lovers in the bathroom (and a line outside the door)

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lovers in the bathroom (and a line outside the door)

by Rebelskyguy (rebelskyguy)

Summary

Shane looks up from where he'd been dissociating, staring at the design of the wood in the bar top. He's face to face with the bartender, a shockingly tall, curly haired blond man. He's wearing a sleek black button-up buttoned halfway, exposing his chest and a chain that Shane could just imagine dangling in his face. He raises his eyebrows, as if waiting for him to respond– Shane has to do a double take to make sure that he's even talking to him at all.

"Me?" Shane points to himself.

The blond turns to look at the rest of the bar. "Is no one else here but you. So…"

Or Shane meets a handsome bartender after being stood up on a date. Bathroom shenanigans ensue.

Notes

Thank you to moth for looking this over and for everyone on threads for cheerleading me! I've only seen two episodes but hollanov makes me absolutely batshit insane.

This is an au because I wanted a silly PWP and not have to hand-wave the background information on being trans in the MLH.

TW: implied transphobia from the original character that Shane goes out on a date with. it's implied that Blake stands him up because he's trans.
Shane is ftm transgender and has had top surgery, but not bottom surgery.
Words used for Shane's parts: cunt, front hole, cock.

title of the story comes from a line from pink pony club by the queer icon herself, Chappell Roan.

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane doesn't drink. He doesn't like the hangover the next morning, the lack of control while he's drunk, the gross groggy feeling he gets after he drinks. However, the only thing that he can think of while he's sitting alone at the local Italian deli, staring at his Tinder profile, refreshing to see that *Blake, 22 from Boston,* has blocked and unmatched him, is–

God. I need a drink.

The waitress, who had made her rounds to the other tables, comes back.

"Another ginger ale? We still waitin' on someone?" she asks, not unkindly.

Shame burns hot in Shane's cheeks as he shakes his head. "I'm sorry, I'll just–"

He makes a move for his wallet, but the waitress *tsks* and shakes her head.

"My treat, don't worry."

Great. Pity.

He smiles, the corners of his mouth turning up slightly as he nods, thanking her before walking out of the restaurant. A part of him wants to shoot Blake a text to ask if he'd just deleted his app, but it's not his first time being stood up, probably won't be his last.

Come to Boston, Scott had said. *It's so queer accepting. I know you'll find your people,* he'd said.

Bullshit.

Tears of frustration well up in his eyes as he scrubs his hand across his face. He'd *liked* Blake. Blake was the first queer man Shane had talked to here where he'd *thought* that he was okay with Shane being trans. it's not that he said anything, but ghosting him is almost worse.

His phone buzzes with a message from…

Blake.

sorry. had a thing.

Cool, cool. Cool, cool, cool.

The bar across the street has a neon OPEN sign, and Shane just needs one shot. Ginger ale then one shot. He has classes tomorrow, an interview for an internship at a private practice, he doesn't need to be hungover, he just needs to…

Not be sober right now.

The little hole-in-the-wall bar is pretty deserted for a Thursday night, Shane notices. A hockey game is playing on mute on the one television, and the patrons seem to be more

invested in playing pool and chatting with each other than the game itself.

Shane seats himself at one of the barstools, trying to figure out what exactly to text back, if at all. Is it worth it? Maybe he *actually* had a thing. Maybe his brother's sister's ex stepfather's dog died.

"Okay?"

Shane looks up from where he'd been dissociating, staring at the design of the wood in the bar top. He's face to face with the bartender, a shockingly tall, curly haired blond man. He's wearing a sleek black button-up buttoned halfway, exposing his chest and a chain that Shane could just imagine dangling in his face. He raises his eyebrows, as if waiting for him to respond– Shane has to do a double take to make sure that he's even talking to him at *all.*

"Me?" Shane points to himself.

The blond turns to look at the rest of the bar. "Is no one else here but you. So…"

Shane flushes dark, nodding. "I– was stood up. I think."

Something flashes across the bartender's face, probably guilt and pity. "Sorry, that's–"

"Embarrassing?"

"For them. You drink?" The blond asks, already picking a glass up from the stack of cleans.

"Ginger ale." Shane says. "What do you mean *embarrassing for them?*"

"Yes. Being serious." The blond levels him with a look. "They could have hot man, but they choose to be coward. You want drink, or I choose?"

His stomach flutters as the bartender looks him over. Shane thought he looked particularly handsome today, in an outfit that he rarely feels dysphoric in, cargo khaki pants, a nice button up, Docs, so *this* guy liking what he sees takes some of the sting away.

"I have an interview tomorrow," Shane grimaces, flushing when the bartender raises a carefully trimmed eyebrow– he has every urge to just jump in and let this stranger pick his drink. "I– vodka cran."

There's a quirk of the bartender's lips that Shane can't help but notice. His lips are plush, bitten as if he were doing it without noticing, but the thing that Shane notices the most is the toothpick he has dangling out of his mouth. Constantly fiddling with, playing with.

"I won't make a double." The bartender says, fixing up the drink faster and with a more practiced ease than Shane could ever imagine putting together.

"I'm Ilya. You new here?" Ilya says, flipping the toothpick around, chewing, then turning it again with his tongue.

He's good with his mouth, Shane's hindbrain thinks.

“Yeah, moved here a couple months ago. Trying to make friends in a new country is harder than I originally thought it would be.”

The bartender nods. “I understand. From Russia. Are you…”

“Canadian,” Shane says. “I got a scholarship for my Master’s program at BU.”

“Oh yeah? What do you study?”

“I majored in History with a minor in Psychology in my undergrad, but decided I wanted to help young queer kids, so I started my Master’s around a year ago.”

Ilya’s face softens.

“You will help lots of people,” he smiles, setting the drink and a glass of water on little napkins in front of Shane with a wink. “On the house.”

Shane furrows his eyebrows. "On the house? Ilya, I couldn’t.”

“Fine. Will give for something in return.” Ilya says, resting his forearms on the tabletop. they’re well toned, filling out the rolled up black sleeves of his shirt nicely.

He’s hot, and Shane’s curious.

It’s Shane’s turn to raise an eyebrow. “I could give you my debit card.”

“Just need your name. Need to know whose name I’m going to be moaning tonight.”

Shane stops midway bringing his drink to his mouth. “I– Shane,” he says, voice cracking as he looks at the bartender. *Surely* he’s joking. Shane has *never* been propositioned for sex like this.

But Ilya writes his number down on Shane’s napkin with the pen from his breastpocket. “And I get off in a half hour. Would you want to stay?”

Shane’s mouth hasn’t closed since Ilya started propositioning him. “I– should tell you. I’m–”

“Going to catch fly if you don’t close mouth,” Ilya grins.

“Fuck off, I’m trying to say I have a *thing*,” he looks around like he always does before he divulges his gender. He’s glad he’s doing it with a thick slab of wood between them, so if he, like others, are annoyed or disappointed, he can just slam down cash and leave. He doesn’t normally tell others, and certainly not this fast, but he does know that it’s better for this guy to know now than later.

“A *thing*?”

“I’m trans.” Shane murmurs, just able to be heard above the noise level of the bar.

“Okay.” Ilya doesn’t blink. “What does that have to do with anything? Do you want, or no?”

The little knot of anxiety falls apart at Shane's feet, giving way to the heady feeling of arousal washing over him.

"Yeah, I do."

"Then go wait in that booth for my shift to be over, and we will…talk." Ilya smirks.

Shane nods, at a loss for any other words than *okay.* Twenty minutes, just twenty minutes.

Twenty minutes turns out to be torture, waiting for the shift change and the new bartender to show up. At 8:59 pm on the dot, though, he watches Ilya move from behind the bar, do some handshake with the new bartender and throw the towel over his shoulder as he immediately makes eye contact with Shane. Shane's mouth goes dry, waving at Ilya before he gets the chance to think better of it.

Ilya makes his way over, untying his apron, and Shane is gifted with the ability to fully look over Ilya's body. Ilya fits his slacks *well*, his ass and thighs filling out the fabric, and he's *tall.* Of course he is, but the height difference with Shane sitting down in the booth and Ilya standing in front of him…

Shane's at dick height and wants to explore *that*.

"Should we–" Ilya asks, nodding over to the restroom. "Or call cab?"

Shane has been known to think through his decisions at least for thirty seconds before giving an answer. But when Ilya gestures over to the bathrooms, Shane *wants* so bad he gets dizzy.

"Bathroom. Important business in there, you know," Shane says, standing up out of the booth. "Have to inspect things."

"Oh, of course," Ilya nods. "Very important."

The bathroom is a one stall, dimly lit room, and Ilya wastes no time pressing Shane up against the door, locking it behind them. "Have you ever done this before?"

"No." Shane looks up at Ilya wide eyed. "I— I'm a man."

"I know," Ilya says. "I am one too."

"I'm just trans."

"I don't know where this problem is," Ilya continues. "You are man who likes men, right?"

Shane nods.

"I'm not care about parts," Ilya shrugs, pressing a kiss to the pressure point in Shane's neck. A nip, laving his tongue over the bite. "You make me curious."

Shane's knees go weak, wobbly as his hips thrust forward against Ilya's. Ilya trails the tip of his tongue up the side of Shane's neck, licking over the gooseflesh that pop up. Shane tilts his head, letting out a moan.

"Do I make you curious?" Ilya whispers, blowing a little stream of air into Shane's ear.

Shane can't help the frankly embarrassing whimper that comes out of his mouth. "Yes."

Ilya breaks then, cupping his cheeks before finally, *finally* kissing him. Ilya tastes like vodka and gum, the taste almost cinnamon as Ilya licks into his mouth, wet and sloppy and– yeah, he's good with his mouth. The thought of his mouth in *other* places makes his hips hitch, grinding against him with a moan. Ilya takes initiative though, sliding his thigh between Shane's legs, and it's like gas on a fire as he grinds his hips down against him.

Ilya moans, a deep, beautiful thing, and rolls his hips forward, already unbuttoning his shirt. God, he's already hard too, and *fuck*, he's huge. Shane's cock throbs as he squeezes his thighs together, almost glad for the four layers of clothing between them– he's wet, soaked, and would like to maintain an ounce of dignity by not soaking Ilya's pants.

Ilya smirks, and for a moment, Shane feels every bit of his gaze down to his core. "Get on your knees."

He doesn't think twice. Shane switches their positions so Ilya's the one against the door before sliding down to the floor, pressing long, languid kisses to Ilya's nipples and his *abs* (!!!) as he goes.

They make quick work of removing Ilya's belt and unbuttoning his trousers, and Shane is finally able to lave his tongue over Ilya's bulge. He noses over his balls, dragging his mouth up his clothed shaft, and wrapping his lips around the head where he notices the spot of pre already forming– the brackish taste makes him throb, moaning a little as he goes. *He* did that, to this *Adonis.*

"*Teasing*, Shane." Ilya's voice is raspy, arousal thrumming through the words.

Shane grins, taking Ilya's cock out of his boxers, and is, *yeah*, a little surprised at how big he is– more so, wondering if all *that* will fit in *him.* He's thick, uncut, and Shane's mouth waters as he licks another long line from root to tip, before wrapping his lips around it. It's a good weight on his tongue, and *good* to hear how he makes Ilya moan.

He bobs his head, taking Ilya in more and more before wrapping his hand around what he can't swallow. Sliding his hands through Shane's hair, Ilya groans, his hips twitching forward. *God* that's a beautiful sound, making Shane's stomach feel like warm caramel. Before he can hollow his cheeks or try to breathe through taking him down his throat even further, Ilya's tapping the back of his head.

Shane pulls off quickly, a trail of spit connecting Ilya's dick to his mouth as he catches his breath. He looks up through his lashes at Ilya– there's almost a halo of light around him, as if he were an angel, brought down *specifically* to make Shane cum. His pupils are so wide, Shane can't see the gold in his irises anymore– but before he can say anything, Ilya's pulling

him up and kissing the life out of him. He moans into his mouth, and Shane can feel his cock leaking against his polo shirt, the thought making him clench down around nothing.

“Was it–”

“Too much, too good. I want to *fuck* you, Shane,” Ilya groans, threading his fingers through Shane’s hair.

“Y-yeah, please,” he whines, surging forward to kiss Ilya again.

Ilya kisses back intensely, squatting down and letting Shane wrap his legs around his waist. He carries him as if he weighs nothing before setting him down on the counter. He tries not to think about how many people have done this exact same thing, instead thinking about how Ilya pulls back, holding onto the back ledge of the counter.

“Fuck, Shane,” he says, sliding his hand down to cup Shane’s cunt and Shane can *feel* his arousal sticking to the fabric of his pants. “Soaked through your pants, just for me?”

Shane moans, grinding against Ilya’s hand, his underwear sliding over his cock in *just* the right, embarrassing way– “You have to be careful, w-we have to take my clothes off.”

Ilya *tsks*, continuing to rub over Shane’s cock with incessant precision. “Why?”

“I’m gonna– fuck, you gotta stop, I’m going to–”

“Come on, Shane, come for me,” he smirks, thumbing over Shane’s cock, the flies of his zipper scratching over the fabric of his underwear in just the right way so that he comes, letting go and squirting through his pants with a shout.

“Sorry, I’m sorry– I tried to tell you–” Shane apologizes through his orgasm, hot shame flowing through him as he tries to rationalize in his head how he just ruined his pants and underwear and the floor– fuck. It does nothing to quell the burning ache in his cunt.

Ilya drops to his knees on the floor, fumbling with Shane’s belt tearing his underwear and pants off.

“*Grebany Khristos,*” he moans, wasting no time wrapping his lips around Shane’s cock, the burning white hot arousal going molten as Ilya sucks with precision, swirling his tongue over his cock. “So wet.”

Shane’s moans are surely able to be heard outside as Ilya eats him out. Shane’s still shaking through his first orgasm as Ilya nudges two fingers against Shane’s front hole.

“Can take more than two fingers,” He whines, biting his knuckle to stifle his noise. “Ilya–”

“Don’t do that, baby. Say my name clear so everyone can hear.” Ilya groans, sliding three fingers in, wrapping his lips back around Shane’s cock, just on this shy of too much suction.

Shane’s back arches as he tries to fuck himself back onto Ilya’s fingers– “*Ilya*,” he moans. “That’s– *fuck.*”

Ilya's fingers flex and curl exactly where they need to, rubbing circles that send zings down his spine. He clenches around Ilya's fingers as if to pull him further in, moaning as Ilya massages at his g-spot. "Just like vice on my fingers, fuck, Shane."

Shane looks at Ilya's face, shiny with his slick in the dingy bathroom lighting and he would be lying if he said it didn't turn him on.

"Come on, that's not *fair*– fuck, you gotta fuck me *now*," he whines. "I'll– I'll come again– don't–"

Ilya chuckles, pulling his fingers out of him before sliding each one between his lips, cleaning them off with his tongue. Shane's eyes widen, his hole clenching desperately around nothing, watching enraptured as Ilya cleans off his fingers.

"You taste good," Ilya says, leaning down. "Have you tasted yourself?"

Shane shakes his head.

"Would you like to?"

Nodding, Shane leans up to kiss him, feeling the brackish taste of his own cum against his tongue. The kiss sends him reeling over the edge, spreading his legs and wrapping them around Ilya's waist to pull him in.

"Are you–" Shane pulls away.

"Clean, yeah."

"Then *fuck me*," Shane begs, sliding his fingers down to toy with his hole. He tries not to think about how Ilya fucked him with his fingers better than he's fucked himself. "You don't have to finish in me, pull out, do something, I just–"

Ilya nods, shushing Shane with a kiss on the forehead. "Okay, okay," he says, lining his cock up to Shane's hole.

He presses in inch by inch, and if Shane had thought that his fingers were thick, feeling the weight of Ilya's cock inside him has Shane schooling himself. His eyes flutter shut as the faucet digs into his spine, grounding him as he digs his heels into Ilya's back.

"*Fuck*, Shane." Ilya finally, *finally* bottoms out, arousal laced through his words, each syllable sending heat curling around Shane's pelvis.

The music outside is completely drowned out by the sloppy wet slaps as Ilya pulls out and thrusts back in, setting a fairly brutal pace– though to be honest, he's so wet from his first orgasm, he wouldn't be surprised if he could take a finger (or two) as well. Shane whines as his hips meet Ilya's.

"*Fuck*, just like that, Shane," Ilya moans, sliding his hands behind Shane's back to pick him up off the basin, shielding his poor spine from further bruising from the faucet.

Shane wraps his legs around Ilya's waist again, letting him walk them back against the wall, changing the angle and *fuck*, Shane thinks he could come again–

Shane only then recognizes that the high pitched, cracked moan is *his* voice, moaning out Ilya's name, begging for *harder* and *faster*, *please.* Ilya leans in, pressing a biting kiss to Shane's neck, moving to nip at his earlobe, and that's what does it, sends him over the edge, his cunt throbbing as he comes.

"Did you– untouched?" Ilya asks, fucking into him, not waiting for Shane's nod before his eyelids flutter shut, and Shane feels the wet warmth of Ilya inside him.

Shane wraps his arms around Ilya's neck, burying his face into the side of his neck, breathing heavy. The bathroom is heady with the smell of sex– *their* sex, which sends a thrill through Shane.

Ilya reaches beside them to the towel dispenser before pulling out. He sets Shane on the ground, though Shane's not sure his legs are good to hold any weight with how he was just fucked. He looks through his clothes to see how bad the damage is to his pants (pretty bad, tan khakis show everything), and bites his lip when he remembers he has to walk out like this.

"I call cab. Clean," Ilya says, handing Shane the damp towel.

Shane's heart flutters in his chest as he swipes the towel between his legs. He definitely wouldn't mind seeing Ilya again, would really *like* it actually.

"So, did you, do you–" he stutters, all game gone, fucked out of him.

Ilya raises an eyebrow. "Yes?"

Shane's cheeks flush dark, and he just knows that Ilya can tell that it's not from exertion.

"Oh my god, Shane." he says, holding out his free hand after sliding his boxers and jeans on. "Phone."

"What?"

"Phone." Ilya shakes his hand again, making a gimme motion. Shane pulls out his iPhone, sliding it into his hand. He watches as Ilya puts in his contact information, sending a text to himself.

"When you're tired of being standing up, you call me." Ilya says, pressing the phone back into Shane's hand, pressing a kiss to his cheek, before walking out of the bathroom.

Shane catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror, hair mussed and lips kiss bitten. He dresses quickly to catch the cab, meeting it in just the nick of time.

His phone buzzes on the way back to his apartment, and when he looks at the recipient, he can't help the smile on his face.

From Ilya Rozanov: Good luck on your interview. xo

He’s definitely gonna call him back.

End Notes

Fr guys, thank you for indulging me. I appreciate you all!!

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