” Shane asked, clutching a purring Eyeball in his arms, having scooped him up pretty quickly after the family stepped into the living room.

“Well, yes...but we thought he would be like, ‘cute’ ugly, not ‘ugly’ ugly,” the woman said, rolling her eyes. “And they said he needs medications, too?”

“Yeah,” Shane snapped. “That was also in the form you filled out. He needs them with his breakfast and his dinner.”

“Oh, so we can’t just do, like, an automatic feeder?” The man was tapping his foot and looking back towards the front door, already clearly thinking about how to make his exit.

“You know what,” Shane sighed. “I don’t think it’s a fit. Thanks for coming by.”

And then they were gone, and Shane made a mental note to call the shelter about ensuring Eyeball’s photo was up-to-date on the website, so nobody can pretend they don’t know what he looks like.

“I’m sorry, buddy,” Shane whispers to his furry friend, who is now laying in his lap on the couch, pawing at the pillow next to them and probably ruining it forever with his sharp claws. “Some people are just assholes, and don’t recognize how special you are. They don’t deserve you, anyways.”

It's been nearly two months since he took Eyeball in, and Shane isn't any closer to finding him a permanent home, which makes him feel like a failure, and also sorry for the cat, even though Eyeball definitely has no idea what's going on. So, Shane really doesn't feel like recording anything for Instagram, especially not something upbeat or sexy.

He flips through his 'sad shane' playlist for something that suits his currently morose vibe, landing on "Waves," which is actually also having a moment on the top songs chart, so will probably still pull in a fair amount of engagement.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Waves — Mr. Probz](#)

Shane isn't in the mood to dress up, so he just records in the plain white t-shirt and light blue jeans he already has on, and keeps the routine slow and simple, flowing through several leisurely spins and holding a few of the more dramatic poses. At one point, Eyeball actually enters the frame, and Shane doesn't stop him. The lyrics are melancholy, and he finds himself getting a bit emotional during the line about wishing he could make it 'easy to love me,' but ultimately gets through it. He hits post and decides to tuck in for an early night – falling asleep with Eyeball curled up on his chest.



*Montreal, Quebec
December 2014*

"...and then we did it *again*, but this time it was me on top," Skylar grins, taking a sip of his mimosa. "It was so good, I thought I was gonna die."

"What the fuck are we talking about?" Shane asks as he slides into the seat across from him, where a glass of ginger ale is already sitting next to the placemat.

"Skylar is telling us about all the amazing sex he's having with his hot fuckbuddy," Molly says, picking up her menu. "You're lucky you missed the gross details."

"Hey!" Skylar shouts, playfully whacking Molly's arm with the back of his hand. "You're being homophobic."

"It's not *homophobic* to want you to keep some stuff about your sex life to yourself, Sky," Molly groans, turning to Shane for support. "Help me out here, Shane."

“*You* have a fuckbuddy?” Shane blurts, staring directly at Skylar. “Since when? Who is he?”

“His name is Alex, and we met at my spin class a few weeks ago,” Skylar explains, holding out his now-empty mimosa glass for a refill from the waiter walking by with the jug of orange liquid. “He’s great in bed, and he’s only in town for six months for some contract job, so it’s perfect.”

Shane is a bit embarrassed that the server can overhear their lewd conversation, but apparently that doesn’t matter to Skylar. “Okay... but I thought you wanted to find a boyfriend? Won’t this like... get in the way of that?”

“I mean, I don’t see how it’s any worse than fucking random guys from the apps,” Skylar shrugs. “And the sex is way better with somebody who you hook up with regularly. Like, you can try more stuff, and you get to know what turns the other person on. It’s not like there’s actually a potential future between us, or I want there to be one. It’s just friends-with-benefits, Shane.”

Shane knows what friends-with-benefits is – he went to college. He’s just having trouble understanding why Skylar, who has always been more of a relationship guy, is suddenly talking about fuckbuddies like it’s no big deal.

“What if you end up like, developing feelings for him?” Brynn asks, taking the words right out of Shane’s mouth. “Or he starts to like you as more than a friend?”

“That won’t happen,” Skylar laughs. “He’s not the kind of guy I would actually date, and he’s moving back to Illinois, or Iowa, or some state like that when his contract ends. Plus, I’m still going out with other guys, and if I start to like one of them, I’ll just stop hooking up with him. But in the meantime, I can get regularly fucked down by someone whose name I actually know. Like I said, it’s perfect.” Skylar leans back in his seat with his arms behind his head, a wide smile on his face. “Do you guys know what you wanna order?”

“There’s just no way this doesn’t end badly,” Molly snorts, dropping her menu to the table. “But whatever, Sky. You do you. And I’m having the French dip this time.”

Shane doesn’t disagree with Molly. He was a victim of the fuckbuddy thing himself a few times back in school – usually with the closeted guys he was secretly hooking up with – after he unfortunately found himself developing feelings for more than one of them. But that was obviously a different situation, and they were younger and more naive... and now he just finds himself feeling kind of...jealous, maybe?

Shane hasn’t been fucked since that night with Rozanov a month ago – he’s only gone on a couple okay dates, one of which ended up in mutual blowjobs. He’s sort of proud of Skylar for prioritizing his own pleasure, actually, and not caring about the consequences... though it’s definitely going to end badly.

“You know what, Sky, good for you,” Shane smirks, and then shifts his gaze between Brynn and Molly. “Ten dollars this ends with them dating. Or Skylar completely crashing out.”

“Oh my god, you’re such a dick!” Skylar yelps, tossing a balled up napkin at Shane’s face, which bounces off his cheek. “You all just need to get laid,” he huffs, crossing his arms.

Now that, Skylar is probably right about.



Unfortunately, Shane doesn't get laid over the next few days. Instead, they win their last game before the beer league's holiday break, he records a silly video to Taylor Swift's "Shake It Off," and he has to turn down yet another proposition from a new student after one of his classes. The guy is objectively really fucking hot, but Shane refuses to date a student – he's pretty sure it goes against some sort of studio policy.

On Wednesday evening, he finds himself alone on his couch – well, not completely alone anymore now that Eyeball is lurking somewhere in his apartment – eating a chickpea grain bowl that frankly could use a bit more salt, watching hockey. The Dallas-Vancouver game starts in about 15 minutes, and the second period just ended in the Boston-Minnesota matchup. The Raiders are leading 2-1, and they're showing some of the highlights during intermission.

Rozanov looks like he's been on a tear, getting one of their goals and logging a fair amount of ice time. And he doesn't slow down in the third – he's such a force out there. When the camera zooms in on his perfect face, his gaze is so piercing, his eyes are so focused, that it makes something clench deep in Shane's gut.

Rozanov also looks fucking pissed off when Minnesota ties it up. Their center, Stabler, is telegraphing, and either the Raiders' defense or goalie really should have seen it coming, Shane thinks.

The game goes into OT, and Rozanov wins the face-off, sending the puck back to Carlson, who shoots it down the boards. Somehow, Rozanov is already back behind the net to collect it, where he carries it around the left side, coercing Minnesota's defense and goalie into tracking him. Marlow sneaks through, Rozanov fires off a pass across the crease, and it's buried in the net before their goalie can get there. The fucking Raiders win it in under 90 seconds, ugh.

At this point, Shane would typically change the channel to the other game, so he can watch more hockey. But instead, he rises from the couch to rinse out his bowl and put it in the dishwasher, clean up the rest of his dishes from earlier, and wipe down the counters. And if the post-game coverage of the Raiders game eventually comes on in the background, well then, Shane may as well listen to it.

Rozanov is being asked the usual questions about the game, his sharp eyes flashing with the thrill of the overtime win, the corners of his mouth curled up into a wolfish grin as he recounts all the things they did right. But then, as Shane is scrubbing down the area next to his sink, and peeking up at the TV, he notices Rozanov's face drop.

“Ilya, have you been in touch with your family or friends back in Russia, given the major collapse of the ruble this week? They doing okay? And any thoughts on how this could impact the KHL and its efforts to compete with the NHL?” The disembodied reporter’s voice sounds through the speakers.

Rozanov’s lips are in a tight line now, his brow furrowed. Where he was glowing moments ago, he now looks a bit pale, and his eyeline shifts to the side of the room, towards who Shane presumes are Boston staffers.

“Ah, I...yes, of course I talk to my family...” Rozanov stammers. He obviously doesn’t want to answer this question. “But I would rather discuss the game tonight. Thank you.”

Shane admittedly had no idea that the ruble had crashed, or what that could mean for hockey players here and in Russia, or for their families. He googles it, and it looks really bad. Apparently the Russian economy is like, collapsing, and people there are panicking – buying whatever they can before prices plunge. And the president of the KHL called an emergency meeting to talk about how to keep their league afloat. Fuck.

He hovers his index finger over the Messages app, considering what to do next. What would he even say to Rozanov right now? Sorry about your home country’s economy? How are you? Good game, sorry about that reporter, is everything okay? Would Rozanov even want to hear from him?

He’s probably moved on from Wolfe by now – he was already mentally moving on before he even left Shane’s apartment that night. Shane needs to be cool. Rozanov is probably fine, he doesn’t need Shane to text him.

So he takes a deep breath, and changes the channel. And then he pulls up Grindr, because he really needs to get fucked again, and soon.



“Shane, this video is so fun,” his mom shouts from the kitchen, where she’s popping the uncooked apple tart into the oven, having just removed the roast chicken, which is now resting on top of the counter. Her phone, also lying on the countertop, is opened to his Instagram profile. “David, your chicken is done!”

“Oh my god, mom, please stop watching that,” Shane groans from where he’s seated on their couch, gazing at the flames crackling in their fireplace. He can hear Mariah Carey’s “All I Want for

Christmas Is You” softly playing from his mom’s phone speakers, over and over again as the video of his latest pole dance repeats.

“But it’s so good!” Yuna walks over to him, the clip still playing on the device in her palm, and takes a seat next to him. “Very Christmassy.”

“Well, yes, mom... that was kind of the point,” he huffs, trying to fight the smile creeping onto his face. He actually is proud of the video. Instead of doing something overtly sexual or super artsy, he wore a matching forest green pajama set covered in little reindeer and Christmas lights, and put on a Santa hat. He had a small tree lit up in the background, with a few of the presents he had bought for his parents scattered around it. The video was cozy, and cute, and people seem to be liking it. And a lot of them still found the stupid pajamas sexy, for some reason.

His dad joins them on the couch, sitting on the other side of Shane, handing them each a glass of wine. “Honey, please stop embarrassing him. And dinner is ready, so up, up, both of you!” He pats Shane on the knee, prompting him to follow him over to the table.

After Shane is thoroughly stuffed full of chicken, mashed potatoes, and roasted vegetables, he indulges in a slice of apple tart and pours himself a second glass of wine, before they head back over to the living room.

“I was thinking maybe we could watch that ‘John Wick’ movie?” His mom asks while clicking through the search function on the TV, starting to type the title in. “We didn’t catch it in theaters, and it’s supposed to be good.”

Shane’s stomach drops, his mind immediately wandering to thoughts of Rozanov, and all his annoying texts about that movie, and how Shane looks like the hot actor in it. Shane briefly wonders what he is doing for Christmas, before taking another big sip of his wine.

“Damn, nevermind,” Yuna sighs. “It’s not available to rent yet. But ‘Guardians of the Galaxy’ is? Or we could watch that ‘Maze Runner’ movie? Or we could just do an old Christmas movie, I don’t care.”

“I heard the dog dies in ‘John Wick’ anyways, mom,” Shane says casually, trying not to let any strange emotions show on his face. “So you might hate it.”

“Shane, spoiler!” His dad laughs, nudging him in the shoulder. “But okay, let’s just do ‘Die Hard’ if we want an action movie. It’s kind of a Christmas movie too, right?”

“Sure,” Shane agrees. And he tries to push any thoughts of Rozanov, and his ridiculous texts, and how Shane maybe kind of misses receiving them, out of his mind.



New Year's Eve is on a Wednesday this year, which means Shane doesn't have to work at the club, and can party with his friends. Plus, the studio is closed for the day, so he's able to watch the afternoon hockey games before recording for Instagram, and then getting ready for their night out at the gay bars.

The Raiders are playing Toronto, and it's their first matchup since that game the day before Shane and Rozanov hooked up. The one where Kent got in Rozanov's face, and then the Raiders lost in overtime, and Shane texted him like five fucking times.

This time, Boston clearly came prepared to kick Toronto's ass, though. Rozanov gets two goals and an assist, and the Raiders beat them 5-3. He fucking *winks* at the camera after his second goal, before doing his celebratory pushups on the ice, and Shane's cheeks get hot watching it.

Kent looked angrier and angrier as the game went on, shouting all sorts of bullshit, but it's like Rozanov couldn't even hear him. Shane wishes he didn't find the whole thing so fucking sexy.

He was initially deciding between a few different songs for his video tonight, but after watching the game, he knows which one he wants to pick. He just can't help thinking about last year's video, and how Rozanov messaged him after he saw it. And while Shane can't know for certain, he is pretty sure Rozanov will watch tonight's video, too. He still follows Wolfe on Instagram, so.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Earned It — The Weeknd](#)

Once the sun goes down, Shane switches off almost all the lights in his apartment, leaving only a lamp on outside the frame of the video, and sets up the multicolor LED lights projector across from the pole area, so that the lights are scattered all throughout the space.

He's wearing a tight black tank top cropped just above his waist and a pair of fitted black silk boxers, as well as sparkly earrings and a silver chain necklace, and nothing else.

He decides to try and make the video as sexy as possible, while still being appropriate for the platform. Wolfe climbs his way up the pole, almost all the way to the top, before flinging himself around it, kicking his legs up over his head until he's in an upside-down full split, spinning with the pole between his legs.

♪ *You make it look like it's magic (oh, yeah)*
'Cause I see nobody, nobody but you, you, you ♪

Then, still upside down, he hooks his right knee around the pole, while he grasps the metal below him with his right hand, sending his left leg backwards while he turns. He slowly slides himself downward, still spinning, and releases his hands from the pole so he's holding himself up only by the strength of his legs, pressing it between his knees and thighs. Then, while he spins, his head pointed towards the ground, he grabs onto each of his ankles, slowly pulling his legs apart into another nearly full split, the pole wedged between his right thigh and hip, and his left arm and back.

♪ *And you deserve it*
The way you work it
'Cause girl, you earned it, yeah
Girl, you earned it, yeah ♪

He twists and turns, until he's clutching the pole upside down between his hands and his thighs, and then, while still grasping onto the metal with his fingers, he pushes his chest and torso upwards off the pole, aggressively arching his spine and sending his ass up and out so the round curve of his cheeks are visible up against the pole behind him while he spins, his knees hooked one over the other.

♪ *You know our love would be tragic (oh, yeah)*
So you don't pay it, don't pay it no mind, mind, mind ♪

He completes several more moves, contorting himself around the pole, until he slides himself down to the ground, doing a few body rolls and more sensual floorwork. He ends the video by grabbing one of those black and gold party horns, going right up to the camera, winking at it, and *blowing*. No one can hear the sound of the horn itself – the music will cover it – but they can see his lips close around the plastic, his cheeks hollowing with the force of his breath. It's technically an innocent gesture, unless one is imagining the horn is something else.

Later that night, after he's changed into black pants, a black button down short sleeve shirt, unbuttoned to below his chest, a leather jacket, and black chelsea boots, Shane meets his friends at the bars, where he does several green tea shots, hits the dance floor, and finds a *very* attractive, very tall and muscular guy to make out with when the clock strikes midnight, and hopefully fuck afterwards.

Just after 12AM, he excuses himself to go to the bathroom – he needs to pee – and finds himself pulling out his phone once he's alone in the stall. For some reason, ever since he posted his video, he keeps thinking about Rozanov, and that initial DM a year ago. Shane is definitely drunk right now, but he kind of wants to wish him a happy new year. It would be a nice, full-circle bookend on the whole thing, maybe?

Messages
Boston Guy
Details

Thursday, November 13, 2014
10:44 PM

1221 Rue Hutchison, Unit 3C

be there in 30

...

Oh my god. Rozanov is typing. Shane stares at the screen with his mouth hanging open, watching the little dots pulse over and over again. His own cursor is hovering in his chat window, so he imagines that Rozanov has a similar view on his end.

Several minutes pass, 12:18AM turning into 12:24AM, and the dots neither morph into letters nor disappear. Shane needs to get back out there. He's going to lose his chance to get fucked by that hot guy.

Either Rozanov is also staring at his phone right now, or he started typing something to Wolfe earlier, and then thought better of it, but didn't realize he hadn't deleted it all from the message box. Regardless, the fact is – he started texting Wolfe. Does that mean he had the same idea? That maybe Rozanov is thinking about him tonight, too?

It's making Shane feel really weird – his heart is beating much faster than it was a minute ago, but his gut is also churning a little. He thinks it's probably best that he fucks this feeling away as quickly as possible, so he closes the app and heads back to the dance floor.



*Montreal, Quebec
January 2015*

Shane and the muscular, tall guy – Brian – actually hit it off. The sex is really great, and they agree to meet for drinks the following week. Brian is funny, and dominant in bed, and he plays rugby, and he has an eight-pack, which Shane is sort of obsessed with touching.

They go on five dates over the next few weeks, in addition to meeting up for some late-night hookups, but Shane admittedly finds it difficult to focus on building any sort of relationship with him, since he has to spend more and more time and energy preparing for Worlds, whenever he's not working or playing hockey.

Plus, Brian quickly proves to be dominant in more than just the bedroom. On their fourth date, he is kind of weird about the most recent video Shane posted on Instagram, a sultry routine to "Glory

Box” – even asking Shane to delete it at one point – and then when they’re at dinner on their fifth date, he complains about the fact that Shane is always busy at Le Vertige on Friday and Saturday nights, and asks him if he’s ever fucked anybody who comes to the club. Shane may like being bossed around a bit in bed, but he’s not a pushover outside of it, and certainly not when it comes to his career.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Glory Box — Portishead](#)

So, Shane says goodbye to Brian and his washboard abs, and by the end of January, he’s no closer to finding a boyfriend, and sadly, still hasn’t found a more permanent home for poor Eyeball, either.

He’s only got about a month until Worlds though, so he figures he may as well lock in with training for that, and use the rest of his free time to make as much money as possible.



*Montreal, Quebec
February 2015*

By the time Valentine’s Day rolls around, Shane is functioning like a well-oiled machine – barely allowing himself a free moment between the club, and the studio, and recording videos, and playing hockey, and training – to think about how sexually frustrated he is, and how much it sucks to be surrounded by people in happy romantic relationships, or even happy fuckbuddy situationships, in Skylar’s case.

If he has to hear about another mind-boggling sex act that Skylar and Alex committed, he thinks he might actually scream.

He doesn’t even mean to do it, and maybe it’s just because they’re all “love” themed given the holiday, but his videos get progressively more and more horny as the month progresses. He posts his first one to “Body Language” by Kid Ink, dressed in a pair of grey sweatpants and a backwards hat, where he does a lot of body rolls, and then his next to “Love Me Harder” by Ariana Grande, where he shows off his, assets, maybe a little too obviously. Then, the week of Valentine’s Day, he records a routine set to “Love Me Like You Do” by Ellie Goulding wearing some bondage-like black wraps around his wrists, and ankles, and neck... which is well, maybe a little on the nose, but whatever. That “Fifty Shades of Grey” movie has everybody going crazy right now, so it felt apt.

♪ **Now Playing** ♪

[Body Language — Kid Ink ft. Usher & Tinashe](#)

♪ **Now Playing** ♪

[Love Me Harder — Ariana Grande ft. The Weeknd](#)

♪ **Now Playing** ♪

[Love Me Like You Do — Ellie Goulding](#)

And it doesn't help that every time he watches the Raiders play, he gets a little turned on seeing Rozanov skate circles around everybody else on the ice. Like, he should be pissed off when they beat the Metros again in overtime, but he's just so impressed by Rozanov's play that he has to cover his smile with his hand. The whole thing is getting a bit absurd.

It's not like Shane is thinking about him that much – it's been like, months, since Rozanov awkwardly ran out of his apartment and he obviously hasn't reached out to Shane since for a reason – but he is starting to wonder if he should maybe talk to somebody about it, considering he still hasn't been able to completely push that night, and Rozanov, out of his mind.

He obviously can't mention anything to Simone, because even without using Rozanov's name, she will probably put the pieces together based on the timing and what she saw at the bachelorette party. Nikhil is out, too, given his reaction to Shane's story about meeting Rozanov the first time, and the likelihood he could guess who Shane is talking about. And as tempted as he is to tell his queer friends, the second he mentions that the guy is closeted, they will probably flip out on him. And while they might do a good job of convincing Shane to get over it... he just would prefer to talk to someone a bit more... sympathetic, maybe? And there's no world in which he would tell either of his parents, so that just leaves...

Messages

Jackie Pike

Details

Thursday, February 26, 2015

4:37 PM

We still on for belated Galentine's Day tonight at your place?

yessss 🔥 you bringing a bottle of red? i have some rosé here

Yes, I can bring a bottle! Or two 😊

woooo 🍷

also have you seen this dress thing

No, what?



does this look blue and black, or white and gold to you

It's obviously blue and black?

ok that's what I said but hayden said it's white and gold!! it's like an optical illusion

That's wild. I wonder if there's a scientific explanation for it.

lol probably? I just told him he's crazy



Delivered

Hayden is on a roadie, and they're closing the studio early today for some inspection or something, so it was the perfect evening for him and Jackie to do their 'Galentine's Day' wine night that they kept having to reschedule.

And now, sitting on her couch with their second bottle open on the table, and Shane almost finished with his fourth glass of wine, he finds himself itching to tell her about his...situation. Especially because Jackie won't stop talking about sex.

"...and he has like a 'red room,' with all these crazy sex toys and restraints and stuff in it, and he like, ties her up, and spansks her, and – are you sure I'm not spoiling anything? You're not gonna see it?" Jackie turns to him, her lips a bit purple from the wine.

"No," Shane laughs. "I can promise you I'm not going to see this 'Fifty Shades' kinky sex movie."

"Okay. Well, anyways. Some of it was actually really hot. Have you ever done anything like that? Like, BDSM?" She arches her brow at him, an eager smile on her face as she awaits his response.

Shane is drunk, and he's here to get some stuff off his chest anyways, so he figures he may as well be honest. "Yeah, I have," he says with a grin. "I really like it, actually. You and Hayden have never? Like, not even a little hair pulling or something?" He's pretty sure they're trying for a third kid right now, so they clearly have a lot of sex.

"We're pretty vanilla," Jackie chuckles, shaking her head, and then her smile suddenly turns a little wistful. "Though I certainly dabbled in some hair pulling and rough sex back in my college days, before I met him."

"Damn, Jackie," Shane huffs. "You guys are too young and hot to be so vanilla. Buy him some handcuffs for your anniversary, or something."

"Ha! Maybe I will," she says, pouring herself another glass of the pinot and settling further into the cushions. "But what about you? Please tell me more about the sexy guys who are tying you up in their 'red rooms.' Let me live vicariously through you."

This is it – his opening to finally talk to somebody about the thing with Rozanov.

"Uh, I actually did want to talk to you about this one guy," he says carefully, taking another sip of wine. "But you can't mention anything to anyone, even Hayden, if I do."

"Oh my god, I would never talk to Hayden about the stuff you tell me," Jackie pouts, and puts her hand on his knee. "You can trust me, Shane."

"Okay. Well, basically, I kind of, hooked up with this guy – a few times, actually – and he's, um... he's in the closet." He pauses, glancing up to see Jackie's reaction to that last part.

"Okay," she says quietly. "And?"

"And he's *so* hot, Jackie. Like, one of the hottest guys you've ever seen. And he's really good at, um, at his job, which you know, I really like that about somebody. He doesn't live here, but he travels for work so he comes to Montreal a few times a year, which is how we met. And every time we hooked up it was *so* good, like we just click – physically – you know? But then this last time,

we finally had sex – which was great – but then it ended really weird. Like he kind of freaked out, and left super quickly. And we haven't talked since."

Jackie is staring directly into his eyes, brows furrowed, clearly taking in everything he just said. "So, what exactly is the issue here? Do you want to see him again, or...?"

"I don't know," Shane sighs. "I just keep thinking about it. And wondering if I should text him. But clearly he doesn't want to talk to me. I just can't figure out why I still give a shit."

"You said he's closeted, right?"

"Yeah."

"Does he have a girlfriend, or a wife?"

"No, definitely not."

"And is he somebody you want to, like, *date*, seriously?"

Shane laughs. "Oh my god, no. He's kind of an asshole, and he lives far away, and – just, no. Definitely not. It would just be for sex."

"Okay," Jackie breathes. "So he's super hot, and the sex was incredible. But he's closeted, and you haven't heard from him since."

"Yeah," Shane says with a shrug. "That's basically it."

"Well, first of all, it sounds to me like he freaked out and hasn't texted you for the obvious reason, which is that he's in the closet and he had sex with a man," Jackie explains, waving her right hand in the air. "Because there's no way he had sex with *you* and doesn't want to do it again."

"Jackie!" Shane lets out a strained laugh. "It's definitely possible he doesn't like – I'm not *that* great – he might just not want to talk to me ever again. But also, shouldn't I, like, not see him again anyways, since he's in the closet?"

Jackie takes a deep sigh, puts her wine glass down on the coffee table, and leans in towards him, placing both hands on his knees. "Shane, I'm going to be honest with you. I *should* tell you not to fuck this guy anymore, because he's in the closet. But, truthfully, I just don't see why it's such a big fucking deal."

A chuckle escapes Shane's lips before he can stop it. "Wait, what? Really?"

"Really," she grins. "One day, you're going to join me in this nightmare – don't laugh, you know I love Hayden and the girls, but like, it's also a nightmare, let's be honest – and you will have the rest of your life to be locked in with whoever your chosen partner is. And you will look back on your 20s, and you'll just be so glad that you enjoyed being single, and that you had all the amazing, kinky sex you wanted, with all the hot guys. And this guy – he doesn't even live here, right? It's like – you'd only be seeing him a few times a year, anyways. And you said you don't have feelings for him, or want to date him. So I just, really don't see the big deal. I had fuckbuddies in college, and it was *fun*. You're so hard on yourself – and you work so hard – and I know you're trying to date, but you're one of the busiest guys I know. So, fuck the hot closeted guy when he's in town. As long as it's not hurting anybody, who fucking cares?"

Shane's pretty sure his mouth is hanging open in shock. He's not sure what he expected Jackie to say, but he never thought she would be so supportive.

"Wow," he finally breathes. "Thanks, Jackie. That makes me feel less insane, actually."

"Oh, you're still insane," she huffs. "But no more than the rest of us. We're all just horny idiots at the end of the day!"

Shane laughs, and sinks back into the couch, feeling a lot more relaxed than he did when he arrived. He's still not going to text Rozanov or anything, but now at least he's not going to freak out if he ever hears from him again. Or like, drown in guilt just from thinking about maybe, sort of, hoping that he will.



*Montreal, Quebec
March 2015*

Shane steps out of the shower, steam rising off his flushed skin as he reaches for the fluffy white towel hanging on the rack, rubbing himself down from head to toe before wrapping it around his waist. Eyeball is staring at him, his one eye blinking slowly, from where he sits on the rug in front of the bathroom sink – he likes to watch Shane shower, for some reason.

"Hey, weirdo," Shane huffs, as he gently nudges the cat with his foot so he can take his place on the rug, and put on his moisturizer, deodorant, and cologne before he gets dressed for dinner. This sends Eyeball sprinting out of the bathroom at top speed, and Shane can hear him zooming around the living room, hopping up onto and off of the furniture and yowling at his own shadow.

Once Shane has on his dark-wash charcoal pants and fitted white shirt, which he will pair with his leather jacket and black boots, he grabs his diamond stud earrings and puts one into each ear. He quickly styles his hair in the bathroom, and then feeds Eyeball his dinner, sneaking one of his pills inside the glob of wet food.

Finally ready to leave, he goes to grab his phone from where it's charging next to his bed, and notices that he has several missed calls and texts from his mom.

Messages
Mom
Details

Friday, March 13, 2015

5:14 PM

Shane please pick up your phone

omg Shane pick up

I have some unbelievable news, and it can't wait until tomorrow

call me!!!

Oh, shit. He really has to go – he's actually running a little late – but clearly she has something important to tell him. He'll call her in the car.



“It’s the man of the hour!” Molly shouts at Shane from where she’s standing among the large group crowded around the hostess stand, which causes the rest of his friends to turn around and face him, cheering loudly and clapping their hands.

“Oh my god guys, stopppp,” Shane yells back at them, waving his hands around in front of his face like he’s had enough. But he’s pretty sure his reddening cheeks and massive grin are giving away the fact that he actually kind of loves it.

“We almost thought you weren’t going to make it,” Brynn says with a smile, bringing in Shane for a side hug.

“I’m like, seven minutes late,” Shane huffs in response, his cheek squished against theirs. “Had to call my mom.”

“It’s all good – our table is ready now,” Brynn says. “I guess they have to seat us upstairs because someone rented out the whole bottom floor last-minute for a rehearsal dinner. They must have money.”

Shane doesn’t really care where they sit, as long as the table can fit all of them. Brynn, Skylar, and Molly were all able to make it – Molly even brought the guy she’s seeing – as well as, like, more than half of the Outlaws and their partners. Unfortunately, Simone couldn’t attend because of her shift at Le Vertige, and he’s decided to get dinner with his parents separately the following evening – he didn’t want to have to censor himself tonight, and they’re all hitting the bars afterwards.

Luckily, the upscale restaurant – in addition to being known for its great food and service – is especially popular for celebrations, so they’re pretty well-equipped to handle large groups. They’re escorted to a big table upstairs, which actually overlooks the bottom floor, where servers are setting up for the rehearsal dinner.

Shane takes a seat at the head of the table, and he’s barely got one hand around his drink before Nikhil, who is in the seat next to him, is clinking his glass with his fork.

“Before we all get drunk and distracted, I would like to raise a toast to our dearest Shane... or Wolfe... or, as he is known to many of us here... Hollzy,” Nikhil says, projecting his voice down the expanse of the table, prompting everyone to lift their various cocktails into the air.

Then, Nikhil turns to him, a fond look on his face. “For representing our beloved Canada, all the way in *bloody London*,” he chirps in a truly awful British accent, “and kicking major ass, like we all knew you would. You worked so hard, and we are all so proud of you. To our sexy, talented, motherfucking *champion*, Shane!”

The table erupts into a cacophony of whooping, and laughing, and clinking glasses, and Shane thinks he might actually be vibrating with happiness.

Less than a week ago, he was competing against 16 other men from a range of countries in front of a panel of judges, executing the most difficult moves he was able to master, showing off his flexibility, spins, drops, dynamic combinations, re-grips, and transitions – displaying his strength and technique on the pole, as well as his musicality and stage presence. And just hours after that – after he completed what he knew was a fucking stellar routine – he was being handed a gold medal and the title of champion.

And while it’s not like the World Pole Sports Championships are this, like, well-known athletic competition widely covered by the media or anything, they still matter within the pole community. And Shane is competitive, which means that any opportunity to win something – to prove that he’s the best – is exciting and worth doing.

So he feels really fucking good tonight. Not only did he win, but now he’s surrounded by a group of people he loves, who are here just to celebrate him. And he’s still riding the high of what his mom told him on the phone...

“Shaney, did you meet anybody cool over there?” Brynn interrupts his thoughts with her question.

“Yeah, actually,” Shane grins. “We all went out after, and there was this stunning British guy at one of the clubs. He looked like a prince, or something. And his accent was so hot.”

“I meant like another dancer from one of the international countries or something,” Brynn laughs. “But of course you immediately start talking about some hot guy who probably fell in love with you.”

“He did not –” Shane starts to protest, but Molly cuts him off.

“Shane really loves an accent,” Molly giggles. “Remember that guy sophomore year? The one with the nose piercing?”

“I would like to hear about this!” Jimmy shouts from a few seats down. “I love college Shane stories!”

And Shane can't even be embarrassed about any of it, because he's just so happy.

##

Halfway through dinner, and several minutes into Skylar telling a way-too-detailed story about the time Shane disappeared during one of Concordia's bonfire parties junior year (Shane was kind of a runner when he got too drunk), Shane starts to become concerned that his drink was spiked, because he is definitely hearing things. Like, he is having auditory hallucinations, or something. Because he thinks... he's almost positive that he can hear –

"Fine, fine! I will speak!" A deep, heavily accented voice booms from somewhere in the restaurant. "Pull on my leg, why don't you."

Oh god. Shane slowly turns his head to the left, peering over the wooden railing next to their table, so he can get a clearer view of the rehearsal dinner taking place on the lower level.

Sure enough, his eyes land on a head of golden curls, atop a very handsome, tall, broad-shouldered man who is standing up holding a microphone, and speaking directly to a beautiful blonde woman that Shane definitely recognizes, because he was grinding up on her, with her hands gripping his ass, eight months ago.

This has to be a joke. Like, the universe is playing a prank on him, for some reason. Wasn't Kenzie supposed to be getting married in Italy? What the fuck are they doing here?

He turns back to his friends, ignoring the voice that's been haunting him for months giving what is clearly a very funny speech downstairs, and takes another huge gulp of his vodka ginger, finishing it.

He manages to look away for a full fifteen minutes, chatting with Molly's date about how to take care of his spider plant, before he finally caves and glances downward again. This time, Rozanov is sitting in his seat next to Svetlana, and looking unfairly attractive in a black button-down, with his curls pushed back. Shane's gut is churning.

And then, as though his chin is being gently tugged on by an invisible string, Rozanov casually tilts his head upwards, his gaze gradually lifting, until his piercing ocean eyes meet Shane's. It happens so painfully slowly that Shane feels like time has stopped completely, and he can hear the roaring of his own pulse in his ears – and yet also so quickly that he doesn't have any time to blink, or look away.

Shane's eyes go wide with shock, and he isn't sure what his mouth is doing. Surely, his friends will notice if he sits like this for too long, with whatever weird expression he has on his face, but he just can't tear his eyes away from Rozanov's, who appears to be equally frozen.

And then, Rozanov *smiles*. It's small, and he's not showing any teeth, but he's definitely smiling.

The sight is such a relief, and so unexpected, that Shane can't stop his own lips from twitching upwards, sending him a shaky, close-mouthed smile in return. They sit like that for what feels like minutes, but is probably just a few seconds, smirking at each other, until Shane feels a lump form in his throat.

"Do you remember, Shane, was it four or five?" Skylar says, tossing one of his fries at him. "Hello, earth to Shane?"

“What?” Shane blurts, jerking his head back towards the table, and whatever conversation he’s supposed to be part of. He has to get a grip.

Unfortunately, ten minutes later – during which he’s successfully managed to remain focused on his friends and not the Russian downstairs – just as Shane finally feels like he’s settling back into his body, the floor is ripped out from under him when he glances up to see that Rozanov is *upstairs*, walking towards – well, he’s trying to walk past – their table. Probably to get to the bathrooms. What, were there none downstairs?

Shane immediately averts his gaze, poking at the salmon on his plate with his fork, praying that no one notices or says anything –

“Oh my god, no way!” Nikhil yells, jumping up from his chair. “Ilya Rozanov?”

Shane can hear disgruntled murmuring among the Outlaws as they recognize the Boston captain – it’s not like anyone here is a *fan* of Rozanov – but there is also some mild excitement. The guy is really famous, and really good at hockey, so.

Rozanov immediately turns from where he’s trying to shuffle past them, making eye contact with Nikhil. “Yes?”

Unfortunately, Shane knows Nikhil well enough to know that he thinks this is fucking *hilarious*, and is probably going to do something to embarrass him, like –

“Can we get a selfie with you?” Nikhil asks, a sly grin on his face as he turns to Shane, beckoning him over with a hand. “Hollzy, come here, man!”

Fuckkkk. Fucking Nikhil.

“Ah, I was just going to the bathroom...” Rozanov murmurs, clearly as uncomfortable as Shane is.

“Come on, dude, it will be quick,” Nikhil pleads. Shane is going to fucking kill him.

“Okey. Sure,” Rozanov agrees reluctantly, stepping over so that he’s standing next to Nikhil.

“Hollzy, get up,” Nikhil snaps. “Don’t be rude.”

Shane huffs a laugh, not even budging, but he also realizes that if he doesn’t join in at this point, it’s going to be legitimately awkward. Everyone is looking at them now.

Rozanov looks like he is biting back a laugh now, too, and Shane wants to punch him in the arm. So, Shane rises from his seat, and goes to stand on the other side of him, so Rozanov is in between him and Nikhil for the picture. Nikhil holds his phone out, smiling for the camera, and...Shane just can’t help himself.

This fucking guy hasn’t talked to him in *months*, and now he’s interrupting Shane’s celebration dinner, standing here and grinning for a fucking selfie. So, Shane very slowly, and very carefully, brings his arm to rest behind Rozanov’s upper back, like he would if he was posing for a picture with anybody. But instead of hovering it over his shoulder blades like he would for most strangers, or keeping the touch light and unassuming, he presses his fingers down into the fabric of Rozanov’s shirt, slowly rubbing the tiniest of circles there, before gradually sliding his hand downwards, maintaining pressure and tracing a painfully slow pathway down his long spine, before landing

over the pronounced curve of Rozanov's tailbone, and briefly poking his middle finger into the waistband of Rozanov's dress pants, tugging ever so slightly on the belt loop, before pulling away completely.

Rozanov, to his credit, doesn't obviously react, but Shane can feel the slight tremor in his muscles as he jerks a mere centimeter backwards, leaning into Shane's touch. Suddenly, Shane is feeling quite warm, and also proud of himself for once again, knocking Rozanov off-balance.

"Thanks, man," Nikhil says as he shoves the phone back into his pocket. "Appreciate it."

And then, Rozanov walks away, finally escaping towards the bathrooms. For a brief moment, Shane has the absolutely psychotic urge to follow him, before shaking the thought away and sitting back down in his chair.

"Who the hell was that?" Skylar asks, his mouth practically hanging open, his tongue wagging. "He's hot as fuck."

Molly nods her head aggressively in agreement. "I, too, would like to know who the hot man is."

"You guys, how do you not know this," Shane groans. "I swear we've watched hockey together so many times."

"Eh, you've watched it, Shane," Skylar says. "We are usually just there to eat, drink, and hang out."

"That was Ilya Rozanov," Nikhil explains. "He's the asshole captain of the Boston Raiders, a.k.a. Montreal's *rivals*. And Shane fucking *hates* him."

Shane shoots daggers at Nikhil, willing him not to say anything else, or bring up that night at the club. Luckily, it seems like he understands, because he finally stops talking.

"Bummer," Skylar says matter-of-factly. "Was hoping he was a model, or actor, or something. Not just some hockey jerk. He's still hot, though."

"Can we talk about literally anything else?" Shane begs, throwing his hands up in the air. "I will even talk about the jello party senior year, over talking about Rozanov."

"Oh my god, *yes*," Skylar yelps gleefully. "Okay, so – well, first of all, we were all wearing togas..."



Some time later, when they're finishing up dessert, Shane realizes that he has to pee – probably from the vodka gingers – so he excuses himself to go to the bathroom. Both of the ones upstairs are busy, so he begrudgingly ventures to the one downstairs, which is luckily nestled in a completely private hallway, nowhere near the area where Kenzie's rehearsal dinner guests are eating.

Unfortunately, this restroom is also occupied, but Shane figures he's going to have to wait regardless, so he may as well stay here. After leaning against the wall next to the door for a couple minutes, it finally opens, and Shane moves forward, preparing to go inside – only to find himself face-to-face with a shell-shocked Rozanov, who is standing frozen in the doorway.

They both just stand there, staring at each other for a second, before Shane is possessed by some sort of demon and *shoves* Rozanov's chest with both hands, sending him stumbling backwards into the bathroom. He swiftly turns to lock the door, before twisting his body around to face Rozanov again, who is now backed up against the sink.

Shane is breathing heavily, still not quite sure what the fuck he is doing. He just knows that he needs to be alone with Rozanov again. He wants to know what he's doing here.

Then against his own will, he lets out a nervous chuckle, which seems to finally yank Rozanov out of his stupor.

"What the fuck is so funny?" Rozanov blurts, his brows furrowed in confusion. "What are you doing here?"

"What am *I* doing here?" Shane asks, a little too loudly. "What the fuck are you doing here? I thought Kenzie's wedding was supposed to be in Italy."

"It was," Rozanov says, rubbing the back of his neck with his hand. "But Robert's grandmother got very sick, and she lives here, so... they moved it last-minute."

"Oh," Shane sighs. "That sucks for them."

"Yes," Rozanov says in a clipped tone. And then the room becomes thick with silence again, neither of them speaking or moving.

Rozanov looks so beautiful in the dimmed lighting of the restroom, his sharp jawline and striking facial features lit only by the flame of the fancy candle on the sink. Shane takes a step closer.

"What the fuck do you want?" Rozanov snarls, his lips still in a tight line, his gaze piercing and locked onto Shane's. "I haven't heard from you in months."

"You didn't text me, either, asshole!" Shane snaps. "What the fuck? You were like, super weird when you left my place, and then you clearly didn't want to talk to me again, so..." He puts his hands in his pants pockets and stares down at the floor. He's suddenly realizing that maybe he shouldn't have cornered Rozanov in the bathroom.

"Hm," Rozanov huffs. "And did you want to talk to me?"

Shane chances a glance upwards and sees that Rozanov is fucking *grinning* at him. Oh, okay.

"Maybe," Shane says, biting back his own smile, despite himself. "Did *you* want to talk to *me*?"

“Maybe,” Rozanov smirks, stepping forward from his perch on the sink, so now they’re standing about a foot apart from each other.

“What the fuck do you *actually* want, Rozanov?” Shane practically whispers the question, because he’s honestly a little afraid of the answer. He’s not even sure that Rozanov knows what he wants, and he’s also not sure what he hopes Rozanov will say. Does he want Rozanov to say he wants him? Or the opposite?

Rozanov’s cheeks flush pink, and he opens and closes his mouth a couple times without saying anything – like he’s also taken aback by the question – before finally speaking.

“I, I want –” he stammers, taking a deep breath, “I want to fuck you again.” Rozanov’s blue eyes have gone a bit cloudy, and his eyelids are fluttering as his gaze shifts downward, landing on Shane’s lips.

Jesus Christ. Shane isn’t strong enough for this.

“Rozanov,” Shane breathes, trying in vain to regulate his racing pulse. “You can’t fuck me in the bathroom.”

“What if I ask nicely?” Rozanov is smiling with his teeth again, and it’s doing something to Shane’s insides.

“No,” Shane says firmly, though his hands are shaking a little inside his pockets.

“Please?” Rozanov gasps, as he closes the gap between them, and places both of his big hands around Shane’s biceps, squeezing the muscles a little. “Pretty please?” Shane can smell his hot breath now, a heady combination of vodka and cigarettes, and when he peers down his nose, all he can see are Rozanov’s perfect, slightly opened lips.

“No,” Shane whispers, as the delicate skin of their mouths brushes together, the tip of his nose tickling Rozanov’s. At some point, he must have taken his hands out of his pockets, because his fingers are suddenly gripping Rozanov’s waist.

“What about after?” Rozanov asks desperately, his breath shaky. “Later tonight?” Shane locks eyes with him again, and his pupils are blown wide.

“No,” Shane says again. He’s starting to sound like a broken record. “I’m going out with my friends tonight.”

Rozanov groans, pulling himself off Shane and stepping backwards until he’s leaning against the sink again. He looks like a kicked puppy, or something, and Shane wishes it wasn’t affecting him. He wishes he was stronger than this. That he could turn around and leave before he asks something stupid like –

“Rozanov,” Shane says gently. “Is the wedding tomorrow, in Montreal?”

Rozanov nods slowly. His eyes are still hazy with desire, and he’s still looking at Shane like he wants to eat him.

And so, Shane simply can’t help himself. “You know,” he says, taking two big steps forward, so that his groin is flush with Rozanov’s and his hands are caging Rozanov’s hips against the cool

countertop. He nuzzles his face into Rozanov's hot neck, panting his next words into Rozanov's ear, while he squirms underneath him. "You haven't congratulated me yet, for winning at Worlds."

"Oh?" Rozanov huffs a raspy laugh, and Shane can feel the blood pumping rapidly in Rozanov's neck, from where it's pressing up against Shane's cheek.

"But I think I know a way you can," Shane rasps, before placing a soft, light kiss under Rozanov's ear, eliciting a low whine from his throat. "Tomorrow, after the wedding is over, and you've been waiting all day and night..." He suckles the skin under Rozanov's jaw again, this time a little lower, and with more pressure. "You can come to my apartment, and I will *maybe* let you show me how proud you are of me."

"And I can fuck you again?" Rozanov asks quietly, his voice quivering, his hands trembling as they grasp Shane's waist, sliding to palm his asscheeks over his jeans.

Shane pulls his head back so that he's once again face-to-face with Rozanov, whose eyes are completely glazed over. Shane cups Rozanov's cheek with his right hand, tapping it a little to make sure he's paying attention. "If you're good," he says with a small smile, which causes Rozanov to smile back at him. He looks fucking gone.

And so then, probably against his better judgment, Shane crashes his lips into Rozanov's, their trembling mouths meeting in a warm, wet collision of hungry gasps and desperate moans, their tongues sliding over one another, and gliding along the ridges of their teeth. His hands are running through Rozanov's curls, and Rozanov's are groping at his ass. It's delicious, and heated, and just as good as Shane remembers it being. And when did Rozanov's hair grow so much longer? Shane thinks he can probably wrap the curls around his fingers if he tried.

But before things can escalate any further – Rozanov's hips are already starting to twitch, as he clearly wants to thrust his groin into Shane's – or his friends come looking for him, Shane pulls back, pecking a final, chaste kiss against Rozanov's lips before separating from him entirely.

"You should get back to your dinner," Shane pants, his chest heaving as he attempts to steady his breathing.

"You should send me that selfie of us," Rozanov smirks, that signature wolfish grin returning to his face.

"Fuck you," Shane snorts. "Go. I need to pee."

"I will see you tomorrow," Rozanov says, as he strides out of the bathroom, brushing Shane's chest with his shoulder on his way out. "Try not to have too much fun tonight."

"I'm not promising anything," Shane chuckles. "Bye."

"Bye," Rozanov breathes, from where he's staring at Shane in front of the door. And then he leaves.

Shane knows he should probably feel guilt, or shame, or something, right now. But then he thinks about the desperate look on Rozanov's face tonight, and Skylar and his stupid fuckbuddy, and Jackie telling him he should just have fun, and the unbelievable news his mom shared that's probably going to have him really busy over the next few months anyways. And he figures, hey, as long as it's not hurting anybody... why can't he have a little fun with Rozanov?

Chapter End Notes

Up next, Ilya POV and things get spicyyyy hehe 🔥 the next chapter is one of the first things I plotted early on, so I'm personally looking forward to it and hope you are too!

Thoughts on Ch8:

- Hilarious that I ever thought I was going to fit this chapter and the next into ONE split POV chapter, just...hilarious.
- While it was tempting to make Shane really upset/mad about Ilya leaving like that, I do think that this more experienced Shane a) could genuinely tell Ilya enjoyed sleeping with him, b) has empathy for his situation as a fellow queer athlete, and c) didn't expect it to be anything serious to begin with, so... instead he was just like damn, there could be five diff reasons why he left...but it was probs either a sexual identity crisis OR he just doesn't like me as a person : (
- I simply can't keep these boys apart lol, they are magnets I fear. I always loved that in the Vegas bathroom scene it was like neither of them wanted to want each other, but they just can't help it once they're in the same room. And I had fun inverting the dynamic a little.
- Hope you enjoyed this visit to 2014/15 via songs. Sometimes I feel like a DJ writing this
- Not even kidding, when I started, the dress looked blue/black and by the end it looked white/gold to me – witchcraft!!
- It was kind of (very) sad not writing any smut for this chapter...luckily I get to in the next one!

Chapter 9: hands free

Chapter Summary

Ilya continues his journey of self-discovery.

Chapter Notes

Wanted to say thank you again to all of you for reading - it's truly a hit of dopamine every time I get a comment and it means so, so much that you're spending time with my story. Like, I'm having a lot of fun writing it but it's really cool that so many people are enjoying it, too!

Heads up for this chapter – hopefully I've already expressed how impressive/athletic pole dancing is up until this point (it should be an Olympic sport!), because my sincere apologies, but I am absolutely sexualizing it a bit more in this chapter (you knew it was coming, and I fear it won't be the last time haha) 😊 Enjoy!

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

*Moscow, Russia
September 2000*

“Ilya Rozanov, are you paying attention?”

Ilya jerks his head towards the front of the classroom, tearing his gaze from the two large crows fighting over an old piece of bread outside the window, screeching and cawing and flapping their wings at each other, sending black feathers flying everywhere.

“Yes, Anna Nikolaevna,” he says quickly, praying that she believes him. He's one of the smarter kids in her class, so sometimes she gives him a pass for daydreaming, and he's hoping this is one of those times.

“Then can you please tell everyone the steps of the scientific method?” She smiles at him from where she's standing in her usual spot in front of the chalkboard, her arms crossed. Shoot, she's not letting him off the hook this time, then. And he really wasn't paying attention.

But luckily, Ilya loves to read, especially books about science, and he's pretty sure he knows this one.

“Uh, yes. First, you have a question – something you are wondering about. Then, you must guess the answer –”

“The hypothesis,” she interrupts.

“Yes, you come up with a hypothesis. Next you must test your idea – with an experiment. And then observe the results – so you can draw your conclusion.” He smiles smugly – he is proud of himself for remembering that word, ‘conclusion.’

“Good. And the last step?”

He stares at her blankly, his cheeks going pink – what on earth comes after ‘conclusion’? He could have sworn that was where it ended in the book he read.

She turns her back to the classroom, writing the previous steps on the board, and then pausing.

“The final step,” she says, as she scratches the number ‘6’ onto the green surface with chalk, *“is to share.”* She writes the word ‘share’ on the board, underlining it for emphasis. *“This can be with words, or a chart, or a picture. The reason we have so much valuable information is because of all the amazing scientists who have tested their hypotheses and shared their conclusions with the world, no? In many ways, it is the most important step.”*

Ilya nods, and writes all the steps down into his notebook, underlining ‘share,’ just like she did.

“Now for an example,” she says as she walks over to her desk, where a clear bowl filled with water is sitting next to a medium-sized rock on the wooden tabletop. *“What if I asked the question, will this item float or sink? What would your hypothesis be?”* She lifts the rock into the air, waiting for their answer.

A chorus of voices shouts ‘it will sink!’ which elicits another warm smile from Anna Nikolaevna.

“Great, and now how can we test it – Svetlana?”

Svetlana straightens in her seat and says confidently, *“we drop it in the water, and observe whether it sinks or floats.”*

Their teacher nods, and lets the rock fall from her fingers into the bowl, where it immediately drops to the bottom with a clink.

“Now we analyze our data – what did you see? Yes – it went to the bottom of the bowl. So our conclusion is? Correct – this rock sinks in water.”

Ilya thinks that one was sort of obvious, but he understands her point.

“For your homework, I want you to practice the scientific method. Come up with a question and hypothesis, conduct an experiment, analyze your results, and draw a conclusion you can share with the class.” As she finishes her sentence, the bell sounds, and Ilya gathers his things as quickly as possible, running to catch up with Alexei for their walk home together.

By the time they step through the front door, he knows what he’s going to do for their assignment, and is buzzing with anticipation just thinking about it. He toes off his shoes in the entry area, hangs his jacket and backpack on the rack next to the door, and slides his feet into his house slippers before scurrying into the kitchen for a snack.

“Ilyusha! Alyosha! How was school?”

He turns from where he’s standing in front of the open refrigerator to face his mama, who is walking over from where she must have been reading on the couch, with her arms outstretched for

a hug. She's wearing jeans and a sweater, which is good – sometimes she is still in her nightgown when they get home – and he thinks her eyes might look a little brighter than they did when he left this morning.

“Good, mama. We learned a lot today,” he says, pressing his cheek into her stomach as he squeezes her torso tightly and breathes in her familiar floral scent. After he pulls back, Alexei takes his place, holding her in an equally tight and long embrace.

She shoos them out of the kitchen to go relax on the couch while she reheats leftover blini in a pan with butter, and then places the plate of warm pancakes on the coffee table before taking her usual spot between them.

“My two favorite boys,” she sighs, ruffling their hair with her fingers, and then scratching their backs with her long nails. Ilya hums in contentment, a blin stuffed into his mouth. After a few minutes, she sinks back into the cushions, staring into the middle distance. She looks tired, and a little bit sad again, and Ilya thinks this is the perfect time to run his experiment.

He wipes his hands on his pants to make sure they don't have any butter on them, and then turns on the sofa towards her, arms raised like he's ready to pounce.

“Ilyusha, what are you doing?” She looks at him with furrowed brows, but her lip is already twitching upward into a small smile.

And then, Ilya lunges, his fingers finding purchase in the warm spaces of her underarms and the sides of her ribcage, wiggling and nudging and poking and digging to try to evoke the theorized response –

“Ilyushenka!” She squirms in place, trying in vain to get away from his little fingers, but she's also giggling – the sound light and airy as it fills the living room – and reaching out to return his attack, so Ilya starts laughing, too, and soon both of them are cackling and rolling around on the cushions, until Ilya falls onto the floor with tears spilling down his cheeks.

Alexei rolls his eyes, like they are the two silliest people he's ever seen, but Ilya can tell he's biting back a smile.

Later, when Ilya gets to his room, he pulls his notebook out from his backpack and writes:

Question: Is mama ticklish?

Hypothesis: Yes, mama is ticklish.

Experiment: Tickle mama.

Observation: Mama smiled and laughed when tickled.

Conclusion: Mama is ticklish and tickling makes her happy.



Boston, Massachusetts
November 2014

Ilya grunts as he shoves open the enormous, floor-to-ceiling metal door with his right arm, while also trying to wheel his travel suitcase behind him and balance his shoulder bag and the heavy duffel filled with shit he just grabbed from his apartment. It's a miracle he doesn't drop anything.

The long expanse of the entryway echoes with each step he takes into the still unfamiliar space – though he's obviously seen it several times before, during the walkthroughs with his realtor and again with his interior designer. It somehow looks even bigger now that Ilya is here alone, with his new furniture inside it, and the temperature has been set way too low – probably since no one has been living here – so he shivers a little as he carries his things over to the massive staircase, where he leaves them in a pile next to the bottom step.

He fiddles with the thermostat for a bit until he finally figures out how to get it working properly, and then wanders around the kitchen, opening the cupboards and refrigerator to find them fully stocked by the meal-prep service he hired, the shelves filled with all the meals, snacks, and drinks their team nutritionist recommended. He makes a mental note to run to the store for some of his non-approved favorites – he doesn't see a single Diet Coke nor his frozen Eggo waffles – and continues his silent tour.

Ilya purchased the probably too-large home when he was still high off the Cup win that summer, based on a few virtual walkthroughs and the pictures his realtor shared with him, and then after a couple in-person visits, he agreed to make various necessary home improvements, signed off on the expensive decor suggestions from his designer, and was told he could move in the second week of November. So now, following one of the most exhausting weekends he's had in recent memory, and after swinging by his apartment first to collect more of his things – though he's still going to have to make a few more trips – he is finally here.

The open-concept space is sexy, and sleek, and well lit, thanks to the wall-to-wall windows and glass-paned sliding doors taking up one whole side of the house, and as he stands with his back to them, staring at the impressive, ten-foot-long gas fireplace separating the living room from the dining room, Ilya feels...well, he feels really fucking rich. And successful. And those positive feelings are *almost* enough to make him forget the still-present pit in his stomach and the weariness in his bones. At least for that moment.

He hauls his bags upstairs, dumps them onto the floor of his bedroom, and – because he simply can't find the energy to shower yet – changes out of his travel clothes into sweatpants and a t-shirt, and collapses onto the bed.

He doesn't have the willpower or strength to do anything productive right now, really, aside from stare blankly at the ceiling and finally force himself to turn over the events of last night in his mind – something he had successfully avoided doing the entire flight back to Boston, during his visit to his apartment, and while he was exploring the house. But Ilya knows he can't put it off any longer. The thoughts have been lingering at the corners of his brain for nearly twelve hours now, clinging to the gray matter like looming shadows, tickling at his prefrontal cortex and waiting to spill into his consciousness.

Ilya squeezes his eyes shut and inhales as much air as he can through his nostrils, before blowing it all out of his mouth in one giant *whoosh* that cuts into the quiet stillness of the room.

Okay. So, Ilya fucked Wolfe. And he really, really liked it. A lot.

Ilya really liked kissing him, and feeling their hard dicks rub together through their clothes, and grabbing his ass, and getting his cock sucked by him, and fucking his throat, and sucking his dick, and eating him out, and fingering him open, and... he *really* liked being inside him. Ilya liked that with every thrust, he punched incredible breathy moans out of Wolfe's kiss-swollen mouth, and caused his beautiful freckles to bunch up on his face as it twisted with pleasure, and made his magnificent muscles quiver and shake.

Ilya likes trouble, and he was curious, and so he did what many curious people have done before him, and he experimented. With porn, and Sasha, and Wolfe. And now, faced with the mounting evidence that goes far beyond sometimes watching kinky videos, or one drunken blowjob, or the desire to do something dangerous 'just because,' Ilya can no longer pretend like he doesn't know what he *is*. Ilya was too fucking stupid, and reckless, and careless – he fucked around, and now he's found out.

Because when Ilya was sitting on Wolfe's bed, coming to terms with the world-tilting realization that he had slept with a man for the first and last time, his chest *hurt*, and his eyes burned, and he knew...he knew what it meant.

He groans, and twists over on the bed, reaching down over the side of the mattress to rifle through his backpack, still sitting unpacked on the floor, for his laptop. He's pretty fucking sure he's already got his conclusion, but it wouldn't hurt to secure one more external validator.

He opens the lid of his computer and pulls up Google.

Am I Bisexual?

Take this quiz to find out!

Start Quiz

The first question is easy – *How would you feel if a person of the same gender asked for your number?* He picks 'I'd be nervous,' and moves on.

The second one stumps him.

When you think about a long-term relationship, who do you imagine as your partner?

Ilya doesn't think about long-term relationships. Like, with anybody. He knows he is supposed to dream about the white picket fence, and the kids, and the dog, like all his teammates who were married way too young do, but he doesn't. When he tries to picture the person next to him in his imaginary future home, he just sees a blurry gray blob. But he supposes it would *have* to be a woman, right? Given, like...everything? He presses the 'skip' button.

He's able to tick through the rest of the quiz pretty quickly.

Have you ever fantasized about someone of the same gender?

Yes, definitely. But I also fantasize about people of a different gender.

The idea of having sex with someone of the same gender as mine is:

Desirable.

Have you ever kissed someone of the same gender?

Yes.

Who have you had sex with?

People of the same gender and people of a different gender.

Do people ever ask you if you're bisexual or queer?

Nope. People assume I'm straight.

Why did you decide to take this quiz?

I don't think I'm straight, but I'm not sure what I am.

Have you ever thought your crushes or feelings of attraction were different from other people's?

Sometimes, and I can't explain why.

What stresses you out the most about identifying as bisexual?

Societal prejudices toward the queer community.

He skips two more questions about future relationships and then once he's clicked his final selection, the results populate.

You might be bisexual or queer!

Retake Quiz

There's more to learn. Find out who you really are:

LGBTQ+ Quiz

Am I Gay Quiz

A strained laugh escapes his chest. Well, there it is in black-and-white. What Ilya already knows he is.

But Ilya...he *can't* be that.

He's a franchise player in the NHL. His teammates were disgusted by the very thought of sharing a shower with Price for one season, and they don't even know for sure that Price is gay. Ilya could lose his career, which would mean he has to go back to Russia.

But Ilya is also a public figure. And if the truth about him ever got out, he could face serious consequences in his homeland, for potentially spreading gay propaganda. Which means he couldn't go back. So basically, he would be fucked.

He shuts his laptop, tossing it to the far right corner of the bed, and leans back onto the pillows, throwing his forearm over his eyes with a deep sigh. Okay, so Ilya can't tell anybody. That's fine. There's no reason why he can't just keep this information to himself. Everybody has secrets. Secrets that they whisper only to themselves, when they are alone in the dark. This doesn't have to be a *thing* if Ilya doesn't let it.

He won't ever say it out loud, and he'll never tell a soul. It will just be this thing that he knows about himself, that he doesn't act on, and so it won't even matter. He'll keep fucking women, which he enjoys doing anyways, and everyone will continue to assume that he's straight, like they always have.

And in the privacy of his own home, when he's by himself with the curtains drawn and the lights off, Ilya can still jerk off to gay porn, and watch Wolfe's videos, because that is his fucking right. He doesn't live in a goddamn surveillance state, and he can still have that, at least.

So Ilya has an answer now, and a plan. And while he was hoping that would comfort him, at least a little, all it does is make him feel wrung out and hollow. Like someone took an ice cream scoop to his chest and belly, and carved out his guts.

So even though it's barely two o'clock in the afternoon, and Ilya needs to shower, and eat, and unpack all his shit, he just lies there on his back, his arms splayed out limply at his sides, staring at the unmoving ceiling fan until sunlight is no longer streaming in through the windows, and the room is covered in shadows.



*Montreal, Quebec
March 2015*

"Jesus Christ, Ilya. What happened to you?" Svetlana gapes up at him from her seat at the table with a very concerned look on her face. "Your hair is all fucked up. Did you get mauled by a bear

on your way back from the bathroom?”

Ilya quickly runs the palms of his hands across his temples and tries to brush through some of his curls with his fingers. He walked back from the restroom in such a daze that it hadn't even occurred to him what he might look like right now.

“Thank you for your concern,” he huffs, as he sits down in the chair next to her. *“This woman bumped into me. Must have messed up my hair.”* It's a terrible lie, but he really can't think of anything better at the moment.

“Right,” she says skeptically, one eyebrow raised as she takes a sip of her drink. *“Well, you were gone practically forever, but you didn't miss much. I think they're bringing out dessert soon.”*

“Great.” Ilya is grateful to see that his drink was refilled while he was away, and brings the cool glass to his lips, pouring almost half of the cocktail down his throat.

“You sure you're okay?” Svetlana asks, this time a bit more gently, her fingers grazing his wrist.

“Yes, yes,” Ilya smiles, hopefully reassuringly. *“Just needed a smoke and a shit. I'm good now.”*

“Gross, Ilya,” she chuckles, and then turns back to speak to one of Robert's cousins – Mariana, or something – on the other side of her.

Ilya is definitely not okay right now. He hasn't been okay for months, really, but he was especially not okay after unexpectedly locking eyes with the one person he was hoping to avoid this weekend, after ending up in the one fucking city on earth they could potentially run into each other. It's a big city – he didn't think it would be that difficult – but the universe apparently had other plans.

At first, Ilya thought he had actually lost his mind. That maybe whatever wretched disease is eating away at his father's brain had already started coming for him, too. Because after months of only seeing Wolfe on the small screen of his phone, or in the haze of his memories, he had suddenly, in the middle of dinner, appeared less than thirty feet from him – like a haunting vision, or a ghost.

But when Ilya blinked, and Wolfe was still there, and then Ilya remembered that he was, in fact, in Montreal, where Wolfe lives, and so this was, indeed, physically possible, and that Wolfe was *actually* staring at him from where he was eating dinner in the upper level of the same restaurant as Ilya... it was like the world paused its rotation, suspending them both in a secret moment just for the two of them, completely frozen in time.

And in that suspended instant, all Ilya could think about was the last four months, and all the stolen moments he had allowed himself, and just how many of those – against his better judgment and best efforts – involved Wolfe.

It was sort of okay in the beginning. Of course, Ilya felt shitty about the way he had left Wolfe's apartment, but he couldn't imagine that Wolfe had been too upset by it, given that he told Ilya he was going to be busy, and hadn't made any efforts to reach out to him, either. Plus, it's not like the experience was as mind-altering for Wolfe as it had been for Ilya – Wolfe probably sleeps with guys all the time, who are just as attractive and just as good in bed as Ilya is.

And so, Ilya didn't text him – not to apologize, or check in, or anything. Instead, he focused on hockey, and beating Carolina, and St. Louis, and trying (and failing) to beat Columbus, and then beating Montreal again (thank god), and Pittsburgh, and Winnipeg. And he fucked a few hot

women, and he tried not to think about the fact that he would also enjoy fucking men. And on Monday nights, he watched Wolfe's videos – because he wanted to, and because he could, and because it was one of the few of *those* things he was allowing himself to do.

Ilya had decidedly closed that secret box, and aside from the special times he peeked inside it while exploring specific PornHub search results, he only opened it on Monday nights.

So, a few days after their evening together, when Ilya watched Wolfe dance with all the confidence that he always does, Ilya knew that Wolfe was probably doing just fine. And over the following weeks, Ilya admired the way Wolfe gracefully wrapped himself around the pole, executing incredibly difficult moves in tiny blue shorts, and Ilya laughed as Wolfe and Simone pulled off an impressive rendition of a popular music video. And then, the week after that, Ilya's breath hitched when Eyeball sauntered into the frame of the video, his crooked tail swishing and flicking as he briefly walked past the camera, and Ilya could have sworn that Wolfe looked a little bit *sad*. And Ilya didn't like the way that video made him feel.

And then the fucking ruble crashed, and Ilya was – well, things got worse with his father and his brother. Even worse than they were before. And Ilya could feel himself being dragged into that dark place he sometimes goes, which he was barely even able to pull himself out of during the holidays. Especially because his family expected even *more* money from him, because 'it's Christmas, Ilya' and 'don't they all do gifts over there for Christmas?'

So, Ilya allowed himself to watch Wolfe's videos, even though he still hadn't heard from him, and it wasn't helping Ilya keep the box closed like he was supposed to. And he probably should have been alarmed by the fact that watching Wolfe dance in a pair of fucking stupid Christmas pajamas sparked warmth in what was a previously cold chasm in Ilya's chest – but he just couldn't bring himself to care, or to stop.

And then on New Year's, Ilya kicked Kent's ugly ass, and he was *finally* happy, after weeks of feeling mostly like shit. And then Wolfe posted that *fucking* video, in those slutty silky shorts, where he basically sucked off one of those ridiculous New Year's horns – and Ilya had to jerk off before he could even leave for the party, because his dick was so hard. And then Ilya got drunk, and nostalgic, and he almost folded. The lid fell off his secret box, and he thought maybe, he could just text Wolfe once, to wish him a happy new year, for old time's sake. And he typed, and he deleted, and then he typed again, and then he realized he was being a reckless idiot and he shoved his phone back into his pocket and didn't take it back out until he was pulling his pants off to have sex with the blonde he picked up at the party.

And from there, it somehow only got worse. Ilya kept noticing hot guys at the clubs, and he kept jerking off to gay porn, and no matter how many women he fucked, and how much he liked fucking them, he eventually found himself thinking about how Wolfe sounded that night. On one particularly pathetic evening, he even downloaded Grindr, only to delete it twenty minutes later after realizing what an absolutely awful idea that was. And then, as though he was put on this planet just to torture Ilya, Wolfe posted sexier and sexier videos, going so far as to basically tie his wrists and ankles together in one of them, and Ilya could hardly remember why he still hadn't just texted him.

So when Wolfe posted that he had won Worlds, Ilya almost did. He picked up his phone, and he opened their messages, and he almost sent him a text. But then Ilya remembered the months of silence, and he thought about the possibility that Wolfe might not respond, and he chickened out. Ilya didn't even 'like' the post this time – he couldn't do it. And he knew that he had to make a

promise to himself that he wouldn't reach out when he was in Montreal for the wedding, either. He had made it this far, and he could survive another weekend.

And so, when Ilya felt the inexplicable pull of *something*, that prickle at the back of his neck that he gets when someone, somewhere in the room is looking at him, and he glanced up to the top story of the restaurant, and his gaze landed on a pair of big, brown eyes staring down at him in shock, he didn't even mean to do it. But looking at Wolfe's pretty face again reminded him of the glow that he felt in his chest when he saw Eyeball, and the Christmas pajamas, and the New Year's video, and the post about Worlds. And so Ilya *smiled*.

And now, Ilya is fucked. Because Wolfe smiled back. And then, despite months of radio silence, Wolfe had the audacity to torment Ilya by sweeping his big, warm fingers down Ilya's spine – which made Ilya's whole body light up and his nerve endings crackle and buzz – and the fucking *nerve* to push Ilya into the bathroom and admit that actually, he had wanted to talk to Ilya these past few months, too. And, well... that was honestly all just too much for Ilya.

Because Ilya had been *trying* to keep Wolfe inside his secret box, where he exists only in Ilya's phone and in his memories, but then Wolfe spilled out into real life again. And it wasn't even Ilya's fault, really. That Wolfe was suddenly right in front of him, with his freckles scrunched up on his cheeks and his wide, baby deer eyes shining in the candlelight of the bathroom. And Ilya was fucking *tired* of pretending like he hadn't almost texted him four different times, and like he hadn't been replaying that night over and over, and like he doesn't still want to fuck him.

And so, despite himself, and in direct defiance of the promise he made to never act on the thing he knows he *is*, Ilya fucking folded. Which he should probably feel terribly about.

But...it didn't feel terrible. It kind of felt like... *relief*, actually. Like for the briefest of moments in that dimly lit bathroom, Ilya didn't have to keep a tight lid on his secret. Like even though he was breathless, with Wolfe's mouth on his, he could somehow also finally breathe again, for the first time in months.

So maybe Ilya isn't okay. But sitting here now, watching Wolfe and his friends get up from their table and make their way out of the restaurant, he finds himself smiling into his glass, and looking forward to whatever tomorrow might bring.



♪ Now Playing ♪

[Holocene — Vitamin String Quartet](#)

The shuffling sounds of dress pants and skirts fill the long ballroom, as guests rise from their chairs and turn to face the end of the aisle.

Ilya hears the sharp intake of breath and hushed gasps as Kenzie finally rounds the corner and comes into view. She's always dressed impeccably, and her own wedding is no exception. Her off-the-shoulder, lace gown is fitted to hug her curves and expose her slender shoulders, with long lacy sleeves and a sweeping train, and her blonde hair is swept back into an elegant low bun, where the tresses are twisted and curled, and into which a lace veil is pinned, the length of it flowing behind her. She looks gorgeous.

And Ilya can tell she is also extremely, unquestionably, happy. Her eyes are sparkling, and Ilya follows her line of sight to Robert, who is standing at the altar with a singular tear streaming down his cheek as he watches her make her way towards him.

Ilya is more affected by it than he expected to be. He can't even remember the last wedding he attended – it must have been for one of the guys on the team, and nobody he knew too well. But seeing Robert so overwhelmed with emotion as he watches the woman he's chosen to partner with for the rest of his life come down the aisle... Ilya is certain that he has never felt that way about anybody. He's not even sure he's capable of it, honestly.

Luckily, before Ilya does something ridiculous, like cry, everyone is told to take their seats and the ceremony gets underway.

"I never really believed in love at first sight," Robert says, his hands trembling as he reads from the vow book he's clutching with his fingers. "But I swear, when I first saw you, trying on heels in the shoe section of that Nordstrom—" he pauses as the crowd chuckles, "--it was like my body just *knew* that something was different about you. That my life – that I – was never going to be the same again."

Kenzie is already blinking away tears, her eyes locked onto his as he briefly peeks up from the book.

"And I am so, so grateful for it. You make my life better in every way – you make *me* better. You're the funniest, most beautiful, most interesting person I know, and you make everything more fun. Not just the fancy dinners, and the parties – which, yes, you improve all of those – but also the mundane stuff. Some of my favorite things to do with you are the everyday things, like grocery shopping, or just reading on the couch together. And I know I'm not always the easiest person to be around – I work a lot, and I can get really particular about how to load the dishwasher –" *cue more laughter*, "-- but you never make me feel like I'm not worth loving. There are so many days where I can't believe you chose me, Kenzie, but I am so glad you did. I can't wait to do all the fun and mundane things with you, for the rest of our lives. I love you."

Ilya hears sniffing, and turns to his right to see that Svetlana is dabbing a tissue under her eye. He wants to make fun of her, but to his own horror, finds that he can't really see her that well, because his eyes are welling up with unshed tears. What the fuck?

It's not even like Robert's vows were *that* good, it's just that... Ilya can't even imagine what it would be like to hear those things from somebody. He doesn't exactly have a great frame of reference for what real love looks like – his mother and father were in a marriage of convenience, and never expressed anything towards each other that looked remotely like love. And he loves Svetlana, of course, but in the way one loves a very good friend. He would probably die for her, but he's never even had a crush on her, or felt anything close to romantic love between them.

No, Ilya can't picture standing up in front of a room full of people and letting them watch while his heart bleeds out all over the altar, spilling down into the aisle, as he waxes poetic about his forever love. Who would ever feel that way about Ilya, anyways? Who wants to be tethered to him, with his fucked up family, and his broken brain, and his secrets, and all his bumps and bruises, and gnarled insides? Just the idea of Ilya's wedding day, of him standing up there in a suit, across from someone who wants to be with him forever, is laughable, and when he tries to imagine it, he once again can only see a formless gray blob standing there next to him.

He really is happy for Robert and Kenzie, though. He hopes they always feel this way about each other, he really does.



Ilya puts a few dollars into the jar on the bar, tipping his head to the bartender, and walks back towards the dance floor, vodka-soda in hand. He's been really good about not checking his phone over the past hour, but as the clock ticks past 11pm, he is getting increasingly anxious about not feeling his pocket vibrate with a text from Wolfe yet.

The reception runs until midnight and there's an afterparty at some bar nearby, but Ilya was hoping to figure out an excuse to head out early – which he's still working through in his mind when he wanders up to Svetlana, who is standing on the edge of the dance area staring at her phone.

"Who are you texting?" Ilya asks, peering over her shoulder. To his surprise, she swiftly flips the device over, pressing it against her stomach so he can't read whatever she was typing.

"Nobody," she snaps. *"I think Mari wants to dance with you, by the way. She's been making eyes at you since dinner last night."*

Ilya turns his head to where Mari is swaying in a huddle with a few of the other wedding guests, her eyes glancing towards him every so often, her mouth sliding into a seductive smile. She's very pretty, and Ilya could do a lot worse tonight – if he never hears from Wolfe, that is.

A couple minutes later, she is grinding up against him to "Give Me Everything" by Pitbull and Ne-Yo, drunkenly scream-singing the lyrics, her head lolling back against his chest. She's actually *way* drunker than Ilya thought she was when he first walked up to her, and is still taking swigs of the cocktail in her hand, too.

"Maybe you should slow down?" he says loudly into her ear, so she can hear him over the music.

“Wha? Noo, no. I’m fine,” she slurs, as some of her vodka cranberry sloshes over the rim of her glass, and onto her dress. “Oh, shoot.”

Ilya definitely isn’t bringing Mari back to his room tonight. But, he does think that he’s found his excuse to get the fuck out of here, if he needs to. He shifts away from her slightly, to finally pull out his phone and find out what kind of night he’s about to have.

Messages

Jane

Details

Saturday, March 14, 2015

11:26 PM

I'm home now, if you still want to come over after the wedding.

11:34 PM

yes

still here but will text you when I am on my way

Ilya has trouble holding back his grin as he gently guides Mari towards Svetlana, who is perched at one of the high-top tables talking to their mutual friend from Boston.

“I think Mari needs to go lie down,” he says, gesturing to the stain on her dress, and the way she’s now leaning on the side of the table, causing it to tilt slightly. “I can take her back to the hotel?” He recognizes this would typically look a little sketchy, but Svetlana – and all their friends – know Ilya would *never* take advantage of a drunk woman. He has fought people at bars for trying to do just that.

“Mm, yes,” Svetlana agrees. “I can come with you.”

“Really?” He’s a little surprised she doesn’t want to stick around. “So you know, I might not go to the afterparty...I think I also drank a little too much –” *another lie, and typically drunk Ilya would fucking love to go to the afterparty* – “and also maybe the chicken isn’t sitting so well.”

“That’s fine,” she says, already grabbing her purse off the nearby chair. “Let’s go.”

Luckily, Kenzie and Robert are hammered, and pretty much only focused on one another, so they barely even notice when Ilya and Svetlana say their goodbyes and leave. Ilya would be shocked if the bride and groom make it to their own afterparty, honestly.

Once they’ve tucked Mari into her bed, they head to their separate hotel rooms – which are across from each other — and pause for a moment in the hallway outside their doors.

“*Well...maybe I will see you at the bar?*” Svetlana says awkwardly, playing with the key card in her fingers.

“*Maybe,*” Ilya shrugs. “*I’m not feeling great, though...*”

“*Right, sorry. I hope you feel better. See you at brunch tomorrow, then?*”

“Yes, probably,” Ilya nods. There’s really no reason he can’t make it to brunch. *“Have fun at the party.”*

“Good night, Ilya,” she says, giving him a quick kiss on the cheek. *“Get some sleep!”*

“Good night,” Ilya smiles, swiping his keycard against the door, and pushing it open. He’s really only going inside for show, and to check his hair. He has somewhere else he needs to be, and he wants to get there as soon as possible.



If Ilya felt overdressed the last time he stepped inside Wolfe’s apartment, that feeling is most certainly amplified tonight as he walks up to the door wearing his black suit, white button-down, and tie, which he at least had the good sense to loosen a bit on his way over. But Wolfe knows Ilya is coming straight from the wedding, so it’s probably fine. Plus, Ilya looks hot in a suit, so.

His worries dissipate as soon as Wolfe opens the door, stepping aside to let Ilya in. Surprisingly, he’s also dressed up – not quite as much as Ilya – but he’s wearing a well-fitting charcoal grey button-down, with the sleeves rolled up, tucked into a crisp pair of black pants, as well as the same sparkly stud earrings he had in his ears the previous night. He looks delicious.

“You look nice,” Ilya grins, as he hangs his suit jacket up on the coat rack, kicks off his dress shoes, and places them near the shoe bench – which he notices no longer has a mysterious hockey bag shoved underneath it.

“Yeah, I was at dinner and then drinks with my parents,” Wolfe shrugs, stepping into the kitchen. *“Didn’t really see the point in changing since you were also probably dressed up. Nice suit, by the way.”*

Not quite the compliment Ilya wanted, but he will take it. *“Thank you,”* he purrs, taking a few steps towards Wolfe, who grabs two cocktails – they look like Moscow mules, or something – off the counter, before handing one to Ilya.

“Cheers,” Wolfe says, clinking their glasses together and holding Ilya’s gaze as they slowly sip their drinks. Ilya’s neck is getting warm.

“So,” Ilya finally says, breaking the silence. *“Where is Eyeball?”*

Wolfe chuckles, his shoulders relaxing a bit. "I shut him in my bedroom. Are you here to see me, or the cat, Rozanov?"

"The cat, definitely," Ilya chirps. "He is much nicer to me. Cuter, too."

"Well, that's disappointing." Wolfe turns the corners of his mouth downwards into an adorable, exaggerated pout, "And here I was thinking it was going to be my special night."

Ilya's ears perk up at that. "Oh?"

"I mean, yeah," Wolfe huffs, a sly smile creeping onto his face as he takes another sip of his drink. "You said you were finally going to congratulate me for my win."

"Mm," Ilya hums, placing his glass on the counter and closing the gap between them, his palms landing on either side of Wolfe's waist, his nose ghosting against Wolfe's cheek. Ilya had almost forgotten how good he smells. "I did, didn't I."

"Yeah," Wolfe breathes into Ilya's ear, sending shivers down his spine. "And I think I know how you can."

"Ah, and how is that?" Ilya is very curious now. What has Wolfe been planning? Hopefully it's the same thing Ilya has, because even though they've barely touched, he's pretty sure all the blood in his body is already rushing south.

"Follow me," Wolfe says, as he pulls away from Ilya, carrying his drink with him towards the dining table. Ilya dutifully follows, mostly watching Wolfe's ass – which looks incredible in those pants – as he grabs onto one of the dining chairs and drags it across the room, before positioning it just a few feet away from the pole to face it.

"Sit," Wolfe commands, gesturing towards the chair.

Ilya's not typically one for taking orders like this, but he is intrigued, and Wolfe told him that if he was good tonight, he would maybe let Ilya fuck him again. So, he leisurely strolls over to the chair and takes a careful seat, with his legs spread and his arms crossed. Wolfe is standing in front of him, one hand on his hip and the other still holding his cocktail, and he has a dangerously smug look on his face.

Then, he leans forward, bending over at the waist and resting his free hand atop the back of the chair next to Ilya's head, so his face is right in front of Ilya's. "I have a question," Wolfe practically whispers, "about New Year's."

Ilya's heart is racing, his pulse hammering in his ears. "What about it?"

"Did you watch my video?" Wolfe asks, in a lilting tone that suggests he already knows Ilya's answer.

"...yes," Ilya admits quietly, briefly avoiding eye contact.

"Did you enjoy it?"

"Yes." Ilya swallows, wondering where the fuck Wolfe could possibly be going with this line of questioning.

Wolfe leans in even further then, until his lips are pressed up against the sensitive area just under Ilya's earlobe. "And when you watched it, did you touch yourself?" he murmurs against Ilya's skin, the sensation making the hairs on the back of Ilya's neck stand up.

"Yes," Ilya breathes, unable to bring himself to lie about it.

And then, Wolfe pulls away from him so quickly, leaving the side of his neck suddenly so cold and wanting, that Ilya involuntarily sucks in a gasp.

"And you still didn't text me?" Wolfe whines, his hand back on his hip again. "I saw you typing."

What the fuck? How did Wolfe see him typing? Does that mean he was going to text Ilya that night, too?

Ilya shakes his head. "No, sorry."

"Hm." Wolfe pauses – like he's thinking very seriously about what to say next. "You watch all my videos, don't you, Rozanov?"

Ilya suddenly feels a bit like a bug caught under a microscope, with the way Wolfe is questioning him. But he definitely doesn't want to leave. He wants to know where Wolfe is going with this.

"Yes, I do." Ilya's palms are sweating a bit now, and he has the strong urge to wipe them on his pants, but he doesn't think he should move yet.

"I thought so," Wolfe sighs, and takes another sip of his drink. "Doesn't seem fair, does it? That you've been watching me for months, and I had no idea? And you never even told me you liked them?"

Ilya is pretty sure the question is rhetorical, but he shakes his head anyways.

"Right," Wolfe says, his sharp eyes locked onto Ilya's. "So, I was thinking – tonight – I want to see what you look like. When you watch me." Suddenly, it's like all the oxygen has left the room. Ilya shifts his gaze from Wolfe to the pole behind him and back again, and he can hardly fucking breathe.

Is *this* how Wolfe wants Ilya to congratulate him? Because so far, it really sounds like a reward for Ilya.

Then, Wolfe takes a big step forward to once again lean over the chair, whispering directly into Ilya's ear, "I am going to show off for you, Rozanov, and I want you to watch. But... I also need you to be good, and follow the rules."

"Rules?" Ilya croaks. He's pretty sure more than just his palms are sweating now. "What are the rules?"

Wolfe smiles against the skin of Ilya's earlobe and jawline. "There are really only two," he says, pulling back so that he's face-to-face with Ilya, the tips of their noses brushing together. "I can touch *you*, but you're not allowed to touch *me*. And... you're not allowed to touch *yourself*."

Fuck. Ilya should have known this was a fucking trap.

“What?” Ilya gasps, finally finding his words after sitting in silent shock for a little longer than he should have.

“I’m going to show off for you, and you’re going to watch. But no touching,” Wolfe shrugs. “Do you need me to explain it again, or–”

“No, no, I understand,” Ilya huffs, finally rubbing his palms over his knees, trying to calm himself down and figure out what to say, or do, next. If Ilya is being honest, the whole thing obviously sounds really fucking hot. And of course, he wants to watch Wolfe dance, and he wants Wolfe to touch him. He’s just really not sure whether he’s going to be able to control himself. He can barely handle watching Wolfe through a screen.

“Listen, Rozanov, you don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do.” Ilya looks up, and sees that Wolfe’s brows are furrowed with concern and his eyes have gone soft. “But, I just thought, that since it’s my special night – and maybe – you’ll like this, too –”

“I can do it,” Ilya snaps. “I want to do it.” It’s probably going to be super fucking hot. And Ilya wants to be good – maybe if he’s good, Wolfe will still let Ilya fuck him. How hard can it be to control himself, anyways?

“Great.” Wolfe smiles, his beautiful freckles bunching up under his eyes, and then he gives Ilya a soft kiss on his cheek, and his jaw, and his neck. “If it’s ever too much, just tell me, okay?”

Ilya nods, unable to find any more words right now. He needs to take some deep breaths, probably. What did St-Simon call it, box breathing?

“Can I at least have something to drink?” Ilya asks instead, hoping that a little alcohol will calm his nerves and slow the rush of blood in his veins.

Wolfe smirks at him from where he’s still bent over the chair, one hand holding onto the backrest. “Sure, Rozanov. Open your mouth.”

Ilya gulps, his eyes wide and fixed on Wolfe’s as he slowly unhinges his jaw, tilting his head back in preparation for Wolfe to pour some of what’s in his glass into Ilya’s mouth. But, that’s not what Wolfe does.

Instead, Wolfe brings the rim to his own lips, pouring a healthy amount of the cocktail between them, his cheeks pushing out slightly as they fill up. And then, he angles his face over Ilya’s, so that his closed lips are right over Ilya’s open ones, and he *slowly* releases a steady stream of liquid, the cool concoction hitting the back of Ilya’s throat and pooling there, until there’s nothing left for Wolfe to give him – and Ilya presses his lips back together, and swallows it all down.

“Thanks,” Ilya chokes out, as a few large drops escape the corners of his mouth, and slide down the sides of his chin. His cock twitches in his briefs, and – is it possible he’s already getting hard, just from that?

Wolfe grins, and immediately shifts forward to lick the spilled liquid off Ilya’s chin with his hot, wet tongue. “Mm,” Wolfe hums, as he cleans Ilya’s face, leaving shiny trails behind on his skin. And then, just when Ilya thinks he is going to pull back, Wolfe *finally* presses his now-glistening lips to Ilya’s, his squirming tongue slipping inside Ilya’s mouth with a strained groan. The kiss is hungry, and sticky, and tastes like vodka and ginger and lime, and Ilya briefly thinks that even if

this is all they do tonight, and even though he's not allowed to move his hands from where they're currently twitching in his lap to grab Wolfe and pull him closer, he might still be satisfied.

Eventually, though, Wolfe does break the kiss, and steps back from Ilya to put his drink down on one of the coasters on the coffee table. Then, he pulls out his phone, his thumbs moving around a bit before he places that onto the table, too. And that's when Ilya hears it – the notes of a familiar song now playing through Wolfe's speakers.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Earned It — The Weeknd](#)

“Really?” Ilya laughs, as he leans back into the chair to get into a more comfortable position, with his hands folded in his lap. This guy is so fucking cheeky.

Wolfe just grins at him from where he's now standing next to the pole, his eyes shining in the dim lighting of the living room, the glow of the lamps glinting off his earrings. As he reaches out to grip the pole, Ilya takes a steadying breath. *Here we go.*

Wolfe turns so that he is grasping the pole in front of him with his back facing Ilya, and pushes his ass out, so that it's bulging against the fabric of his dress pants, while he swings his head around a few times to the beat of the music. Then, he slides to his left, and spins around the pole, his feet still on the ground.

But just when Ilya thinks Wolfe is going to lift himself up into the air, he instead lets go of the pole completely, and starts heading towards Ilya. Shit. Ilya thought he would have a little more time before the touching started.

Wolfe pauses just in front of him, his hands moving to the top button of his shirt as he stares Ilya down, a small smile on his face. Oh, fuck. He's taking his clothes off first. Right.

Wolfe slowly undoes each button, exposing inch after tantalizing inch of his toned chest and abs, and then tugs the bottom of the shirt out from where it was tucked into his pants, until Ilya is faced with Wolfe's bare torso, flexing underneath his now-open button-down. Ilya can see the tails of those fucking snakes peeking out from his waistband. Then, Wolfe slides forward, landing right on Ilya's fucking *lap* — and Ilya quickly moves his hands to rest outside his thighs, to avoid accidentally touching (and probably grabbing) Wolfe's ass.

Wolfe grips the backrest of the chair as he straddles Ilya, his naked chest pressing up against Ilya's tie, and *grinds* his dick against him, harshly rubbing their groins together through their dress pants, eliciting a soft grunt from the back of Ilya's throat. Then, while he's still dry humping Ilya, Wolfe tugs off the rest of his shirt, tossing it to the side of the room.

“Fuck,” Ilya pants into Wolfe's open mouth. He's already getting hard, and it's only been like 30 seconds. He wants to touch Wolfe already. He wants to palm the firm muscles on his back.

Wolfe chuckles, and presses his plush lips to Ilya's neck, kissing and licking at his pulse point, where Ilya knows his blood is pumping way too fast. Wolfe's hips are still thrusting against him, but he's no longer fully seated, and the lack of friction is maddening, causing Ilya to let out a low whine, despite himself.

Wolfe stops suckling under Ilya's jaw and pulls back, like he's going to get up. But instead, he firmly grasps onto Ilya's tie and twists his entire body around so that his back is flush against Ilya's

chest – as he gyrates his hips along to the music, his perfect ass shifting and squirming around in Ilya’s lap. Then, Wolfe *yanks* on the tie, jerking Ilya’s upper body forward so that they’re pressed together even more tightly, and turns his face to coax Ilya into a slow, heated kiss.

“Mmm,” Ilya moans, relishing the pressure of the tie digging into the back of his neck, as Wolfe pulls on it even harder.

Jesus Christ. They still have most of their clothes on, and Wolfe has barely started dancing, and Ilya already feels like he’s going to explode. His fingers are twitching against his thighs, and his dick is filling up with blood. If only Wolfe’s mouth didn’t taste so good, and his ass didn’t feel so incredible sitting on Ilya’s lap.

As though Wolfe can hear Ilya’s thoughts, he suddenly lets go of the tie and rises to stand, giving Ilya a moment of relief. But, instead of walking back towards the pole, he spins around until he’s *behind* the chair, his big hands reaching over Ilya’s shoulders to slide down his pecs towards his abs – his rough palms groping at Ilya’s chest and squeezing his nipples as he licks into Ilya’s ear.

“Shit,” Ilya hisses, trying desperately not to reach up and grab Wolfe’s hand, or face, or something.

Then, Wolfe starts to undo the buttons on Ilya’s shirt, his fingertips tickling at Ilya’s skin, until eventually he’s stripped Ilya of both his button-down and his tie, leaving him sitting in the chair half-naked. With his bare arms and torso now exposed to the air, and to Wolfe’s relentless hands, Ilya feels like a live wire, and he takes another deep breath to try and calm down.

But then, Wolfe moves in front of him again, and crouches down so that his face is level with Ilya’s groin. *Fuck.*

Wolfe slides his palms up Ilya’s still-covered thighs, shifting forward to nuzzle his pretty face into Ilya’s crotch, where Ilya is unfortunately already very hard.

“Wow, Rozanov,” Wolfe mumbles into the tented fabric, his hot breath warming the area over Ilya’s dick. “I haven’t even gotten on the pole yet.”

“Well you’ve been fucking touching me,” Ilya growls, which only goads Wolfe into nudging his nose and mouth more forcefully against Ilya’s cock. “Fuck.”

“Oh?” Wolfe jerks his head back, his hands gripping Ilya’s knees as he stares up at him with his big baby deer eyes. “You want me to stop touching you? Okay.”

And then Wolfe rises to his feet, and backs away, and Ilya really should have kept his stupid mouth shut. He exhales hard out of his nostrils, and fights back another groan.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Skin — Rihanna](#)

Wolfe steps backwards until the pole is nestled between his shoulder blades, and grabs the metal above him with both hands, thrusting his hips forward, rolling his body up against the pole. It reminds Ilya of the fallen angel video, and how he wants to tie Wolfe’s wrists there, and Ilya is sure he must be making an embarrassing noise right now.

Wolfe’s lips quirk upward at the sound, and he brings his hands down to the top of his dress pants, where his fingers slowly undo the clasp, and then the buttons. But before he pulls down the zipper,

he slides one hand back up to the pole, while the other grabs his dick *hard* over the black material, as he continues to roll his body and grind his ass up and down.

Ilya thinks he may be dreaming. There is absolutely no way that he is actually here, right now, in Wolfe's apartment, watching this. Is it possible that he's had a psychotic break, or something, because of the stress of bottling up his secret over the past few months?

Before he can spiral any further about that, though, Wolfe is unzipping his pants, and sliding them down his thick thighs, and then kicking them off to the side. He's in nothing but a pair of *very* short black briefs now, and Ilya greedily rakes his gaze across every visible inch of his toned physique and flawless skin.

Ilya's mouth is filling with saliva, and his cock is getting harder, and he shifts in his seat in the hopes it will make it easier not to touch himself.

His reaction, and the probably insane look on his face, obviously pleases Wolfe, who smiles at him from where he's now practically naked in front of the pole. "You're doing great, Rozanov," he grins, and heat rises in Ilya's cheeks at the praise.

"Are you going to let me fuck you?" Ilya pants, his fingers flexing at his sides.

"We'll see," Wolfe smirks, and then he pivots sideways to grab the pole, swinging one leg up to hook his knee around it, causing the swell of his ass to push out behind him. He turns his face towards Ilya, his gaze piercing, as he sweeps his arm down the side of his thick thigh, over his plump asscheek, and up the side of his ribcage. Then, he swings that same leg back down, grasping the pole with both hands, as he body rolls up against the metal over and over again, like he's fucking into it.

Ilya bites into his lower lip at the sight, and takes a shaky inhale through his nose.

Wolfe gracefully twists around the pole before gripping the metal and swinging his body upwards, his biceps flexing and his shoulders tensing as he hoists himself completely upside down. He extends his legs into a full split, with his dick pressed up against the metal, his body suspended effortlessly in the air, before snapping his legs back together above his head and opening them again. His clearly hardening dick drags against the pole with each movement, and Ilya swears he can hear him groan at the contact.

Then, Wolfe lowers himself to the floor, catching himself on his palms before swinging his legs around and *smacking* them down into a full sideways split. He's fucking *grinning* at Ilya as he bounces up and down, his ass jiggling and recoiling obscenely with every bounce. Ilya can't help but wonder if Wolfe would be able to move up and down on a dick like that. Is that even possible?

Wolfe slowly twists himself off the ground, and rises to stand, his back to Ilya and his hands gripping the pole in front of him. He arches his back, pushing his perfect ass out behind him, and bends over to touch the floor. Then, he slowly glides his left hand up and over the swell of his left asscheek, down the back of his muscular thigh, and back up again. And just when Ilya thinks this move can't get any more indecent, Wolfe reaches between his legs, moving his fingers over his cock, pressing between his cheeks, and ghosting over the fabric covering his hole.

Fuck, this is a lot. Wolfe looks unreal, his sculpted form writhing, and twisting, and gripping, and spinning around the pole, as he gropes and grabs at his own ass, and caresses and cups himself over his underwear.

This is so much better than watching him through a screen. He can hear Wolfe's grunting and panting as he flings himself up and around the pole, the hitch in his breath as he contorts and bends himself into lewd positions, and squeezes and presses at his own flesh. And he's close enough to see the gleam in Wolfe's eyes as he holds Ilya's gaze, the satisfied look on his face as he peeks to gauge Ilya's reaction.

And Ilya is fucking reacting. His palms are clammy, and his skin is warm, and he knows his face has to be red. He's honestly grateful that Wolfe took Ilya's shirt off, because he's fucking overheating, even barechested. And it's taking all of Ilya's willpower not to provide any relief to his aching cock, which is still trapped under his briefs and dress pants and begging to be touched.

"*Bozhe moy*," Ilya gasps, as Wolfe slides to the floor, positioning himself sideways on his hands and knees – like he did when they fucked – his face turned so he can stare at Ilya. Wolfe ducks his head down towards the ground, pressing his cheek into the floor, and forcing his back into an unbelievable arch, his perfect ass barely contained by his briefs as it's pushed out behind him. Then, he *slams* his cock down towards the floor, like he's fucking into the ground over, and over, and over, again, his ass shaking and wiggling with each thrust. Ilya can tell that Wolfe's dick is hard, too, and can hear sounds escaping his plush mouth every time his bulge meets the hard wood.

"Fuck," Ilya croaks, squirming in the chair, even humping the air a bit, trying anything and everything he can to get some friction on his neglected cock. He's not sure he can handle watching Wolfe get himself off just from grinding against the floor.

Wolfe notices, his lips curling upwards as he presses himself back up, pivoting on all fours to face Ilya. And then... Wolfe fucking *crawls* – on his hands and knees – over to where Ilya is trembling in the chair, until he's kneeling in front of him, staring up at Ilya with wide, shiny eyes. *Oh god*.

Wolfe's long lashes flutter as his gaze lowers to where Ilya's dick is very clearly bulging up against the inside of his pants, and Ilya can feel more precum leaking against his underwear.

"Shit, Rozanov," Wolfe pants, licking his lips. "You look – I want to see it."

Ilya whimpers, his fingers gripping the sides of the chair so hard that he thinks he might crack the wood. "Please," he pleads, and he hopes Wolfe knows that means he wants him to take his dick out right the fuck now.

Wolfe's hands land on Ilya's knees, sliding up his thighs and digging into the front waistband of his pants, where his fingers make quick work of the button and zipper, causing Ilya to let out a hiss at just the faint feel of his touch through the fabric. Then, Wolfe tugs, yanking Ilya's briefs and pants over his legs and onto the floor in one swift motion, before throwing them somewhere – Ilya doesn't even care where.

Ilya sucks in a breath as the cool air hits his cock, which is throbbing and weeping as it stands erect in front of Wolfe's face.

"Wow," Wolfe breathes, his eyes gone glassy and his full lips parted, almost in awe. And then, he leans forward, his fingers gripping Ilya's knees, and gently kisses the top of Ilya's upper thigh, drawing out an involuntary, animalistic sound from deep within Ilya's chest. God, he hopes this means Wolfe is going to touch his dick soon.

But Wolfe doesn't. Instead, he continues tormenting Ilya by kissing, and suckling, and licking at the skin of Ilya's knees, and inner thighs, and hips, and lower stomach, but completely ignoring his

angry cock, which is twitching and continuing to leak. What if Ilya comes just from this? Can he come just from this? He can't help himself, he bucks his hips upwards with a strained groan, like fucking the air is somehow going to help his situation.

"Mmm," Wolfe hums, as he licks at Ilya's v-line, "do you want me to touch it?"

"Yes," Ilya wheezes, his chest rising and falling rapidly with each panicky breath. "Yes, fuck, I want you to touch it."

Wolfe tilts his head up towards Ilya, his chin and cheek resting against Ilya's thigh, and *fuck*, Wolfe looks pretty gone, too – with his eyes glazed over and a soft smile on his face.

Then, Wolfe's rough hands slide up Ilya's calves, his fingers tickling at Ilya's leg hairs and sending shivers all the way up to the base of Ilya's neck, until his palms land on Ilya's upper thighs, and his painfully beautiful face is positioned right over Ilya's desperate dick.

Ilya's heart is hammering in his chest, the pads of his fingers hurting from where they are pressed into the hard corners of the seat beneath him, as Wolfe parts his full lips over Ilya's cock, his pink tongue slipping out to lick ever-so-softly at the glistening tip, lapping up the precum.

"Fuckkk," Ilya wails, throwing his head back until it knocks against the backrest. That was barely anything, and yet it feels like everything, and his fingers are twitching with the desire to grasp Wolfe's hair and tug him down onto Ilya's rigid length.

Wolfe *chuckles*, and inches his face down ever so slightly, sticking his tongue out to once again press against the skin at the tip of Ilya's dick, before taking just the head into his mouth, swirling his tongue around it and along the seam of the slit, humming as he does so.

Ilya is making those wounded animal noises again, and breathing hard and fast out of his nose, and he's really not sure he is going to survive this without touching Wolfe or himself. He needs to grab the base of his dick, and wrap his fingers around the shaft and –

Wolfe pulls off him, eliciting another embarrassing whine from Ilya's throat, and rises to stand. Wolfe's dick is clearly straining against the black fabric of his slutty briefs, which sparks a warm glow of satisfaction in Ilya's chest. At least Wolfe is as affected by this as Ilya is.

"No," Ilya pleads. "Why are you –"

"Wait there, Rozanov," Wolfe pants, his lips still shiny with spit. "And don't fucking touch yourself. I'll be right back. You're doing really well."

What the fuck? Wolfe won't leave Ilya here like this – naked in this stupid chair with his painfully hard dick – right?

Ilya watches helplessly as Wolfe disappears into his bedroom, closing the door behind him, and waits with bated breath, praying that he can keep his hands at his sides while he's gone. He hopes that Wolfe isn't like, jerking himself off in there or something.

Not even twenty seconds later, Wolfe walks back into the living room holding a bunched up towel. Ilya swallows, his eyes tracking Wolfe's movements as he goes to stand in front of the pole, placing the mysterious bundle onto the floor.

“What is that for?” Ilya gulps, as he shifts in his seat again, trying to ignore the agonizing pulsing of his raging hard-on.

Wolfe smiles as he crouches down to unravel the towel, laying it out flat on the ground in front of the pole. There was something nestled inside it, but Ilya can’t quite tell what it is from here, and Wolfe is sort of covering it with his hand.

“Well,” Wolfe says as he turns to face Ilya and takes a seat on the towel, with the unknown object (objects?) still hidden from view, “you seemed curious about this the last time you were here. So I was thinking I could show you how I use it.”

No. No fucking way. Ilya is going to die here, in this room.

“What,” Ilya gasps. “Are you—”

♪ **Now Playing** ♪

[Angel — Massive Attack](#)

Wolfe leans back against the pole and slides his legs out in front of him, bending them slightly at the knee, before placing one hand on his upper thigh and the other around the front of his throat. His eyes are fixed on Ilya’s, and Ilya can’t help but chance a glance down, where he can now see a large black dildo lying next to a bottle of lube.

“Shit,” Ilya rasps, as his dick twitches and a bead of sweat slides down his temple. He could have sworn the room wasn’t that warm when he first got here, but Ilya is burning up.

Wolfe grins, as he slowly moves the hand on his throat downward, his fingers trailing down his collarbone to his pec, which he squeezes roughly with his fingers, letting out a soft moan. Then, he continues his path lower, tickling his fingers over his rippling abs and ghosting them over the snake tattoos, before cupping his massive hand over the enormous bulge in his briefs, palming, and groping, and grabbing at it as he grunts and groans.

“Fuck,” Ilya hisses, unable to tear his eyes away from where Wolfe is playing with himself.

Then, Wolfe slips his fingers underneath his waistband, and pulls his underwear off, freeing his very pretty, very *erect* cock.

“Wow,” Ilya can’t stop himself from saying, against his better judgment. “Look at you. Do you want me to touch it?”

Wolfe huffs a laugh, and then *throws* his briefs at Ilya, where they land with a smack on his bare chest.

Fucking brat.

Ilya doesn’t think it counts as touching himself to do this, so he picks up the underwear and holds it against his nose, nuzzling his face into the warm fabric – and *sniffs*. It smells like citrus, and sweat, and Wolfe.

When he pulls away, dropping the briefs to the floor, his eyes meet Wolfe’s again, and Wolfe looks fucking *starving*, his piercing gaze gone completely dark.

Wolfe shifts back a bit on the floor, leaning on his elbows, so that Ilya now has an absolutely obscene view of his perfect hole – and starts to circle his fingers around his rim, biting his lip as he pets the sensitive skin there. Ilya is finding it hard to breathe again.

Then, Wolfe reaches for the bottle of lube, squirting some onto his fingers before returning to poke and prod at his hole, this time slipping his index and middle fingers inside at the same time, swallowing them all the way to his knuckle as he squirms and groans.

“Ты просто невероятен,” (*you are just unbelievable*) Ilya whispers, his usually annoying brain gone completely quiet, his only thoughts being those about Wolfe, and Wolfe’s hole, and the noises Wolfe is making, and what those noises are doing to Ilya’s aching cock.

Wolfe has three fingers inside himself now, and he’s twisting his wrist as he stretches himself open – while using his other hand to stroke himself slowly, his gaze never leaving Ilya’s. Then, once Wolfe’s hole is gaping, he leans over to pick up the dildo and coat it with lube, before bringing the head to press against his entrance. *Fuck*.

As Ilya watches the black plastic slowly disappear between Wolfe’s asscheeks, drawing out a loud, guttural moan from Wolfe’s throat, while Wolfe throws his head back from the pleasure of being stuffed full, Ilya is certain that this is the single most erotic moment of his entire life.

Ilya has never before been this turned on, or vibrated with this much need and desire. Sitting here, naked on this chair in Wolfe’s living room, watching him strip, and dance, and fuck himself, has made Ilya’s dick so impossibly hard that he thinks he may actually come without even being touched. It’s like every nerve ending in his body is raw and alive, and the blood beneath his skin is boiling, and each individual hair is standing on end.

And as Ilya’s gaze meets Wolfe’s again, and he sees the slightly frustrated, glassy expression on his beautiful face, as he whimpers and whines, shoving the dildo into himself over and over, he thinks that *maybe* Wolfe feels the same way.

“Fuck, Wolfe,” Ilya groans. “You take that so well.”

Wolfe moans in response, as he speeds up his movements, trying to fuck himself deeper, but clearly not hitting quite the right angle with his hips positioned down towards the ground like this.

“I think maybe, though, you need something more,” Ilya rasps, licking his lips at the sight.

“Oh yeah?” Wolfe gasps between thrusts. “And what exactly do I need, Rozanov?”

“I think you know.” Ilya jerks his hips upward so that Wolfe can see how badly Ilya wants him, and to remind him how much bigger Ilya is than that stupid toy. Fuck it, Ilya can be a brat, too.

“Fuck,” Wolfe pants, his pace faltering. “I need –”

“Tell me,” Ilya snaps, leaning forward in his chair, his heart thumping so hard in his chest he swears he can hear it.

“You, Rozanov,” Wolfe whines. “I need you.”

Ilya doesn’t have to be told twice. He practically leaps up from the chair as Wolfe slides the dildo out of his hole and rises to his feet. They come together in a frantic collision of muscular limbs,

pawing each other's backs and necks and waists and asses, their sweaty palms groping at each other's firm pecs, their lips sucking on each other's tongues and pressing against their salty skin.

They're both so fucking hard though, and Ilya needs to fuck him like, right now, so he regrettably breaks the heated kiss and pulls back to look at Wolfe, whose wide eyes are completely glazed over, his face gone pink.

"Condom?" Ilya wheezes, and Wolfe nods quickly, pivoting towards the couch. He digs between the cushions with his hand, pulling out the familiar wrapper, and he's clearly biting back a smile. The fucker knew this was going to happen, right here, just like this.

Ilya steps forward and shoves Wolfe's chest, sending him stumbling backward until he's pressed up against the armrest of the couch.

"Turn over," he growls, smacking Wolfe's hip. Wolfe obeys immediately, twisting so that he's leaning over the leather armrest with his elbows and chest pressed into the couch cushions, with his feet on the floor. His ass is angled towards Ilya – his loosened hole gaping up at him, begging to be fucked.

"Mmph," Ilya grunts, as he slides the condom over his dick, and then grips Wolfe's asscheeks with both hands, "you are so fucking hot."

"Yeah?" Wolfe breathes, his voice hitching slightly as Ilya rubs the head of his cock against Wolfe's sensitive hole, which is slightly puffy from the dildo. "You like watching me, Rozanov?"

"Yes," Ilya snaps, as he drives his hips forward, breaching the entrance of Wolfe's asshole. "Fuckkk, this feels good," he moans, as his dick *finally* gets the relief it's been begging for, and he slides it further and further into Wolfe. "Was so hard not to touch."

"Shit," Wolfe hisses, as Ilya nudges himself deeper and deeper. "I could tell," he gasps, "it was so hot that you didn't, though."

"Mm," Ilya hums, as he fully bottoms out inside of Wolfe, pausing to collect himself. It really was hot, even though it was also kind of torture, and now the tight heat of Wolfe's ass feels even better than Ilya remembered.

Ilya rubs his hands over the plush swell of Wolfe's asscheeks, reaching up to tickle his fingers over those fucking *dimples*, which he couldn't stop thinking about when he jerked off – and Wolfe squirms under his touch, grinding his dick against the armrest of the couch for some relief.

"You really are so much bigger than the dildo," Wolfe huffs into the leather under his cheek, his voice gone breathy.

"Yes, I am," Ilya smirks. And then, he finally fucks the shit out of Wolfe, thrusting his hips forward over and over and over again, slamming into Wolfe's ass, his balls slapping against Wolfe's skin. Every time Ilya drives his hips forward, the force of it presses Wolfe's leaking dick up against the side of the couch, which is squeaking and scooting along the wooden floor, as the two of them grunt and pant and groan and gasp, and Wolfe makes those gorgeous 'ah ah ah' sounds Ilya really can't get enough of.

"Fuck, I am close," Ilya admits, a bit too quickly. But they're both so keyed up from all the teasing, and the watching, and the no-touching, that he knows neither of them expected to last very long.

And soon, Ilya is spilling into the condom with his hand wrapped around Wolfe's spurting cock, as their orgasms wrench more obscene noises from their throats.

Ilya bends down to kiss the side of Wolfe's neck as Wolfe practically collapses onto the couch, and then Ilya pads off to the bathroom to clean up. After he returns, Wolfe has wiped down the mess they made on the cushions, and is sitting there in a pair of boxers, smiling, holding Ilya's briefs back out to him, having picked them up from where they must have landed on the floor.

"Thanks," Ilya says, grabbing them and putting them on, before taking a seat next to Wolfe on the couch. He's not totally sure what to do with his hands, now.

"That was..." Wolfe trails off, twisting to face Ilya with a grin on his face.

"Yes," Ilya agrees, returning his smile. They sit there for a moment, neither of them saying anything, until Wolfe finally speaks.

"So, I was thinking –"

Ilya groans. What else could Wolfe possibly want to do right now? Ilya is fucking exhausted. He can't possibly go again.

"Shut up. I was *thinking* about... your situation. And I just wanted to say – well, I know it must be hard. So, if you want to talk about it, or –"

Ilya really doesn't want to talk about his fucking situation, and how hard it is. He's really trying not to think about that, actually.

"Thank you –" Ilya interrupts him. "But I am fine. There is nothing to talk about."

"Okay, cool." Wolfe shifts a little on the couch, before speaking again. "This was fun."

"Mm, yes, it was," Ilya says, biting back a smile. "I like fucking you."

"Jesus, Rozanov," Wolfe huffs, nudging Ilya's shoulder with his own. "Well, if you ever want to do it again, you know where to find me."

Oh, shit. Wolfe wants to do this again. Does Ilya want to do this again? Ilya obviously *shouldn't* do this again, ever, but does he want to?

Ilya thinks about the past four months, and his secret box. And about how difficult it was to keep the lid closed, and how he kept opening it to sneak peeks inside, and how he jerked off to Wolfe's videos, and how desperate he felt when he downloaded Grindr, and how *relieved* he felt when he kissed Wolfe again in the bathroom, and how tonight was probably one of the hottest experiences of his life.

Ilya knows he has been struggling to keep a tight hold on this part of himself, and that when he forced himself not to act on it at all, he got really close to doing something stupid, and reckless. And so Ilya is thinking that *maybe*, if he allows himself these secret evenings with Wolfe, just a few times a year — like as a special treat — maybe that could actually be a *good* idea? Maybe if Wolfe is — for some fucking reason — wanting to fuck Ilya, and willing to keep it a secret, Ilya should just be glad for it, and grateful to have an outlet for this *thing* that's been clawing at his insides?

Ilya still thinks that Wolfe can do a lot better than him – the asshole captain of the hockey team he hates, who has only just admitted to himself that he likes men – even though all they’re doing is hooking up. And Wolfe will most certainly realize that fact and then never talk to Ilya again, but until then, maybe...

“Okay.” Ilya returns his gaze to Wolfe’s. His freckles really are so nice to look at.

“Cool. Maybe I’ll text you,” Wolfe says, the corners of his mouth lifting into a small smile.

“Or I will text you,” Ilya smirks, which causes Wolfe to playfully shove him in the chest.

“You’re so annoying.”

And then, the room goes quiet again, and Ilya isn’t sure what they are supposed to do now. This is usually when he makes an excuse to leave, but Ilya is finding that he has the sudden, horrifying desire to go open Wolfe’s bedroom door, and grab Eyeball to snuggle on his lap while they watch a movie, or something. He knows some of the guys on the team do that with their hookups -- they said it’s called, 'Netflix and chill'?

“So, um, I kind of have to get up early tomorrow,” Wolfe mumbles, shifting a little on the cushion. Ah, so he’s kicking Ilya out, then. Which Ilya doesn’t care about, obviously. And he has to be up early too, for brunch in the morning, anyways.

“Okay,” Ilya shrugs, and walks over to where his clothes are in various piles on the floor, so he can get dressed.

They’re standing at the front door a couple minutes later, Ilya now wearing his pants and button-down – his tie shoved into his pocket – and Wolfe still looking unfairly sexy in just his boxers. And once again, Ilya finds himself a bit off balance, forgetting exactly how to say goodbye.

“Well, until next time, Rozanov,” Wolfe says casually, his hands on his hips.

“Yes,” Ilya says, grabbing his suit jacket off the coat rack.

Wolfe reaches out to open the door for him, with a soft smile on his still-flushed face. “Goodnight.”

“Goodnight,” Ilya breathes, and steps out into the quiet hallway, the only sound the door shutting behind him.

As he walks downstairs to call his Uber, Ilya feels pretty fucking good -- because that was unbelievably hot, and Wolfe said he might want to do it again. And so Ilya decides to focus on that feeling, and chooses not to think about that weird moment when he thought he may have actually wanted to hang out in Wolfe’s apartment a little longer, or maybe even kiss Wolfe goodbye.

Chapter End Notes

Up next, the boys are totally casual, and have lots of exciting things happening in their lives! Probably will have both Shane and Ilya POVs in the next one (at least that’s the plan) 😊

Notes on Ch 9:

- I lowkey got emotional writing the opening...Irina is such a tragic character and I have a personal connection to that part of Ilya's background
- Wasn't gonna drag out Ilya recognizing his bisexuality any longer...he's too smart for that, and he's not ashamed about being bi, he's just scared. But as someone who admitted it only to myself long before I ever said it out loud...I think the journey goes beyond the "awakening," and so will Ilya's. Also, taking an 'am i gay' quiz is a canon event for many gays don't @ me
- Had fun doing the Vegas remix scene – loved that in the book Shane recognized the power he had when showing off for Ilya, so I was like let me dial it up a bit hehe. I have many reasons for doing it the way I did but don't want to overexplain here!
- FYI my preferred dynamic for them is definitely dom Ilya/sub Shane so it will mostly be that, but I do find scenes like this fun.
- It's probs obvious, but just wanted to say that I'm writing this because I love the idea of exploring a sexy tattooed Shane who came out earlier, in a more supportive environment + Ilya coming to terms with his bisexuality (which is personal to me) and how they still find each other in that universe. And ALSO tbh mostly because I just really want to put these boys in fun and sexy situations because that's what fic is for haha so I shall be doing that! I will likely get things wrong about pole dancing, etc. along the way but hopefully you can still suspend your disbelief and enjoy 😊
- Figured this is a good time to shout out more incredible performers I've been watching to inspire Wolfe's moves:
 - @gomezpole_ on TikTok
 - @cutron.kai on TikTok
 - @louis_pxdpolesg on TikTok
 - @sebastianjimenezmedina on TikTok

Chapter 10: it's just a plan to f**k

Chapter Summary

Shane and Ilya are f**kbuddies!

Chapter Notes

Double chapter update! This was supposed to be all in one, but it ended up being really long (I can only write detailed smut scenes apparently) so it made sense to split it into two...but they should really be read in tandem, which is why I posted them at the same time. You said you like long chapters and I took that SERIOUSLY, so...enjoy!!

Gear up for fluff and smut in both chapters, as we are in their totally casual and fun hookup era hehe

Also, I know I am a broken record but I have to say again that my heart truly fills with warmth every time I get a comment and it's so motivating to know yall are enjoying the fic! And whenever I get nervous (i.e. my brain goes "will you disappoint them") I try remind myself this is literally just for fun 💕 which I'm having a lot of, and I'm so glad you are too! Also thank you to everyone who has been recommending this fic... love yall so much for that

For anyone new here, please know I'm not winging it – I do have the story mapped out 🤖

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

Manhattan, New York
March 2015

"Name?"

The woman – Shane is pretty sure she is a casting assistant – glances up at him from her seat at the small folding table, where she's perched in front of a laptop, pile of papers, and bowl of safety pins.

"Wolfe – or um, it could be under Shane Hollander? Wolfe is my stage name, though." Shane tries not to gnaw on his bottom lip as she scrolls through whatever is on her screen.

"Here it is, under Wolfe," she says, sending him a warm smile. "You're going to be number 42. Try not to lose this, okay? You can use these to pin it to the front of your shirt."

"Thank you," Shane says, as he grabs the white card – which is emblazoned with the number '42' in large black lettering – and safety pins from her before heading over to hopefully find a free corner or section of the wall to put down his stuff and wait.

The relatively large studio space is filled with dozens upon dozens of impressive male bodies in various stages of preparation – stretching and lunging on the floor, bending to touch their toes, or sitting or standing in groups, chatting as though they’re already familiar with each other.

Shane isn’t certain he recognizes anyone here, at least not at first glance, and makes a beeline for a small patch of wall space on the far right, where he drops his backpack and takes a seat, his legs outstretched in front of him. Looking around the room, he’s relieved to see that – while there are certainly quite a few ‘fashion-forward’ men wearing mesh and sparkly jewelry – most of the other dancers are dressed simply, so he feels good about selecting his slim black dance joggers, tightly fitted black tank top, and pair of small silver hoops this morning.

Shane has obviously been to auditions before – for productions back in school, for *Le Vertige*, and he competed against other men at Worlds – but he’s never participated in anything of this scale before. Skylar and Molly have told him about their experiences, but he still can’t quite believe just how *many* guys are here. And while Shane hasn’t seen any of them dance yet, he can tell just from their physiques and how they’re moving around the room that they’re probably talented.

But Shane is really fucking talented, too. So he reminds himself of that as he warms up his limbs, watching more and more dancers arrive while he waits out the painful hour before the actual auditions start.

##

“Okay! Everybody over here, please!”

Shane snaps his head up from where it was resting against his knee, his legs spread out in a wide V-shape, to stare at the lead choreographer – Danny, who Shane recognizes from his online research – as he claps his hands to get everyone’s attention near the front of the room.

There’s a scuffling of sneakers against the floor and water bottles being put away as everyone rises to stand and gather around him, and Shane hurries to join them.

“Okay, guys,” Danny says, shifting his gaze over and across the crowd of anxious men. “We appreciate you all coming out here this morning. There are going to be three rounds today – two choreographed and one freestyle – with cuts between each round. We are seeing about 250 of you today, and anticipate moving about 30 to 40 to tomorrow’s callbacks. At the end of the three days, we will select four men to join our eight returning dancers. You know the deal – we want strong individual performers who can also work as an *ensemble*, okay? Now, numbers one through 50, please follow me.”

Shane takes a deep breath and steps forward to join the batch of guys shuffling into the audition room, biting back a small smile as he relishes the familiar flutter in his chest. Shane is no stranger to competition – it’s fueled him since he was just a kid sliding around on the ice, racing the other boys to the goal. If Shane is being honest, he might actually be kind of addicted to the high of beating other people, and he can only imagine how it would feel to be selected as one of *four*, out of 250 professional dancers... *Let’s fucking go.*

For the first round, the assistant teaches the choreography to the entire room of 50, while Danny watches, before they break out into groups of ten to perform. Shane has always liked learning choreo, and he’s been told he has a high ‘dance IQ’ because he picks up on patterns quickly, giving him more time to infuse his own musicality and style.

It's a sort of jazzy piece, with touches of hip-hop and even some voguing, and it's also a little bit sexy – which Shane excels at, given his regular act at Le Vertige. So when it's finally his group's turn to go, he feels confident about what he's delivering. He might not be the most 'commercial' dancer in the room, but he knows his technique is strong, and he's unbothered by Danny's appraising gaze – Shane is more than used to being appraised.

After they're done, the panel convenes to make their decisions on who to cut. Shane can practically smell the anxiety seeping out of the pores of some of the other dancers, which makes his own belly flip a little. Also, Shane is pretty sure that the associate choreographer, Michelle, is the one who emailed him, so he really hopes he didn't disappoint her.

Not even ten minutes later, the casting assistant from earlier returns with a clipboard, which she barely glances up from as she shares their fate.

“Okay, guys, if you hear your number, we want you back here at 4:30 for round two. If not, thank you for your time.”

Shane holds his breath as she starts reading in numerical order, which means Shane will be close to the end, if he's called.

“...34, 38, 39, 42...”

Fuck yes. Shane doesn't bite back his smile this time, and flicks his gaze up to Michelle, who is smiling back at him.

Only 19 guys made it out of his group, and Shane is one of them.



After shoving a salmon salad from a nearby café down his throat, Shane wanders around Midtown and tries (and fails) to take a nap at his hotel. And soon enough, he finds himself back in the studio, once again stretching out on the floor.

250 is now down to 100, and they're no longer broken up to learn the choreo, which is faster, harder, and more aggressive than the previous round. Shane notices that he's anticipating a few of the beats – his stupid analytical brain moving a bit too quickly – and attempts to iron out any mistakes before it's his group's turn to perform.

They perform twice, with Danny paying a bit more attention each time, even correcting a few of the dancers, and Shane doesn't hesitate to make any necessary adjustments immediately.

He obviously does well enough, because he survives, along with 54 other dancers.

During his group's freestyle, Shane can tell that a few of the guys are fucking up – doing way too much, pulling out too many tricks, and clearly trying to stand out among the group. Shane teaches his students that when performing in an ensemble, it's critical not to steamroll anybody else on the stage. It's about drawing the audience's eye without pulling focus. And if there's one thing Shane knows how to do, it's make people look at him without doing too fucking much.

Once every group has finished, Danny lines all of them up in rows for a final look. Shane is feeling pretty good about his freestyle, and so his heart stops when Danny pauses near him, his gaze landing on Shane.

"Number 42." Danny glances down at his clipboard before looking up at Shane again. "Wolfe?"

"Yes." Shane's hands are clasped in front of him, and he keeps his breathing slow and steady.

"You're from Montreal?"

"From Ottawa, but yeah – I live in Montreal." *Probably too specific, Shane.*

"You do pole, right? World champion?" Danny twists to look back at Michelle behind him, who is grinning and nodding. Shane can hear a few murmurs from the other dancers in the room, but ignores them.

"Yes. As of a few weeks ago," Shane confirms, a small smile on his face. It still feels good to say it out loud.

"Hm," Danny hums, and makes a note on the clipboard. And then he moves on to the nervous blond in the second row, and Shane lets out a breath he didn't realize he was holding.

After another, slightly longer, deliberation, Shane makes it through that round, too. And now, he's one of 35, which means he's going to callbacks tomorrow. Fuck yes.



Later that night, after Shane has eaten dinner, showered, debriefed with his mom on a call that went just a little too long, brushed his teeth, and settled into bed with his book in the hopes he will

actually get tired enough to sleep despite the nervous energy coursing through his entire body – it happens.

His phone vibrates on the bedside table, and without thinking, he grabs it – just in case his mom is messaging him about something important she forgot to tell him. But his mom didn't text him... fucking Rozanov did.

Messages
Boston Guy
Details

Monday, March 23, 2015

10:11 PM

no video today??

Holy shit. Rozanov actually reached out first. Shane wasn't sure he would, at least not this soon, and he finds that his heart is beating a little faster than it was just a moment ago, his lip quirking upward in surprise.

If Rozanov hadn't reached out, Shane *was* planning to text him – albeit closer to the Raiders' next visit to Montreal in two weeks. But he's not exactly upset about this interesting development.

Clearly, Rozanov hasn't stopped thinking about Wolfe, which means he probably still wants to fuck again. Which is really great for Shane's new 'let's have fun with Rozanov because why the fuck not' agenda.

Shane is pleased that the show Wolfe put on for Rozanov made the lasting impression he thought it would — it may have even blown Rozanov's fucking mind, actually. Rozanov might be a bit of a slut, but Shane highly doubts anyone has ever given him a night quite like that before.

And if Shane is being completely honest, he can also admit the experience was pretty singular for him, too. It may have even been the hottest night of Shane's whole life.

He knew it was kind of a gamble, asking a dominant guy like Rozanov to obey Wolfe's requests and let him lead — to let Wolfe see him react, and not do anything about it. But Rozanov behaved, and he listened, and he watched, and it was so fucking hot.

In the months leading up to that night, Shane couldn't stop wondering whether Rozanov was watching Wolfe's videos – and if he was, whether he was stroking himself – and imagining exactly how he looked while he watched them, the expressions and noises he might be making. So getting to see how affected Rozanov was by watching Wolfe in real life was, well... fuck. Just thinking about the hunger on Rozanov's face while Wolfe danced for him, and the way the cocky Raiders captain's naked body jerked and shifted in that chair in a vain attempt to refrain from touching himself, is making Shane's dick twitch in this hotel bed.

Shit. Before he gets too horny just from the memory of that evening, he should probably respond to Rozanov.

Messages
Boston Guy
Details

Monday, March 23, 2015

10:11 PM

no video today??

Hello to you too?

I'm out of town, so no video this week.

hi

this is terrible news

what am i supposed to jerk off to 😞

www.pornhub.com

Enjoy!

pretty sure sexy dancer with freckles doesn't have any videos on there

i have checked

What the fuck?

Obviously I've never done porn.

a man can dream



Keep dreaming.

where are you?

New York

ooh fun

I love new york

where in the city?

Manhattan. Haven't gotten to see too much of it, though. Been pretty busy.

you have to go to joe's pizza

best slice in new york

I already know you're going to freak out about this, but I don't really eat pizza.

what the fuck

who doesn't eat pizza

are you allergic or something

Not allergic, it just doesn't really fit with my diet.

oh my god that is sad

one slice of pizza will not kill you

idk if i can fuck someone who is afraid of pizza

Fuck off.

You would absolutely still fuck me and you know it.

But okay, nice knowing you!

wait hold on

Lol.

You're so easy.

cheeky

you have a very smart mouth

i can think of better uses for it though

Fuck. Now Shane's dick is no longer just twitching – it's getting hard. It's already 10:30pm, he has to be up early, and he really can't afford this distraction right now. So, he takes a deep breath, willing his dick to soften, and types out a quick reply before clicking his phone shut and turning off the light. And if he maybe drifts off thinking about Rozanov's big hands and big shoulders and big dick, well then, so what?

Messages

Boston Guy

Details

cheeky

you have a very smart mouth

i can think of better uses for it though

Oh can you? Well I have an early morning tomorrow, so I'm going to sleep.

Have fun jerking off thinking about my mouth though 🤔

Goodnight!



The studio space feels a lot larger when Shane steps back into it the next morning, now that there are only 34 other dancers in the room with him. He recognizes a few of them, and they're all really fucking talented. It makes sense – there likely wouldn't be any weak links left at this stage in the process. Which just means that Shane has to be even better.

The first round is noticeably harder than anything they did yesterday – with quicker transitions and partner work with one of the returning female dancers. Shane falters a little while they're still learning the steps, but basically nails the actual performance, and has to hold back a grin when it's over.

He's therefore not super surprised to make it to the second round with 24 other guys, where they're given a slower, more sensual, contemporary routine. He can do this kind of thing in his sleep, and fucking kills it, sending him through to the final 15. Which has him practically vibrating with anticipation because it means that –

"Okay," the casting assistant shouts, cutting off his thoughts and stilling everyone's movements before they disperse. "Numbers 42, 67, and 199, we need you to stick around for the specialty callback. Please check in with me after you take a lunch break. The rest of you, we will see you tomorrow."

Fuck. Yes. Shane practically runs back over to his corner, where he rifles through his bag for one of the protein bars he brought from home so he can scarf it down as quickly as possible. He's seated on the floor, taking his last bite, when one of the guys who was cut in the last round plops down on the ground across from him, holding out his hand.

"Hey, Wolfe, right? I'm Dustin." He's very attractive – all toned muscles and golden skin and bright hazel eyes – and Shane figures it would be rude not to shake his hand, probably? "Sorry if this is too forward, and feel free to tell me to fuck off, but you are one of the most beautiful guys I've ever seen, and I would kick myself if I didn't at least try to get your number before I leave."

Shane sends him a soft smile – this is one of the less obnoxious ways a guy has asked him for his number, and Dustin is hot. But Shane is leaving tomorrow night, and he's certainly not fucking anyone tonight before the final callbacks, so...

"I'm sorry," Shane says, trying his best to look properly apologetic. "You seem really nice, but I live in Montreal, and I'm only here for one more night, so – there's probably no point."

“Damn. Worth a shot.” Dustin chuckles, and shoots him a wink. And then he gets up and leaves, and Shane returns his focus to what really matters – which is making it through the next round.

After changing into his navy blue compression shorts, which match the tank he already had on, Shane applies a little grip-aid to his hands before meeting up with the two other guys and the casting assistant. She walks them over to a room they haven’t been in yet, with a pole set up in the far corner. The choreographers and the casting director are waiting inside, along with the creative director, who noticeably didn’t attend any of the previous rounds. Shane can already feel the adrenaline flowing through his veins – just like when he pumps himself up before a show at the club, or takes the first faceoff against a really good team.

“Alright,” she says, clapping her hands together. “The three of you all have pole experience, and if everything works out and one of you is selected, we are hoping to feature you during the show. Did you each bring music and prepare a quick routine for us?” They all nod, and she continues, nudging the shoulder of the guy standing next to her. “Great. This is Doug, and he’s our pole specialist, so he can answer any questions you may have. Wolfe, you’re up first!”

“Thanks. Uh – Doug, I do have a few questions before I start,” Shane says, nodding his head toward the pole. “What’s the finish of the pole? Is it static or spin? And do you know the diameter?”

Shane briefly glances toward the judging table, hoping all the questions don’t make him seem difficult, but Danny is kind of smirking and whispering something to Michelle, who is also smiling. That’s good, right?

Once Shane has his answers, he plugs his phone into the speakers in the corner, and then shakes out his hands and shoulders before walking up to the pole. Here goes nothing – Wolfe has 90 seconds to make a lasting impression.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Beggin for Thread — BANKS](#)

Wolfe hops up onto the pole, grasping it with both hands and extending his legs into a full split as he spins, before gripping it between his thighs and curling his entire body around it, twisting and turning so quickly that he would be dizzy if it weren’t for the hours and hours he’s spent getting used to this very motion.

He knows this isn’t the time to re-enact his technical and complex routine from Worlds, but he does take the opportunity to show off several of his flashier moves, specifically the ones that look impressive to the average watcher or choreographer, as well as a few of his more difficult, signature moves he’s almost certain the other two guys can’t do. The routine is sensual and slow in parts, and hard and fast in others, and he holds himself upside down, and completely parallel to the ground, and in all sorts of contorted positions, and it all makes sense with the music, and he knows it’s fucking great. As the song fades out, his final spin slows to a stop while he glides down to the ground, and he looks up at the judges with a smile, his rising and falling chest the only sign that he exerted himself.

Everyone at the table looks impressed, even Danny, and Michelle is lightly clapping her hands together. He chances a glance at the other two dancers, who aren’t letting too many emotions show on their faces. From what he overheard during the break earlier, the one guy is mostly an aerialist, and the other is primarily a dancer who also does some pole, so Shane is hoping that this is where Wolfe will shine.

“Thanks, Wolfe,” Danny shouts from the table. “Can you do it again, but I’m going to ask you to repeat or hold certain poses? And if we bring in one of the female dancers, can you do some partnering?”

“Totally,” Shane says, already hopping back up, trying to keep his face as neutral and professional as possible. He’s finding it hard not to smile, though, because he knows from his own experience as a choreographer that this is a very, *very* good sign.



Before he’s confirmed for the final callbacks on Wednesday, the casting and creative directors pull him aside into yet another room for a brief interview. They confirm his legal name and stage name, his Canadian citizenship and ability to work internationally, and that he can make himself available from June through early October. Nothing too difficult.

“Any current or past injuries we should know about?”

Shane almost grabs his knee, but squeezes his hands together in his lap instead. It was so long ago, and he’s fine now – he can talk about this without it disqualifying him. Lots of dancers have old injuries.

“Uh, yeah. When I was fifteen – so, over eight years ago – I tore my ACL and my meniscus in my left knee. I had surgery, which was successful, and did fourteen months of rehab. It’s all healed up now. I don’t have issues with it and haven’t since back then.”

Neither of them reacts, and they move on to asking him about his experience working with partners, teaching and coaching, and wearing a harness, and whether he’s comfortable with sexual choreography and minimal costuming. Shane says yes to all of it, and this time he doesn’t stop the smile from breaking out onto his face when they tell him he’s made it to the final round, with just nine other dancers. And the only polers are him and the aerialist. One more round.



The next morning is a blur, and the ten finalists are buzzing with anticipation as they warm up, running through yesterday's choreography in preparation for finally showcasing it to *her*.

When she enters the room with the choreography, casting, and creative teams, Shane sucks in a breath. Ultimately, this is who he needs to impress the most.

They run through the choreo in a mix of different small groups, and Shane tries not to notice how she turns to Danny or the creative director with her thoughts throughout. Then, he and the aerialist stay behind to perform their pole routines from yesterday – holding the specific poses and movements that Danny wanted them to showcase for her.

She looks pretty pleased with what Wolfe is doing, and even stands beside him to test spacing and visuals, while the group at the table murmurs amongst themselves.

"Wolfe, right?" she says, extending her hand to him. "You're very talented up there, and on the floor, too. And Michelle said you also teach. Very cool."

"Thank you," he says, as calmly as humanly possible. "I hope I get to work with you. You're amazing."

"Thanks," she grins. "We will be in touch."

By the time he's walking back to his hotel room, Shane is completely exhausted, but he's also feeling pretty stoked about how the auditions went, and proud of himself, and... absolutely starving. So, with his stomach grumbling and his head fuzzy, he decides to do something truly out of character, and check out the stupid pizza place Rozanov recommended. Shane deserves pizza.

And then, once he's got the cheesy slice in hand, he figures that he may as well text Rozanov about it, right? Since it was his idea?

So Shane pulls out his phone, quickly texts his mom that the day went well, swipes through a very dramatic message thread from Brynn, Molly, and Skylar about Zayn leaving One Direction – which is apparently a very big deal – and then opens his conversation with Rozanov.

Messages
Boston Guy
Details

Wednesday, March 25, 2015

5:07 PM



I hate that you were right. This is really fucking good.

!!!!

who is easy now

i told you to get the pizza, and you got the pizza

If you're going to be an asshole about this, I'm never listening to you again.

no no

i am proud of you

did you eat the whole slice?

Yes?

good boy

Shane swallows, heat suddenly rising in his cheeks. He can't help but imagine hearing those words in Rozanov's frustratingly sexy accent, which makes his blood start rushing to his dick... and then a sobering thought hits Shane with a sudden clarity.

He might actually be really fucking easy for Rozanov.

Shane groans at the realization, sends Rozanov an eye roll emoji – decidedly ending whatever the fuck that was about to become – and gets ready to head to the airport.



*Montreal, Quebec
April 2015*

Shane gets the call on the first Friday of April.

As soon as he hangs up, he paces around his living room, shaking out his hands and swearing and probably freaking out Eyeball – but he feels like his chest is going to burst from happiness, and the swell of energy has to go somewhere, so. This has the potential to be a truly life-changing gig, not necessarily financially, but the experience will be amazing, and the exposure alone will be incredible...

He's not allowed to share anything publicly or tell anybody any details, but they did say he can let his parents know, since he needs to make arrangements with them. So he immediately calls his mom, and has to hold the phone away from his ear while she screams the news to his dad. There is a lot to figure out before June, like what the hell he's going to do with Eyeball if he still can't find someone to permanently adopt him, and he has to notify Derek and the studio he will be taking a few months off. But right now, Shane just wants to bask in this moment.

After doing a few more laps around his apartment, Shane's heart is still pumping hard and fast in his chest, and he still has a couple hours before he has to be at the studio, and he needs to keep his conversation going with Rozanov anyways if they're going to fuck again in a few days, so...he pulls out his phone.

Messages
Boston Guy
Details

Monday, March 30, 2015

11:16 PM

nice video

you should have had dollar bills or something though

could have thrown them when it goes “bitch better have my money”

Tuesday, March 31, 2015

9:36 AM

Thank you for your unsolicited feedback.

Will definitely (not) take it into consideration 👍

rude

Wednesday, April 1, 2015

11:14 AM

Go Metros!

??

Have you been kidnapped?

april fools 😜

Fucking annoying 😒

you like it

Today

11:58 AM

Hey

What’s up?

just got back from detroit

watching tape so hopefully we can fix whatever the fuck went wrong

you?

I mean, I really think you need to move Connors around, but I know you won’t.

And I just finished some pole training at home, and about to make lunch before I head to the studio.

Doing anything fun tonight?

thank you for your unsolicited feedback. Will take into consideration

and yes actually im seeing the new fast and furious movie!!!

Oh my god of course you love those.

who the fuck doesn't like those movies

they're full of sexy cars and sexy people

I'm not sure a car can really be sexy.

you have clearly never seen my cars

 Photo of Ilya's car



sexy right?

I guess? They don't look very safe.

that is not the point of the sexy cars

imagine me fucking you up against the hood

Okay, that would be hot actually.

yes it would

i bet you would look so pretty bent over the lambo

Fuck

You still coming over on Monday after the game?

oh yes i will come

and so will you

You're so ridiculous.

But okay cool. I'm gonna go make lunch now.

Bye!



Well, that didn't exactly help Shane calm down. But luckily, he definitely still has enough time to jerk off before he leaves for work.



“Shane, who the fuck are you texting? You keep looking down at your lap.” Skylar scowls at him from across the table. “And your face is all red.”

“Uh, nobody,” Shane stammers, quickly turning his phone over. He can feel more heat rising in his cheeks, and reaches out for his glass of ginger ale in the hopes it will cool him down.

“Oh my gosh, Shaney,” Brynn beams at him. “Are you sexting a guy right now? During brunch? On Easter Sunday? You naughty boy!”

“Wait he totally is,” Skylar says, his scowl morphing into a fat grin. “Who is he? What did he say? Tell us! Tell us!”

And now all three of them are chanting ‘tell us’ over and over again, smacking their hands on the tabletop, and a few of the other guests in the restaurant are looking over, and Shane is going to kill them if they don’t shut up immediately.

“Jesus – fucking quiet down, please,” Shane snaps. “It’s nobody – just a random guy from Grindr. And you know I’m not going to tell you what he said.”

“Boo, lame,” Molly jeers, nudging his shoulder. “I was hoping someone besides Skylar would have a sexy story today.”

The truth is that Shane is texting a very horny Rozanov, and there is no way in hell he would ever admit that to his friends.

Messages
Boston Guy
Details

Sunday, April 5, 2015

12:17 PM

ive been thinking about tomorrow night

Oh, have you?

yes

What exactly are you thinking about

about how you will look on your knees for me

about the noises you will make

Jesus christ

I’m at brunch.

so what

So I can’t do this right now.

do what?



You know what.

ugh fine

enjoy your stupid brunch

Safe travels!

“...so basically, it’s over,” Skylar sighs. “We’ve reached the end of the road, my friends.”

“What?” Shane asks, as he realizes he has no idea what Skylar is talking about because he was too busy zoning out thinking about getting on his knees for Rozanov.

“Me and Alex,” Skylar explains. “He’s moving back to Indiana next week, so we can’t hook up anymore.”

“Oh, right,” Shane says, taking another sip of his drink. “Are you – um – bummed about that, or...?”

“A little,” Skylar shrugs. “I’m going to miss him, honestly. The sex was great. And our last conversation was weirdly emotional? Don’t look at me like that – we agreed to stay friends, but it’s not going to be anything more than that. I already have another date with that banker guy lined up this week.”

“Okay, Sky,” Molly says, raising her eyebrows. “Whatever you say. You know it’s okay to be sad about it, right? You guys spent a lot of time together.”

“I know, I know. But really, I think I’m okay. He’s not my person. It was for a fun time, not a long time, you know?”

“Good for you, man.” Shane holds his ginger ale out, clinking his glass with Skylar’s. “This is very mature of you. I’m honestly surprised.”

“Wow, thanks, Shane,” Skylar huffs. “Don’t think I forgot what you said when I first told you about Alex. You owe me ten fucking bucks!”

Shane groans, but he’s smiling as he hands Skylar the cash. He lost the bet fair and square, and who is he to judge, anyways? Shane has his own fuckbuddy now, and he’s very much looking forward to getting fucked by him tomorrow.



It’s not long after Shane posts his new video – a routine with lots of upside-down spins set to “Talking Body,” in which he is shirtless, clad in only a pair of dark green basketball shorts and a backwards hat, that he hears from Rozanov again. And knowing that Rozanov is texting Shane from somewhere in Montreal is doing funny things to his lower belly.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Talking Body — Tove Lo](#)

Messages

Boston Guy

Details

Monday, April 6, 2015

4:34 PM

sexy video

you chose the song because of my perfect body, yes? that you want me to put on you?

Lol yes, you caught me.

You on your way to the Bell Centre?

yes

time to go kick the metros ass

I wouldn't be so cocky.

They almost beat you last game.

except they didn't

want to make a bet?

On the game?

yes

Pretty sure there are rules against that.

don't be boring

Fuck you. I'm not boring.

What do you want to bet?

if the raiders win, i get to fuck you on the pole tonight

And if the Metros win?

same thing 🙄

That's not how a bet works.

you're being boring again

Fuck you.

later 😊

got to go, need to win a bet

see you tonight

and eyeball too please

Shane laughs, shaking his head as he places his phone down on the counter. He wishes he didn't find it so damn cute how much Rozanov wants to see Eyeball. Shane actually felt kind of shitty about keeping the cat from Rozanov last time. But he just wasn't sure he could stomach watching him cuddle Eyeball again then, not after spending months replaying the sour memory of Rozanov looking miserable on Shane's bed with the cat on his lap.

But there's no point in thinking about that anymore, because they're good now. They have a plan to fuck when Rozanov is in town, and tonight is one of those nights, and it's going to be fun.

So, Shane leaves his apartment to meet the boys at their usual hockey bar to watch the game, with a pep in his step, and a smile on his face.



“Hey.” Shane smirks at Rozanov, who is frozen in the doorway with a slightly dumbfounded look on his handsome face, his golden curls still drying from his post-game shower.

“This is cheating,” Rozanov blurts, waving his hand out towards where Shane is standing just a couple feet from him inside the apartment, wearing nothing but that same pair of green shorts from his video, and holding a purring Eyeball in his arms.

“Whatever do you mean?” Shane bats his lashes coyly, sending Rozanov a shy, close-mouthed smile.

“You are trying to distract me from claiming my prize,” Rozanov huffs as he steps inside, shoving off his shoes and coat, and reaching his arms out for Eyeball. “And it is working. Give.”

Shane chuckles and hands him the cat, who apparently couldn't care less about being passed around, because he nestles into Rozanov's muscular embrace, even going so far as to knead his claws into one of Rozanov's forearms. Not that Rozanov seems to give a shit about getting all scratched up.

“He missed me,” Rozanov coos, glancing up at Shane, and his ocean eyes have gone so soft and melty that it almost takes Shane's breath away. *Maybe Shane has a thing for hot guys with animals, or something.*

“Do you want anything to drink?” Shane asks, thinking that it’s probably a good idea for him to stop watching this, and distract himself with a task in the kitchen. “I have water, ginger ale, liquor, and I think some tonic, and maybe some Pepsis...”

“Pepsi?” Rozanov grimaces as he gently places Eyeball down onto the floor, and steps over to join Shane in the kitchen. “Who the fuck buys Pepsi instead of Coke?”

“Um, I do?”

“This is a crime. I am reporting you to the authorities.” Rozanov is leaning against the sink with his arms crossed, looking very serious about the whole thing.

“Actually, Pepsi is more popular than Coke in Quebec,” Shane says with a shrug. “Is this a dealbreaker? You only sleep with people who drink Coke? Because to be honest, I don’t drink either of them. It’s just here for guests.”

“Wow. So you do not drink soda and you do not eat pizza? You would make a terrible American.” Rozanov grins at him, and fuck, Shane wishes he wasn’t so charming.

“Good thing I’m Canadian, then. Does this mean you don’t want anything to drink?” Shane opens the fridge and reaches for the Brita filter so he can pour himself a glass, at least.

“Water is fine, thank you.”

Once they have their drinks, they relocate to the couch, where Eyeball promptly joins them, taking his new favorite place in Rozanov’s lap, much to Rozanov’s delight.

“I was not sure if he would still be here,” Rozanov breathes, as he runs his hand down Eyeball’s back. “You said it was, ah – temporary?”

“I know,” Shane groans. “I am a terrible foster parent. I suck at finding him a home. But every potential adopter hasn’t been right, and I obviously don’t want to send him back to the shelter – relax, Rozanov, I’m not going to do that. Anyways, Brynn – my friend who convinced me to do this in the first place – says Eyeball is basically a foster fail at this point.”

“Foster fail?” Rozanov looks confused. “That sounds bad.”

“I mean I guess it kind of is? It just means that the foster parent ‘failed’ at finding someone else to adopt the animal, and ended up keeping them.”

“So you are keeping him?”

“I don’t know,” Shane sighs. “I’m going to be traveling a lot this summer, so if I don’t find a home for him before then, my parents will probably have to take him, and they’re not going to screen adopters in Ottawa, so. I guess we’ll see.”

“He must not go back to the shelter,” Rozanov says, as he peers down at the purring creature, whose eye is shut with contentment. “I would take him if I did not travel so much.”

“You – *you* would take him?” Shane’s pretty sure his mouth is hanging open. Ilya fucking Rozanov, the playboy captain of the Boston Raiders, who owns a Lamborghini and is wearing a \$100,000 watch, wants to adopt his fucked up cat?

“Of course.” Rozanov is looking at Shane like he’s just said the most obvious thing in the world. “This is surprising to you.”

“Kind of,” Shane admits. “I mean, you’re you. I picture you with, like, a fancy German shepherd or something. Eyeball is kind of like –”

“Do not say anything mean – he is right here – he can hear you!” Rozanov looks outraged, and is covering Eyeball’s barely working ears with the palms of his hands.

Shane laughs, whacking Rozanov in the shoulder. “He can barely hear anything, Rozanov. Anyways, don’t worry about it, he’s not going anywhere yet.”

Rozanov seems placated by that, and the room goes comfortably silent for a moment, save for the rumbling sounds coming from the happy cat. The energy is too relaxed, in Shane’s opinion, and he technically invited Rozanov here to get his dick wet, so...

Shane taps Eyeball’s butt a few times, prompting the cat to chirrup and hop onto the floor. Rozanov is momentarily displeased, but is quickly assuaged when Shane replaces Eyeball in his lap, straddling Rozanov’s waist with his thighs.

“Hey,” Shane whispers, as his hands land atop Rozanov’s broad shoulders, and he leans in to press their lips together.

Rozanov hums into Shane’s mouth, and slides his big, warm hands over Shane’s hips and ass, squeezing gently, and bucking up a little so that their groins rub together through their clothes. *This* is what Shane was looking forward to.

The kiss turns filthy quickly, and soon their lips are wet, their breathing gone slightly frantic. Shane shifts his attention from Rozanov’s mouth to his neck, where he sucks and nips and teeths at the skin under his ear, being careful not to leave any marks.

“You put on such a good show last time,” Rozanov rasps, as Shane continues his ministrations, licking a stripe up Rozanov’s jawline and nibbling at his earlobe. “Was very hot. But I think maybe it is my turn to tell you what to do tonight, hm?”

Oh shit. Shane’s dick twitches under his shorts, revealing exactly how he feels about Rozanov telling him what to do, as he moans his agreement against Rozanov’s skin.

Rozanov chuckles, and brings one hand to the back of Shane’s scalp, his fingers firmly grasping Shane’s hair and tugging hard enough to send tingles down from the crown of Shane’s head to the bottom of his neck. Then, he yanks Shane back so that their noses are touching, and Rozanov’s darkening eyes are staring directly into Shane’s.

“On your knees.”

Shane slides backwards immediately, his knees hitting the ground so quickly that he can hear Rozanov gasp in surprise, and he’s nuzzling into the crotch of Rozanov’s joggers not even a second later, inhaling the crisp linen scent of his detergent and the intoxicating woody musk that is undeniably Rozanov.

“Fuck, you listen well,” Rozanov croons, his hands petting Shane’s hair. “So different from last time, when you had so much to say — so many rules for me.”

God, he's such an asshole. Shane turns his cheek so that his open mouth is positioned over Rozanov's inner thigh, and sinks his teeth into the thin fabric of his pants, biting down into the flesh hard enough to elicit a stunned shout from above him, and leaving a visible wet patch behind when Rozanov subsequently tugs Shane off him by his hair.

"What the fuck," Rozanov growls, as he glares down at Shane's grinning face with a menacing gleam in his eye, his grip going even tighter against Shane's scalp. "Open your mouth."

Shane recognizes the familiar phrase – he said something similar to Rozanov before feeding him a cocktail out of his own mouth just a few weeks ago – and holds Rozanov's piercing gaze as he slowly unhinges his jaw, letting his tongue hang out.

Shane has seen glimpses of this side of Rozanov, but had been waiting for it to fully make an appearance – maybe even baiting him a little to coax it out – and now that it's here, he's practically shivering with anticipation.

With one hand still on Shane's head, Rozanov reaches the other down the front of his pants, pulls out his cock, and tucks the waistband of his joggers under his balls. Then, he leans forward, his lips curled into a sly grin, and *spits* into Shane's gaping mouth.

Shane groans as the hot liquid lands on his tongue, but he obediently keeps his mouth open as he stares up at Rozanov. This is apparently all the encouragement Rozanov needs, and he splays his palm out across the back of Shane's head, roughly pulling him forward onto his now rigid dick, sending the glistening tip gliding through the pool of spit already collected on Shane's tongue, forcing it all the way in until it hits the back of Shane's throat.

A strained sound breaks free from deep within Rozanov's chest as Shane gags, his throat constricting painfully around Rozanov's dick, which motivates Rozanov to grip Shane's head with both hands so he can properly fuck into his mouth. Shane does his best not to retch, and to breathe through his nose, as he keeps his eyes fixed on Rozanov's. He fucking loves watching the person above him come undone as they use him like this, and Rozanov looks unreal – his face going red as he hisses and swears in Russian, his biceps flexing as he jerks Shane's head up and down over his length.

With the heavy weight of Rozanov's cock filling his mouth and claiming his throat, and the warmth of Rozanov's strong hands on his scalp, Shane can already feel himself slowly drifting into that special place where he doesn't have to think, he just gets to be and feel. A tear slips down one of his cheeks, and he gropes at his own dick over his shorts, letting out a choked-off moan around Rozanov, as spit dribbles out the sides of his mouth and down his chin.

"Fuck," Rozanov wheezes, and yanks Shane off of him, before hastily tucking his dick back into his pants. He leans over, reaching out to cup Shane's jaw with his hand, and uses his thumb to softly wipe away the wetness under Shane's eye, lingering there for a moment in a gesture so tender that it takes Shane by surprise.

"Красивый (*beautiful*)," Rozanov whispers, and pats Shane's cheek. "Come. Up, up."

Shane whines, but allows himself to be guided to his feet as Rozanov rises from the couch and starts walking towards the pole.

"Follow me," Rozanov says with a smirk, and Shane would respond with something snarky if his brain wasn't already filled with static. Plus, it's only fair that he lets Rozanov finally fuck him on

the pole, right? They're not going to see each other again for like, months after this, so may as well do something memorable. And it's not like Shane hasn't also been thinking about it.

Once they're within reach, Rozanov places both of his hands on Shane's waist, pushing him backward until the pole is wedged between Shane's shoulder blades.

"Hands up," Rozanov says, sliding his palms up Shane's sides and along his arms, guiding them overhead until he's holding Shane's wrists against the pole. "Grab it."

Hearing the commands in Rozanov's deep accented voice is so fucking hot, and Shane is so transfixed by the predatory look in Rozanov's eyes, that he immediately obeys, twisting his wrists and wrapping his fingers around the pole above his head, as he attempts to swallow whatever embarrassing noise was about to escape his throat.

Rozanov steps back a couple feet just to stare at Shane, his gaze piercing while he cups his dick, slowly rubbing his fingers up and down over the bulge in his joggers. "I have been thinking about this since you posted that fucking video on Halloween," he grunts out as he gropes himself. "About fucking you here."

Shane gulps, his own cock leaking and twitching in his shorts. He really needs Rozanov to touch him soon, or he's probably going to do something mortifying, like beg.

Luckily, Rozanov stalks forward again, and leisurely drops to his knees in front of Shane, before shoving his fingers underneath the waistband of Shane's shorts and pulling them down to the floor. Rozanov glances up, and the hot desire in his dark eyes is enough to send more precum spurting from the tip of Shane's dick.

And then, Rozanov sucks Shane down into his eager, wet mouth, with one hand on Shane's thigh and the other wrapped around his shaft, and it's taking all of Shane's willpower to keep his hands up on the pole, and refrain from running his fingers through Rozanov's gorgeous curls.

Rozanov hums and moans, gliding his tongue up and around the head of Shane's cock, and despite his lack of experience it still feels so fucking good, because he's clearly so into it.

"Holy shit, Rozanov," Shane pants, trying not to buck his hips forward or slide his arms down the pole. "Your tongue."

Rozanov smiles around Shane's dick, and Shane has to shut his eyes at the sight of it. It's too much, too quickly, and he wants to come with Rozanov inside him. As though Rozanov can sense Shane's overwhelm, he releases Shane's dick with a wet pop, and rises back to standing, until they're nose-to-nose. The look in his eyes has gone practically feral, and Shane knows that should probably scare him, but it's doing the opposite.

"Wait there," Rozanov rasps, "and don't fucking move."

Shane nods, as the part of his brain that is always *thinking thinking thinking* quiets down, until all he is focused on is waiting for Rozanov to return.

He disappears into Shane's bedroom, and Shane vaguely hears a drawer open and close before Rozanov walks back into the living room holding a condom and a bottle of lube, which he places down on the coffee table near the pole.

Then, Rozanov steps up to Shane again, placing a hand on Shane's waist and nuzzling his plush lips against Shane's ear. "Turn around," he whispers, sending a shiver down Shane's spine. "Face the pole."

Again, as if being acted upon by an invisible force, Shane twists his entire body around, adjusting his hands and wrists so that his fingers are still wrapped around the pole above him. His left temple is pressed up against the grip tape he wrapped around the pole earlier this week, and his dick is throbbing between his legs.

"So good," Rozanov purrs, as he lightly runs his hand down from the nape of Shane's neck all the way to his tailbone, making Shane tremble and eliciting a small whimper.

"You know," Rozanov says, circling the pole until he's facing Shane. "When I thought about fucking you here, I imagined tying you up."

Shane sucks in a breath, his fingers tightening around the pole, waiting patiently to see where Rozanov is going with this – hoping that it's where Shane thinks he is.

"Only I was not sure if this was something you would want." Rozanov's expression darkens as he wraps his calloused hand around Shane's throat, keeping the pressure firm but light. "But then I looked inside that slutty drawer in your bedroom, and now I think... it is maybe something you want, yes?"

Shane slowly nods, his eyes wide and fixed on Rozanov's, as Rozanov's fingers tighten around his throat.

"Words," Rozanov huffs.

"Jesus Christ," Shane wheezes, his voice still hoarse from earlier. "Yes, I do. I want that."

"Good," Rozanov smiles, "you will tell me if it is ever too much." And then he fishes his other hand into his pocket for – is that his fucking tie from last time? Did he bring that just in case he was going to tie Shane up?

"Fuck," Shane chokes out, as Rozanov lets go of Shane's throat and reaches up to wrap the tie around Shane's wrists, skillfully looping the silky fabric over and around them and the pole. He pulls the restraint snugly enough to hold Shane in place, but still leaves room for Shane to adjust his grip, checking the space beneath the fabric until he's satisfied it's not too tight.

"Is okay?"

Shane nods and flexes his fingers, as his heart beats wildly in his chest and his dick somehow gets impossibly harder. This is like something out of one of Shane's wildest fantasies. How the hell is Ilya fucking Rozanov, a generational hockey player who Shane chose to theoretically 'fuck' when playing 'fuck, marry, kill' in college too many times to count, tying him to his pole right now? If Shane wasn't awake and sober, he would genuinely think he was drunk, or tripping, or having a very horny dream.

He must be making some kind of noise, because Rozanov chuckles, and circles back around the pole so that his clothed chest is pressed up against Shane's naked back, and his hard dick is poking Shane's bare ass through his joggers. Rozanov is still fully dressed, and Shane has nothing on but his earrings, and the whole scenario is so fucking hot that Shane thinks he might die.

Rozanov grips Shane's asscheeks with both hands, tugging a little so that Shane has to arch his ass out, the pole digging into his chest. And as Rozanov's thick fingers creep closer and closer to Shane's hole, Shane knows it's only a matter of time before he notices –

“What the fu – *bozhe moy*,” Rozanov groans, “have you had this in the whole time?”

“Yeah.” Shane pushes his ass out further so that he's grinding up against Rozanov's crotch. “Wanted to be ready for you.”

“*Yebat (fuck)*,” Rozanov rasps, as he wraps his fingers around the base of the plug, twisting and turning it, drawing an animalistic sound out of Shane as the widest part of it stretches his rim. “Ты просто невероятный, чёрт возьми.” (*you are fucking unbelievable*)

“Fuck, Rozanov – please – I – fuck.” Shane squirms as Rozanov continues ruthlessly playing with the plug, sliding it in and out of his asshole painfully slowly, clearly enamored by watching it disappear and reappear, and listening to the pathetic noises that each movement wrenches from Shane. His dick is pulsing, and Shane is aching to touch it – but he can't do a fucking thing about it. Shane's shoulders are starting to ache from holding his arms overhead for so long, a faint tingling creeping into his fingers, and that sensation, combined with what Rozanov is doing to him, and the Russian phrases and curses filling the room... Shane is no longer above begging. He just needs Rozanov to fuck him.

Finally, once Shane is no longer forming proper words anymore, just babbling and whining, Rozanov crudely yanks the plug out, placing it down on the coffee table, and Shane can hear the crinkling of the condom wrapper and the click of the lube bottle. He sighs in relief, flexing his fingers and readjusting his grip against the pole. His shoulders are starting to burn, but right now, he barely cares.

Rozanov, who has finally taken all his stupid clothes off, steps up behind him, sliding his angry cock between Shane's asscheeks and teasing the tip over his abused hole. But just as Shane braces for him to finally push inside, Rozanov pauses.

“Lift yourself up,” Rozanov pants, smacking the underside of Shane's ass to encourage him upward.

“What?” Shane croaks. It's so hard to think right now, and surely Rozanov can't possibly want him to –

“With your hands, pull yourself up.”

“I – I can't,” Shane gasps. It's a lie — he definitely can — but that's beside the point. “Rozanov, come on.”

“Mm, I think you can. You are strong enough. I have seen you.”

Shane groans, trying to push his ass backward and onto Rozanov's cock, but the bastard steps away.

“Fuck you,” Shane huffs, resting his sweaty forehead against the pole, as he takes a steadying breath. Rozanov obviously knows Shane can do this, having watched so many of his videos. But making Shane do it before he will fuck him... this has to be payback for last time. Rozanov must want to see Shane squirm. In which case, Shane can play this game. *He can fucking do this.* “Fine.”

Shane shifts his hands around in their binding, so that one is positioned on top of the other, and wraps his fingers firmly around the pole. Then, he gathers whatever energy he can muster in his hazy state and pulls, bending his elbows until his feet lift from the floor on either side of the pole. He's essentially doing an obscenely narrow-grip pull-up, and while Shane is more than strong enough to do it, his muscles are still shaking from the effort.

"*Gospodi (god)*," Rozanov breathes. "Look at you."

"Rozanov – fuck – please." Shane is not above begging again, and Rozanov must take pity on him, because he slides his hands under Shane's thighs, taking some of the weight off of his straining arms, and finally, *finally*, drives his cock into Shane's asshole.

"F- fuck!" Shane yelps, still gripping the pole, and pulling himself up to maintain the angle, as Rozanov thrusts upward, brutally stretching the tight ring of muscle as Shane's asshole adjusts to accommodate him. Shane had almost forgotten about how *big* Rozanov is, and the delicious initial sting of being filled up by him. Rozanov is kissing and licking at the space between Shane's shoulder blades, where Shane's back muscles are currently taut and contracted from holding this position, and he's making these growling noises with each forward movement of his hips, and firmly grasping the flesh of Shane's ass, and Shane feels fucking high, heat already coiling in his belly even though his dick is bobbing in the air, untouched.

But just as Shane begins to lose himself to the pleasure rocking his entire body, Rozanov removes his hands from under Shane's legs, causing Shane to cry out as he immediately flexes his arms and tightens his grip to keep himself up, and prevent Rozanov from completely slipping out.

"*Ah - fuuuck!*" Shane wails as he tries to stay up. He has a lot of experience lifting his own bodyweight on the pole, which means he knows he can't hold a pull-up like this for too long. So, he quickly bends his knees and hooks his lower legs around the pole beneath him, crossing his ankles to take some of the weight off his upper body.

"Ты там наверху выглядишь просто охренительно (*you look so fucking good up there*)," Rozanov grunts, as he wraps his massive hands around Shane's chest, massaging his pecs and pinching his nipples, his necklace tickling Shane's upper back, and continues thrusting into Shane relentlessly, punching obscene, howling moans out of him.

"You're so fucking hot," Rozanov pants against his skin. "So fucking strong."

"Oh – oh my god," Shane stammers, each word coming out shaky and hitched.

It feels incredible, but pretty soon, Shane can tell the difficulty of the position is catching up with him – his breathing getting harder and faster, his arms trembling with the effort of holding himself up on the pole like this while Rozanov fucks him.

"Shit," Shane hisses, his muscles twitching. "I don't – *ah* – think I – *ah* – can hang on anymore."

"No, you can hold it longer," Rozanov pants. "You can do it."

Fuck. Shane is tempted to say 'fuck you' and drop his legs, but the stubborn, competitive part of him doesn't want to give up yet. Rozanov says Shane can do it, and now Shane kind of wants to see how much more he can take.

So he steadies his breathing, and grips the pole even tighter as he fights to stay up, while Rozanov pounds into him mercilessly, dragging across his prostate and drawing out more broken noises from Shane's heaving chest. And then, just when Shane's biceps and shoulders actually feel like they're on *fire*, and he's not sure he can hold on any longer, the pain suddenly crests like a crashing wave, evolving into widespread, intense pleasure — the hot burn in his muscles mixing with the sharp prick of Rozanov's teeth against his back and the scrape of blunt nails over his nipples and the fullness inside his ass, and lighting up every nerve ending in Shane's body. And Rozanov is murmuring words of encouragement against Shane's skin, about how *good* and *strong* and *sexy* he is, and Shane is fucking *floating*, his lower belly coiling tighter and hotter with every thrust, his desperate cock getting impossibly harder and begging for its release.

But as great as this feels, and as athletic as Shane is, he also isn't superhuman, and he's definitely reaching his limit.

"Rozanov," he whimpers, and whatever Rozanov hears in Shane's voice is enough. He immediately slides his hands underneath Shane, taking all of his weight as Shane uncrosses his ankles from the pole and his feet find the floor, and presses him forward so that his chest is leaning against the pole and his ass is pushed out behind him onto Rozanov's cock.

It's such a relief, and Shane's limbs feel like jelly as Rozanov firmly grips Shane's waist with one hand while using the other to turn Shane's head towards his, pressing their lips together for a wet, breathy kiss, and driving his hips forward over and over and over again.

"You did so good," Rozanov purrs into Shane's mouth. "Fucking incredible."

Shane moans, his vision going blurry, the familiar tension building hot and low in his belly as he nears the edge he was already dangerously close to. He's going to come. Rozanov isn't even touching his dick, and he's going to come.

"I'm —" he pants, slumping forward against the pole, his wrists slack in the restraint above him. "Oh my god."

"Are you? Fuck. Yes — yes — *come for me*," Rozanov grunts, his fingers digging harder into Shane's flesh as he reclaims his mouth with his tongue. And he says it like an order, which sends Shane right over the precipice, cum shooting out of his untouched dick as Rozanov swallows the strangled sound that escapes his throat. Rozanov fucks him through it, shouting in Russian as he rides out his own orgasm before stilling inside Shane.

They're both breathing heavily, and sweating, and Shane's legs are like noodles — he's not sure he can stay upright for much longer. Rozanov places a soft kiss on Shane's cheek, and then pulls out of him carefully, before reaching up to untie Shane's wrists.

Shane's arms are prickling with pins and needles, his shoulders fatigued and his brain fuzzy, and so he barely even notices when Rozanov guides him over to the bedroom, helps him onto the bed, and cleans him up. And then, somehow, he finds that his head is lying on Rozanov's damp chest, while Rozanov's big hands are rubbing up and down his arms, and Shane feels boneless, and tingly, and relaxed.

Eventually, he starts to come back to himself a bit, and shifts his gaze up to look at Rozanov, who is peering down at him and smiling.

"Hi." Rozanov almost seems nervous. "You okay?"

“Very okay,” Shane chuckles, throwing his forearm over his eyes. “That was so fucking hot.”

“Yes. It was. We need water.” Rozanov scoots away from Shane, rising to get off the bed. “Do not move.”

Shane has no intention of moving, and gulps down the entire glass of water as soon as Rozanov hands it to him, before collapsing backwards onto the bed next to him with a deep sigh.

Eyeball hops up onto the comforter and curls up between their bodies, and the three of them lie like that for a minute, Shane’s fingers brushing against Rozanov’s every so often as they both stroke the cat’s head, and spine, and haunches. Then, Rozanov’s hand trails a path from Eyeball’s fur, up Shane’s wrist and onto his forearm, mindlessly tickling and scratching the skin, and Shane thinks that if he was a cat he might purr.

“What do these mean?” Rozanov asks, gesturing towards the varied landscape of tattoos decorating Shane’s arm.

“I kind of have a lot.” Shane laughs, twisting his arm around to further display his point. “It would take a while to explain them all.”

“You clearly enjoy pain,” Rozanov smirks, pinching Shane’s forearm.

“Hey!” Shane yelps, jerking his arm back. He doesn’t miss the insinuation in Rozanov’s words, though, and can see why Rozanov might think that after their very recent... activity. “I mean, maybe a little bit. I know it’s like that for some people. But I think for me – I mostly like – um – pushing myself – or, testing my limits – I guess?”

“Hm,” Rozanov hums, nodding like he understands. “I think I might get one.”

“What, a tattoo?” Shane shifts over onto his side, so that he’s turned to face Rozanov.

“Yes.”

“Of what?”

“Eh, I was thinking maybe two snakes, leading down to my – ow!” Rozanov squeals as Shane whacks him in the shoulder.

“You are so fucking annoying,” Shane sighs. “Are you really thinking about getting a tattoo?”

“Yes, yes,” Rozanov says, as he scratches behind Eyeball’s ears. “Maybe a Stanley Cup? I don’t know.”

Shane huffs a laugh. “That’s a little on the nose, don’t you think? Where would you even put it?”

“Right here, maybe?” Rozanov spreads his palm out over his right pec, and Shane rolls his eyes.

“I don’t think I will ever fuck you again if I have to look at a giant Stanley Cup on your chest, Rozanov.”

“Then I will fuck you from behind.” Rozanov is grinning, and his stupid blue-green eyes are twinkling, and he couldn’t be more irritating.

Shane whacks him even harder in the chest this time, and then rolls over to lie on his back again, as the room goes quiet.

“So,” Shane breathes, breaking the silence. “We probably won’t see much of each other with playoffs starting, right?”

“Mm, probably not,” Rozanov agrees. “Will be very focused on winning. Not a lot of time to do anything besides play, eat, and sleep.”

“Right. Hayden gets like that, too, during playoffs. Plus I know hockey players are superstitious.” Shane idly pets at Eyeball’s neck, as he stares up at the ceiling.

“Who the fuck is Hayden?” Rozanov shifts over to face Shane, now, a perplexed look on his face.

“Oh. Hayden Pike. He’s on the Metros? I’m friends with him and his wife.” Shane smiles when he sees Rozanov’s confusion evolve into a scowl.

“You are friends with Pike?” Rozanov scoffs, “He is a – ah – *mediocre* player.”

“Wow, *mediocre*,” Shane breathes, raising his eyebrows. “And Hayden leads the team in assists, asshole. He’s on their top line.”

“Mm – maybe you should fuck *him* then, if he is so good at hockey,” Rozanov huffs, rolling his eyes.

“Ew,” Shane spits out. “No thanks. Also he is married. And straight.”

“Ah, but you never know,” Rozanov smirks. “I thought I was straight, too.”

It’s the closest Rozanov has come to talking about his sexuality since that night at the bachelorette party, and Shane doesn’t want to push too hard, so he just hums a little in agreement and waits for Rozanov to decide if he wants to elaborate on that point. But when it becomes clear that he isn’t going to, Shane turns to face him again, so he can ask a follow-up.

“So after playoffs, you’ll go back to Russia for the summer? To see your family?”

“Mm, yes.” Rozanov sniffs, wiping the side of his nose with his knuckle.

“Do you – uh – like going back there?” Shane tries to ask it casually, but he can tell from the now-stoic look on Rozanov’s face that this probably wasn’t a welcome question.

“Does not matter. It’s home.” Then Rozanov turns over again, so that he’s on his back, and no longer looking at Shane. “You said you are traveling this summer?”

A subject change, then. That’s fine. “Oh, yeah. I’m going to be gone from the beginning of June through early October, actually. And I can’t tell you why, so don’t ask.”

“Ooh, very mysterious. Mr. Metros fan is an international spy?” Rozanov wiggles his eyebrows.

“Shut up.”

“Is your sugar daddy taking you around the world on his yacht?” Rozanov laughs to himself, the force of it shaking the bed.

“Oh my god, I don’t have a sugar daddy,” Shane says with an exasperated sigh, biting back a smile. “Though many have asked.”

“Oh?” Rozanov twists to face him.

“Duh,” Shane says, grinning back at him, which causes Rozanov to bark out another laugh. Shane wishes he didn’t look so handsome when he laughs.

“So,” Rozanov says. “We will not see each other for a while, then.”

“Probably not,” Shane admits, which actually makes Rozanov look a little bit sad. “But hey, if we are still both single in the fall, and you still want to…” Shane shrugs.

Rozanov chuckles again, and Shane shoots him a quizzical look. “What?”

“I am not really – ah – relationship guy,” Rozanov says, his lips quirking upward.

“Right.” Shane did technically know that about Rozanov. It’s one of the reasons this fuckbuddy arrangement works so well. “Well I will probably be a bit busy to date much over the next several months, honestly.”

“Sure,” Rozanov huffs. “Because of your secret spy job.”

“Exactly,” Shane smirks. And then they’re doing that thing where they look at each other without speaking, again, for just a little too long.

“Well,” Rozanov finally says, taking a deep breath and starting to lift himself up from the bed. “I should go. It is late.”

“Yeah,” Shane agrees, fighting back a yawn as he suddenly realizes just how exhausted he is. “I’ll walk you out.”

After Rozanov has said a very dramatic goodbye to Eyeball – almost as though he is prepared for the cat to no longer be here next time, if there even is a next time – they once again find themselves awkwardly standing across from each other at the front door.

Typically, Shane would simply wave Rozanov farewell and send him on his way, but he’s still feeling a little fuck-drunk from earlier, and Rozanov looks so rumpled and soft after lying on his bed, and Shane is honestly not sure whether he is ever going to see him again. So just as Rozanov reaches to grab the doorknob, Shane steps forward, gripping the sides of Rozanov’s waist and shoving his back up against the door. Then, he immediately closes the space between them, crashing their mouths together so he can make sure that if this is the last time they ever do this, Rozanov’s final memory will be that of Shane’s lips on his.

Rozanov grunts in surprise, but quickly melts into Shane’s embrace, his hands reaching up to cup Shane’s jaw and tilt his face. It’s definitely more tender and light than their earlier kisses, which were hungry and frantic, and Shane can’t help the soft moan that escapes him as the velvety skin of Rozanov’s lips brushes against his own. Rozanov really is an excellent kisser.

Eventually, Shane pulls back to look at Rozanov, who is smiling at him with his head leaning against the door.

“Bye,” Shane grins. “Safe travels.”

“Goodbye,” Rozanov says with a wink, as he turns to open the door. “I will text you.”

“Or I’ll text you,” Shane chirps, which elicits a chuckle from Rozanov as he walks out into the hallway, waving at Shane as he goes.

Shane closes the door with a sigh, and suddenly becomes acutely aware of the soreness in his arms, legs, back, and ass. He feels like he just did a really intense workout, and is definitely going to be in pain tomorrow. But he also kind of couldn’t care less at the moment. The thing with Rozanov went exactly how he’d hoped. The asshole was, once again, freakishly good at fucking, somehow perceiving what Shane wanted and needed, both physically and mentally, even before he did – and now that they both know exactly what this arrangement is, it wasn’t even uncomfortable or weird afterwards.

Shane should really thank Skylar, and probably Jackie, for making him realize how cool this fuckbuddy thing can be. Because right now, with the taste of Rozanov still on his tongue, and the door still open for future mindblowing hookups, Shane is feeling pretty fucking great.



*Montreal, Quebec
May 2015*

The next month flies by, as Shane makes all the arrangements necessary for him to basically disappear from his life for five months.

After Shane explains that this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity that will also increase his exposure and make him more valuable to Le Vertige, Derek agrees to give him the time off and reinstate his residency at the club when he returns. Unfortunately, the studio says they can’t necessarily guarantee he will have the same classload when he comes back, but Shane is hopeful he can work up to it again if he has to.

Luckily, his parents are more than happy to take care of Eyeball while he’s gone, and Shane is so grateful for them. None of his friends were able to temporarily house the cat – either due to their apartment guidelines or their existing pets – and he couldn’t fathom bringing Eyeball back to the shelter. He would sooner drop the cat off with Rozanov, who, interestingly enough, Shane has been texting (and well, sexting) with off and on, even during the Raiders’ first series against Pittsburgh, which they won, and into round two of the playoffs, in which they are 3-2 against Montreal.

Messages
Boston Guy
Details

Monday, April 13, 2015
9:41 PM

hey 🍑 wyd

Lol hi



Doing some reading before bed. You?

you wear glasses?

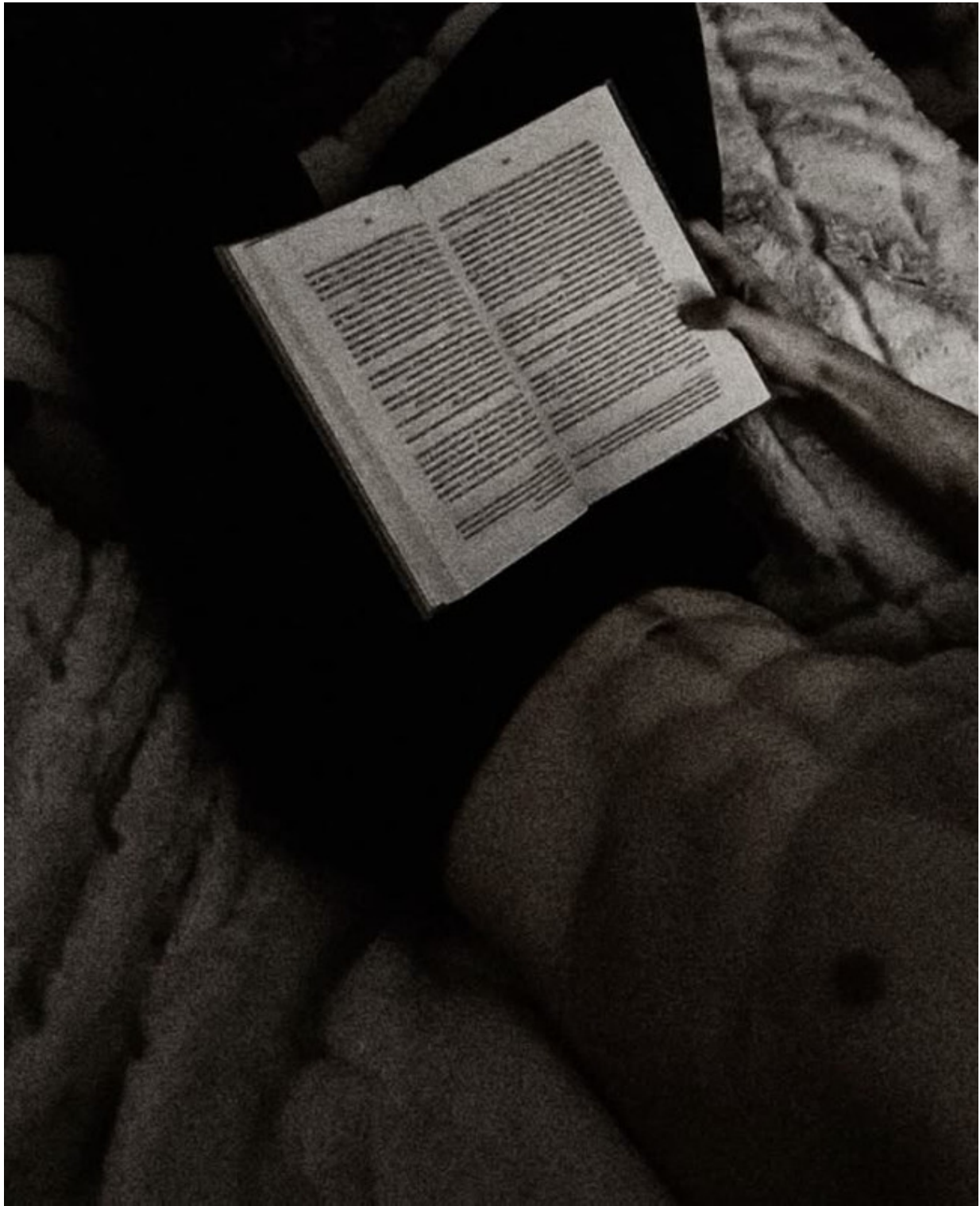
Yeah just for reading.

oh

i am actually reading too

Really?

yes really



Did you take your shirt off just to take that picture?

no was already off

got sweaty watching the video you posted 😊

why, you like what you see?



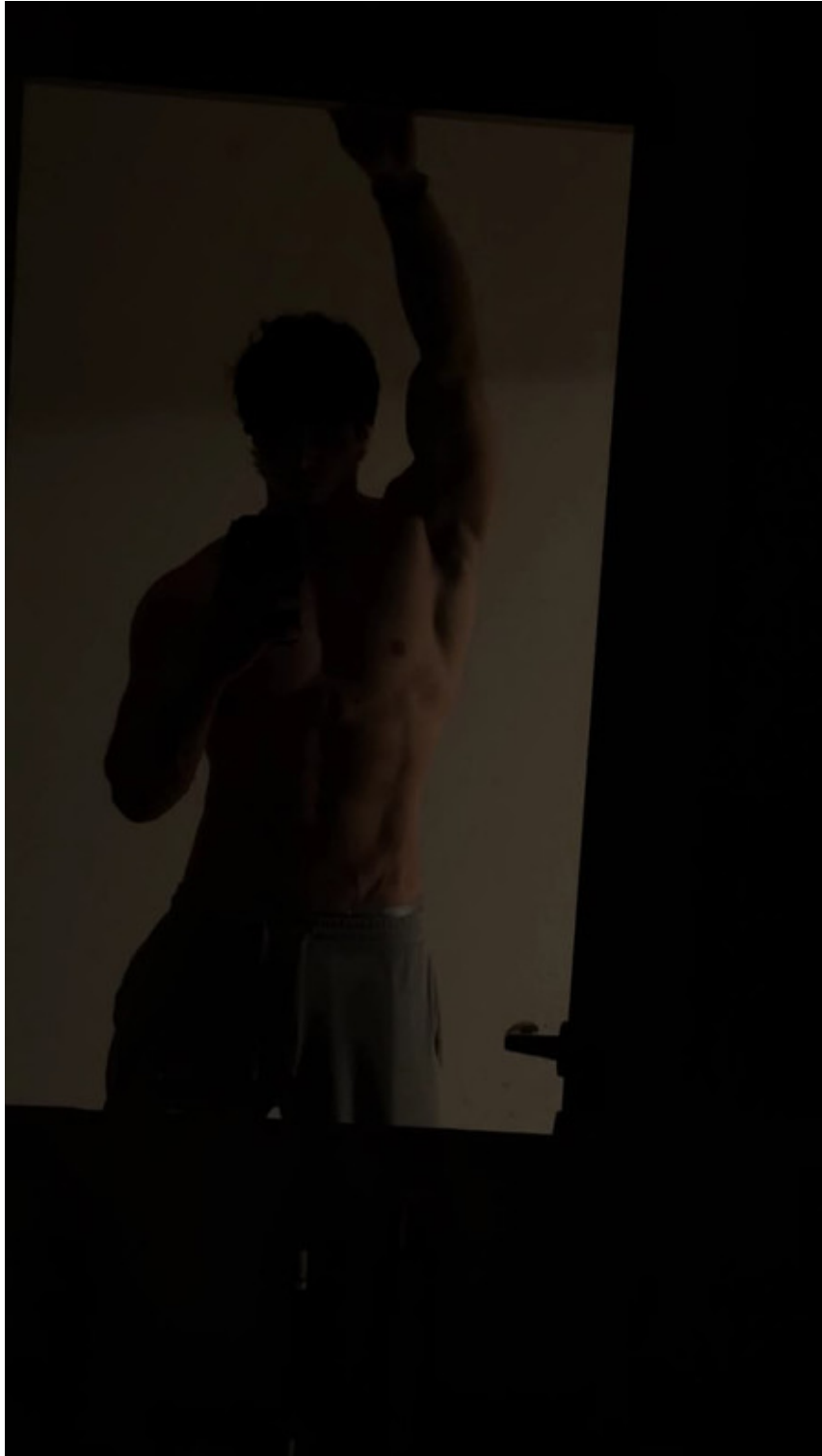
You know that I do.

i give you such good photo to jerk off to, and you don't even thank me

...thank you?

Much better

Goodnight Rozanov.



 fuck

Friday, April 24, 2015

11:38 PM

That was a fucking slog of a game. Shocked you guys scraped through with the win.

your keyboard must be broken

?

i think you meant to text me congratulations on advancing to round 2

but instead your phone typed something very rude instead

I said what I said.

you should get this new apple watch, keyboard works well

i am typing from it right now on my wrist! So cool

Of course you somehow got one of those the day it comes out, on a game day.

jealous?



Saturday, May 2, 2015

11:29 PM

did you see my two goals tonight

Missed the end because of work, so no.

Also you're only tied 1-1 so, Metros could still take you out.

Will be in montreal for the next game

Yes, you will.

You going?

Have to work, unfortunately.

boo

Why, you miss me, Rozanov?

no

just your 



Shane's 24th birthday falls on a Sunday this year, and since his own hockey season is over – with the Outlaws once again winning their league, beating the Highlanders in OT in the championship game – his evening is completely free. And because Shane was blessed by the hockey gods with a birth date of May 10th, the NHL playoffs are on. Which means Shane gets to spend his birthday watching hockey with his buddies and his parents, who came into town to celebrate. The Raiders are between Games 5 and 6 so they're not playing, but the New York vs. Washington game is on, and New York needs to win to force the series to Game 7, so it should be good.

"Hollzy, I still can't believe you won't tell me why the fuck you're leaving us," Nikhil says as he stuffs a chip into his mouth. "Summer league is going to be so weird without you."

"Nik, as I've said 500 times, I will tell you as soon as I can," Shane groans, as Hunter misses yet another shot on goal. "Wow, Hunter doesn't look great tonight."

"I think something is going on at home," his mom hums from the other side of the couch. "He's distracted."

"Wait, Yuna, how do you know that?" Nikhil leans forward, like his mom is going to reveal some scandalous secret about Hunter's mistress or gambling problem. "Spill the tea!"

"Spill what? Did someone spill something?" His dad turns to Nikhil, perplexed, before searching the coffee table for the nonexistent mess.

"It means like, 'share the gossip,' dad. But she doesn't know anything," Shane huffs, glancing down at his phone as the second period ends.

"I don't know, Shane," his dad chimes in. "Not a lot gets past your mom."

Shane's pulse quickens as he sees that he has a new text from Rozanov, and he practically leaps up from the couch so he can go read it in private in the bathroom. "Be right back."

Messages
Boston Guy
Details

Sunday, May 10, 2015

9:06 PM

this game is boring



wyd

Oh my god warn me next time you're going to send a picture like that.



why?

I'm with my parents and my friends, they could have seen.

your parents came just to watch the playoffs?

montreal is not even playing tonight

It's also my birthday.

it is?



Yup!

I told them no cake, but as you can see they didn't listen.

happy birthday

i hope you had a slice

 I did.

good

if i knew it was your birthday i would have sent a sexier photo 

I mean, that one was pretty hot.

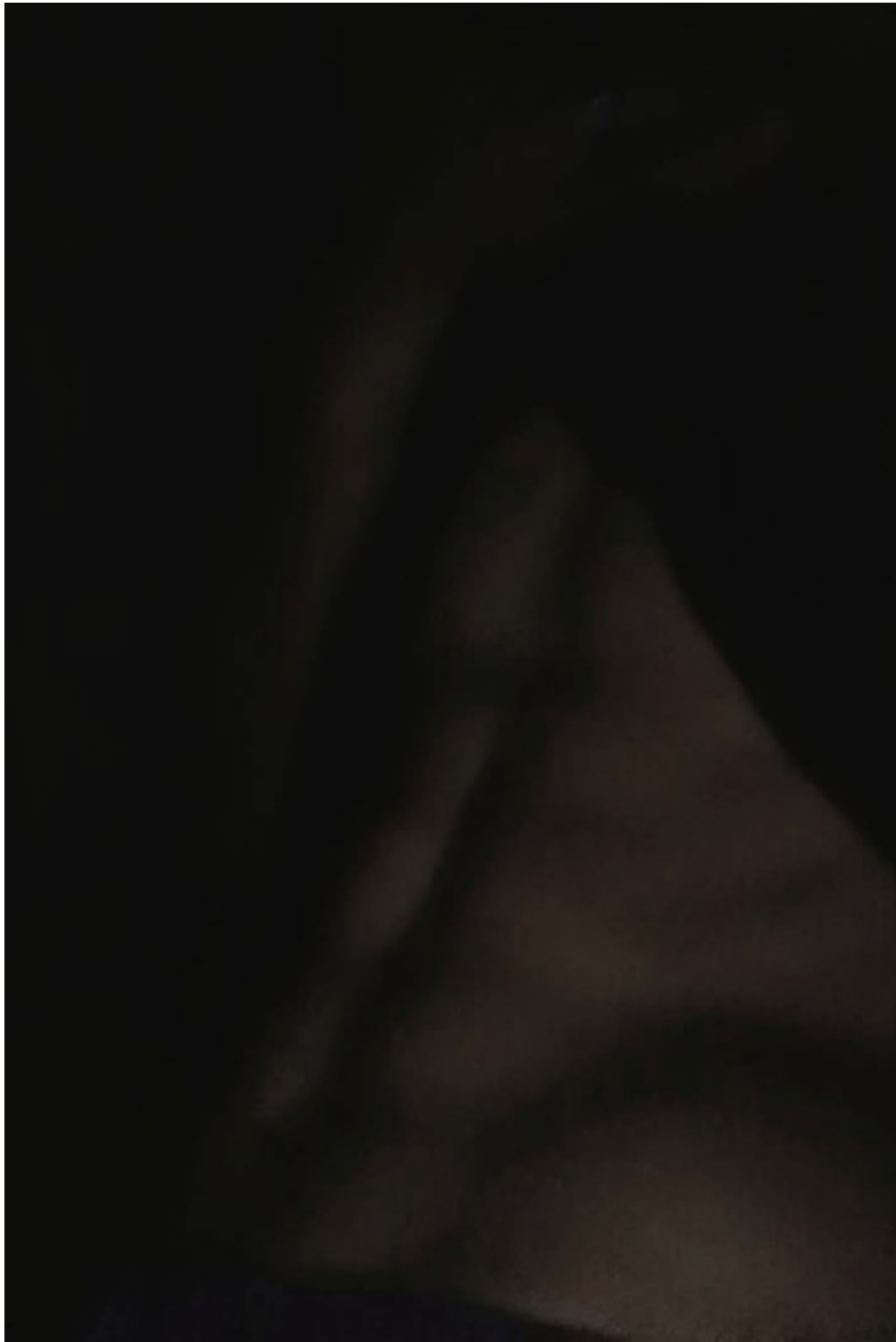
But I won't say no to another one...

mmm ask nicely

Please

are you alone now?

Yes



Oh fuck. Rozanov sent him a *video*. Shane really wants to watch it, like, right the fuck now, and his dick is already getting hard just from the blurry thumbnail. But he's already been in the bathroom for a little too long, and he's not so depraved that he will jerk off with his friends and parents just a few feet away in his living room, so.

He texts Rozanov 'thank you', takes several deep breaths, and steps back out to rejoin them. But he definitely knows what he's doing before he falls asleep tonight. Happy fucking birthday, indeed.



Shane should have probably known that Rozanov would do something annoying after he found out about Shane's birthday.

And yet, Shane is still surprised when – on the following Monday, after filming his latest video to “G.D.F.R” by Flo Rida & Sage the Gemini – he hears his buzzer go off, and the courier downstairs tells him he has a package that requires his signature.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[GDFR — Flo Rida feat. Sage the Gemini & Lookas](#)

Once he's signed for it, Shane finds himself standing in his living room and staring at the mysterious box on his dining table, not quite sure what to do next. The return address is in Boston, Massachusetts.

“What the fuck do you think is in here?” Shane asks, peering down at Eyeball, who is rubbing up against his ankles. Shane is honestly a little worried the package is going to be filled with dildos and butt plugs. And maybe neckties.

He considers not even opening it, going so far as to put it by the front door to take out to the dumpster later before carrying on with his regular tasks for the day. But by the time night falls he's simply too curious – he has to know what Rozanov sent him.

So he carries the box and a pair of scissors into his bedroom, sets it down on the bed next to a very intrigued Eyeball, and slices it open. Shane holds his breath as he rifles through the packing peanuts, scared about what his fingers are going to land on, bracing for silicone or plastic.

Instead, his hand closes around something hard and flat, like a small piece of cardboard, connected to several soft items, and he chokes out an exasperated laugh when he pulls it free. Rozanov sent him a set of Boston Raiders plush catnip toys, for the *fucking cat*. There's a trio of them – a hockey puck, foam finger, and jersey – all emblazoned with the stupid Raiders logo, and Eyeball is already crawling over to sniff them.

“Happy birthday to you, I guess,” Shane snorts, as he plucks off the foam finger and tosses it to Eyeball, who immediately starts purring and chirping and rolling himself all over it, kicking it with his paws and becoming more feral by the second. Shane snaps a quick photo, just in case he decides to send it to Rozanov, and then goes back into the box, because he's pretty sure there's more.

Sure enough, his fingers grasp onto some sort of cloth, and he can already tell from the material that he's about to be pissed off, because he's pretty sure that it's –

“That fucking asshole!” Shane yells to no one in particular, as he unfolds the official Ilya Rozanov #81 Raiders jersey, in all its black and yellow glory. And the fucker *signed* it, right on his number on the back. Shane is definitely going to toss this one in the bin. And maybe even send Rozanov a video of him doing it.

But just as he's about to step away from the bed, a small black box falls out from the fabric of the jersey, where it must have been tucked inside, and lands with a soft thump on the comforter. Shane rolls his eyes, and grabs the box – it's probably a fucking special edition Raiders pin, or something – before casually flipping it open.

His breath catches as his eyes land on the shining objects nestled into the velvet pillow inside. The earrings are white gold, encrusted with sparkling diamonds, each one shaped like a small snake curled into a hoop, with tiny gemstones for eyes. What the fuck.

Shane's stomach drops to his ass and heat fills his cheeks as he stares at the definitely-way-too-expensive gift in stunned silence. His first thought is that he wants to put them on immediately, but that desire is soon replaced by a simmering, swelling rage. So he pulls out his phone.

Messages
Boston Guy
Details

Monday, May 18, 2015

7:18 PM

Are you fucking serious???

what

am i supposed to know what you are talking about

I got a package from Boston today.

oh good it arrived

I can't fucking keep these.

is eyeball allergic to catnip

what is problem

You know that's not what I'm talking about.

How much did these cost?

cat toys were cheap and jersey was free

Rozanov.

omg was not that expensive relax

Why do I feel like “not expensive” to you is still thousands of dollars

...

Oh my god. I’m sending these back.

they are not returnable

Then you can wear them idk

Give them to someone else.

my ears are not pierced

and i want you to have them

do you like them?

I mean yeah of course I do, they’re beautiful.

But it’s way too much.

do not have panic attack

just keep them, they are a fucking gift

did no one tell you it is rude to return birthday gifts?

You’re impossible.

What do I even say if someone asks me where these came from?

just say they are from your very hot sugar daddy 😏

Okay I’m actually sending these back.

nooo don’t

You have to promise no more sugar daddy jokes.

fine i promise

but you will keep them?

I mean if they aren’t returnable.

I guess I will.

good

im glad you like them

did eyeball like his present?

Lol yes he did.

Thank you for the gifts (except for the jersey, which I am burning) 😬

so rude to me

this is why i prefer eyeball

and you are welcome 🙄

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck. That is not how that conversation was supposed to go. Why did Rozanov buy these for him? Did he see them and think of Wolfe? Why would he spend so much money? Do fuckbuddies buy each other \$4,000 earrings? (Not that Shane looked up the New York jewelry shop on the box or anything, and saw the price listed online.)

Then again, his fuckbuddy is Ilya Rozanov, who is one of the highest-paid players in the NHL. He, like, collects luxury cars and probably lives in a mansion or something. So is it really that big of a deal? Is this just Rozanov's equivalent of, like, sending flowers? Maybe it's actually a kink, or a sex thing, and he sends jewelry to a lot of his hookups? Maybe Shane just needs to chill the fuck out. Skylar would probably gleefully accept these if a guy gifted them to him.

Plus, Shane *really* likes them. They're definitely his style – they're not too big or too flashy, but still shiny and sparkly enough to be noticed – and they're *snakes*. They're fucking sexy, honestly, and it's kind of making his chest feel weird that Rozanov knew enough about him, just from his few interactions with Wolfe and from watching his videos, to know that he would like these.

To avoid spiraling any further, Shane removes the earrings from his ears, places them back into the box, and decides to scroll through Grindr while he makes dinner. He probably just needs to fuck someone who isn't Rozanov – someone who didn't just buy him expensive jewelry and knock him slightly off his axis.

Plus, in just a few more weeks he will be busy with rehearsals in Los Angeles, and then traveling the world, and he's probably going to meet (and hopefully hook up with) some really exciting people. This is going to be the best summer of Shane's life.

Chapter End Notes

Next up, Ilya POV - Chapter 11 also up now 😊

Notes on Ch10:

- Forgot how much I love BANKS and am listening to 'Beggin for Thread' on repeat now
- Had fun switching their dynamic up again – really felt like Ilya would want to get his lick back and Shane has basically been baiting him to try and bring out dom Ilya, so. Is this technically soft dom Ilya? Idk. and don't worry, in this house we don't skip aftercare after a scene like that
- Speaking of that scene - I really liked the idea of Ilya pushing Shane a bit, in a physical way that he already knows he likes. Ilya was like you want to be funny with that striptease, I can be HILARIOUS. I am fucking you ON the pole 🐈

- I swear I was already planning the snake earrings before the recent Hudson x Bvlgari stuff, but wow what a great visual!
- I promise we find out about Shane's gig in the next chapter (if you haven't guessed it), hence the tandem read
- Also fun fact, I literally pick songs for every single one of Wolfe's Monday videos, even when I don't write them in...debating just sharing the full list every time in the notes haha

Chapter 11: it's (still) just a plan to f**k

Chapter Summary

Ilya and Shane are (still) f**kbuddies...

Chapter Notes

We are in Ilya POV now – this one is MUCH shorter than the last chapter but felt weird to tack it onto the other one, so separated it out ☺ Enjoy!

PS if you haven't read chapter 10 please do (I posted two at once!)

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

Chicago, Illinois
June 2015

“Is it still bleeding, Roz?”

Ilya turns to look at Marly, whose mouth is hanging open so he can show Ilya where his incisor cracked in two. His forehead is damp and there is dried blood on his chin.

“I think so, probably. But this is almost over. You can deal with it after.” Ilya grabs at the towel hanging around his neck, halfheartedly wiping it over his face and temples in an effort to dry up some of the sweat, though he knows it's basically pointless. He's not done yet. He takes another swig of Gatorade and sits down on the stationary bike. He needs to keep his legs moving; he can't get stiff now.

“Okay, guys,” LeClaire shouts. “This is it.”

Ilya hops off the bike and goes to stand near Coach while all the guys turn their attention towards them.

“I know none of us wanted this one to go to overtime. But we're here for a reason, and that's because we're a fucking good hockey team. Keep those passes tight. Don't chase. This isn't going to Game 7. We're going back to Boston with the Cup tonight, okay?” LeClaire jerks his head toward Ilya. “Rozanov?”

Ilya rolls out his shoulders and then rakes his gaze over the guys, who look battered and bruised and anxious.

“We need one *fucking* goal,” Ilya says, projecting his voice across the locker room. “One goal and this game is over. One goal and we become fucking Raiders *legends*. They will talk about this team

forever.” He pauses, locking eyes with Connors, then Marly, then Hammersmith.

“I do not need to tell you that no team has done this in seventeen fucking years. I know this. You know this. The fans know this. The fucking journalists gathered outside know this. But this team is fucking special. We know this, too. So we will go out there, and we will be the best fucking team on the ice. And we will take it.”

He takes a deep breath and then smiles. “Besides, today is my *fucking* birthday. And I cannot think of a better present than sending the Chicago fans home crying when we win the Cup, yes?” He claps his hands together and bellows, “Let’s fucking go, boys!”

The room erupts with applause and cheering, then the snap of helmet straps, the rustle of gloves being tugged onto hands, and the sharp clatter of tapping sticks.

And then they head down the tunnel and onto the ice.



“Can we call it a dynasty? Ilya Rozanov and the Boston Raiders are your NHL champions for the second year in a row! Not since Detroit in the late ‘90s have we seen a team take home back-to-back Cups...”

♪ Now Playing ♪

[All I Do Is Win — DJ Khaled feat. Ludacris, Rick Ross, T-Pain & Snoop Dogg](#)

Ilya’s eyes are burning, and he’s not sure if it’s from the rivers of champagne being sprayed all over his face right now, or if it’s because he might be crying. But he doesn’t really give a shit. He can barely hear anything over the roaring music, the clinking of beer bottles, the guys hollering, and the shouted questions from the media crowded around them in the locker room – which is slowly but surely getting absolutely destroyed by the celebration. Ilya almost feels sorry for the Chicago maintenance staff.

“Ilya! What does this win mean to you?” One of the NBC reporters shoves the microphone in his face, as the camera swings in near his temple.

“Words can hardly describe it,” Ilya pants, as he rubs his finger and thumb into his eyes, trying to wipe away some of the champagne. “Is an amazing feeling. I am so proud of the team. Everyone worked so hard.”

“And how does it feel to win on your birthday? Is this the best birthday you’ve ever had?”

Ilya wants to say yes, because what could be a better gift than a second Stanley Cup, but his mind automatically fills with flashing images of long, golden curls, and bright blue eyes, and a perfectly manicured finger playfully smearing a dollop of cream on his nose, and he has to blink away the memory so he can respond.

“Ah, I am a very happy birthday boy,” Ilya smirks and winks at the camera. “Now if you do not mind, I am going to rejoin my party!” He turns away from the camera and over to Marly, who hands him a beer with a bloody, fucked-up grin. Ilya immediately shotguns it, resulting in a cacophony of whooping and cheering.

It’s nearly 9:00am the next morning when Ilya finally stumbles through the front door of his house, after having spent the entire night celebrating in the locker room, traveling to the airport, and flying home, getting progressively drunker in each new location. He’s still buzzed, and he hasn’t slept, and his phone is still pinging incessantly with what has to be hundreds of new texts and notifications. He responded to the ones from his father and brother – who were actually quite proud of him, and even said so – and Svetlana, and Robert and Kenzie, and his agent, business manager, trainer, and publicist, but he can’t handle much more than that in his current state.

The boys are going on and on in the group chat about the plans for later that night, now that they can actually celebrate the win in Boston, and Ilya knows he has to get some sleep so he can rally. He takes the quickest shower he can manage, sets his alarm for 4:00pm, and collapses into bed, falling into a dreamless slumber.

It’s only once they’re at the second club, and an incredibly sexy woman with huge breasts is grinding against him to a remix of “Pony” by Ginuwine, that Ilya realizes he hasn’t heard from Wolfe yet. The thought really shouldn’t bother him – he knows Wolfe hates the Raiders and it’s not like they talk that often – but he was still kind of hoping Wolfe would congratulate him. After all, Wolfe was so pissed off that Ilya didn’t congratulate him on his win at that pole competition, wasn’t he?

Plus, their last hookup was kind of insane. Ilya had been fantasizing about having Wolfe like that – tied up on his pole – for months, and then it was even better than he fucking imagined. From observing Wolfe during their previous encounters, and even the way he responded to some of Ilya’s more domineering texts, Ilya had a feeling that it was something Wolfe would want. And then he poked around inside that drawer in Wolfe’s bedroom, his eyes roving over the assortment of cuffs, blindfolds, ties, dildos, and plugs...it was more than Ilya could have hoped for, honestly.

Ilya felt like he had died and gone to heaven that night, watching the impressive muscles in Wolfe’s shoulders and back flex and shift and twitch as he strained to keep himself up, to hold himself there because Ilya asked him to. Ilya had never slept with anyone quite so physically powerful before, and to experience Wolfe’s strength like that, along with his mental toughness – the whole thing was so intense that Ilya was worried he wouldn’t last long enough to push Wolfe to his limit. But then, he did, and Wolfe came hands-free, and fuck – Ilya is going to get hard against this woman if he thinks about it for much longer.

This line of thinking can’t go anywhere good – it hasn’t every time he’s started doing it since that night. It inevitably leads to him texting Wolfe, or sending him a dirty picture, or doing something fucking psychotic like buying him a \$4,000 pair of earrings for his birthday. But Ilya couldn’t help himself. He was already in New York for the playoffs, and he saw them, and they reminded him of

Wolfe's tattoos, and the earrings he was wearing in that New Year's video, and it's really not that much money for Ilya anyway, so. It's just that, Ilya is not sure if, or when, he's ever going to see Wolfe again – what with his cryptic job that has him traveling all summer – and Wolfe made that joke about people wanting to be his sugar daddy, and so...Ilya thought the gift might be kind of funny and also make it harder for Wolfe to forget about him.

If Wolfe forgets about him, then it's going to be more difficult for Ilya to repress that *thing* he now knows he is. And Ilya will eventually want to find trouble and chase danger, and then he will download Grindr, and then he will get outed as a cocksucker and his career will be ruined and his family will never speak to him again.

So Ilya really doesn't want Wolfe to forget about him, and Ilya also really wants to fuck him again, if possible. Which is why he's kind of pissed that apparently Ilya winning back-to-back Stanley Cups wasn't enough of a reason for Wolfe to text him.

But that frustration isn't enough to stop him from fucking this hot woman with the big ass tonight. If anything it makes him want it more, so Ilya cranes his neck down to suckle on her ear, and keep his much-deserved celebration going.



The next morning, Ilya is lying in his empty bed, nursing what has to be one of the worst hangovers he has ever had in his life, when his phone pings again. The barrage of text messages had slowed over the last 24 hours, and so he figures he may as well check just in case it's somebody from the Raiders front office sending him more instructions for the parade tomorrow.

But Ilya immediately lifts himself up into a seated position when he sees that he's finally heard from Wolfe.

Messages
Jane
Details

Wednesday, June 17, 2015

10:11 AM

Hey are you alone right now?

im hungover in bed

was very drunk last night because in case you didn't notice i recently won the stanley cup
for the second year in a row

Yeah no shit. Can you just answer me? I'm trying to be nice, asshole.

yes im alone

Okay cool. I'm going to send you something to congratulate you on your win.

And also kind of as a birthday present.

But you have to swear that you will delete it.

Ilya swallows, and he wishes he could stop the smile breaking out onto his face. Not only is Wolfe congratulating him, but he wants to send him something? Is it a dick pic? He hasn't sent him any nude pictures yet. Ilya is so excited he can barely type.

Messages

Jane

Details

i promise

Seriously I will fucking kill you if this gets out.

Don't make me regret this, it was hard enough to do as it is.

pinky swear

Okay here you go.

Congratulations and happy birthday 😊

Ilya holds his breath as a fucking *video* comes through in their message chain. He shifts a little under the covers, and mentally steels himself for whatever he is about to watch, his finger trembling as it hovers over the thumbnail. As soon as he presses play, he can see that the camera is focused on the pole in Wolfe's living room, which he already finds interesting because the last couple of videos Wolfe posted were in a new location, with a different background than usual. But he recognizes this room immediately – Wolfe was back home when he filmed this.

Music starts floating out of the phone speakers, and Ilya's lips quirk upward when he recognizes the song. Is this because Ilya joked about being his sugar daddy? So damn cheeky.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Pour Some Sugar on Me — Def Leppard](#)

Wolfe's face enters the frame, his beautiful freckles bunching up under his eyes as he grins and winks into the camera. He's wearing a black backwards hat – must have gotten another one – and the fucking *earrings* that Ilya bought for him, which are sparkling in the dim lighting. They look amazing on him, just like Ilya knew they would, and his heart beats faster in his chest at the sight.

Then, Wolfe slowly backs away from the camera towards the pole, and Ilya actually can't believe what he is looking at.

Wolfe is wearing Ilya's signed Raiders jersey. The one Ilya sent him for his birthday – the jersey Wolfe said he was going to burn, but that he obviously didn't. Ilya specifically chose one that was a bit oversized, so the hem hits Wolfe high on his thick thighs, and he looks so hot that Ilya thinks he might die.

Once Wolfe is backed up against the pole, he drags his hands along the sides of his neck and down his broad chest, skimming his fingers over the fabric, until he reaches the bottom of the jersey, gyrating and rolling his hips in a provocative, teasing gesture. And then he slowly, coyly lifts up the edge of the material, revealing to the camera – to Ilya – that all he is wearing underneath is a fucking *white jockstrap*.

All the blood in Ilya's body immediately starts rushing south, as heat rises in his cheeks. All thoughts of his hangover are forgotten, as he brings the hand not holding his phone to cup himself over his boxers, pressing down into his hardening dick.

Wolfe is *laughing* as he lets go of the jersey, and steps around the pole, catching it with one hand as he throws his head back and rocks his hips dramatically to the guitar. Then he swings around it, drops smoothly toward the floor, and plants his hands and feet, circling his hips in an exaggerated grind.

He rolls onto his back at the base of the pole, the top of his head nearly touching it, and reaches both hands overhead to grip it. His legs shoot straight into the air, taking his hips with them, and the jersey immediately falls toward his chest, exposing his bare ass and the thin straps of the jockstrap. He folds his legs back toward his head until his toes touch the floor behind him, then sends them overhead again and opens them into a full split before rolling back upright.

Then, Wolfe climbs the pole effortlessly, hooking one leg around it and spinning through a few flashy poses, the jersey riding obscenely higher with every movement. He hangs sideways from the pole for a beat, one leg extended, and then tips backward into an inversion that sends the bottom of the jersey tumbling toward his shoulders and leaves his delicious pecs, rippling abs, and barely clothed dick on full display.

It's campy, and funny, and Wolfe is grinning the whole time, sending the camera winks and toothy smiles. Ilya is somehow both horribly endeared and unbearably turned on, laughing between moans as he strokes himself under his boxers. At some point, Wolfe strips off the jersey, tossing it out of the frame, and finishes the routine in just the jockstrap, which is more than enough to drive Ilya to speed up his hand.

At the end of the video, Wolfe slides down the pole with his back pressed against it. Once he reaches the bottom, he twists around to face the pole, gripping it above his head with one hand, while the other reaches back to grab his own ass. He grins into the camera and gives it a sharp *smack* with his open palm. And that visual is just too much for Ilya, sending hot cum splashing over his fingers and coating the inside of his boxers.

Wolfe chuckles, and then walks right up to the camera again, his face now flushed, his cheeks pink, before blowing it a kiss and ending the video.

Ilya is panting, and clammy, and even more dehydrated than he was ten minutes ago, and he can't stop fucking smiling. He's got to give it to Wolfe – if his goal was to one-up Ilya's birthday gift, he

got pretty damn close. Ilya knows it can't have been easy for Wolfe to *keep* Ilya's jersey, never mind wear it and dance in it, and then record that dance for Ilya – and Ilya can feel that telltale glow in his chest again as he thinks about it.

He really, really doesn't want to erase the video, and briefly considers saving it on a hard drive or something. But he promised Wolfe, and so he will delete it. Just... maybe tomorrow.



The following evening, once Ilya is back from the parade, he knows that he can't hold on to the video any longer. As sad as he is about it, the chances of his phone being hacked, or getting stolen or lost, or Svetlana seeing it when he isn't paying attention, are just too high. But the whole thing does make him wish that he was able to send and receive more photos and videos from Wolfe, without the fear of them staying on his phone.

So, he shoots Wolfe a text.

Messages

Jane

Details

Thursday, June 18, 2015

9:12 PM

do you have snap?

I do...

what is your snap name? i will add you

Is that like, safe?

safer than texts probably

at least for photos and videos

Okay I don't check mine that much but sure

It's hollzy24

Ilya's brow furrows at that name again. Hollzy. It's the same one that he saw on Wolfe's hockey bag, and the one his friend called him at the restaurant, that night of the rehearsal dinner. It's obviously his name – or it has to be a nickname, because Ilya is pretty sure he's never heard anyone with that first or last name before.

Before he continues down this line of thinking, he sends Wolfe a quick snap.



ME

TODAY

ME

hey 🙋

HOLLZY24

Hey

HOLLZY24

You look hot

Ilya smiles to himself, but quickly finds his mind wandering back to the ‘Hollzy’ of it all. Is that a riff on Wolfe's last name? First name? As though they’re moving on their own accord, his fingers open Google on his phone and start searching.

Google

hollzy wolfe

About 3,410 results

Holly Wolf (@hollyyyywollffeee182) • Instagram photos and videos

[instagram.com/hollyyyywollffeee182](https://www.instagram.com/hollyyyywollffeee182)

Holly Wolf (@hollyyyywollffeee182). Toronto ❤️ Gemini

Holly Wolfe - IMDb

[imdb.com/name/holly-wolfe](https://www.imdb.com/name/holly-wolfe)

Holly Wolfe is known for *Into the Room* (2001) and *Where Did You Go?* (1998).

Google

hollzy wolfe hockey

About 124 results

Vancouver Poker Club - Facebook

[facebook.com/vancouverpokerclub](https://www.facebook.com/vancouverpokerclub)

Welcome to the place where all fans of poker in the Vancouver area gather and meet to play poker!
If you want to...

Closet Full of Wonder – mysticaldiamondgirl45892

mysticaldiamondgirl45892.tumblr.com

This is mostly a tumblr for Teen Wolf and Marvel.

Ilya lets out an exasperated sigh, and sinks back into the couch cushion. What the fuck is he doing? Why does he even care this much about Wolfe's maybe nickname or whether he plays pickup hockey?

Wolfe is hot, and Ilya likes fucking him, and he needs to leave it there. Sexting him and stalking his Instagram is one thing, but Ilya knows that going full detective mode in Google Search is another. If Wolfe wanted Ilya to know his name or talk to him about the other stuff going on in his life, he would have done that. They're just fucking. Ilya needs to chill.

He's probably just still keyed up from the Cup win, and the parade, and watching Wolfe's video like, ten more times before he deleted it, and waiting for Wolfe to send him another sexy snap. He groans, and pulls up Tinder – hoping that getting laid again will help him shake off whatever the fuck this weird feeling is.



“This is an ABC News special report. The Supreme Court Rules. Now reporting, David Muir.”

“Good morning, everyone. And we are coming on the air right now because the Supreme Court has just ruled on the key issue of same-sex marriage. Our team at the court right now – let’s get right to Terry Moran. What have we learned, Terry?”

“David, it’s over. The long constitutional debate on whether gay couples have a constitutional right to marry is over, and the answer is yes. In every state in the United States, as of now, gay couples have a constitutional right to marry. A 5-4 decision from the United States Supreme Court, written by Justice Anthony Kennedy, finding that the 14th Amendment requires every state to open their marriage laws to gay couples, and requires every state to recognize the gay marriages that are performed in other states. It’s an opinion – just looking at it briefly – that is filled with what you might call, romance. A sense of the abiding connection that couples have, regardless of their gender.”

Ilya pauses from where he is loading several pairs of sweatpants into his suitcase to stare open-mouthed at the television screen. He knew that gay marriage had been legal in Massachusetts for a while now, but watching an entire nation – one as powerful as the United States – say that unequivocally, regardless of where people live, this is allowed?

A lump forms in his throat as he stares at the happy couples onscreen, hugging and crying and kissing in front of the Capitol building. Some of them are talking about how they’re going to get married right now. Ilya isn’t quite sure why, but his chest has gone tight, almost like someone

reached their hand behind his ribcage to squeeze his heart. He takes a seat on the bed so he can rub his sternum, trying to relieve some of the mysterious pressure, while he pulls up his phone to read more details about the news.

The Guardian

NewsOpinionSportCultureLifestyle

US news US politics World Climate crisis Middle East Ukraine US immigration

Same-sex marriage (US)

Gay marriage declared legal across the US in historic supreme court ruling

With 5-4 ruling in *Obergefell v Hodges*, justices determine right to marriage equality is protected under constitution in decision hailed as ‘victory of love’



Rainbow lights shone on the White House to celebrate Friday's US supreme court ruling.
Photograph: Mark Wilson/Getty Images.

Fri 26 Jun 2015

The sound of his phone pinging actually causes him to jump, and he huffs a laugh at his overreaction. The text is from Svetlana, in their group chat with Kenzie and Robert and a few of their other party friends, talking about plans to hit the gay bars tonight because ‘they’re going to be insane.’ It looks like Kenzie and Robert are both going, as are a few of the others.

But Ilya can’t go out to the bars tonight, and potentially be photographed celebrating the passing of gay marriage in the U.S. Even if he wanted to, which he is realizing more and more that he does, he can’t. It’s one thing for Svetlana to do it – she isn’t as high-profile as Ilya. No one back home cares if someone posts a picture of her with a rainbow flag sticker on her cheek as she takes shots with a drag queen. But they would care if it was Ilya. Besides, it’s not like Ilya has any right to claim this celebration for his own. To his friends, he’s barely an ally, and that’s only because he hangs out with queer people without saying anything negative, and refuses to let the players on his team use slurs, sometimes unsuccessfully.

Ilya squeezes his eyes shut and takes a steadying breath, before texting the group that he can't make it tonight. And then, he resumes his packing and tries to push the whole thing out of his mind. In 48 hours, he will be back in Russia, and there will be no room for Ilya's complicated, messy thoughts and feelings about gay bars, or couples weeping into each other's arms on the steps of a government building.



*Moscow, Russia
July 2015*

"Ilya, you have hardly touched your food. You will be weak if you do not eat. And if you are weak, you will not win games." Grigori points his fork at Ilya's plate, which still has a few bites of beef stroganoff left on it.

"Yes, sir," Ilya says, as he digs back in. The truth is, he really isn't that hungry, but he doesn't want to start shit. It's already been a fucking day.

Alexei brought Natasha over before lunch, and Ilya took her to Gorky Park, where they fed the ducks and played on the carousel. He even treated her to ice cream, buying her two different cones when she couldn't decide on a flavor. But then once they got back to the house, Alexei started harassing Ilya about money again, and it evolved into a horrible screaming match, and then Natasha started to cry, and so Alexei took her home even though they were supposed to stay for dinner, and Ilya feels fucking awful about it.

"How old are you now?" Grigori asks him, taking a sip of vodka from his glass.

"24, sir."

"Shouldn't you be married by now? Are there no polite Russian girls in Boston? You need a wife, Ilya. A man your age should not be on his own. I hear you are drinking and getting up to lord knows what in that depraved city. It is unacceptable."

Ilya stays silent for a moment. This is not the first, second, or third time this subject has come up. And it never gets any more pleasant.

"I am sorry, sir," Ilya finally says. *"I am so busy with hockey..."*

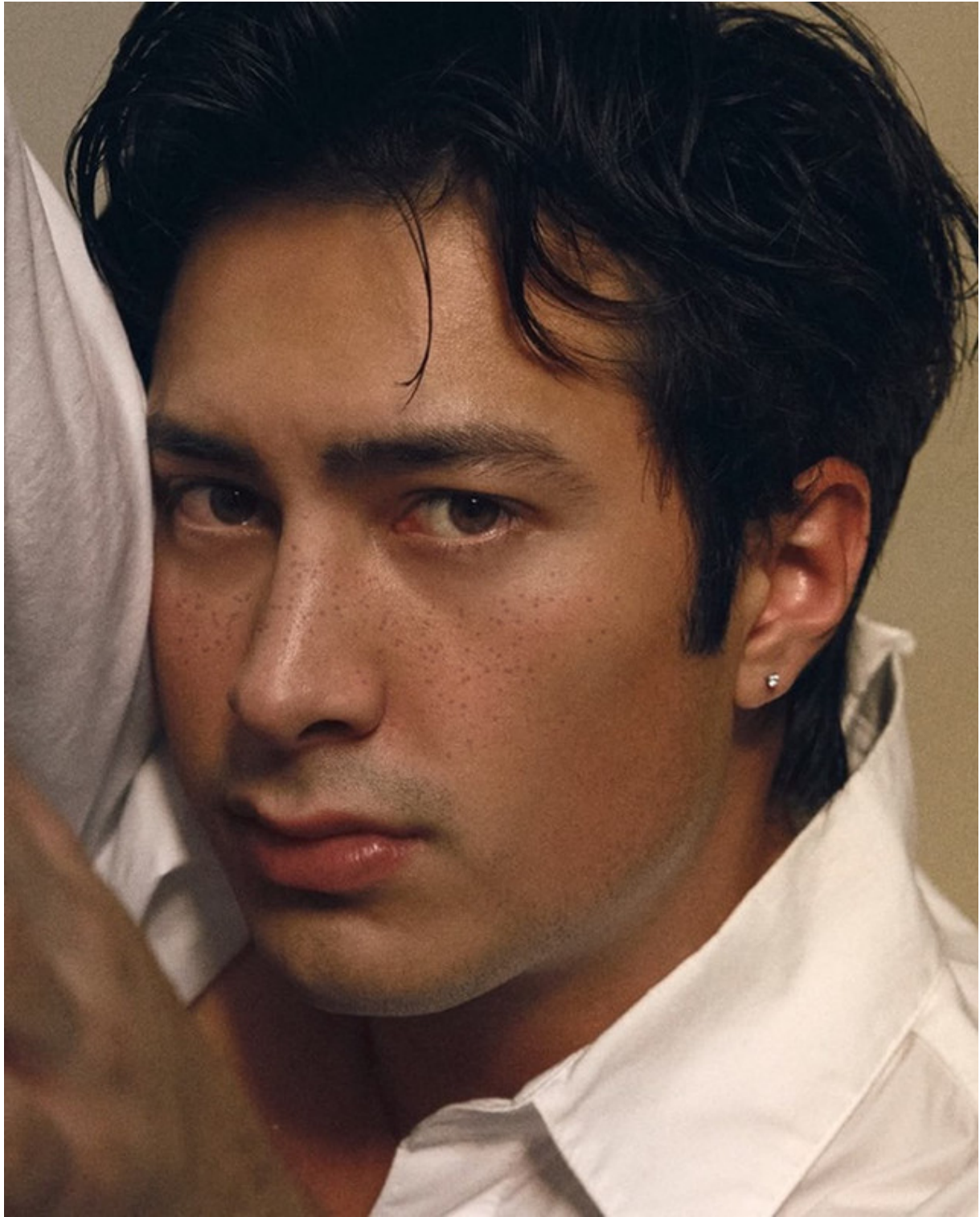
Grigori slams the table, shouting, *“That is no excuse! You are embarrassing us, with the partying and the drugs. It is enough!”*

“Yes, sir.”

They eat the rest of their dinner in silence, before Ilya is finally able to escape to his bedroom, where he can pretend like he is anywhere fucking else as he scrolls on his phone.

It’s when he opens Instagram, and he’s met with the sight of Wolfe’s latest post, that he feels the smallest warm spark flicker to life inside his previously cold chest.

Instagram



wolfedancer24

16h



...

♥ 18,148 likes

wolfedancer24 London debut = done! So beyond excited to be on tour with Lady Gaga this summer. This is such a dream. If you haven't already, get your tickets to come see the show!

[View all 527 comments](#)

simonedoespole holy shit holy shit holy shit are you JOKING

dustin_dance_912 congrats! hoping to see the new york show

Ilya's jaw practically drops to the floor. He can't believe that *this* is Wolfe's mysterious summer job. He's fucking traveling the world with Lady Gaga, as one of her dancers? Is he also performing on the pole, live, in front of all those people? Isn't that scary?

And does this also mean Wolfe was in London last night? Is there a European leg of the tour?

Before he can talk himself out of it, Ilya pulls up Google. It can't hurt to look – and it would be nice to get out of Moscow for a little bit, if he can. So after doing a bit more searching, and investigating various flights and hotel options, he texts Svetlana.

Messages

Svetlana 

Details

Saturday, July 4, 2015

7:32 PM

do you have any plans around july 17

No, I was just going to take that week before off to come home, as you know

Why?

how do you feel about barcelona

very fucking good

if you are paying of course

of course

then I am so in. I've never been you know!

clubs are supposed to be amazing, they're on the beach

same and i know

also you like lady gaga right?

Chapter End Notes

Next up, vamos a Barcelona!!! Which is another chapter I've had planned since really early on in my storymapping...and I'm so excited about it. Told you I wrote this just to put the boys in fun situations ☺

Notes on Ch11:

- In my headcanon, the Metros knocked out the Raiders in 2015, so without Shane they had the opportunity to go on and win again. Ilya is really alone at the top without Shane IMO
- Love love love the idea of a funny striptease, and couldn't pass up the chance to put Shane in a jersey, jockstrap and backwards hat
- I know people are dying for Ilya to learn Wolfe's real name, but they are truly in their "we don't care" fuckbuddy phase right now...the curiosity is building though and it is coming very soon I promise (especially as they get closer even though they're trying not to)
- I remember really clearly where I was when gay marriage passed in the US, and the gay bars were so much fun that night (I was still just a straight "ally" at the time). I do think it was a pretty notable moment for all queer people, regardless of where you lived.
- Okay for all the Lady Gaga fans out there, I realize she did not go on a tour like this in Summer 2015. I had to make it up for the fic because she really made the most sense! Let's all play pretend ❤️
- Also yes I had to change the coding for the IG post because this is just so much easier than what I was doing before...doesn't look as cool but alas!

Chapter 12: have a boring summer! (part 1)

Chapter Summary

Ilya goes to see Lady Gaga (and Wolfe) perform in Barcelona...and things happen!

Chapter Notes

We are still in Ilya POV for this one ☺

Yall... I did it again with the accidental two-chapter drop. I knew this part of the story was going to be long as f**k, given everything I had planned for Barcelona, and so now here we are again with the double chapters. It's technically all one part, but I think it makes it a bit easier to read in sections (dropping a 26K word chapter just felt like a lot). I encourage you to read them in tandem if you want to enjoy Barcelona from beginning to end!

Also I REALLY hate that this took so long (used to get my chapters out weekly) but life/work has been so crazy and the last thing I wanted to do was rush the story or let the writing suffer. Hopefully the fact that it's two fat chapters makes up for it 🙄 (did a little "recap" below to refresh your memories in case that helps, too!)

I had really been looking forward to writing this part for a while. I studied in Barcelona for a few months over a decade ago (not to age myself) and I love the city so much. Tried to capture some of its magic here 💕 And man, do I miss the food, culture, people, and nightlife – can't wait to go back.

As always, appreciate you all so much for reading + the lovely comments (+ many of you have also been recommending my story which is so cool / nice of you!). It's so f**king wild that people are enjoying my words, it boggles my mind! Love yall

****Previously on "losing his grip":** Shane nailed his auditions in NYC, he and Ilya sexted, Skylar and his fuckbuddy Alex amicably parted ways, Ilya fucked Shane ON the pole and they actually talked after, Ilya sent Shane an expensive/cheeky birthday gift, Ilya won the Stanley Cup again (on his birthday!) so Wolfe sent him a funny/sexy video, and Ilya made a half-hearted attempt to Google "Hollzy", watched gay marriage pass in the U.S., and learned that Wolfe is touring with Lady Gaga. (phew!)

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

*Barcelona, Spain
July 2015*

"Damn, I feel bad for whoever has to stand behind you," Svetlana huffs, protecting her cocktail with her hand so it doesn't spill as they descend the last few concrete stairs of the arena and step

onto the floor. *"I'm still surprised you didn't want actual seats."*

"It's not like we are going to be right at the front," Ilya says, gesturing to the sizable crowd already forming near the barricade of the stage. *"And I'm not the only tall person here."*

"I'm just glad I wore my platform boots. You know not all of us grew up to be over six feet tall."

"Everyone says the energy is better in the pit, Svetlana. And those who receive free tickets should not complain about them."

"Fair." Svetlana bumps Ilya's shoulder with her own as they claim their position on the arena floor, about thirty people deep and slightly to the right of center stage. *"I will admit this really is a great view. We are going to be so close to her!"*

"Told you," Ilya smirks as he takes a sip of his vodka soda. *"And you were being so ungrateful."*

"Thank you, Ilya." Svetlana turns to smile at him, before shifting her gaze around the throngs of people filling the space. *"Wow, there are some amazing outfits here."*

Ilya twists around to take stock of the other concertgoers, who are now surrounding them on all sides as they continue to cram into the pista. There have to be thousands down here already, with thousands more steadily spilling into the arena seats. He's pretty sure he read somewhere that Palau Sant Jordi can hold over seventeen thousand people, and he knows that tonight's show is sold out because he had to get their tickets through a reseller.

And Svetlana is right – Ilya is impressed by the colorful sea of homemade and designer fashion surrounding them, a kaleidoscope of neon, metallics, leather, rhinestones, harnesses, and fishnets. It's also obvious that much of the crowd is queer – he can see quite a few rainbow motifs and Pride flags, and couples holding hands and posing for photos together.

It's not like Ilya has never been to a concert before – he loves live music and has been to quite a few – but he usually has VIP or suite access. And this is definitely his first time attending one with such a devoted queer fanbase. There's something about being surrounded by it all like this that's making him unusually conscious of himself, and he knows it's probably not just because he's dressed more casually than the two guys next to them wearing neon mesh tank tops.

It's also possible that he's just nervous to see Wolfe again. Ilya hasn't watched Wolfe perform in front of a crowd since that night almost two years ago at Le Vertige, which was obviously very... overwhelming, for Ilya at the time. And also... Ilya sort of, maybe, kind of, never told Wolfe that he bought tickets for tonight's show. So Wolfe has no clue he is here right now.

After Wolfe first went public with his news a couple weeks ago, Ilya texted him to congratulate him — though he did joke that the job isn't quite as cool as being an international spy, which annoyed Wolfe just as Ilya had hoped it would. But Wolfe seemed pleased that Ilya reached out, and encouraged enough by it to send Ilya selfies at each tour stop, which have been driving Ilya kind of crazy.



HOLLZY24

JULY 6, 2015

HOLLZY24

Hallo from Amsterdam 🌸 🇳🇱

ME

hey 🍑

ME

you go to the red light district?

HOLLZY24

Yeah

HOLLZY24

Not quite my scene haha

HOLLZY24

Some cool bars here though.

HOLLZY24

And went to the Van Gogh museum!

ME

lol very cool



HOLLZY24

JULY 9, 2015

HOLLZY24

Hej from Copenhagen 🇩🇰

ME

mermaid?

HOLLZY24

There's a famous Little Mermaid statue here, like from the fairy tale.

ME

ah

ME

you look hot

ME

the glasses are 🔥

HOLLZY24

Haha thanks, borrowed them from one of the other dancers

ME

you should get a pair

HOLLZY24

Maybe I will



HOLLZY24

JULY 12, 2015

HOLLZY24

Guten Tag from backstage in Berlin 🍺🇩🇪

ME

love the necklace

ME

they let you keep that?

HOLLZY24

Lol no, obviously not.

ME

hmm maybe someone should buy you one

HOLLZY24

Don't even joke.

HOLLZY24

I will kill you.

ME





HOLLZY24

JULY 15, 2015

HOLLZY24

ciao from milan

ME

jesus christ you look good

HOLLZY24

lol thnaks

HOLLZY24

must be the club lightinnng

ME

what club you at? I fucking love milan

ME

you going shopping?

HOLLZY24

I dont think we wil have time?

HOLLZY24

and idkkk just followed peple here

HOLLZY24

people

HOLLZY24

gotta go actualy

Ilya isn't sure whether Wolfe has been doing it on purpose, since none of the pictures were technically sexual, but he somehow looked more and more delectable in every new city he visited. And he's clearly been going out, and probably hooking up with people. Which is obviously fine — it's not like Ilya wasn't also getting laid in Moscow. But for some reason, the pictures and messages just made Ilya even more anxious about telling Wolfe he was going to be here tonight. Why would Wolfe want to see Ilya, or maybe even secretly fuck him, when he could be going out with his friends and meeting someone new and exciting in Barcelona? Someone he wouldn't have to hide with? Also, if Ilya is being honest with himself, he's starting to feel a little embarrassed about buying tickets to come here basically just to see Wolfe. Their arrangement is technically that they'll hook up when Ilya is in Montreal. But now Ilya has flown to a completely different city and made the assumption that Wolfe will still want to see him under completely different circumstances – and that might be more than Wolfe signed up for.

So Ilya never ended up telling Wolfe he was coming tonight, and now he's not sure if he will. But he is still excited to be in Barcelona, and to see Wolfe perform — he loves watching him dance.

“By the way, I have a surprise for you,” Svetlana shouts into his ear, over the blaring sounds of the opener's DJ set. *“For after the show. As a ‘thank you’ for taking me on this trip.”*

“Oh? Is it a sexy surprise?” Ilya waggles his eyebrows at her and bites his lip.

“I am not telling you anything yet! That would ruin it.” She sends him a mischievous smile, and takes another sip of her drink, which is almost empty. *“I’m going to grab us a couple more drinks while we still have time, and pray the line for the bathroom isn’t too long. You save our spot with your giant body.”*

Ilya laughs, and waves her on her way. He’s so glad he brought her with him – they always have so much fun together.

Once she returns, the audience’s anticipation has risen from a buzz to a fever pitch, and Ilya can hear gasps and eager murmuring all around them as the stage is bathed in red and purple lights, and an ominous melody starts rumbling from the speakers, making it clear that the show is finally about to begin. Ilya’s heart is beating so fast that he swears he can almost hear it over the booming sounds, and he takes a hefty swig of his cocktail to calm his nerves. He has no idea what to expect tonight – he knows that Wolfe is touring as a dancer, but Ilya has no clue how often he will appear, or which songs he will be part of. Wolfe hasn’t shared much on his Instagram, probably to retain some mystery, and it’s been killing Ilya leading up to this evening.

The band is onstage now, dressed in white, and the electric guitarist is strumming an aggressive melody. Then suddenly, Gaga’s voice comes blaring out of the speakers, as a very familiar beat begins to play.

“And now... we just dance.”

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Just Dance — Lady Gaga feat. Colby O'Donis](#)

The red and purple stage lights flicker and transform to incorporate various shades of neon greens and blues, interspersed with flashing white strobes, and Gaga runs out to center stage, followed by four male dancers.

She’s wearing a sparkly white mini dress with long sleeves, and a platinum blonde bob wig, and the dancers behind her are dressed in tight, white rave-like outfits accessorized with neon pink and green harnesses and oddly shaped headwear. Ilya’s not quite close enough to make out the details of the dancers’ faces, but he can tell pretty quickly that Wolfe isn’t one of them. He tries to ignore the minor pang of disappointment that swoops through his belly, which is easier to do when he sees the overjoyed look on Svetlana’s face as she starts scream-singing the lyrics. He can’t help but join in, yelling and jumping up and down with his arm around her – it’s a great fucking song. Plus at one point, Gaga plays a giant keytar shaped like a seahorse, which is objectively awesome.

Wolfe doesn’t appear during the next two numbers either – “Poker Face” and “Telephone” – but Ilya’s having so much fun, and the energy in the arena is so electric, that he barely feels anxious at all anymore. He’s just looking forward to whatever song plays next.

As “Telephone” ends, the lights abruptly shift to a dark blue, almost black, while Gaga and the dancers shuffle around in the darkness. Ilya can vaguely see that two sections on the left and right sides of the stage have opened up, and his pulse quickens as he realizes that two chrome poles are sliding smoothly out of the floor.

Bright lights flood the stage, revealing that at the base of each pole is a mirrored sphere, almost like deconstructed disco balls, which are reflecting little moving shards of light everywhere.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[LoveGame — Lady Gaga](#)

Ilya stares with wide eyes and his mouth hanging half open as finally, a tall, muscular male dancer with tattoos and a perfect body — one which Ilya is intimately familiar with — steps out onto the stage, hopping up onto the base of the left pole, the one furthest from Ilya and Svetlana. A woman is mounting the one on the right, and the crowd screams even louder as they realize what they're about to watch.

Wolfe is wearing nothing but a tiny pair of fitted, bright blue shorts. His bare skin is shining, almost like he's covered in a thin sheen of glitter, making him look even more sculpted as his muscles flex and shift with each movement. And as the camera zooms in closer on each dancer, and Wolfe's focused face very briefly appears much larger on the giant video screens overhead, Ilya can see that he's also wearing neon and metallic stage makeup. He looks fucking hot.

"Oh my god!" Svetlana yelps, as she glances up at the screen. *"Isn't that the guy from Kenzie's bachelorette party last year? What was his name... Wolfe?"*

Ilya doesn't respond, as he's too fixated on what's happening onstage, which is that Wolfe is circling the pole, and rolling his body against it, and pushing off into a controlled spin with one leg kicked out — how does he somehow look even sexier than when Ilya saw him last?

Wolfe pulls himself up, opening his legs into a wide V, and then transitions into a series of spinning moves that are perfectly synced with the other pole dancer's, as Lady Gaga sings and dances between them, even engaging with Wolfe at one point, leaning on his outstretched legs as they maintain their position parallel to the floor. Ilya can't tear his eyes away, as Wolfe flips upside down and somehow unfolds into a full split around the pole, his legs stretching perfectly horizontal in opposite directions while his torso hangs inverted beneath them. The metal is wedged into the crease between his thigh and his body, one hand pressed against his hip while the other grips his outstretched leg near the ankle, pulling it even farther open. Ilya can't even tell how the fuck he's staying attached to the pole like that. Is it wedged against — is he holding himself up with his groin? Ilya wishes he could see his face from here.

"Ilya, did you hear me?" Svetlana sounds frustrated now. *"Do you recognize him? Is that the same guy?"*

"Ah—yes, I think so," Ilya stammers, as the song nears its end, and Wolfe slowly slides down the pole, making the audience cheer and applaud even louder. *"Looks like him."*

"Wow, what are the fucking odds of that," she says, as she claps her hands together. *"He's even better than I remember. Hotter, too. Guess we were lucky we got a private show before he got more famous, huh?"*

"Yes," Ilya agrees, and hopes his face is doing something neutral and boring, and not reflecting the hammering of his heart behind his ribcage.

The lights go down again, the poles descend beneath the stage, and the show transitions into its second act. Wolfe doesn't appear for the next song, "ARTPOP," but Ilya is thrilled to see that he does join the other male and female dancers onstage for the one after that, "Donatella."

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Donatella — Lady Gaga](#)

Wolfe is still shirtless, but this time he's wearing white pants covered in a slightly garish red and pink graffiti pattern and adorned with rhinestones or sparkles, as well as white sneakers. Lady Gaga is in a white bodysuit leotard with long sleeves, covered in what looks like shards of broken glass, and a giant blue orb stuck in the center of her chest.

Wolfe is just as talented with his feet on the floor, fitting right in with the rest of the company as they execute sharp, precise movements, strutting all over the stage, perfectly in sync with each other. Ilya knows he should probably be watching Gaga, like everybody else, but he can't help himself from tracking Wolfe as he spins, and jumps, and vogues, and kicks his feet, and holds dramatic poses. Wolfe stays onstage as they transition into the next song, "MANiCURE," which has a heavier, rock-metal sound, and Ilya thinks the style suits him, as he throws his head around to the beat of the electric guitar and swings his hips.

Then, the show transitions to its third act, and Wolfe sadly disappears again for "Paparazzi," which is one of Ilya and Svetlana's favorites. Sweat is running down Ilya's brow and sticking his t-shirt to his back as the two of them jump up and down, bellowing the lyrics and continuously bumping into the people around them, who are equally as high-energy and happy. The atmosphere in the pit is incredible, and only continues into the next number, "Do What U Want" – Ilya is having a fucking blast.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Sexxx Dreams — Lady Gaga](#)

His heart momentarily stops, however, as the lights go red again, and a whole new set of male and female dancers joins Gaga onstage, each of them dressed in dangerously skimpy outfits made entirely of *black latex*. Ilya's throat goes dry as he spots Wolfe among them – wearing a sleeveless, open vest and tiny black shorts, which are skintight against his perfect ass and thick thighs. His rippling torso is shining from glitter and sweat, and Ilya wants to lick it.

The song is all about touching yourself in bed while thinking about someone, and Ilya has a strong feeling that the visual of Wolfe gyrating, body rolling, thrusting his hips, and crawling along the stage in latex microshorts is going to burn itself into Ilya's brain and fuel several late-night jerk-sessions in the coming weeks.

"This is so sexy," Svetlana pants, as she fans herself with her hand. "I don't even think I've heard this song before, but it's really hot."

Ilya nods at her before turning his attention back to Wolfe and his slutty outfit, and wonders if maybe he can get Wolfe to send Ilya a picture on Snapchat of him wearing it. Though it would kind of suck to watch the image disappear.

Wolfe stays onstage for "Judas," which is one of Svetlana's favorites, and Ilya is in awe of how good he is at the complicated, fast-paced choreography. Wolfe doesn't perform during the next three songs, including "Alejandro," which only the female dancers are onstage for, and then Ilya doesn't see him again throughout the entire next act – a stripped-down set that includes an a cappella rendition of "The Edge of Glory" and an emotional, acoustic piano version of "Born This Way."

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Born This Way \(Piano Version\) — Lady Gaga](#)

Ilya's eyes sweep across the crowd, catching on multiple queer couples holding each other, waving their Pride flags, and even crying, as they watch Gaga belt out the lyrics from her seat at the piano. Even Svetlana looks a bit overcome with feeling, her lip quivering and her eyelashes blinking rapidly, as Ilya puts his arm around her and presses her tighter to his side. His chest is doing that weird aching thing again, and he squeezes his eyes shut as he wills it away.

Ilya recognizes that he and Svetlana, and all the other LGBTQIA+ people in the arena, were probably born this way – he knows this isn't something people choose. But he also can't help but wonder if, despite what the song says... maybe God did in fact make a mistake by doing this to Ilya, by creating him to be this way. Why would God make Ilya Russian, this good at hockey, and attracted to men? And on top of all of that, take his mama away from him so young, before Ilya even had the chance to find out how she would be about it? How is any of that fucking fair? And while Ilya's probably not the only closeted person in this massive room of seventeen thousand people, he can't help but feel completely alone in this crowd, standing there silently, surrounded by a chorus of queer voices singing along and cheering as Gaga waxes poetic about how important it is that they take up space as a community.

He presses his fingers a little harder into Svetlana's arm, and hopes she is too focused on her own feelings to notice that Ilya is coming slightly unraveled next to her. Luckily, the stage lights go down, signaling the end of that part of the show, and giving Ilya a brief emotional reprieve before the next act.

After a short break, during which several enormous inflatable flowers sprout up from the stage floor, each with thick pink stalks topped with huge blue-and-purple blossoms, the stage is flooded with bright pink and purple lights, and Lady Gaga returns wearing a sparkling seashell bra, floral underwear, fishnets, and a much larger blonde wig. Wolfe doesn't appear for the first song, "Venus," which is a really fun, upbeat number in which petals fall from the sky and Gaga plays the electric guitar, and Ilya is basically feeling normal again by the time the performance ends, and the flowers deflate back into the floor.

But his stomach drops and his heart lurches in his chest when suddenly, a single, white spotlight appears at center stage, illuminating a gleaming, silver pole, with Wolfe standing completely still beside it.

He's bare chested and barefoot, wearing a pair of small, tight silver shorts, his skin glistening under the white lighting, his tattoos practically shimmering. Ilya looks up at the massive screens to find the camera has zoomed in on Wolfe's handsome face and chiseled torso. He's wearing striking metallic eye makeup, his hair dusted with silver, his cheeks sparkling with glitter, and delicate body chains crossing his chest and wrapped around his waist and hips. He looks like a Greek or Roman sculpture, like something people would pay to look at in a museum. Ilya can hardly breathe.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[G.U.Y. — Lady Gaga](#)

♪ Greetings, Himeros

God of sexual desire

Son of Aphrodite

Lay back and feast as this audio guides you through new and exciting positions ♪

Wolfe places one hand around the pole, as the stage is bathed in iridescent white, icy blue, and silver lights, revealing Gaga near the front-left side of the stage.

Wolfe slowly walks around the pole, his hand grasping the metal above him, before executing a sensual body roll and pushing into a controlled spin. Then, he pulls himself upward, climbing a few feet up the massive pole, as Gaga and the other dancers move around below him. He spins, dips, inverts, and extends, gracefully flowing between moves – all long lines, and pointed toes, and total control. If Wolfe is supposed to be Himeros, Ilya thinks they pretty much nailed it. He's not sure he's ever seen a man look more like he could be the god of sexual desire.

Once Wolfe is inverted relatively low to the ground, Gaga circles him, briefly sweeping her fingers across his chest and abs, and placing her hand under his jaw as he rotates around her. Then his feet hit the stage, and he joins the company for part of the chorus, dancing directly beside Gaga as they execute the sharp, sexual choreography.

As the chorus ends, Gaga pushes Wolfe back towards the pole, which he immediately grabs onto and begins to climb, going even higher than before. Wolfe has to be more than ten feet above the ground, when Ilya's breath catches. Because the bottom of the pole is fucking *moving*, lifting away from the stage and rising into the air, with Wolfe still hanging on.

Svetlana gasps, and a wave of startled noise ripples through the people around them as Wolfe and the pole finally stops rising, with Wolfe now suspended high above the stage – like, really fucking high up. Ilya's belly is flip-flopping. What if Wolfe falls?

As if being all the way up there isn't impressive enough on its own, Wolfe begins to move, repositioning his hands so that one is gripping the pole high above his head and the other much lower. Then, his feet leave the metal, his entire body *slowly* rising sideways into the air. Ilya shifts his gaze to the giant screens again, which show Wolfe's muscular shoulders, arms, and core flexing under the lights, his stunning face locked with calm concentration.

Wolfe lifts himself at a painfully slow pace, extending himself farther and farther away from the pole until his entire body is suspended horizontally in midair, his legs spread into a wide V, his elbows and knees straight and toes pointed, with nothing but his hands touching the pole. And then he just fucking *holds that position*, his powerful body perfectly still as it floats parallel to the stage far below him. Ilya holds his breath, as it seems like Wolfe stays there for much longer than should be physically possible, and he can hear shocked murmuring all around them. Ilya tears his eyes away long enough to look at the crowd, and it seems like every face in the arena is tilted upward. Thousands of people are staring wide-eyed at Wolfe, some with phones held above their heads, their mouths hanging open with admiration and awe and desire.

Looking at Wolfe like this, Ilya can hardly believe that he has had the remarkable fortune to be inside him multiple times – to know what his plush lips taste like, what his perfect ass feels like under Ilya's hands, and the gorgeous noises he makes when he is about to come. Most of the people in this crowd probably want Wolfe, and Ilya has had him, more than once. That knowledge, combined with memories of the strong, athletic body on the arena screens quivering underneath Ilya's, is making his temperature rise and his palms sweat.

Wolfe folds his body back toward the pole, rotating around it until he's upside down again, before slowly spiraling several feet lower, executing several more spins and graceful movements, showing off his insane flexibility. It's like he's dancing, but while the others are all on the ground with Gaga, he's somehow doing similar moves on a pole, dozens of feet in the air.

Then, as the music builds, Wolfe turns upright and starts climbing back up the pole, which makes Ilya's heart start racing again. But once Wolfe reaches an impossibly high point, he stops. His

sudden stillness sends another wave of anticipation through the crowd, and the screens once again focus on Wolfe, zoomed out enough to show the entire pole.

Then suddenly, Wolfe *lets go*.

Ilya grabs Svetlana's arm as a strained noise escapes his throat, watching Wolfe plummet several feet – fucking *falling* – before abruptly catching himself on the pole with a jolt. It is an impossible-looking catch, and the crowd erupts.

"Holy shit," Svetlana gasps. *"That was fucking insane."*

"Yes, it was." Ilya grins as he watches the pole drop lower towards the stage, Wolfe hanging onto it upside down as it descends. He has to be one of the most beautiful things Ilya has ever seen.

Gaga approaches the pole as Wolfe reaches her level, briefly cupping his face before he twists himself upright and slides the final few feet to the ground. As soon as his feet hit the stage, he rejoins the other dancers for the end of the song, with the focus once again on Gaga, but Ilya can't take his eyes off Wolfe all the way up until he leaves the stage after the final note.

Ilya and Svetlana continue to jump and dance and sing along to the last three songs, "Bad Romance," "Swine," and "Applause," and finally, the encore performance of "Marry the Night," which features the entire company, including Wolfe. Ilya's chest is warm as the dancers take their bows and run offstage, his skin probably hot to the touch from all the dancing and excitement. If he was ever unsure about coming to the show tonight, he certainly isn't anymore.

"That was amazing! Thank you so much for taking me, Ilya," Svetlana shouts as she grabs Ilya by the biceps, tugging him towards the rivers of people heading towards the exit. *"And now it's time for my surpriiiise! Let's go!"*

"Go where?" Ilya wonders if Svetlana has something for him back at their hotel. To be honest, the night is still young, and he thought they might go out after, but he doesn't want to dampen her enthusiasm.

"Just follow me," she says, as she taps away at her phone, barely looking up as they weave through the crowd.

He follows her all the way up the stairs to the public concourse, but as he turns towards the main exit of the arena, Svetlana stops him, pulling him in the opposite direction.

"No, we are going over there," she says with a grin, pointing at a sign that says 'ENTRADA VIP/DE INVITADOS.'

"Svetlana, what did you do?" Ilya's chest is doing that lurching thing again.

"Okay, so after you told me about the concert, I wanted to do something nice for you, as a 'thank you.' And I know Kenzie works with some pretty big fashion and beauty agencies, so I asked her if she has any connections to Gaga, and guess what?"

"What."

"I guess she has this contact at one of the big agencies in New York, who works with Gaga's makeup artist, and they were able to connect her with Gaga's tour people, and they were able to get

us on the after-show guest list! So we get to go backstage! Why don't you look more excited?"

Typically, Ilya would be very happy about going backstage, and meeting someone as famous as Lady Gaga. But typically, he's not also terrified about running into the guy he secretly fucks in Canada sometimes, who has no idea that he's here.

"Ah – are you sure she will be back there?" Ilya asks, as Svetlana continues dragging him towards the VIP checkpoint. *"Didn't you want to go out tonight?"*

"I mean not 100% sure, no, but even if she isn't it will still be cool. And we can still go out after, it's only like 11pm. Stop being weird."

Ilya follows her through the check-in process in a daze, silently holding out his arm for a wristband before they are escorted backstage to a lounge area, where he can see several couches and high-top tables, as well as a long table along one of the walls covered in platters of food, water bottles, beer, wine, and champagne. He grabs a beer and joins Svetlana on one of the couches, along with a few other random guests who also got on the list, as various people start to filter in and out of the room.

At first, it's mostly just stagehands and crew members grabbing water and snacks, but after about fifteen minutes Ilya recognizes a couple of the female dancers, who are gathering around the table, pouring themselves glasses of champagne.

"Oh my god, Ilya. Why are you so tense? Are you that nervous to meet her?"

Ilya ignores her, his eyes locked on the doorway, his heart pounding, as he prays that Wolfe doesn't – *fuck*.

A group of five male dancers walks into the lounge, laughing about something as they crowd around the platters of crudités, nuts, croquetas, and bocadillos, piling some onto their plates.

"It's him!" Svetlana yelps, before rising to stand. *"Let's go say hi!"*

Fuck fuck fuck. At this point, Ilya has no choice but to go with her, otherwise she will get suspicious, so he begrudgingly gets up from the couch and follows her over to where the dancers are grazing.

"Wolfe!" Svetlana shouts, tapping him on the back of his shoulder.

"Yeah?" Wolfe quickly turns around, a small plate of carrots, almonds, and fruit in his hands, his smile falling abruptly as his gaze lands on the two of them.

The maelstrom of emotions that crosses Wolfe's face when it dawns on him who he is looking at, his wide baby deer eyes darting between Ilya and Svetlana and his mouth slightly agape, would be hilarious to Ilya if he wasn't certain that the look on his own face is just as embarrassing.

Wolfe is wearing a casual white tank top and black athletic shorts, and his hair is still damp from his post-show shower. It also looks like he couldn't completely remove all the makeup, because there are still hints of metallic eyeshadow around his eyes and glitter across his cheeks, making his freckles look like they're sparkling. Ilya can feel his own face getting hot, and does his best to send Wolfe a neutral, harmless smile.

“Sorry, do you remember us?” Svetlana’s brow furrows. “Svetlana and Ilya...from Kenzie’s bachelorette party? We played pong?”

This snaps Wolfe out of his momentary trance, as he steps away from the table and angles his body so that the three of them can talk without blocking the food. “Yes, of course I do, sorry. Hi! I’m just... surprised to see you guys here.”

“I was surprised to see you up there, too!” Svetlana chuckles, as she guides them over towards one of the high-top tables, so Wolfe can put his plate down. “This was Ilya’s idea – he thought a summer trip to Barcelona could be fun.”

“Oh, it was *your* idea?” Wolfe sends Ilya a knowing look, arching one eyebrow. *Goddamnit, Svetlana.*

“Yes, he asked me if I wanted to come with him to see the show,” Svetlana says, throwing an arm around Ilya’s shoulder. “Obviously I couldn’t say no to that very generous offer. But I was at least able to treat him to this backstage visit.”

Ilya has no idea what his face is doing, but he fears it may be red, and he’s having trouble holding eye contact with Wolfe.

“You a big Lady Gaga fan, Rozanov?” Wolfe smirks at him.

“Yes, actually,” Ilya huffs. “Who isn’t.”

“Right. So when did you buy the tickets?”

“I think he got them like, a couple weeks ago?” Svetlana glances between the two of them, clearly a bit confused.

“The show was great,” Ilya barks out, desperate to change the subject.

“Oh my god, yes,” Svetlana exclaims. “So good. And you were *amazing*. Like, seriously one of the best parts of the whole show. I screamed when it looked like you were going to fall!”

“Yes, was a very good trick,” Ilya purrs at Wolfe.

“Thank you,” Wolfe says, his cheeks going pink as he shoves an almond into his mouth. Now he’s refusing to look at Ilya.

From there, Svetlana asks Wolfe several questions about the tour, and what it’s like working with Gaga, and Ilya is mostly quiet and nods along, doing his best to focus on finishing his beer and not accidentally touching Wolfe, whose arm is *right there*.

At one point, Gaga does actually enter the room, and Wolfe even politely introduces them to her, which gives Ilya and Svetlana the opportunity to tell her how much they loved the show, before she quickly makes the rest of her rounds and then leaves.

“So, how long are you here?” Svetlana asks Wolfe, before taking a sip of champagne.

“We leave Sunday afternoon for Madrid. So we have like the whole weekend here, which is nice.”

“Oh, that’s great. What are you doing tomorrow?” Svetlana sounds a little too excited, in Ilya’s opinion.

“Uh – I’m actually going to do some solo sightseeing,” Wolfe says with a shrug. “Most of the other dancers have been here before and done all the main touristy stuff already, but I haven’t, and I — um — really like architecture? So I wanted to check out the Sagrada Familia, Parc Güell, the Gothic Quarter, Passeig de Gràcia... that sort of thing.”

“Wait, we were planning to see most of those places tomorrow, too!” Svetlana sends him a wide smile. “We should all go together.”

What the fuck is Svetlana doing? Does she want to fuck Wolfe, or something? They actually were going to visit a few of those spots tomorrow, but why the hell is she inviting Wolfe along?

Wolfe glances nervously at Ilya, who still hasn’t said anything, because he isn’t quite sure what to say. He knows he should probably say whatever will stop Wolfe from joining them, because it’s risky, and will probably be awkward, and he doubts Wolfe even wants to come. But also, it could maybe be kind of fun?

“Yes, you should join us,” Ilya finds himself spitting out, against his better judgment. “We can all stare at the very exciting buildings together.”

Wolfe huffs a laugh, and plucks at his eyebrow with his fingers. “I don’t know...”

“Oh, come on!” Svetlana nudges his shoulder. “You know we are fun to hang out with. Why would you go alone when you can go with us?”

Svetlana is very convincing when she wants to be, and she’s giving Wolfe her ‘you can’t say no to me’ eyes, and so Ilya isn’t surprised when after a brief pause, Wolfe says—

“Um, I guess if you’re sure?” Wolfe pulls out his phone, flipping through it for a second before showing Svetlana his Notes app. “Maybe look at my itinerary first to see if you actually want to do everything here – it’s kind of ambitious.”

“That is a novel, not an itinerary,” Ilya chirps, which elicits a pissed off glare from Wolfe. Ilya peers over Svetlana’s shoulder to read the long list of activities, and lets out a deep sigh. He thought they would maybe only do one or two of these things and then spend the rest of the day at the beach tomorrow, but whatever.

“This looks great,” Svetlana says, sending Wolfe another friendly smile. “I’ll give you my number, and we can meet at the Sagrada Familia at 9am, since that’s when your tickets are for? We’ll get ours for the same time.”

Wolfe obediently hands Svetlana his phone so she can input her number, like he doesn’t already have three different ways to contact Ilya if he wants to, and Ilya has to bite back his grin.

While she’s distracted, Wolfe glances up at Ilya and mouths ‘what the fuck?’, to which Ilya just hunches his shoulders in a sort of ‘I don’t know’ gesture. He’s just as surprised as Wolfe that this is happening right now.

“Sorry, I need to head back with the other dancers.” Wolfe jerks his head towards where the group he came in with earlier is starting to spill out the door. “Nice to see you again, and thanks for

coming to the show.”

“It was so great running into you. And we will see you in the morning!” Svetlana pulls Wolfe in for a hug, and he sends Ilya a slightly murderous look over her shoulder.

“Yeah, I’ll see you at nine,” Wolfe says as he pulls out of her embrace. “Rozanov?” He holds his hand out to Ilya – so stupid and formal – and Ilya shakes it firmly, his lips curling into a smile as their warm palms connect, sending a zing through his lower belly.

“See you,” Ilya says, grinning at him.

Wolfe rolls his eyes but is clearly stifling a small smile of his own as he turns towards the door, and Ilya may or may not watch his ass as he walks away.

“What the hell was that?” Ilya blurts at Svetlana, who looks very pleased with herself. “Are you trying to fuck him or something? Now we have to get up early to be at that church at 9am?”

“Relax, Ilya – we can go to the clubs tomorrow. Saturday night will be more fun anyways. And I’m not trying to fuck him – Jesus Christ. The thought of him exploring the city all alone was so sad. He’s so sweet and cute. You’re telling me you didn’t feel bad?”

Sweet and cute isn’t exactly how Ilya would describe the foul-mouthed, six-foot sexpot who sucked Ilya’s soul out of his dick a few months ago, but the truth is that Ilya did feel kind of bad when Wolfe said he was going to spend the day by himself, and even though Ilya knows it’s probably a terrible idea, he actually is looking forward to spending more time with him tomorrow. Though he kind of was hoping that if they ended up hanging out it wouldn’t be with all their clothes on, but oh well. Maybe a miracle will happen and they will still fuck.

After they’ve left the venue, and grabbed some quick late night tapas, Ilya finds himself back in his hotel room much earlier than he planned, and isn’t surprised to see that he has a text from Wolfe.

Messages

Jane

Details

Saturday, July 18, 2015

12:32 AM

Well that was a fucking surprise.

don’t act like you were not a little bit happy to see me

I mean I was pretty shocked. And kind of confused.

Why didn’t you tell me you were coming?

who says i came to see you



Okay, sure.

But you did fly all the way here.

You could have told me.

is only like 4 hour flight from moscow

also did not know we were going backstage

is not a big deal

Okay. Does Svetlana know about you? Or us?

no

Gotcha.

So tomorrow should be interesting then.

yes

might be kind of sexy

pretending like we barely know each other

If you say so.

I think you're going to have a hard time not flirting with me.

lol a hard time

Omg you're so annoying.

I'm going to bed since we have to be up early.

yes, way too fucking early

You don't have to join me, asshole.

no no im sure your boring list will be great

Fuck you. It's not boring.

Goodnight.

adios 🙄

Well, that could have gone worse, probably? Ilya is still kind of embarrassed that Wolfe caught him at the show like that, and Wolfe is obviously a bit pissed off that Ilya didn't tell him he was going to be here, but he's also clearly not too upset to still hang out with Ilya tomorrow, so.

Now Ilya is just going to have to figure out how to be normal with Svetlana there, which may be tough, because she knows him pretty fucking well.



Wolfe is already outside when Ilya and Svetlana's cab pulls up at 8:50am, standing with his back to them, gazing up at the massive building and snapping pictures with his digital camera. He's wearing a white t-shirt that's snug around his chest and arms, faded gray chino shorts, a pair of classic Converse, and a backpack, and when he turns to face them, Ilya is hit with the sudden realization that he has never seen Wolfe in the daylight before, at least not in-person.

"Hey," Wolfe breathes, his big brown eyes flitting over Ilya's sunlit face like he, too, is looking at him for the first time. "Can you guys believe this?" He waves his hand towards the façade of the basilica near the visitor entrance, which Ilya has to admit is unlike anything he's ever seen.

The Sagrada Familia is obviously still under construction, with cranes and scaffolding rising behind the façade, but the side they're looking at is absolutely incredible – with hundreds of ornate figures of plants and animals, and what appear to be biblical figures covering the entire structure, all the way up to four impressive towers on top.

"Wow," Svetlana sighs, as her eyes rake over the extraordinary statues and carvings. "It's really something."

"Right?" Wolfe's voice comes out high-pitched, and he's talking faster than usual. "I've been here for like twenty minutes, just looking at it. Did you know that Gaudí used casts from real people and animals as models? And he purposefully designed the central tower – which is still being built – to be just shorter than the highest point in Barcelona, Montjuïc? It's because he believed that man-made buildings shouldn't exceed the work of God."

"Woah – Mr. Tour Guide," Ilya jeers, holding his hands up, palms facing Wolfe. "You should charge people for this."

"Oh, my bad. Almost forgot you're an asshole," Wolfe grumbles, rolling his eyes. "Let's go check in."

"Ilya," Svetlana snaps at him, kissing her teeth together. "Don't be a dick."

"Sorry," Ilya murmurs, and falls into step behind her. He's so used to fucking with Wolfe, that he forgot how it might look. Luckily, Ilya is always a little bit of a dickhead, regardless of who he's talking to, so there's no way Svetlana has picked up on how familiar the two of them are yet.

Once they've scanned their tickets, they make their way inside the building, and Ilya is completely gobsmacked by what he sees when he steps through the doors. The windows carved into the white stone of the walls are filled with red and yellow and blue and green glass, with the morning sun streaming through the cooler blues and greens, casting shards of colored light throughout the enormous space. Long ivory columns rise from the floor and branch overhead like tall trees, reaching towards the impossibly high ceilings. The whole basilica looks like something out of a dream, and Ilya's jaw drops as he gazes skyward.

None of them say anything for a few minutes, just staring upward in reverent silence, before they eventually start quietly roaming through the church, Wolfe stopping every so often to look up at something or snap a photo while Ilya and Svetlana trail behind him. At some point, Svetlana splits off, and Wolfe wanders towards the altar at the head of the basilica. Ilya sidles up beside him wordlessly, and the two of them stand shoulder-to-shoulder, the bare skin of their arms almost touching, neither of them daring to move or speak for a moment, before Wolfe finally breaks the tension.

"So this is kind of weird," Wolfe whispers, like he feels badly about disturbing the stillness around them. "Us being here together. Right?"

"What, you don't take all your dates to church?" Ilya chuckles under his breath.

"Actually, I don't go to church. My family isn't religious. Also, you know this isn't a date," Wolfe scoffs. "Unless you always bring a woman you're fu—sleeping with—on your dates with other people."

Did Wolfe just stop himself from swearing because they're in a church? Also, how does he know that Ilya and Svetlana fuck?

"How do you know we sleep together?" Ilya asks, his brow raised.

"Are you seriously going to tell me you two don't...?" Wolfe sends him a challenging eyebrow raise of his own.

"Eh, only sometimes," Ilya admits quietly. "Is not a big deal. We are just friends."

"Whatever," Wolfe mumbles, his eyes fixed on the altar in front of them. "It's really not my business. Sorry. I still just can't believe we are both here right now at the fu—freakin' Sagrada Familia. It's sort of ridiculous."

"Hm, it is a little," Ilya smirks. It is a bit ludicrous that the first place they're hanging out together outside the bedroom is a church.

"You know, even though we weren't religious," Wolfe says, clearly wanting to change the subject. "I've always found churches to be such beautiful buildings. I love the high ceilings."

"Mm," Ilya hums in agreement, though he's not sure if he can relate to the part about not being religious. Despite everything, he probably still believes in God – especially now, standing in this ethereal, warm basilica, bathed in a colorful halo of light next to Wolfe, who is diligently taking pictures of the ceiling above them, close enough to Ilya that he can smell the citrus and bergamot of his cologne.

“Do you mind if we check out the museum before we go?” Wolfe turns to ask him, his eyes shining and hopeful, and what – is Ilya going to say no?

“You’re kind of a nerd,” Ilya teases, nudging Wolfe’s firm bicep with his hand. “Yes, we can go to the museum.”

“Fu–eff you. I don’t know why I even asked,” Wolfe huffs, turning away from Ilya. “I would have gone regardless.”

The museum is actually pretty cool, with lots of architectural models, drawings, plans, and photographs documenting the construction of the basilica. Ilya is especially interested in the explanations of Gaudí’s geometric methods – he always liked math.

Wolfe unsurprisingly spends a lot of time reading everything on display, and Ilya and Svetlana end up waiting for him to finish for at least ten minutes, which gives them more time to look at the outside of the building, since they didn’t before.

“That was really cool,” Svetlana beams, once Wolfe joins them out front. “Definitely one of the prettiest churches I’ve ever been to.”

“Yes,” Ilya agrees, winking at Wolfe. “Very pretty.”

Wolfe rolls his eyes again, but he’s biting back a smile as he follows Ilya over to the sidewalk to call a taxi.



“I cannot believe this guy did not do drugs,” Ilya says as he stares out past the curved serpentine bench covered in a mosaic of broken tiles in front of him, down at the whimsical buildings in the park below, which frame the sprawling cityscape of Barcelona beyond them that stretches for miles toward the crystal blue ocean. “How did somebody so serious and sober come up with all these weird shapes and crazy colors?”

“Oh, so you *were* reading in the museum,” Wolfe smirks.

“Obviously I was,” Ilya scoffs. “Believe it or not, I like art.”

“It’s true,” Svetlana says, nodding her head. “Ilya collects it.”

“Oh, really? That’s cool.” Wolfe presses the toe of his shoe into the dirt, pushing it around a little.
“What kind of art do you like?”

“Mostly abstract. Geometric shapes, and things like that.”

“So you probably like Gaudí, then,” Wolfe says, his smile growing wider. “I’m not a huge art guy, but I’m pretty sure those are geometric shapes, right?” He points at the roof and narrow spire on one of the buildings Ilya had been looking at, which are decorated with blue and white ceramic tiles, arranged into a checker and diamond-like pattern.

“Mm, yes. I do.” It’s the truth – Ilya is really enjoying everything they’ve seen so far at Parc Güell, from the pale stone staircase adorned with a brightly colored mosaic dragon, to the Hypostyle room, arranged like a stone forest with dozens upon dozens of massive columns supporting the tiled ceiling embedded with colorful circular mosaic medallions. Ilya thinks his neck may hurt after this trip, just from gazing upwards so much today.

“I’m going to find the bathroom,” Svetlana says, as she readjusts the sunglasses nestled in her hair. “It’s so fucking hot – I need to splash my face with water. I’ll be right back.”

As soon as she’s gone, Ilya turns to Wolfe, who is bending over to take pictures of the bench. He is sweating a bit, the damp fabric of his white t-shirt clinging to his skin where it rides up over his tailbone, highlighting the taut muscles near his lower back and the curve of his spine, which Ilya knows leads to those tempting dimples above his ass.

“Is this the kind of architecture you like?” Ilya is not even sure why he’s asking Wolfe the question, but he finds that for some reason he actually does want to know the answer.

“Honestly, not really,” Wolfe chuckles, as he straightens up and twists to face Ilya. “It’s a bit too fantastical for me. I prefer more of a contemporary, or modern, style. I do like the nature aspects of his designs, but I’m more into, like, earthy structural materials, like wood, and stone, and stuff, instead of all the, um, colors.”

“Ah yes, that makes sense,” Ilya hums. “You have a lot of plants and wood furniture in your apartment.”

Wolfe’s already pink cheeks, flushed from the heat, go even redder at the reminder that Ilya has been inside his home. “I mean, I can’t really do what I’d like to do with my apartment since I’m just renting. And it’s so small. But when I… um, nevermind.”

“What?” Ilya waves his hand out in front of him, like he’s expecting Wolfe to continue. “When you what?”

“It’s not – I don’t know exactly when this will happen. But I’ve been saving for a bigger place. I want to buy a house.” Wolfe pauses, like he’s waiting for Ilya to make a joke, or something. But when Ilya doesn’t, he continues. “In a perfect world, I would be able to design it myself – or I mean, work with a designer to build something exactly how I want it. I’d love to have a place in the city and another one closer to the water, maybe out near my parents. It’s not super realistic, probably. But still. You never know, right?”

Wolfe won’t quite meet Ilya’s eyes, and he is fiddling with the buttons on the back of his camera.

“That sounds nice,” Ilya says earnestly, because it does. “I think you will do it.”

“Ha. I’m not sure I’ll be able to get *two* properties for a while. But I can probably buy something in the city next year.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah.” Wolfe is looking at Ilya again, his lips twitching upward. “You’re not the only one who earns good money, Rozanov. I have *multiple* income streams, you know.”

“Oh, I know,” Ilya says, grinning back at him. “You are a busy boy. And you are very talented.”

Wolfe opens and closes his mouth, like he isn’t quite sure how to respond to that.

“What? You are surprised I gave you a compliment?” Ilya raises an eyebrow at him.

“No,” Wolfe huffs. And then he steps even closer to Ilya – so close that Ilya can feel the warmth radiating off his body. His mouth curves up, and his lashes flutter as he meets Ilya’s gaze. “You love to compliment me.”

Wolfe’s smirk widens slightly, and when he speaks again, his voice drops low enough that only Ilya can hear him. “*Fuuuck*, Wolfe. You take me *so well*,” he purrs, imitating Ilya’s accent, his doe eyes locked on Ilya’s. “You look so *pretty* on your knees... Such a *good* mouth.”

Ilya swallows. Wolfe’s face is so close that Ilya can see the sweat dripping down his brow, and the wet shine of his plush lower lip, and he wants to reach out and grab the back of his neck, and –

“What are we talking about?” Svetlana suddenly appears behind Ilya, wrapping her slender arms around his chest and squeezing.

“Ack – Svetlana, is too hot for this,” Ilya snaps, shaking her off of him.

“We were just talking about architecture,” Wolfe says calmly, like he wasn’t just torturing Ilya, and swiftly steps backwards, his expression neutral as he turns to face the bench again.

Ilya’s breathing has gone shaky, and he’s not certain whether it’s from being overheated or because Wolfe just flirted with him in public.

One of the reasons Ilya loves vacationing outside the U.S. is that very few people recognize him. If they do, it’s usually because they’re an American tourist or an expat, which he’s more likely to run into at popular tourist destinations like Parc Güell. Luckily, even with hundreds of people exploring the park right now, Ilya is usually pretty good at noticing when someone knows who he is – they stare a little too long, or do a double-take, or turn and whisper to whoever they’re with – and nothing has made his senses tingle yet today.

But that doesn’t mean he should be standing nose-to-nose with another man, seconds away from pulling him in for a kiss, in the fucking *daylight*, surrounded by people. And that’s not even considering the Svetlana of it all, who almost caught Ilya in a compromising situation. He needs to keep his shit together.

He pivots on his heels so that he’s no longer facing Wolfe, and sends Svetlana an exaggerated pout. “I’m hungry,” he whines. “What are we doing for lunch?”

“Wolfe?” Svetlana asks, walking towards the bench, where he is now sitting. “Did you have anything specific planned?”

“Uh – actually no,” Wolfe shrugs. “I figured I would just pop into a random restaurant, or something.”

“No, no, no,” Ilya blurts. “We are in one of the best food cities in Europe. Give me one second.” He pulls out his phone, firing off a text to the Raiders group chat. Several of the guys have been to Barcelona, and will be able to send him some ideas. It’s probably early in the morning for many of them, but they’re scattered all over the U.S. and Europe right now, so surely someone will –

His phone pings, and it’s St-Simon, whose taste he trusts. “Okay, I found a place. Let’s go.”



“There’s no sign on the door,” Wolfe sighs, his arms crossed, as they stand outside the unmarked wooden doorway. “Are you sure this is the right spot?”

“Yes,” Ilya says, rolling his eyes. “Is a–what do you call it–‘hole in wall’ kind of place. For locals.”

“Hm,” Wolfe hums. “If you say so.”

Sure enough, the door swings open, and they’re escorted to their table inside the restaurant, which appears to have only six or seven small tables crammed close together and surrounded by stools, almost all of them packed with people. The space is narrow, with a low ceiling and exposed beams, and the cooking and prep area is visible right behind a central counter, so they can hear the cooks and servers talking as they work. It’s loud, and warm, and it smells fucking amazing.

“Què voleu per beure?” The server asks, looking down at them.

“I think he’s asking us what we want to drink,” Wolfe says to Ilya and Svetlana, before turning back to their waiter. “Agua, por favor?”

“Cerveza,” Ilya chimes in, “Por favor.” That one he definitely knows – very useful in Miami.

Svetlana orders a water too, and then they both stare at Wolfe.

“How did you understand him?” Svetlana asks, taking the words out of Ilya’s mouth. “I don’t even think that was Spanish?”

“I’m pretty sure it was Catalan,” Wolfe says, a slight flush creeping up his neck. “I definitely don’t understand it. Or Spanish. But I do speak French, and *‘qu’est-ce que vous voulez boire’* sounded similar to what he said, so...”

“You speak French?” Ilya’s brain is short-circuiting a little, after hearing those pretty words come out of Wolfe’s mouth like that. “Fluently?”

“Yeah,” he admits. “I did French immersion growing up.”

“Hm, good to know,” Ilya mumbles under his breath, his lip quirking upward, which causes Wolfe to get very interested in his napkin all of a sudden.

The restaurant doesn’t have traditional table menus, just a chalkboard on the wall with today’s available dishes, and they decide to order about half of what is scrawled up there, with Wolfe getting particularly excited about the ‘garbanzos’ and seafood options, and Ilya looking forward to the bacon and chorizo.

Each dish arrives on separate small plates, a smorgasbord of charred meats, tiny whole sardines, flaky cod, octopus and shrimp glistening with oil and garlic, bread covered in crushed tomato, and what appear to be fried potato balls topped with a mysterious cream substance and a dash of red sauce. Ilya’s mouth is watering, and it seems he is not alone, as all their eyes have gone wide at the spread.

Ilya immediately pops one of the round bombas in his mouth, and can’t hold back the moan that escapes around the bite.

“Fuck,” he murmurs, as the mashed potatoes and minced meat explode with flavor on his tongue, “you have to try this.”

“I’m good,” Wolfe replies, as he starts grabbing pieces of seafood to put onto his plate. “Not big on fried stuff.”

“Nope,” Ilya snaps, as he picks up another bomba and waves it in front of Wolfe’s face. “You must eat one. I insist.”

“I don’t really –”

“What? You are scared of the balls?” Ilya laughs, as he brings the fried sphere even closer to Wolfe’s mouth, causing Wolfe to jerk his head backwards.

“Oh my god, fuck off,” Wolfe grunts, though he’s trying not to smile, which only makes Ilya press forward even further, threatening to swipe the aioli on Wolfe’s closed lips.

“Fine, Jesus,” Wolfe finally relents, grabbing the bomba out of Ilya’s fingers. “But you’re not feeding it to me, you freak.”

Wolfe stares at Ilya as he slowly places the entire round ball into his mouth, letting out a similar moan to Ilya’s as he chews, his cheeks full and his eyelids squeezing shut with pleasure. There’s a bit of white sauce clinging to his bottom lip, and Ilya reaches for his beer to cool himself down.

“Damn, is it that good?” Svetlana asks, grabbing one for herself.

“Actually, yeah,” Wolfe grins, as he licks the aioli off his lips, winking at Ilya while Svetlana isn’t looking. “So good.”

Ilya huffs into his cerveza, and he can feel that his face is getting red.

“So, how are things going at the club?” Svetlana asks around a bite of pan con tomate. “You still work there with Simone?”

“Yeah, we are both still there,” Wolfe confirms. “They’re actually bumping her up to one of the prime slots, which is exciting.”

“Oh, that’s awesome!” Svetlana is blushing as she fiddles with the shell of one of the shrimp. “She is really talented.”

Ilya laughs, because he’s pretty sure that was a double entendre, but Svetlana shoots him a glare, cutting him off quickly.

“Anyways,” Svetlana huffs. “Ilya and I are still figuring out our plans for later tonight. We definitely want to go to the clubs. You think you’ll go out?”

“Mm, yeah,” Wolfe nods as he swallows another forkful of cod, before pulling out his phone to look at what appears to be a group text. “We are hitting some shots bar or something, and then a couple clubs. Opium and Shôko? I think we are on a VIP list so we don’t have to wait in line.”

“Ah, those are the same clubs St-Simon told us to go to,” Ilya says, smiling at Wolfe. “I guess we will see you there.”

“Shots bar sounds fun, too!” Svetlana nudges Ilya’s shoulder. “Maybe we can join you?”

Wolfe glances at Ilya – who isn’t sure whether he finds the thought of going out with Wolfe and his friends tonight terrifying or thrilling, and therefore says and does nothing to help Wolfe decide how to respond – before looking back down at his phone again. “Um, sure, I don’t see why not. I’ll text you the details, but it’s called Espit Chupitos, and I think we are going around midnight, after dinner. I guess they do everything super late here, and just take a nap, or siesta, so they aren’t tired? I am definitely going to need one when we are done sightseeing – my roommate Leo snores like a fucking freight train so I’ve been sleeping like shit.”

“Ha!” Svetlana chuckles. “Ilya snores too. It’s so annoying.”

“I do not! What the fuck, Svetlana?”

“Yes, you fucking do.”

“Do not.”

“Do.”

Wolfe’s eyes are flitting between the two of them, and he’s fiddling with his napkin again.

“Anyways,” Svetlana coughs. “That sounds great. Thanks for letting us crash. I bet it will be fun going out with a bunch of dancers!”

“Yeah, we have a good time,” Wolfe grins.

Now Ilya is thinking about what it’s going to be like watching Wolfe with all his dancer friends, at the bar and the club. It’s like Ilya is being dropped into one of Wolfe’s Snapchats, and it’s making his belly flip flop around a little with anticipation. Is he going to see Wolfe pick up a guy? What if

Wolfe is already hooking up with somebody on the tour? Does it really matter if they both end up fucking other people tonight?

Before Ilya can spin out too much about it, though, Wolfe puts him out of his misery.

“Can you believe they’re trading Kessler to Pittsburgh? You guys must be pissed, right?”

Ilya opens his mouth to respond, but Svetlana beats him to it, of course.

“They’re going to be fucking scary, now,” she says, as she finishes off the last of the garbanzos. “Especially if they put him with Marks.”

“No way,” Wolfe scoffs. “They should put him with Crowder.”

And then they go back and forth like that for a while, bickering about line formations, and the draft, and who has the best shot at the Cup next season, and who needs to fucking retire already, and Ilya can’t help but smile to himself while he listens to them, jumping in every so often with his own controversial and correct opinions. Of course Wolfe can go toe-to-toe with Svetlana about hockey. Ilya should have seen this coming.

After they’ve argued for several minutes over who is getting the bill, Wolfe finally gives in when Ilya agrees to let him buy them a couple shots at the bar later, and then they head out towards the Gothic Quarter. It’s about a twenty minute walk, but they’re quickly distracted from the heat when they come upon Plaça Del Rei, an impressive medieval square which Wolfe says dates back to the 1300s. Did he read a book about Barcelona before he came here, or something?

Ilya has to admit that the city’s architecture is pretty incredible, though, as they wander through the old streets, past the enormous Gothic cathedral, and up to Pont del Bisbe, a gorgeous bridge with intricate stone tracery and a mysterious skull and dagger carved underneath.

“You know they say it’s bad luck to walk under here while looking at the skull,” Wolfe says just as they’re about to cross the threshold. “Unless you walk backwards, and then you can actually make a wish, which might come true.”

They all look at each other for a moment, before immediately twisting their bodies around so that the bridge is behind them, their faces breaking out into shy smiles.

“Guess we are all superstitious,” Svetlana chuckles, as they start to slowly step backwards.

Wolfe is wedged between Ilya and Svetlana, and the soft skin of his arm brushes against Ilya’s as they move. Ilya dares to peek sideways at Wolfe’s big brown eyes, which are fixed on the carved skull above them — and he briefly wonders what Wolfe is wishing for, his heart skipping a beat as he considers making his own wish for something that’s probably impossible.

They continue towards Plaça Sant Jaume – the severity of the big square municipal building looking vaguely familiar to Ilya – on through the Jewish quarter, where Wolfe stops to take several pictures of a tiny stone doorway tucked into one of the narrow streets. Apparently, it used to be Barcelona’s main synagogue, until the quarter was attacked and hundreds of Jews were killed. Looking at the inconspicuous site now, it’s hard to believe it was once a place where such violence occurred, though Ilya knows from his own country’s history that looks can often be deceiving.

Eventually, they emerge onto La Rambla, a massive tree-lined promenade crowded with newsstands, kiosks, souvenir and flower shops, and cafés. The street is full of people, winding through the storefronts, singing and dancing and shouting, and playing instruments – it's loud, and colorful, and kind of amazing.

After weaving through the crowds, they step into La Boqueria, which Ilya recognizes as the famous market that St-Simon mentioned, and which is basically a massive hall filled with food stalls selling everything from cured meats and cheeses to pastries and fresh produce. Ilya is in heaven, and makes them stop to sample several different types of cheese, before purchasing a block of manchego, and eliciting several glorious eye rolls and adorable scowls from Wolfe when Ilya keeps buying pastry after pastry, until he probably has collected too many to feasibly eat before they leave the city – even if Svetlana helps. But it's fucking summer, so Ilya is going to consume as many sweets as he wants.

He takes a massive bite of a xuixo, his teeth sinking into the long piece of fried dough, sending a burst of rich pastry cream onto his tongue and coating his mouth in sugar, grinning at Wolfe as he licks the sweet dust off his lips. Wolfe's piercing gaze goes a bit darker at that, before he seems to remember where they are, and turns on his heel to put some distance between them.

Wolfe immediately lights up however, when his eyes land on a handwritten sign that says 'SUCS NATURALS. SENSE SUCRE AFEGIT' next to row after row of brightly colored juices, and he practically runs over to purchase the most disgusting-looking one Ilya can see. It's basically green sludge, but Wolfe is humming with happiness as he drinks it, so, whatever.

Once they're out of the market, and past La Rambla, Ilya realizes they're about to reach their final stop before they go their separate ways, and is surprised at how quickly the day flew by – especially considering how long Wolfe's list was. And though Ilya is excited to hit the clubs tonight, as he walks behind Svetlana and Wolfe chattering about who knows what on their stroll towards Passeig de Gràcia, he finds himself already mourning the brief time that he and Wolfe spent together in the sun.

"If you guys want to go shopping, now would probably be a good time to do so," Wolfe says, as he twists around to face Ilya. "I'm just going to be looking at buildings, and this street is kind of known for its shopping, so."

"Ooh, yes, Ilya, let's go!" Svetlana hops up and down a little, before reaching out to grab Ilya's arm.

"Is the shopping on the same street as the boring buildings?" Ilya finds himself asking, which causes Svetlana to shoot him a puzzled look.

"Uh – technically yes?"

"Then we will do both. Can shop at the end." Ilya shrugs, and rubs his nose with his knuckle, avoiding Svetlana's gaze.

"Okay..." Wolfe also looks a bit confused, but continues walking, pulling out his camera as they turn onto the street, passing a Zara, Mango and H&M, none of which Ilya would stop at anyways.

Svetlana glances back at Ilya longingly as they pass Loewe, but it's right next to a series of admittedly stunning houses, which each look completely different from the other. Wolfe says it's because they were all designed by different architects, and Ilya can immediately tell which one is

Gaudí's, because everything is curved, and covered in broken pieces of ceramic and glass, and framed by bone-like stone columns. Wolfe is taking pictures with his digital camera again, his mouth hanging half open and his brows furrowed with concentration, and Ilya has to consciously remind himself to look at the architecture and not Wolfe so as to avoid further suspicion from Svetlana.

Eventually, they do part ways, with Svetlana practically begging Ilya to double back with her to Chanel, Bvlgari, and Louis Vuitton, and he can never say no to her. It all happens so quickly, and unceremoniously, with Wolfe waving as they walk in opposite directions down the street, and Ilya thinks that actually maybe some retail therapy is exactly what he needs to get rid of the weird pit in his stomach.

Chapter End Notes

Next up, it's nighttime in Barcelona and things get spicy 🍷
Chapter 13 is up now!

Notes on Ch12:

- Not me outlining an entire Lady Gaga show...people making playlists for this fic, please do not feel compelled to add every Gaga song mentioned, or half the playlist will be her songs haha

- For those who want the visual, here is the split move Wolfe does in LoveGame:

https://youtu.be/_K35oMdrWrE?si=Etw5KgZMvqcLE76f

- And here is the Iron X move he does up on the pole in the air during G.U.Y.:

<https://youtu.be/Tk6TZMv5rx0?si=aQkeciueK9bBsP0z>

- I like how Wolfe/Shane is pissed that Ilya didn't tell him he was coming but he's also like, kind of jazzed that he flew all the way there just to watch him...it's very much giving "I just can't stay mad at you" energy

- Can you tell I love Barcelona? Figured I would take you on a tour. The restaurant they go to for lunch is based on La Cova Fumada, by the way (so delicious).

- In my world, dancer Shane allows himself to nerd out even harder about the stuff he likes, because no one made him feel bad about it, and that includes architecture

- I swear I don't have a food fetish, but I just love the idea of the boys torturing each other by taking sexual bites of food throughout the day haha, since they can't really flirt in front of Svetlana (though they still do because they can't help themselves)

- Is there anything more romantic (I mean very casual and chill) than exploring a new city with your crush?

Yes, Ilya likes math and art! He is very smart and I will die on that hill.

- wanted to shout out @baptistesarret on Instagram, who is another incredible dancer I've been referencing! (Someone shared him on Threads and I couldn't believe I hadn't mentioned him yet!)

Chapter 13: have a boring summer! (part 2)

Chapter Summary

Ilya and Svetlana join Wolfe and his dancer friends for their night out in Barcelona...and things happen!

Chapter Notes

We are still in Ilya POV – this is a continuation of the last chapter – posted both at the same time ☺

If you have not read Ch.12 (Barcelona part 1) please go back and read it now!!!

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

Barcelona, Spain

July 2015 - The Same Day

Ilya practically leaps out of bed at the blaring sound of his alarm – feeling more than a bit disoriented when his phone tells him that it's 9pm – before remembering that he has just woken up from a 'siesta' ahead of what is sure to be a very long evening.

He already showered earlier – he was way too sweaty to nap without one – so he spends the next thirty minutes trying to make himself look as hot as humanly possible. He figures he can't go wrong with a fitted black button-down, the top two buttons undone and the sleeves rolled to his forearms, dark pants, a black leather belt, his black leather Chelsea boots, and one of his Hublots on his wrist. He takes his time styling his hair, pushing his curls back a little, and spritzes himself with his latest signature cologne, Creed Royal Oud, which is a little smoky and spicy, with hints of cedar and sandalwood. As he stares at himself in the mirror, he knows one thing for certain – regardless of how the night goes, he will not be going back to his hotel alone.

Svetlana looks fucking unreal, as usual, in a black silk minidress with skinny straps, a pair of strappy heels, and gold jewelry. The two of them are lethal together, in their all-black outfits, and he can feel the other patrons' eyes on them as they sit down to eat their dinner. They're splitting a delicious seafood paella and bottle of sangria, which Ilya thinks is a little too sweet, but understands that it's kind of something you just have to do, when in Spain.

"So Wolfe is really nice, isn't he?" Svetlana asks, not even looking up from her plate.

"Mm, sure," Ilya says with a sniff. *"He's a little serious, though."*

"I didn't think so," Svetlana says around a bite of lobster. *"I think it's just dry humor. He's pretty funny."*

"If you say so." Ilya takes another sip of his drink.

"He's gay, right?"

Ilya's heart skips a beat. *"I don't know. Maybe? Why do you think so?"*

"He just, barely looked at me," Svetlana chuckles. *"He kept looking at you, though."*

"Okay?" Ilya really doesn't want to talk about this.

"I know you're a flirt, Ilya, but you shouldn't flirt with gay guys unless you mean it. It's not cool."

Oh for fuck's sake. So Svetlana noticed Ilya was flirting with Wolfe, but thinks he's what... leading Wolfe on? The whole thing would be laughable if she wasn't so close to uncovering Ilya's secret.

"I wasn't—"

"Ilya."

"Okay, fuck, sorry. I'll behave."

"Thank you."

And then she doesn't bring Wolfe up again, thank god.



♪ Now Playing ♪

[Intoxicated — Martin Solveig & GTA](#)

As Ilya and Svetlana step inside the dark, narrow bar, which is lit only by dim recessed orange bulbs inside the shelves along the wall behind the counter and the glow of blue string lights across the ceiling, they're hit with the familiar smell of liquor, as well as... smoke?

"There they are!" Wolfe's voice booms out, and Ilya can see him waving them over from his spot at the very end of the bar top. "Come join us for a Boy Scout shot!"

They squeeze their way in between Wolfe and one of his friends, a very handsome, tall man with gorgeous brown skin and kind eyes, who looks just about as muscular as Wolfe is.

“This is Leo,” Wolfe says, gesturing towards him. “Leo, this is Svetlana Vetrova and Ilya Rozanov. They’re from Boston – or Russia? Boston and Russia.”

“Ah, you’re the roommate who snores,” Svetlana chirps, smirking at Leo. Ilya can tell she thinks he’s hot. Hopefully he isn’t gay.

“Wolfe, what the fuck!” Leo blurts. “You’ve already embarrassed me in front of this absolutely stunning woman.” Leo looks Svetlana up and down, his gaze pausing ever so slightly on her breasts. Not gay, then, at least not completely. Ilya shouldn’t feel as relieved as he does.

“What is a Boy Scout shot?” Ilya asks, as he glances down the row of men and women along the bar, all attractive and fit. There have to be at least ten of them.

“Okay, so,” Wolfe says, and Ilya can tell he’s had something to drink already. “This place has more than *six hundred* shots on the menu. Can you believe that? And many of them are super creative. I guess this one involves fire, and a marshmallow, or something? Just watch!”

Ilya and Svetlana turn their attention to the bartender, who is counting the number of bodies with her finger. Then, she pulls out about a dozen shot glasses, filling each of them with clear liquor, before passing them down the line.

“What is this?” Ilya asks Wolfe, who just shrugs his shoulders in response.

“I don’t know. Alcohol?”

“Gee, thanks,” Ilya scoffs, as he grabs two wooden skewers from Svetlana, each with a marshmallow stuck on the end, keeping one for himself and handing the other to Wolfe.

Before he has a chance to process what is going on, the bartender picks up a bottle of what appears to be vodka, and tips it upside down, pouring a fair amount of the contents all over the metal surface of the bar. Then, she pulls out a lighter and lights the entire puddle on *fire*, eliciting whooping and cheering from the group, as she says something to the dancers across from her, which Ilya can barely hear.

“I think we are supposed to roast the marshmallows,” Leo yells to them over the music, passing down the instructions like a game of telephone.

“Cute,” Svetlana giggles, as they all lean over with their skewers, sticking the tips into the open flames, until their marshmallows start to soften and blacken around the edges.

Ilya turns his head to look at Wolfe on the other side of him, who is slowly rotating his marshmallow with great focus, trying to get it evenly crispy on all sides – the glow of the fire illuminating the cinnamon brown of his eyes and the freckles on his cheeks.

“I think yours is burning, Ilya.” Svetlana nudges his shoulder, and he quickly pulls his marshmallow, which is still on fire and completely black on one side, out of the flames.

“Oops.”

“Okay, dunk it in your shot!” Leo shouts, as they all douse their marshmallows in their glasses to cool them down. “Now shoot it and then eat it!”

One by one, arms are raised, heads are tossed back, and shots are swallowed, followed by the immediate slapping of glasses against the countertop and the consumption of wet, melty marshmallows. The liquor was some sort of vanilla-flavored vodka, and it's objectively terrible, but the sweet and gooey marshmallow chaser is delightful, and Ilya smiles around it as he chews. He twists to his right again to face Wolfe, who is licking the sticky white remnants off his thumb. *Fuck*. Wolfe grins around the digit in his mouth, and Ilya swallows at the sight, quickly turning back towards Svetlana.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Mi Vecinita — Plan B](#)

The evening only devolves from there, the group getting progressively drunker with each new ridiculous shot, dangerously mixing liquors and sugary chasers, and trying to find the craziest options on the menu.

There's one where they all fill their mouths with Pop Rocks, holding their jaws open as the candy fizzles and crackles on their tongues, before pouring a shot of blue liquor over the top, and another, where they squirt red liquor out of plastic syringes into their mouths.

"Blegh, these are all so fucking sweet," Ilya whines, but he's definitely got a buzz going, and it's hard to complain when he looks around at everyone's happy faces, their tongues gone purple.

Wolfe gets very excited about something called a green tea shot, which really isn't bad and thankfully doesn't come with any sort of show moment. And then, a few of the female dancers are shrieking about something, and yelling something to the bartenders, before one of them starts waving Leo and Wolfe over.

"Guys! All the Gaga guys, over here. You're doing a blow job shot!" A curly-haired blonde yells down the bartop, and Leo and Wolfe shuffle over, as Svetlana and Ilya slide down to the end to watch.

The five male dancers, including Wolfe and Leo, back up against the bar, facing outward, as one-by-one, the two bartenders tie a blindfold over their eyes. Then, each bartender crawls up onto the bar on their knees, physically turning two of the dancers – one who Ilya hasn't met yet, and the other being Wolfe – around to face them.

They reach behind the bar, pulling out what appear to be beer bottles, each one encased inside a fucking *plastic dildo*. The girls all start laughing, and Ilya's throat goes dry, despite the copious amounts of liquor he's already consumed. As if the visual of a dildo being held in front of Wolfe's face isn't enough, the bartender sprays the tip with whipped cream, before bringing it towards Wolfe's mouth.

"Open up!" she commands, to which Wolfe immediately unhinges his jaw, sticking his tongue out, like the good fucking boy Ilya already knows he is.

Ilya's pulse is racing, as the bartender swings the dildo around Wolfe's gaping mouth, before briefly tapping the sides of his cheeks with it – not quite slapping him with it, but close. Ilya can see Wolfe's brow furrow from under the blindfold, as he tries to figure out what is happening, when the bartender sticks the head of the dildo in his mouth, the cream landing on his tongue.

"What the fuck?" Wolfe spits, clearly disgusted by the taste of the whipped cream and confused about the mechanism that put it there. The same thing is happening to the guy on the other end of

the bar, and the women are all screaming and cheering, and Ilya has to admit it's all a bit funny.

The bartenders remove the blindfolds, revealing the phallic props they've been teasing the guys with, and Wolfe immediately rolls his eyes, huffing a laugh. "Oh my god, guys. Okay."

"Open your mouth!" The bartender shouts again, and this time, Ilya doesn't miss how Wolfe glances sideways at him, as he slowly tilts his head back and unhinges his jaw. The bartender vigorously shakes the dildo-covered beer bottle a few times, before shooting the resulting spray through the tip of the dildo into Wolfe's wide-open mouth, quickly filling it with liquid. Wolfe, of course, barely gags at all, gulping the beer down no problem, with hardly any of it spilling over, before she finally pulls the dildo-bottle back. Wolfe rises to standing, wiping any remaining beer off his lips and chin, and then takes a bow, as all the women, and Ilya, whoop and applaud.

"Damn," Svetlana gasps, as she watches a confused, blindfolded Leo now licking cream off the tip of a dildo. "Why is this kind of hot."

Because Wolfe is fucking hot, and watching him suck down a stream of liquid shooting out of a dildo is hot, obviously.

"Because you are a pervert," Ilya huffs, and turns back towards the bar. "Can I get a plain shot of vodka, please? No cream, or candy, or anything."

"What, you don't want to do a blowjob shot, Rozanov?" Wolfe appears on the other side of him, bumping into his shoulder. "I think you'd be good at it."

Ilya chokes out a laugh, before swallowing down the vodka, never taking his eyes off Wolfe's. "Mm, not as good as you," he says with a wink, which has the desired effect of making Wolfe shove him hard in the arm.

"Shut up."

"So," Ilya says, his voice going low and a bit more serious. "Do none of these dancer friends watch hockey?" He wants to know if any of them recognize Ilya.

"Sadly, nooooo," Wolfe sighs, throwing his head back dramatically. He's definitely tipsy. "I fucking wish they did, so I could talk to them about it. But there are no NHL fans on this damn tour."

Before Ilya can say anything else, though, or ask if maybe, Wolfe is fucking any of them, someone yells out that it's time to go. So they quickly settle up with the bartender and spill out of the bar, breaking off into groups to hop into taxis.

As fate would have it, Ilya ends up in the back of a cab with Svetlana and Wolfe, with Wolfe in between them. They're both a bit large for the cramped space, and Wolfe is definitely too big to be in the middle, so their thighs are pressed up against each other, the sides of their hands and pinkies almost brushing together where the rest atop their knees. Ilya's finger twitches, as he considers pressing it against Wolfe's, but ultimately thinks better of it.

Sitting like this, Ilya can also see a bit more clearly what Wolfe is wearing, and it's basically a slightly more relaxed version of Ilya's outfit. Wolfe's short-sleeved black button-up is untucked, showing off the tattoos along his biceps and forearms, with several buttons undone to expose his collarbone and the small silver chain around his neck. He's wearing black jeans and black boots, as

well as a sparkly pair of silver earrings – though not the ones Ilya bought him. As usual, he looks great.

Ilya has no clue if Svetlana can feel how fucking tense the ride is, as he tries to regulate his breathing and ignore his ill-advised desire to touch Wolfe, and Wolfe refuses to look at him. Ilya isn't sure if it's because Wolfe is also struggling with being in such close proximity, or if he's trying not to give Ilya the wrong impression – and he's not sure which answer he would prefer.



♪ Now Playing ♪

[Beautiful Now — Zedd feat. Jon Bellion](#)

There's a huge line outside Opium when they arrive, stretching all the way down the boardwalk. Ilya can't remember the last time he actually waited in line for a club, and is relieved that tonight is no exception, when Leo says something to the host at the door, who immediately waves them through to get their VIP wristbands, and go inside.

They forego a table, instead choosing to gather at one of the bars, ordering another round of shots and cocktails. Wolfe is huddled with a couple of the dancers several feet away, and Ilya casually puts his arm around Svetlana, who swiftly nudges it off, batting her long lashes at Leo, chuckling at something he's saying.

From where Ilya's standing at the bar, he can see that the club basically contains one giant dance floor, which is packed, with a DJ booth and stage at the very front, and bars and VIP seating around all the sides. The room is dark, but illuminated by blue, violet, magenta, and white lights moving and sweeping across the space, their beams cutting through a smoky haze lingering in the air.

As soon as Wolfe and the other dancers finish their shots, they pull each other onto the dance floor, with only Leo staying behind to continue flirting with Svetlana. Ilya brings his vodka soda to his lips, leaning back against the bar as he watches them, their bodies moving perfectly with the music as they grab each other by the shoulders and hands and hips, jumping up and down and swaying to the beat. At one point, one of the women spins Wolfe around, and he throws his head back laughing before tugging her against him, the two of them shouting into each other's faces.

Ilya has seen Wolfe dance, obviously, on the pole and in his videos and at the concert last night, but most of those routines were choreographed. Seeing Wolfe like this – a bit drunk and seemingly uninhibited, just having fun with his friends as he lets loose in the middle of this crowded club – Ilya thinks *this* may be the most beautiful he has ever looked.

Leo grabs Svetlana by the hand, and she accompanies him onto the dance floor near the others, as Ilya notices that a tall, broad-shouldered guy has come up to Wolfe, leaning over to say something in his ear. Wolfe laughs and turns to say something back to him, and then the guy is moving up behind him, his chest pressed to Wolfe's back, and...oh, they're dancing.

Ilya takes another long sip of his drink, finishing it, before twisting to the woman standing next to him at the bar. She's at least half a foot shorter than Ilya, with dark brown hair and bright blue eyes, and striking features, and she's sending him a radiant white smile.

"Hey," she purrs, appraising him up and down. "I'm Olivia."

Ilya thinks she has a British accent, which is great. She clearly has no clue who he is.

"Ilya," he says, reaching out to shake her hand. "Do you want to dance?"

She nods, and Ilya places his hand on her lower back, guiding her towards the dance floor, not quite joining the rest of the group, but landing in a spot that's close enough for him to see Wolfe, and for Wolfe to see him.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Secrets — Tiësto & KSHMR feat. VASSY](#)

Ilya has been to too many clubs in his life to count, and danced on hundreds of dance floors. Outside of the hockey rink, he would even go so far as to say he is most comfortable in places just like this, with a woman pressed up against him, his groin rubbing against her ass, as they shift and grind to a booming beat, surrounded by flashing lights, and fog, and the heat and sweat of other people's bodies.

So he knows that when Wolfe looks at Ilya now, with his big hands on Olivia's slim waist, and his hips moving perfectly in rhythm with the music, that he looks fucking good. Ilya can dance well, too, especially after a few drinks, on a crowded dance floor, at a club, with an attractive woman.

Ilya shifts his gaze upward painfully slowly, daring to look at Wolfe dancing several feet away from him, only to find that Wolfe's eyes are already fixed directly on his.

Wolfe is practically boring holes into Ilya's forehead as he presses his torso back against the man behind him, while covering the guy's hand on his hip with his own and lazily dragging it up over his abs, all the way to his chest, squeezing it over his pec. He smirks at Ilya as he reaches his other hand up to curl around the back of the man's neck, rolling his body and grinding his ass against him.

Is this a fucking game?

If so, it's a game Ilya can definitely play. He dips his head, nuzzling his mouth and chin against the side of Olivia's neck, and she smiles and tilts her face away, giving him more access. He glances up at Wolfe again before pressing his lips to her neck, kissing and suckling his way toward her ear without breaking Wolfe's piercing gaze, even as he sucks her earlobe into his mouth.

Wolfe's face breaks out into an even wider smile at that, and Ilya's whole body feels like it's on fire as the two of them stay locked in this perverse dance, shifting and grinding against strangers while remaining entirely focused on each other.

Ilya's head is a little syrupy from the alcohol, and Wolfe looks so fucking sexy under the lights, and while Olivia is lovely and not a bad dancer, Ilya is becoming more and more aware that he wishes it was Wolfe's neck he was kissing, and his hard body under Ilya's hands. From this distance, Ilya can't tell what Wolfe is thinking – but he's realizing with each passing moment that if Wolfe is going to keep dancing with this guy and fucking with Ilya, Ilya may actually need to get the hell out of here. He might have to take Olivia to a different club. He's too keyed up right now, and he wants Wolfe, and he can't watch this anymore.

So Ilya almost thinks he's hallucinating when, just as he's about to break eye contact with Wolfe and turn Olivia around, Wolfe jerks his head sharply towards the edge of the dance floor – signaling for Ilya to *follow him* – before peeling himself away from the guy behind him and casually walking off.

“I have to pee,” Ilya shouts into Olivia's ear. “I can meet you at the bar.”

She nods, and Ilya sets off in the direction Wolfe indicated, which leads him to a corridor near one of the VIP areas, where Wolfe is waiting outside a private bathroom only accessible to people with their VIP wristbands, his expression giving nothing away.

As soon as the door opens, Wolfe slips inside, holding it slightly ajar for Ilya, who quickly twists around to see if anyone is watching before ducking in after him and swiftly locking the door. The bathroom is small and lit only by a neon purple light framing the mirror above the sink, casting both of them in a faint violet glow.

The scenario feels vaguely familiar as the two of them stand there for a beat, just staring at each other in the dark, their chests rising and falling rapidly – the only sound the muffled thump of the bass pounding through the walls – before they lunge forward simultaneously, their torsos crashing into each other as their lips press together in a wet, silky slide, and they swallow the desperate sounds escaping their throats. Ilya can feel Wolfe's abs flexing against his own, and Wolfe's hands are in Ilya's hair, and Ilya's are on Wolfe's ass, and their fingers are scrambling, their nails frantically digging into each other's skin.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[You Know You Like It — DJ Snake & AlunaGeorge](#)

“We have got to stop meeting like this,” Ilya mumbles against Wolfe's lips, which elicits a hot, breathy puff of air from Wolfe as he laughs into Ilya's mouth.

“Fuck,” Wolfe gasps, as he briefly pulls back to look into Ilya's eyes. “I've been wanting to do that since this morning.”

“Me too.” Ilya can't stop the smile from breaking out across his face. “Especially when you ate that fucking potato ball.”

“Oh my god,” Wolfe chuckles. “You're so weird.”

Ilya kisses the grin off Wolfe's face, as Wolfe's hands slide down to Ilya's biceps, and he shoves Ilya against the bathroom door, pressing his back against the cold metal.

Then, Wolfe moves one hand to the door over Ilya's shoulder, and his other down to cup Ilya's dick over his pants, pushing his palm forward until Ilya grunts.

“Fuck,” Ilya wheezes.

“I want you to tell me the truth this time,” Wolfe hisses into Ilya’s ear, as he squeezes the bulge under Ilya’s zipper even more firmly, until his grip is almost, but not quite, painful. “Did you fly out here just to see me in the show?”

“I mean — I have always wanted to go to Barce—*fuck!*”

“The truth, Rozanov.”

“*Ah...* yes,” Ilya pants, his cheeks going hot with arousal, and a little embarrassment, as he grows harder in Wolfe’s hand. “*Fuck.* Yes I did, obviously.”

“Then why the fuck didn’t you tell me you were here?” Wolfe’s big brown eyes are a little shiny, probably from how worked up he is, as well as all the shots they took earlier. Ilya can hardly think straight himself, and he certainly can’t think clearly enough to come up with a believable lie right now.

“*Ah*—I don’t know. You are here for work... we are not in Montreal... I thought—*blyad*—maybe you would be with someone else. I don’t know.”

Wolfe stops groping Ilya for a moment, his eyes searching Ilya’s for something, before he presses down hard again, eliciting another groan from deep within Ilya’s chest.

“Is that what you *want* me to do? Should I go back out there, and find that guy I was dancing with? And you can go back to that girl?” Wolfe’s voice is low, and dangerous, and Ilya thinks he might actually do it. And so Ilya can’t bring himself to lie about this either, certainly not with Wolfe’s hand on his dick.

“No.”

Wolfe stops squeezing him then, sighing as he brings that hand to Ilya’s hip and the other to Ilya’s chin, lifting Ilya’s face to meet his own again. “Rozanov.”

Ilya opens his eyes, which he hadn’t actually realized were shut, and stares into Wolfe’s. “What.”

“I think the rest of the group is heading over to Shôko now.”

“Okay...”

“But I think I’m going to tell them I want to stay here.”

Oh. Ilya’s lip twitches, his mouth curling into a knowing smile.

“Mm, yes. I think I will stay, too,” Ilya purrs, grabbing Wolfe’s wrist.

“Great,” Wolfe grins, as Ilya pulls him into another kiss. “Meet you at the bar?”



Svetlana is a bit confused when Ilya tells her he is going to stay behind, but she wants to see things through with Leo, and after some convincing – which mostly consists of Ilya telling her he wants to fuck that Olivia girl and can she please just not ruin this for him – she agrees to leave him there as long as he texts her with updates and lets her know once he’s back at the hotel. He makes her promise to do the same, obviously.

It seems like Wolfe told his friends something similar, because after about ten minutes, he appears at the bar next to Ilya, his hand briefly resting on Ilya’s lower back before he removes it. Luckily, Olivia seems to have taken Ilya’s long absence as the hint it was, and is nowhere to be seen.

“You look hot. Can I buy you a drink?” Wolfe winks at him, and Ilya can’t help but be charmed by the shitty line. He doubts Wolfe has much practice using lines like that – he’s probably usually the one getting hit on.

“Do you think I am the type of girl who will sleep with you if you buy me a drink?” Ilya gasps, feigning outrage.

“No, of course not. But I’m *hoping* you are.” Wolfe’s grin widens as he flags down the bartender, and Ilya wants to kiss him again.

Once they’ve almost finished their drinks, Ilya can tell that Wolfe wants to say something – he’s acting all fidgety, and he keeps glancing towards the dance floor.

“What is it? You are being weirder than usual,” Ilya says, taking his final sip. He assumes Wolfe is going to say it’s time to get out of there and head back to one of their hotels.

“Would you—I get it if you say no—but I was thinking, maybe we could dance?” Wolfe is biting his bottom lip as he peers up at Ilya through his lashes. “It could be fuuuun.”

Of course Ilya wants to dance with Wolfe – he has probably wanted to since they arrived. But he is having trouble ignoring the persistent, nagging voice in the back of his head – which is fucking loud, and grating, and mean – the one saying ‘*Who do you think you are, Ilya? You do not get to do things like that. Those things are for other people, who are brave, and open, and honest, and good. Not you. You are cowardly, and careless. Don’t be stupid.*’

“Rozanov?” Wolfe’s brows are furrowed. “We don’t have to touch, or anything. We can just dance.”

Wolfe's baby deer eyes are glistening, and there is a rosy flush creeping up his neck, and his exposed collarbone is damp with sweat. And as Ilya sweeps his gaze over the dance floor beyond him, he can see that it's packed to the brim with people, and it's dark, and hazy, and it's highly unlikely that anyone will recognize Ilya. And doesn't Ilya love a little bit of danger, anyways?

"Let's go." Ilya grabs Wolfe by the hand and tugs him away from the bar, before that cruel voice drowns out his thoughts again and makes him change his mind.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[I Could Be the One — Avicii vs. Nicky Romero](#)

They weave through the crowd until they're practically buried in the middle of the pulsing mass of warm bodies on the dance floor, the bass so loud they can't hear anything but the music. They're standing inches apart, facing each other, Wolfe's face lit up in red, blue, and magenta as he grins at Ilya, and Ilya hates that he still feels the urge to look away.

He can't help but glance around quickly, just to confirm that nobody is actually paying any attention to them, and can barely even make out the people dancing around them through the fog. What he can see is that there are men dancing with men, women dancing with women, men and women dancing together, and mixed groups of friends, and they are all only focused on each other – on having fun. Nobody gives a shit about Ilya, or two random hot guys dancing together.

Ilya turns back to face Wolfe, whose eyes are closed with his head thrown back as he jumps up and down to the music – and Ilya wants to touch him, actually. He reaches a hand out, tentatively placing it on Wolfe's waist, which causes Wolfe's eyes to snap open and his smile to grow wider. He immediately steps closer to Ilya and starts moving with him, until they quickly find each other's rhythm – and Wolfe is laughing, and so Ilya starts laughing too. After a few moments, Ilya twists Wolfe around, pressing his broad, muscular back against Ilya's chest until his firm ass is rubbing against Ilya's groin. Ilya grips Wolfe's hips with both hands, pressing into the bones there, his fingers digging into the flesh of his lower torso, where he knows the tails of those snakes are inked onto Wolfe's skin.

He can feel the rumble of Wolfe's contented hum vibrating through his chest, as Wolfe slides one hand over Ilya's on his hip and the other behind Ilya's neck, his fingers tickling and scratching at his nape. He rolls himself against Ilya, their bodies slotting together like puzzle pieces as they move in sync to the music. Dancing with Wolfe is just like having sex with him – instinctive, sensual, and maybe even a little spiritual – and they are completely in tune with each other as their torsos shift and flex, Wolfe's head thrown back against Ilya's shoulder, his ass grinding up against Ilya's dick.

With Wolfe pressed up against him like this, Ilya feels like there is a current of electricity running through his skin, and a warm glow spreading outward from behind his ribcage – and so he finds that he really can't bring himself to care if anyone is watching anymore. He leans forward, burrowing his nose into the crook of Wolfe's neck and placing a soft kiss against the damp skin there, before pressing several more kisses along his jaw and beneath his ear. It feels like Wolfe is purring, his fingers grasping at the back of Ilya's neck and pulling at his curls, as Ilya takes his earlobe into his mouth, tugging at it with his teeth.

And then, Wolfe twists around completely, both hands clutching the back of Ilya's neck as he crushes their chests together, their groins connecting in a slow grind, their bodies swaying to the music. Wolfe's shiny eyes flick up to meet his, and...Ilya is just a man. Dancing in this loud, hazy

room, with a fair amount of liquid courage flowing through his veins, and his fingers gripping Wolfe's ass, and Wolfe's plush lips mere inches from his, he's powerless to do anything but kiss him.

Wolfe smiles into it, his lips velvety and smooth beneath Ilya's tongue, and they both taste like sweet liquor, and as far as Ilya is concerned, with his eyes closed and the thick cocoon of loud music and fog surrounding them, it's like no one else is even in the club. The dance floor may as well be empty, save for the two of them and the DJ. The moment doesn't even feel real, and Ilya is practically vibrating with the thrill of it, with the surreal sensation that he's never done anything like this before, and that for this brief moment — nothing outside of here exists. Not the NHL, or Russia, or his father — none of it.

Eventually however, like all things, the song and the moment comes to an end, and Wolfe pulls back, his cheeks flushed and his lips wet.

He smiles and takes Ilya's hand, leading him out towards an open-air terrace, where the music is still blasting and people are drinking at various tables and couches. Ilya is instantly hit with the fresh, salty smell of sea air, and is pleased to see that the terrace gives them direct access to the beach.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Don't Look Down — Martin Garrix feat. Usher](#)

"Ooh let's go down there!" Wolfe beams, as a light ocean breeze blows through his silky hair, and Ilya wouldn't dare suggest they do anything but go down there right now.

As soon as they hit the sand, Wolfe crouches down to slip off his boots and then his socks, which he stuffs inside his back pocket.

"What are you doing?" Ilya asks. He knows he's drunk, but he's still pretty sure they shouldn't get naked right now.

"We can't wear shoes on the beach, Rozanov." Wolfe huffs, rolling his eyes. "Duh."

Ilya supposes Wolfe has a point, and reaches down to tug off his own boots, only to realize that Wolfe is no longer standing next to him, but has walked off towards the water's edge. Ilya jogs up barefoot behind Wolfe, where he is staring out at the ocean, swaying a little bit, with a curious, twinkling look in his eyes.

"It's a nice night," Ilya finally says warily, breaking the silence.

"Hm, yeah, it is..." Wolfe mumbles, so quietly that Ilya can barely hear him. "Makes me want to run."

"Makes you – what?" Ilya can't have heard him correctly.

"Bet you can't catch me," Wolfe grins at Ilya, before turning away and immediately *taking off* down the beach, kicking sprays of sand up behind him. What the fuck?

Ilya is briefly shocked into silence, as he watches Wolfe run along the coastline past the clubs, getting smaller and smaller, before Ilya realizes that he either needs to catch up to him, or he's

probably going back to his hotel alone tonight. *Motherfucker*. This guy really is full of surprises, and apparently being drunk just unlocks new ones.

So Ilya sucks in a breath, grips his boots a bit tighter in his hands, and starts to run.

Ilya is in excellent shape – he’s a professional athlete for fuck’s sake – but Wolfe is fucking *fast*, and Ilya’s lungs are starting to burn and his back is starting to sweat as he sprints down the sand, which apparently stretches on for a while.

Ilya Rozanov has basically never chased anyone in his life outside of a hockey game, and yet... here he is, running as fast as he can down the Barcelona coastline to catch up with an infuriating Metros fan. And the fucker might genuinely be faster than him. The thought makes Ilya laugh, his face breaking into a toothy smile as he pounds along the beach, the sea air whipping past him. It’s actually kind of freeing to run like this, with no real destination in mind, especially when he’s still feeling loose from all the drinks.

Eventually, Wolfe does start to slow down, which allows Ilya to narrow the gap between them until he’s just a few feet away, and he can hear Wolfe panting, and fucking giggling, as he jogs just ahead of Ilya. But just as Ilya gets close enough to reach out and touch him, Wolfe collapses onto the sand in a gasping heap, rolling onto his back. Ilya drops down next to him a moment later, their chests rising and falling as they let out huffs of laughter between heaving breaths.

“What – the fuck – was that?” Ilya pants, as he turns his head to look at Wolfe, who has a huge smile on his face.

“You almost caught me,” Wolfe grins, his freckles bunching up under his eyes. “Most people can’t catch me.”

“Yes, well,” Ilya huffs. “I am not most people.”

“No – you’re not,” Wolfe breathes, staring up at the night sky.

“Was not fair anyways. You had a head start. Next time, we should race on the ice. I will win.”

Wolfe grumbles something under his breath in response, which Ilya can’t quite make out.

“What?”

“I said I’d probably still beat you.” Wolfe twists to face Ilya, his eyes shining and his lip twitching upward like he’s biting back a smile.

Wolfe must be drunker than Ilya thought, if he believes he would beat Ilya in a skating race. But he also doesn’t look like he’s joking.

“Oh really?” Ilya asks, raising an eyebrow. “You are that fast? You do know I was fastest skater at the All-Star Game this year?”

Wolfe blows a raspberry, and rolls his eyes. “Pfft, All-Stars Shmall-Shtars. I was and still am faster than you, Rozanov. They always said I was one of the fastest – *uh*.” Wolfe twists back around, so he’s gazing upwards again, and not at Ilya. “Never mind.”

What the actual fuck? Ilya desperately wants Wolfe to finish that sentence, but he also doesn’t want to freak him out again, like that first time at his apartment.

“Well I guess we will have to race sometime and find out.”

“Yeah, right,” Wolfe scoffs. “Sure we will.”

“You are scared?” Ilya teases, as he rolls over in the sand, until he’s lying on top of Wolfe, caging his body with his arms, his knees on either side of Wolfe’s legs. “I know I am very intimidating. The Russian Menace, they call me.”

Wolfe laughs at that. “Get off me, you menace.” He shoves Ilya’s pecs, pushing him backwards onto his ass, as he rises to stand, wiping the sand off his pants with his hands.

Then, Wolfe’s eyes go wide as he looks out at the ocean, like he’s rediscovering that it’s there. “Let’s go in the water!”

This guy is actually going to kill him.

“No no no. You are not swimming right now,” Ilya says in the most serious tone he can muster. “It is too dark. Not safe.”

“I’m not going to *swim*, Rozanov. I’m just going to walk in a little bit. Like up to my calves, or something.” And then Wolfe is unbuttoning his jeans, and pulling them off, until he’s standing there in just his briefs. “You coming?”

“No, I think I will watch you.”

“Huh. Didn’t think you would be such a chicken.” There’s a gleam in Wolfe’s eyes as he stares at Ilya, slowly backing up towards the waterline.

“I am not a fucking chicken,” Ilya snaps.

“Bawk bawk bawk!” Wolfe’s hands are curled under his armpits, and he’s flapping his arms like wings, and Ilya hates that it’s making him smile.

“You are so — fine — I will come in if you stop squawking.” Ilya removes his own pants, and begrudgingly follows Wolfe into the water. He flinches a little at first, but it’s not too cold, and by the time they’ve waded up to their knees, he’s already getting used to it.

“Now we can say we went in the ocean,” Wolfe says with a soft smile, as his glossy eyes meet Ilya’s, the moonlight glinting off his earrings and illuminating the constellation of freckles across his skin. Standing here in the shallow water, Ilya can hear the soft crash of the waves and the faint, distant chatter of people scattered across the beach, and it once again feels like he and Wolfe are in their own special bubble — too far away for anyone to see them as more than a pair of dark blobs sharing a secret moment together in the Mediterranean.

Ilya cups Wolfe’s jaw with his hand, slowly tracing the outline of his plush lips with his thumb, before leaning forward to gently press their mouths together. Wolfe hums into the kiss, which is slow and light and sweet, and Ilya doesn’t regret doing it at all.

Wolfe squeezes his fingers into Ilya’s hips, before pulling back, a slightly dopey smile on his face. “We should go to your hotel.”

“Oh? Why my hotel?”

“You know I have a roommate,” Wolfe scoffs, rolling his eyes. “Unless – shit, are you sharing a room with Svetlana?” He removes his hands from Ilya’s waist, and starts to step away.

“No, no,” Ilya blurts, before he can fuck things up any further. “I have my own room. We can go there.”

“Okay, cool.”



“Holy shit, it’s like 4:30am.” Wolfe shows Ilya his phone screen, as they walk along the sidewalk away from the beach. “I barely ever stay out this late.”

“You are missing out,” Ilya says, bumping Wolfe’s shoulder as they wander past a group of people smoking outside a café, while the club noise slowly fades away into the background. “All the best things happen after 4am.”

Wolfe laughs as they turn down an empty alleyway, and Ilya immediately crowds him up against the cobblestone wall, kissing Wolfe breathless. He shoves his thigh between Wolfe’s legs, as Wolfe pants and gasps and bucks his hips forward to increase the friction — until he pushes Ilya off him so they can keep walking, and not come in their pants before they even get to the hotel.

The walk continues on like that, as they stumble along the city streets, blending in with all the other drunk people heading home, the still air punctuated by the sounds of scooters and taxis and faraway music. They stop every so often to throw each other against a doorway or a wall for more kissing and heavy petting, and Ilya feels like he’s been plunged into some kind of bizarre dream, his secret box flung wide open for one magical, protected night.

At one point, when they’re completely alone on one of the dark streets, Wolfe suddenly veers towards the corner, practically running up to a large street sign. Before Ilya can even figure out what’s happening, Wolfe has grabbed onto the metal sign pole, and is swinging himself around it like a drunk spider monkey, laughing as he spins.

“What the fuck!” Ilya shouts, running up beside the pole, a smile splitting his face. “I cannot take you anywhere.”

Wolfe just grins at him and uses his momentum to hop higher up the pole, hooking one knee around it like an anchor and leaning his torso backward, one hand still gripping the pole as his head tips back so that he’s looking at Ilya upside down.

“Come here,” Wolfe whines, beckoning Ilya closer with his free hand. And so of course Ilya does, leaning over Wolfe and bending down to kiss him, his upper lip pressing against Wolfe’s lower one – which feels kind of weird, but also nice. “It’s like Spider-Man,” Wolfe mumbles into Ilya’s mouth.

“You are not a real person,” Ilya chuckles. “You act so serious all day, and then you climb the street poles at night.”

Wolfe just sticks his tongue out at him, before hopping down from his perch. Once he’s on the ground, Ilya immediately grabs onto the pole himself, hauling his body up until his feet leave the pavement, attempting to spin, then dropping back down and doing it again, letting out exaggerated grunting noises with each movement. It’s actually pretty fucking difficult, and Ilya is quite strong.

“Rozanov, stop!” Wolfe gasps, whacking at Ilya’s flailing legs and trying to pull him down. “You can’t – that’s not how you – this isn’t the right kind of pole – oh my god. You’re going to hurt yourself.”

Ilya laughs and finally lets go, putting Wolfe out of his misery. “Okay, Mr. Pole Teacher. But you must show me how to do it right sometime.”

Wolfe blushes, and slaps Ilya in the arm. “Maybe. I feel like you would be a terrible student, though. Probably just try to fuck me the whole time.”

Ilya puts his hand over his heart, his mouth dropping open in mock offense. “How dare you! I will be a perfect student. But it is not my fault if the teacher is hot. And maybe he will let me do things for extra credit?”

“You’re ridiculous.” Wolfe scoffs and rolls his eyes, and they continue on their way.

♪ Now Playing ♪

[Entre Dos Aguas — Paco de Lucía](#)

When they’re about five minutes from the hotel, Ilya hears the distinct sound of a guitar floating through the night air, growing louder as they turn the corner. Two young guys are sitting on a low wall, one plucking at the strings of an acoustic guitar and the other slapping at a set of bongos, a cigarette sticking out between his lips.

Wolfe gasps, and turns to Ilya, his eyes gone wide. “It’s flamenco!”

Ilya sends him a puzzled look as Wolfe grabs onto his bicep, tugging him closer to the men and stopping when they’re just a few feet away. He turns to face Ilya, leaving about an arm’s length between them, and takes both of Ilya’s hands in his before starting to move backward and side-to-side with the rhythm, encouraging Ilya to follow.

Ilya considers protesting, but Wolfe’s palms are so warm in his, and the music is so beautiful and rich, and the night still feels like it’s just for them, so he figures he may as well give in. Plus, Ilya loves to dance.

Wolfe lets go of one hand, moving out to the end of their joined arms and swaying with the melody before pulling himself back in. Then he raises their clasped hands over his head and spins underneath them, letting out an easy laugh as he does so. He makes Ilya do the same thing, and Ilya

can't help but smile as he executes his own exaggerated twirl under Wolfe's outstretched arm, eliciting another happy chuckle from Wolfe.

Wolfe pulls himself toward Ilya until their bodies meet, and Ilya automatically brings one hand around Wolfe's waist as Wolfe's hand goes to his shoulder, their feet moving in small steps as they slowly shift and turn to the music. Ilya can't remember the last time he danced with someone like this – it had to have been Svetlana at some fancy event in Russia, or something – and it's all feeling maybe a little bit too romantic, considering what they are to each other. But they're drunk, and basically alone, in fucking Barcelona, and time isn't real right now anyways, and so Ilya allows it to go on for a little while longer – until the song ends, and he and Wolfe pull apart to applaud the musicians.

Ilya hands the guys twenty euros, and then they finally head to the hotel – their bubble getting closer and closer to bursting.



They can barely keep their hands off each other in the elevator – nearly missing Ilya's floor when the doors finally open – and go stumbling out into the hallway. By the time they manage to reach Ilya's door, Wolfe is pressed up behind him, suckling at Ilya's neck as he tries to find his keycard – resulting in several failed attempts before he is able to tug it out of his wallet and let them inside.

Their clothes come off in a frenzied blur, Wolfe's fingers yanking at Ilya's belt, and Ilya fumbling at Wolfe's buttons before he gives up and pulls the entire shirt up over his head. Once they're both completely naked, Wolfe shoves Ilya backward onto one side of the enormous bed before clambering up next to him, kissing his chest and licking at his nipples.

"Jesus Christ," Ilya hisses as Wolfe nips at his pec and kisses his way up his collarbone to Ilya's neck.

"Can I leave marks?" Wolfe mumbles against Ilya's skin, his tongue licking at the sensitive area under his ear. "Since it's summer?"

Ilya groans, bringing his hand up to nestle in Wolfe's soft hair. He should probably say no, but also he's just going back to Moscow after this, and there's really no reason he can't have a hickey, so. "Yes – *fuck* – but just one."

Wolfe lets out a murmur of satisfaction at that, and sucks even harder where his mouth is already pressed beneath Ilya's ear, his teeth scraping against the skin as the pressure starts to build. "Ah,

shit,” Ilya grunts, just as Wolfe finally pulls off and blows cold air over the deliciously sore spot, making the tender skin sting all over again.

From there, Wolfe kisses his way down Ilya’s chest and torso, licking at his v-line, until his mouth is hovering over Ilya’s already hard dick. Wolfe is on all fours, his body perpendicular to Ilya’s, like he’s going to suck Ilya’s cock from the side – which gives Ilya a glorious view of the dip of his spine and the curve of his ass.

Ilya’s arm is long enough to reach Wolfe’s asscheek, and he grabs a handful just as Wolfe takes Ilya’s dick into his mouth. Wolfe lets out a choked sound around Ilya’s cock at the unexpected groping, which only makes Ilya grip the flesh of his ass even harder.

As always, Wolfe swallows him down beautifully, his tongue and throat working Ilya’s dick like they were made for it as he hums and coughs and drools onto Ilya’s rigid length, while his long fingers cup Ilya’s balls.

“God, your mouth,” Ilya groans, as he throws his head back into the comforter, and his finger presses up against Wolfe’s hole, eliciting another gorgeous whine from Wolfe and sending more vibrations into Ilya’s dick. “*Yebat*. ”

It’s then that Ilya wonders if maybe he can shift Wolfe into another one of his favorite positions – it can’t work that differently with a guy, can it? So Ilya moves the hand that was teasing Wolfe’s hole upward, until it’s splayed out over his ass and hip, and forcefully tugs, guiding Wolfe’s lower body until he gets the memo – shifting himself around so that his dick is positioned above Ilya’s face, and his knees are on either side of Ilya’s head.

“Damn, Rozanov,” Wolfe pants, his voice gone husky. “You sure you want to 69? Kind of an advanced move.”

Instead of answering him, Ilya places one hand on Wolfe’s asscheek above him, and the other around Wolfe’s shaft, guiding it over his open mouth, licking the tip with his tongue. Wolfe moans, and thrusts his hips downward, so that his cock breaches Ilya’s lips, and slides into his mouth, while taking Ilya’s dick down his throat at the same time.

They both gag around each other’s cocks in unison, and the sound is so fucking obscene that Ilya thinks he might come just from listening to it.

Wolfe continues to press his hips down in a slow, controlled rhythm as he blows Ilya, sliding himself in and out of Ilya’s mouth as his own head bobs up and down. Ilya does his best to work his lips and tongue around Wolfe and make it feel as good as possible, finding that it’s a little more difficult than the last time he sucked Wolfe’s dick, when he had more control over the angle, depth, and speed.

Plus this time, as Ilya tries not to choke while he breathes through his nose, he can also feel Wolfe’s hot tongue moving over the head of Ilya’s dick, and Wolfe’s warm throat tightening around him as he takes Ilya down to the base. The sensory combination is fucking unreal, and they’re pulling increasingly desperate noises from each other with each wet slide in and out of each other’s mouths – and Ilya is starting to worry he won’t be able to fuck Wolfe if they keep going like this.

“Mngh,” Ilya smacks Wolfe’s ass twice with his hand, and Wolfe gets the message, slipping his dick out from between Ilya’s lips.

“I want to fuck you,” Ilya gasps, as Wolfe pulls off of Ilya’s cock, a string of spit still connecting his bottom lip to the tip.

“Okay,” Wolfe grins. “Do you have lube? And condoms?”

Ilya nods and reaches over to grab them from where he’d stashed them next to the bed.

Wolfe shifts slightly, still on his hands and knees over Ilya, positioning his ass over Ilya’s face, and Ilya immediately lifts his head up, leaning forward so that he can lick into Wolfe’s asshole, his hands on either side of Wolfe’s asscheeks.

“Fuuuck,” Wolfe cries, as he grinds himself back onto Ilya’s tongue, which Ilya is fucking into and out of his hole. “That feels so good, Rozanov.”

Ilya flattens his tongue against the tight ring of muscle, lapping and licking, and humming against it, making the whole area warmer and wetter, until it’s shining with spit and Wolfe is begging for more pressure. Then, he coats his index finger in lube, and slowly slides it inside Wolfe, as he continues to kiss, and nip, and bite at his asscheek. Wolfe moans, and presses himself backward against Ilya’s finger, fucking himself onto it.

“More,” he wails, as his forehead falls forward onto Ilya’s leg. “I need more.”

Ilya takes his sweet time opening him up, adding more lube and another finger until Wolfe starts pushing impatiently back against his hand. Eventually, once Wolfe is loose and slick and too eager to wait any longer, he shifts away, sliding himself off of Ilya’s fingers with a groan.

Wolfe moves further down Ilya’s body and rises onto his knees, so that he’s facing Ilya’s feet while straddling Ilya’s lower stomach. Ilya’s dick is throbbing between his thighs, and Wolfe wraps a hand around it, giving him a few lazy strokes.

“Condom,” Wolfe commands, his voice coming out breathy and hitched as he twists to look at Ilya with his hand outstretched behind him. “Please.”

Ilya hands it to him, and Wolfe makes quick work of the wrapper before rolling the condom over Ilya’s rigid cock and squirting it with a bit more lube. Then, he positions himself over Ilya’s hips, until his ass is hovering above Ilya’s dick, and nudges the tip against his stretched hole.

“I’m going to sit on you now, okay, Rozanov?” Wolfe twists around to look at him, checking that Ilya is okay with that, which he definitely fucking is.

“Okay,” Ilya wheezes, as he brings his hands to Wolfe’s hips, digging his fingers into the flesh.

And then, Wolfe *slowly* lowers himself onto Ilya’s cock, a low groan erupting from his chest as Ilya watches it disappear inch by inch inside Wolfe’s ass. The view is fucking pornographic – Wolfe’s massive, muscular back rippling above him, and those indecent dimples framing the globes of his ass as it swallows Ilya’s dick. *Gospodi*.

“Ah–shiiiiit,” Wolfe hisses, as he sinks completely down onto Ilya and then goes still, his ass pressed flush against Ilya’s hips. He stays there for a few breaths, letting himself adjust, before finally starting to move again – gradually lifting himself up and sinking back down, setting a painfully slow rhythm as his tight hole squeezes Ilya’s dick with each movement of his hips. “Fuck, you feel so fucking big like this.”

“Say it in French,” Ilya snarls as he claws his fingers into Wolfe’s hip.

“*Mm–fuck–ta bite est énorme*,” Wolfe purrs, and Ilya could come right now, probably.

Wolfe rides him like that for a while, leaning forward at one point to grip Ilya’s ankles as he rolls his hips forward and back, swearing and hissing and moaning, as Ilya gropes and squeezes at his waist and ass, mesmerized by what he’s watching. *He’s so fucking flexible.*

“*Vot tak* (just like that),” Ilya grunts. “*Tak khorosho* (so good).”

Eventually, Wolfe speeds up, bouncing on top of Ilya, his powerful thighs setting a relentless pace as those breathy ‘ah ah ah’ noises start spilling from his throat. Ilya takes that as permission to fuck up into him, and he meets each downward slam of Wolfe’s ass with his own upward thrust, the resulting slapping sounds so loud he would be shocked if the other hotel guests can’t hear them.

“*Bozhe*,” Ilya hisses, sweat dripping down his brow. “You are so fucking hot.”

Wolfe moans and wraps a hand around his own dick, pumping it up and down, in sync with his grinding and Ilya’s thrusting, and Ilya can tell from the sounds he is making that he’s close. And while this view is admittedly hot as fuck, Ilya suddenly finds himself wishing that he could also see Wolfe’s pretty face when he climaxes.

“I want you to come with me,” Ilya pants, his hips driving up even harder and faster. “Do you think you can?”

“Yeah,” Wolfe gasps. “F-fuck, I’m about to—”

“Me too,” Ilya practically growls, as he presses his fingers so hard into Wolfe’s hips he thinks it might bruise.

And then, the muscles in Wolfe’s back begin to quiver, the movement of his wrist faltering as he lets out a strained groan. The pressure building inside Ilya finally breaks at almost the same moment, and he rides out his orgasm with Wolfe milking his own cock on top of him – their low, guttural sounds mixing together until it’s not clear where Ilya’s voice ends and Wolfe’s begins.

“God,” Wolfe sighs as he rolls off of Ilya and collapses sideways across the bed, his foot ending up pressed against Ilya’s pec. “That was good.”

“Very,” Ilya grins as he nudges Wolfe’s foot off his chest and gets up to find something to clean themselves with, ultimately handing Wolfe a wad of tissues and a wet washcloth.

A few minutes later, Ilya comes back from the bathroom holding two glasses of water, only to find Wolfe sitting up against the pillows clutching the bag of pastries Ilya bought earlier, looking a little sheepish.

“Oh my god,” Ilya says, his smile widening.

“Don’t start,” Wolfe huffs.

“You gave me so much shit for buying those, and now you want one?”

“I’m fucking *starving*. Look outside – it’s like 6:30am – it’s fucking light out! I haven’t had anything to eat in hours, and I just did, like, all the work, and—”

“Hey, it is okay. You can have one. I am just fucking with you.” Ilya smirks at him before joining him on the bed. They each select one of the pastries and sit there eating in comfortable silence as the first light of morning streams in through the sheer curtains, bathing the room in a golden glow. And Ilya feels a little bit like the carriage turning back into a pumpkin after the ball.

“Okay, I really have to go,” Wolfe murmurs around a bite of his fruit tart. “Need to get some sleep before we head out. But this was really fun. I’m glad Svetlana dragged you backstage.”

“Mm,” Ilya agrees, turning to face him. “Me too.”

Wolfe rises from the bed, and Ilya’s stomach lurches as he disappears into the bathroom. The reality of the situation is starting to dawn on him – which is that after this, Wolfe is going to Madrid, and then a bunch of other exciting cities, and he’s probably going to have many more nights just like this one. And he won’t be back in Montreal until October, which is three months away. Ilya knows that a lot can change in three months, and therefore this could very well be the last time he ever sees Wolfe.

Which, realistically, might not be the worst thing in the world, considering that Ilya shouldn’t even be doing this in the first place, but still. Ilya has thoroughly enjoyed the past 24 hours, and it would be a real shame if he never fucks Wolfe again.

With each passing minute, as the sun rises higher in the sky and Wolfe gets closer to leaving this hotel room, Ilya can feel the magical bubble he’s been living in getting thinner and thinner, mere moments away from popping. And he’s going to need to close the lid on his secret box again, which he has a feeling is going to be more difficult now that he knows what it’s like to exist with it open for more than just a couple hours. When Ilya squeezes his eyes shut, he can still remember what it was like dancing with Wolfe at the club, and kissing him in the ocean, and strolling hand-in-hand through the streets – and it’s making his chest do that damn achey thing again, which he is really trying to avoid.

Wolfe reemerges from the bathroom fully dressed and walks over to where Ilya is lying on the bed, pressing a chaste kiss to his lips. “Alright, I’ve gotta head out. But thanks for the pastry.”

“You are welcome.” Ilya’s eyes linger over Wolfe’s freckles a bit longer than usual, just in case he won’t see them this close again.

“You know,” Wolfe says as he makes his way towards the door, twisting around to face Ilya once he reaches the door handle. “The domestic leg of the tour stops in Boston.”

“Oh?” Ilya raises a brow at him, his heart skipping a bit behind his ribcage. Is Wolfe actually inviting himself over to Ilya’s?

“Yeah. Not sure if you know anybody there? I might have some free time while I’m in town.” Wolfe is smirking, his eyes crinkling at the edges.

“Hm, I’m not sure if I do,” Ilya teases. He can’t commit to anything yet – he doesn’t even know when this would be – but he must admit the thought of fucking Wolfe in his own city, in his own home, is... as dangerous as it is enticing. “But I will let you know if I think of anyone.”

“Okay, cool.” Wolfe smiles and reaches for the door. “Well, bye. Hope you guys have a safe flight home.”

“Goodbye,” Ilya says, grinning back at him. “Have fun in Madrid. I heard there are lots of boring buildings there.”

Wolfe laughs, rolling his eyes. “Fuck off, Rozanov. You loved my boring buildings.”

“Mm, maybe,” Ilya hums, as Wolfe twists the doorknob and pushes the door open.

Wolfe steps out into the hallway, and then turns back to him with a little wave. “*Au revoir!*”

“*Do vstrechi* (see you),” Ilya replies with a wink.

And then Wolfe is gone, leaving Ilya wondering if the last 24 hours were real or just something he made up.



Four hours later, Ilya is woken up by the obnoxious sound of his phone ringing, and groggily flails his hand out to snatch it off the bedside table, picking it up just before the last ring.

“*Алло?*” He croaks, rubbing his eyelids with his fingers.

“*Ilya, I’m outside your door. Please open up.*”

“*Svetlana, it is so early. What the fuck.*”

“*It’s nearly 11am. I have food and it’s heavy. Open the fucking door, Ilya.*”

Ilya groans, but rises from the bed to let her in before collapsing back on top of it. She scooches down next to him, handing him a coffee and laying out a spread of tortilla española, jamón ibérico, sausages, bread, and fruit over the comforter before turning to glare at him.

“*Ilya.*”

“*Svetlana, don’t.*”

“*We need to talk about it.*”

“*Talk about what?*”

Svetlana stares at him, her eyes flicking to his neck, and then back to his face. *“About who gave you that giant fucking hickey.”*

“It was that woman from the club. Olivia. So what.”

“Ilya, don’t fucking lie to me. It’s just me – you can talk to me about this.”

“I’m not lying!” He reaches forward to grab a piece of cured meat off one of the platters, shoving it in his mouth.

“For fuck’s sake. I know you didn’t bring her back here. I saw her at Shôko – she was with someone else. Definitely not you.”

Fuck. Ilya looks down, unable to make eye contact with her while he tries to figure out how to get out of this.

“You know what’s kind of weird?” Svetlana continues. *“You know who else didn’t come with us to Shôko and stayed behind at the first club? Who also texted Leo that he wasn’t coming back to their hotel room last night?”*

Fuck fuck fuck. Ilya can’t bring himself to answer her. The question is rhetorical, anyway – they both know who she’s talking about.

“Svetlana...it’s not what you think. We were just hanging out.”

“Ilya, please, don’t treat me like I’m an idiot. Look at your fucking neck. Did you forget that my room is next door to yours? Whatever you two were doing, it was definitely more than ‘hanging out.’”

Oh, fuuuck. Ilya can feel his eyes going wide, and his cheeks getting hot.

“Holy fucking shit,” Svetlana breathes. *“Holy shit!”*

“Oh my god, Svetlana, it’s not—”

“It’s absolutely a big deal, Ilya. Oh my god. You actually were flirting with him all day. I fucking knew it. And then at the bar and the club – I knew I wasn’t imagining it – you couldn’t take your eyes off him. I mean I don’t blame you, he’s really fucking hot. But, wow.”

Ilya has no idea what to say. His heart is beating a million miles a minute, and his breathing is getting faster. He still can’t look at her.

“Shit, Ilya. Don’t freak out. I’m sorry – I probably shouldn’t be going about it like this.” Svetlana’s eyes soften, and she gently places her hand on his wrist. *“I just don’t want you to be alone with this. And I knew you wouldn’t tell me – that you would just deal with it in your own destructive Ilya way – unless I asked. Was that your first time with a man? Are you okay?”*

Ilya can’t help himself, he has to laugh. *“No, no. It was not my first time. I’m okay.”*

Svetlana’s eyes get huge again, and her lips curl up into a smile. *“Oh! Oh...”*

Ilya watches in real time as she replays the events of the weekend, turning them over in her mind. She’s fucking smart – once the first domino fell, he knew it wouldn’t take much more for her to

figure it out.

"You came here to see him, right? That's why you bought the tickets?"

"Yes," Ilya admits. "I mean, I wanted to see him in the show. I wasn't necessarily planning to meet up with him, but then you brought me backstage and invited him to hang out with us, so..."

"Wow," she sighs, clearly still doing the math in her head. "I thought you guys seemed a little too familiar. But you're such a fucking flirt, and he's got that dry sense of humor, but...fuck, it all seems so obvious now."

"Mm," Ilya hums, as he tries to regulate his breathing and calm his racing pulse. He knows Svetlana well enough to know she is nowhere near done asking him questions.

"You said last night wasn't your first time with a man. Were the other times with him, too?"

"Yes."

"Holy shit, Ilya. How many times have you guys fucked?"

"Um, define fucked?"

"Wow. When did this start?"

Ilya takes a deep breath. He may as well tell her – the cat's out of the fucking bag, or whatever that English idiom is. *"We first hooked up at Kenzie's bachelorette party last year. And then a few times when I was in Montreal. And then last night, obviously."*

Svetlana just stares at him for a second, like she's taking in the gravity of what he's just said, before, to Ilya's surprise, she starts to laugh.

"Oh my god. The night of Kenzie's wedding. When you said you didn't feel well. Did you guys...?"

Ilya nods. *"Yes."*

"Fucking hell," she chuckles. "You and I are quite the pair."

Ilya raises a brow at her – he's not quite sure what she means by that.

"I snuck out to see Simone that night," she chokes out between huffs of laughter. "The night of the wedding."

"You are fucking kidding me," Ilya says, a wide grin splitting his face. "Svetlana, what the fuck."

"I know!" She has tears in her eyes now, and has to take a sip of coffee to compose herself. "This is fucking classic. You and I would meet two of the hottest, most talented people to ever live, and then somehow both manage to fuck them. We have a type, clearly."

He can't argue with her. It is pretty fucking hilarious when she puts it that way.

"So you have been fucking her all this time, too?" He asks, feeling slightly less panicked than he did just a moment ago.

"I mean I don't go to Montreal as much as you, obviously, so no. We've only hooked up those two times. But I text her, sometimes. I'm kind of maybe a little bit obsessed with her, actually. It's why I wanted to hang out with Wolfe...I thought maybe he would mention me to her, or, I don't know."

Ilya feels like he is looking at Svetlana for the first time. It's not like she tells him about all her hookups, but she is kind of like Ilya – she doesn't really do repeats, and she certainly doesn't pine after people.

"Svetlana, why didn't you tell me?"

"Because it's kind of embarrassing that I'm so into her even though I barely see her. And it can never be anything, obviously, for multiple reasons. Why didn't you tell me about Wolfe?"

"Um, because he is a man?" Ilya looks at her like she's just asked the dumbest question he's ever heard.

"Shit, right. I should be asking you about that. I'm sorry. I'm not good at this. Are you...you're like me, then?"

Ilya opens his mouth to respond, but no sound comes out. He swore he would never say it out loud, not even to himself, and now that Svetlana is asking him directly – he's not even sure that he can. So he just nods, and then returns his attention to the food, hoping that if he shoves a berry in his mouth she won't make him say the actual words.

"Wow, Ilya. I'm so sorry you've been dealing with this all by yourself, all this time. Fuck. How are you doing?"

"I'm fine," he shrugs. *"It's not a big deal. It's not like it matters. I can still fuck women, so no one has to know."*

Svetlana stares at him, her brow furrowed. *"Um, okay, what about Wolfe, though?"*

"What about him?"

"Ilya..." She's looking at him cautiously now, like she's going to scare him off if she says the wrong thing. She knows how he gets.

"Svetlana."

"You obviously like him."

What the fuck? *"I don't 'like' him,"* Ilya scowls. *"We just fuck sometimes."*

"Ilya. I've known you almost our entire lives, and you've never fucked the same person this many times, over this many months."

"It's not like that – it's like with us," Ilya explains, waving his hand between them. *"It's just easy to keep doing it with him, since it's too dangerous to fuck random guys. You know this can't get out. Because of the NHL, and Russia. And you know I'm too much of a slut not to fuck guys, now that I know what it's like."*

"Don't talk about yourself like that," Svetlana says, frowning. *"And you know what we do is different."*

"It's not though," Ilya insists. "He's just a fuckbuddy. It's not more than that. It's the same for him."

"Okay, but, I saw you guys together. I saw how you looked at him. And how he looks at you. It was different, Ilya."

Ilya really wants her to stop talking. What the fuck does she know about how Ilya and Wolfe look at each other? Wolfe is hot, of course Ilya looks at him like he wants to fuck him. And Ilya is hot too, so – what exactly is she getting at?

"It really isn't anything," Ilya snaps. "Really. I'm pretty sure he barely tolerates me as a person – he fucking hates the Raiders, and he knows I'm an asshole. We just have really good sex."

"And yesterday? And last night? That was just good sex?"

"So we spent the day together and then fucked until the sun came up. I did the same thing in Ibiza with that woman... Helena or something...I can't remember her name, but you know who I mean," Ilya huffs into his coffee. *"It's just like that on vacation with people. You know that."*

Svetlana pauses for a moment, and Ilya hopes it means she is almost done interrogating him.

"Ilya, you know you can talk to me about this, right? I might not be in the NHL, or know what it's like in your locker room, but I know what it's like back home. It's why I fuck women, but I don't really date them...you know that, right? I could never actually bring a woman home to my father. He would never talk to me again."

Ilya looks up at her, finally meeting her gaze again, and can see that her eyes are getting wet. Fuck.

"I know, I know," he says, patting her knee with his hand. *"I promise if I need to talk to you about it, I will. It's just... really not a big deal. I'm handling it. I barely ever think about it, and when I do, the thing with Wolfe helps me get it out of my system."*

"Okay, Ilya. I won't push you on this. But I will say... I think you need to be careful with what you're doing with Wolfe. He's very pretty, and very talented, and I think a lot of guys are going to want to date him – especially after seeing him at the show. I just don't want you to get hurt. And I don't want you to hurt him, either. I actually like him."

Ilya scoffs, and rolls his eyes at her. *"That's not going to happen, Svetlana. We've both agreed that we will fuck when we are in the same city, but obviously only if he's single. I'm not a homewrecker and it's not that serious for either of us."*

"Alright, Ilya. Well, I'm here if you ever want to talk about any of it. Okay?"

"Yes," Ilya grumbles as he takes a bite of toast. *"Now can we please talk about anything fucking else? Like you and Leo? How was that?"*

"Okay, fine," Svetlana chuckles. *"He did this thing with his tongue..."*



Ilya is relieved when over the next few days, Svetlana respects his wishes and doesn't bring up the whole, 'Ilya actually also likes men' thing. In fact, by the time they've touched back down in Russia, the whole trip sort of feels like a strange dream – like something that existed outside of reality, and time, and space, and therefore not something Ilya needs to waste his time dwelling on.

He had fun, and now one more person – maybe the most important person in his life, who he trusts implicitly – knows his secret, and the whole experience has actually made him feel several pounds lighter. And on top of all of that, he learned that Gaga's show in Boston is near the end of August, during the ramp-up to preseason, which is a perfectly acceptable time for Ilya to be back in the city. Which means that should he decide he still wants to, he actually might get to fuck Wolfe in his own house. Which would probably be fun.

So despite the fact that he's stuck in a cold, lonely house with his irritable, ailing father, and getting in practically daily fights with his ungrateful, deadbeat brother, Ilya is actually feeling better than he has in a while.

Which is why when Svetlana texts him that following Tuesday evening, it knocks Ilya completely off his axis.

Messages

Svetlana 💋🔥

Details

Tuesday, July 21, 2015

9:17 PM

did you know he played hockey?

who?

Wolfe

yeah i think he does pickup hockey or something

he's obviously a big fan, knows a lot about the NHL

no like he really played hockey

look

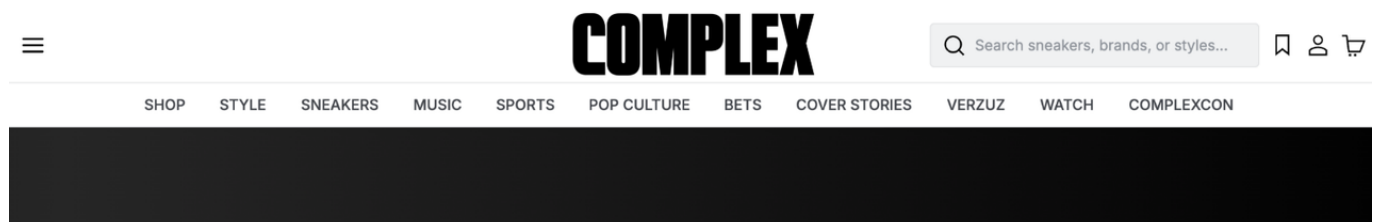
<https://www.complex.com/music/a/j-macintosh/who-is-wolfe-gaga-ball-tour>

Oh fuck. Ilya's stomach drops, and he feels like he's going to be sick. His finger hovers over the link, his hand trembling, as he decides whether or not to press down.

The part of Ilya that wants things to stay simple and easy with Wolfe is telling him to ignore it entirely, and beg Svetlana to never mention anything about him to Ilya ever again. Even though Wolfe has never said anything, Ilya knows there has to be a reason why he has never told Ilya his real name – why he doesn't want Ilya to really know him. And if Ilya is being honest, part of him is really fucking grateful for that, actually, because it allows them to keep doing what they're doing, without making things more complicated, or personal, than they need to be.

But the other, small and secret part of Ilya is absolutely dying to know more about Wolfe. He wants to know his name, and what the deal is with him and hockey. And if Ilya is being truly honest with himself, sometimes he even wants to know more things about Wolfe, too. Like what book he is currently reading, or his favorite color.

And so even though it's a terrible idea, and he knows he shouldn't, Ilya clicks the link.



MUSIC

Who Is Wolfe? 5 Facts About the Viral Pole Dancer Who is Killing It on Lady Gaga's Tour

Wolfe went viral after his stellar debut at Lady Gaga's opening night of the Let's Have Another Ball Tour in London. Here are five facts about the dancer.

By **Jemimah Macintosh**

July 20, 2015

 COMMENT

 SAVE

SHARE

 ADD COMPLEX ON GOOGLE

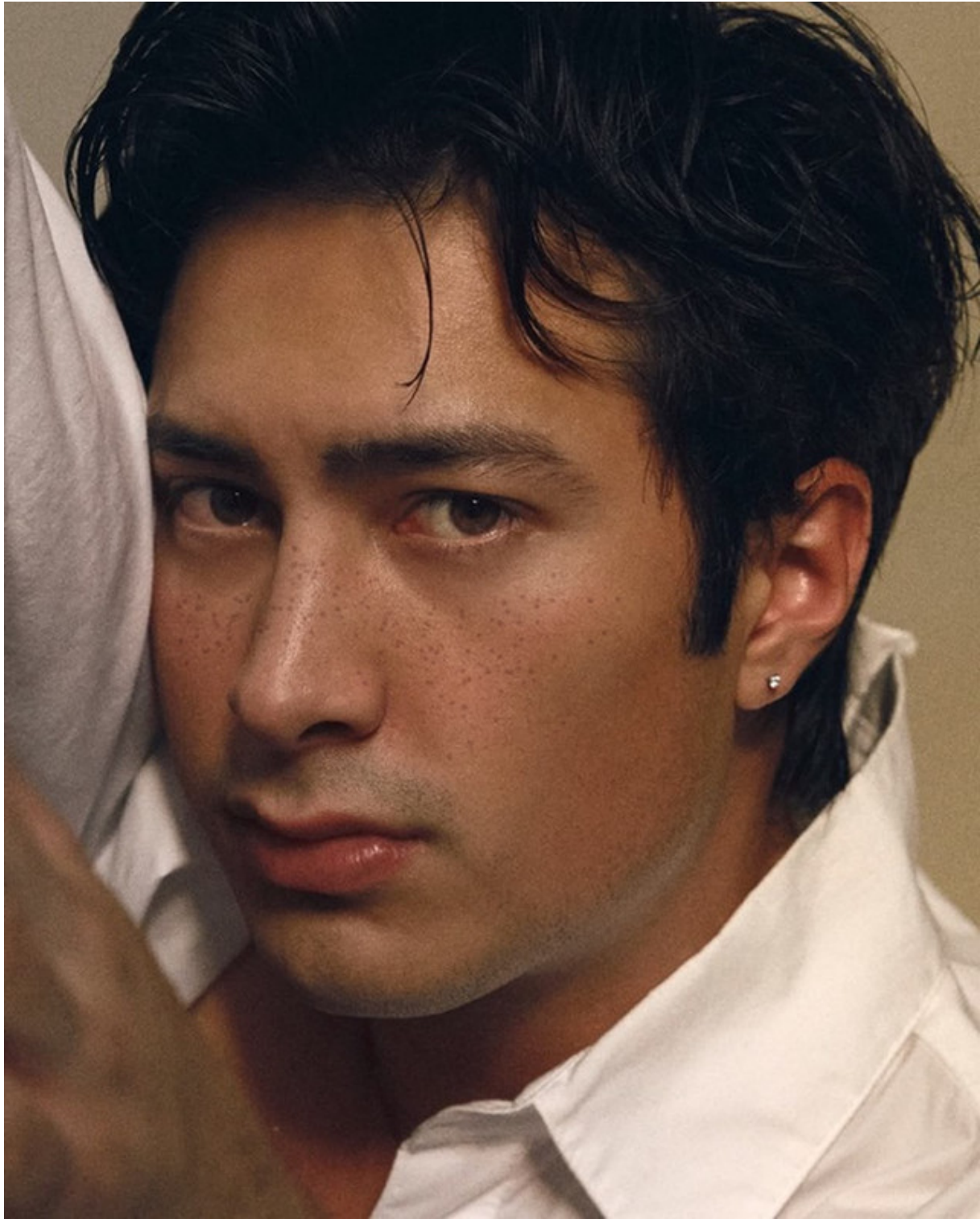


Image via Instagram

Everyone and their mother is talking about Lady Gaga's Let's Have Another Ball Tour, which kicked off on July 3 in London. While Mother Monster is getting all the praise and flowers for her incredible performance, there's another name that has been trending on social media, too: Wolfe.

For those who may be unfamiliar, Wolfe is a professional dancer who is well known in Montreal and has a devoted online following thanks to his impressive (and sexy) pole dancing videos. Wolfe

performed throughout the show, including during numerous dance segments as well as pole dancing segments, which quickly went viral on social media.

Wolfe's price is definitely about to go up. Get to know more about one of the breakout stars of the tour, below.

He is originally from Canada and has his BFA in Contemporary Dance

Wolfe, whose real name is Shane Hollander, grew up in Ottawa, Ontario. He moved to Montreal in 2009 to attend Concordia University, where he studied Contemporary Dance, graduating with his BFA in 2013. Online records show that he was also a member of Queer Concordia, the university's LGBTQIA+ organization, and played on the school's intramural hockey team (more on that below!).



Image via Instagram

He is the reigning men's pole world champion

Wolfe was crowned the men's pole world champion at the most recent World Pole Sports Championships, which took place in March 2015 in London. He beat out sixteen other men from around the world for the title, and you can watch his jaw-dropping routine on YouTube here!



Image via IPSF YouTube

He is one of Montreal's most in-demand pole performers

If you want to see Wolfe but can't make it to one of Lady Gaga's tour stops, you'll have to snag a seat at Montreal's hottest, most-exclusive club – Le Vertige – where he performs two nights a week. According to the club's Instagram, Wolfe was hired shortly after he graduated in May 2013, and online reviews rave about the sensuality and impressive technique displayed in his often-themed routines. When he's not performing at the club, he also teaches dance/pole classes for a range of ages and skill levels at a local studio in Montreal.



Image via Instagram

He had a devoted online following before joining the tour

At the time of this writing, Wolfe has more than 250,000 followers on Instagram, under his username @wolfedancer24. But before joining Lady Gaga's tour, he was already popular on the platform, where he had nearly 160,000 followers. Wolfe posts nearly weekly pole and dance videos, which are often themed and set to both current hit and classic songs. And he looks pretty good doing it.



Image via Instagram

He grew up playing competitive hockey

Hollander played high-level competitive hockey throughout his childhood, including for the Ottawa Valley Titans – where he was reportedly a standout player and leading scorer. He left competitive hockey after suffering an injury, but continued playing in college on the university’s intramural team and currently plays for the “Outlaws” in an adult recreational league in Montreal – where he is once again a league-wide top scorer.



Image via Ottawa Valley Titans

Ilya's mouth is hanging open as he reads, and rereads, the last section of the article – the one about Wolfe – or rather, Shane Hollander – playing competitive hockey. Ilya hardly recognizes the boy in that photograph. It's obviously Wolfe, he has the same face, but it also looks nothing like him. He looks even more serious than usual, and like, kind of sad? He doesn't have the same light behind his eyes that Ilya is used to seeing.

And while the article mentions that Hollander – the whole ‘Hollzy’ nickname makes a lot more sense now – played competitive hockey, it doesn’t really go into detail about exactly what that means, or what the injury was that left him too hurt to play in the NHL, but not too hurt to become a world champion pole dancer.

So against Ilya’s better judgment – which he clearly has none of tonight anyways – he decides he needs to know more. He’s too fucking curious.

Google

Shane Hollander hockey

About 4,730 results

The Next One: Shane Hollander

thehockeynews.com

Apr. 1, 2006 — It’s hard to pinpoint exactly when Shane Hollander earned full-blown phenom status. It might have been when he was 13 and... Read more

Meet 14-year-old hockey sensation Shane Hollander

ctvnews.ca

Oct. 19, 2005 — A 14-year-old Shane Hollander from Ottawa, Ontario takes the hockey world by storm.

What happened to Shane Hollander?

reddit.com/r/hockey

57+ comments · 4 years ago

He was supposed to be the next big thing and a top draft pick (keep in mind the kid was 14 when they were saying this), but apparently got some mysterious injury? Does anyone know what happened and what he’s doing now? Read more

Holy shit.

Chapter End Notes

How we doin??

Up next, Shane goes to Boston 🤪 Will Ilya actually reveal that he knows new details about Wolfe, or nah?

Notes on Ch13 (fat note section this time, too):

- I based all the shots off real ones that you can do at that bar, in case anyone is curious
- Had to include songs by Zedd, Tiesto, and Avicii...the soundtrack of that club era!

- Club scene remix? Let's all heal 💕
- Let's just pretend there is a private VIP bathroom at Opium okay? This is fiction after all
- Had a lot of fun writing drunk Shane and Ilya... they are so precious to me. I love the idea of Shane just letting loose, running (obviously), jumping on street poles, and Ilya chasing him (don't save him, he is right where he wants to be)
- On that note, I hope no one is uncomfy with these boys having drunk sex...everything is 100% consensual and by that point they basically just have a fun buzz going
- I have such fond memories of roaming the streets late at night/early morning with a friend or a romantic partner, particularly in a foreign city – there is something that feels so magical about it, and I really wanted to try capture it here
- Svetlana knows, and we all cheered! I have lots of reasons for having that convo go the way it did, but don't want to overexplain. I do think that in this AU, where Ilya isn't also protecting Shane's secret (because Shane's not in the closet/NHL), it makes sense for Svetlana to find out sooner TBH (also because I made her bi, too haha)
- For those who were waiting for the Shane name reveal...here you go!!! Just felt realistic that he wouldn't be able to keep it a secret while on tour...I based a lot of that concept off of Honey Balenciaga, who goes by their stage name and had really similar articles come out while touring with Beyoncé (obvi Honey was already pretty famous, but still).
- Also, just saying, it's not uncommon for famous people to use a stage name and for people not to know their real name unless they look for it (Gaga, Honey Balenciaga, etc.)
- Now Ilya just has to decide what he wants to do with this info... hehe
- Because I'm insane, as part of my research I basically created a DJ set for the club that night. Here are some of the songs that didn't make it into the chapter (also I reserve the right to include any of these in future chapters okay thanks!):

Outside - Calvin Harris & Ellie Goulding

Heroes (we could be) - Alesso & Tove Lo

Waiting for Love - Avicii

The Party (This Is How We Do It) - Joe Stone & Montell Jordan

How Deep Is Your Love - Calvin Harris

Bailando (Spanish Version) - Enrique Iglesias

La Gozadera (Feat. Marc Anthony) - Gente De Zona

El Perdón - Nicky Jam & Enrique Iglesias

Get Low - Dillon Francis & DJ Snake

Roses - The Chainsmokers (yall I reallyyy wanted this one in there)

Lean On - Major Lazer, DJ Snake, etc.

Liquid Spirit (Claptone Remix) - Gregory Porter, Claptone

Sugar - Robin Schulz, Francesco Yates

Runaway (U&I) - Galantis

Are You With Me - Lost Frequencies

I Want You To Know - Zedd, Selena Gomez (a banger, almost made it in)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!