

like a (rookie) virgin

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by [flowerylanguage](#)

Summary

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"So, how was first practice with the Centaurs, rookie?" Ilya asks.

Shane's brows knit together. "I'm not a rookie, Ilya."

Ilya looks at him. "Try again," he says.

Oh. *Oh*. This is definitely a sex thing, even if it's not the kind of sex thing Shane had originally thought. He takes a moment to get into character. "I mean, it was great, Mr. Rozanov, it's so cool to be playing with some of my biggest heroes."

Notes

for the [heated rivalry bingo](#) on tumblr

ageplay square

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

It starts in the locker room after Shane's first practice with the Centaurs. "Stay behind," Ilya whispers to him as they're getting changed.

Shane's confused. Anything Ilya needs to say to him he can surely say at home, but—"Sure," he says, and Ilya winks at him.

When they're alone, Ilya pops a foot up on the bench of his stall, tying his shoe. It makes his shorts stretch obscenely around his thighs. Shane swallows. Is this a sex thing? If so, Shane will have to shut it down (regrettably). He will not be caught hooking up in the locker room, even if it is with his husband.

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Walking toward him slowly, Ilya asks, "Mmm, your biggest heroes? Like who?"

"Well, Wyatt Hayes—" Shane starts, just to be a shit, but Ilya catches him by the waist and murmurs into his neck, "Wrong answer, rookie."

"Mr. Rozanov!" Shane says breathlessly as Ilya begins to kiss down his neck.

"Yes?"

"Are you sure we should be doing this here? I mean, what if someone walks in?" Shane asks, attempting to maneuver this roleplay back to their house.

Thankfully, Ilya doesn't seem set on locker room sex. "Oh, I see," he says, "You are, what is the word? Angling— for an invite to your captain's house?"

Shane looks down bashfully. "Yes, sir."

Ilya's eyes darken at the word. "I suppose it would be a good way to make a rookie feel welcome."

Shane lets Ilya drive home. Shane's a solid two hand driver and Ilya's right hand is settled on Shane's thigh. Usually, he would slap it away and away and tell him to focus on the road, but he lets himself relax into the fantasy of being a rookie, about to bed Ilya Rozanov.

When they get into the house, Ilya pins Shane up against the door. "Tell me again who your biggest hero is."

“It’s you, Mr. Rozanov,” Shane says, looking up at him through his eyelashes. “It’s always been you.” It comes out sappier than Shane meant.

But Ilya doesn’t seem to mind. In fact, “Fuck,” he groans. “Hollander.”

Shane continues, “I had a poster of you on my wall as a kid.”

“As a kid?” Ilya nips at his jawline.

“As a... teen,” Shane amends, through heavy breathing.

“And what did you do with this poster?”

Shane knows exactly what Ilya’s going for. “I touched myself to it, sir.”

Ilya drags Shane over to the couch, pushes him down, and says, “Show me.”

Shane can feel a blush starting to spread across his face. He knows Ilya likes to watch him, but he feels self-conscious every time. He likes it better when it’s Ilya touching him. But this is Ilya’s fantasy, so he complies.

He starts to palm his cock through his shorts, already half-hard. Ilya’s eyes are on him, dark and unwavering. He lets his thighs fall apart as he slides a hand under his waistband.

“Hollander,” Ilya says, and Shane stops in his tracks.

“Yes, sir?”

“I want to see you. Take your clothes off.”

Instead of stripping quickly and getting a hand back on his cock like he knows Ilya wants, Shane slowly works his shorts down his legs, folds them, and sets them on the couch next to him. Next, he rucks up his shirt above his pecs, squeezing them and pinching his nipples.

“Off, Hollander,” Ilya says. Shane smirks at him, grabbing his bulge. “Oh, will I have to do it myself?”

“Yes, please, sir.”

Ilya steps into the space between his legs and slides his hands up Shane’s chest. “Hands up,” he says softly.

Shane obeys, and Ilya makes quick work of his shirt, even folding it how Shane would and placing it in the pile with his shorts. He then sits next to Shane and pats his lap. “Sit.”

Shane swings a leg over Ilya’s thighs, settling in his lap. His gaze drops to Ilya’s mouth, his tongue darting out to wet his lips.

The corner of Ilya’s mouth quirks up. “You want me to kiss you, rookie?”

Shane nods, leaning in, but Ilya pulls back. “Uh-uh-uh, you have to earn it. Can you do that for me?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good boy,” Ilya praises, and a thrill shoots through Shane. They’ve never used that term in the bedroom before, but he thinks he likes it.

“Touch yourself,” Ilya says, and Shane sits back on Ilya’s thighs, stroking himself softly through the fabric of his underwear. Ilya reaches out to pull down his waistband and pull out his cock, tucking the waistband behind his balls before taking his hand away.

Shane whines at the loss, but Ilya shushes him sweetly. Shane gets a hand back on himself, swiping his thumb through his slit to collect the moisture beading there, Ilya watching him with interest. “Is this good?” Shane asks.

“So good, rookie,” Ilya says, and Shane flushes at the praise. He works himself faster, until Ilya lays a hand on his arm, stilling it. He grabs Shane’s hand and brings it up to his mouth and spits, then returns Shane’s hand to him. Shane stares at him in shock. Is this Ilya, his husband right now, or Captain Rozanov?

“Before it dries, sweetheart.” Ilya gestures at his hand. Shane brings it back to his cock, moaning when he gets a hand back around himself. Ilya smirks in satisfaction. “Good job.”

Ilya lets him get a good few strokes in before he’s flipping them over, laying Shane carefully down on the couch and climbing on top of him. He makes quick work of Shane’s underwear before trailing his hand down his body, bypassing his dick and pressing against his hole.

“Have you ever?”

Shane shivers, knowing what Ilya wants. “No, sir.”

“Hmm, I will make it good for you.” Finally, he leans down to kiss Shane, and Shane melts into it, taking his hand off his dick to throw both arms around Ilya’s neck. “Eager, are you?”

Shane nods shyly as Ilya pulls away to find the lube. When he returns, lube in hand, Shane is panting, cock leaking over his stomach. Ilya pushes his hand off his dick, replacing it with his own, going slower than Shane was. “All this leaking, you don’t even need lube, yes?”

Shane moans, and Ilya chuckles, taking his hand off Shane’s cock to squirt some lube onto his fingers anyway. Shane feels a finger circling his hole and bucks to meet it.

“On your knees,” Ilya orders, and Shane turns over, knees beneath him and face pressed into the couch cushion. “Good boy,” Ilya says, pushing a finger inside of him. Shane can’t help but let out a breathy “ahhh,” as it enters.

Ilya fucks the finger in and out, twisting and curling it until Shane is begging for a second. Ilya obliges, scissoring the two until he deems Shane ready for a third. By the third, Shane gasps out, “Stop teasing and just give me your dick already!”

Ilya tsks at him. “Is that how we ask our captain for favors?”

Oh, right. The roleplay. “Please, sir.”

“Please what?”

Is Ilya really going to make him beg? “Please put your dick inside me,” he says. “*Sir.*”

“Very good,” Ilya purrs in his ear. Shane flushes, glad his face is still mashed in the cushion because it’s almost embarrassing, how much he likes it.

Ilya removes his fingers and Shane can hear the crinkle of a condom wrapper being opened before the blunt head of Ilya’s cock is nudging at his hole. “Oh, fuck, Hollander,” Ilya swears as he enters him.

Shane can imagine the sight of them, Shane face down and naked, Ilya fully dressed with just his cock out, fucking into him, and he moans.

“You like?” Ilya asks. “Your first time, is good?”

“So good,” Shane breathes, getting a hand around his cock.

Ilya bats his hand away. “Let me take care of you, rookie,” he says before covering Shane’s dick with his hand. He sets a punishing pace for both his thrusts and his strokes, and Shane can’t do anything but make punched-out little moans. He comes without warning, striping up his chest with a groan.

Ilya makes to pull out, but Shane reaches back for his hip and says, “Use me, captain.”

“Hollander, you will kill me,” Ilya says as he begins to thrust again. Without the need to chase his own orgasm, Shane can focus on how intense it is, how close they are. He clenches around Ilya, just to try it, and is rewarded with a long, low groan. Ilya spreads Shane’s asscheeks, and Shane knows what he’s doing, know how he likes to watch himself go in and out of Shane. He feels Ilya stop and shudder, feels his cock pulsing inside of him, as Ilya traces the place they’re connected with a finger. Shane shivers. It’s almost too much.

As if reading his mind, Ilya asks, “Too much?”

“No,” Shane says as Ilya pulls out. “That was perfect.”

Ilya disposes of the condom as Shane turns over and reaches for the tissues on the coffee table to clean himself up. When Ilya comes back to sit next to him, Shane leans into him.

“Are you my husband again?” Shane asks, fiddling with the band on Ilya’s chain.

Ilya kisses his head. “Yes, *moya sadovyy shlang.*”

Shane wrinkles his nose. “Something about a garden? Maybe?”

“Garden hose.”

“Oh.” Shane snuggles closer to Ilya as he wraps his arm around his shoulders. “Wait, because I came a lot?”

“Maybe.”

“Ilya!”

“What! Was cute! Just like rookie would in the presence of the great Ilya Rozanov!”

Shane shoves him away, but Ilya tackles him back into the cushions, peppering his face with kisses. “Thank you for... what is word?”

“Indulging you?”

“Yes. Thank you for indulging me with kinky sex things. You make good rookie. Score lots of points.”

“Well, luckily I’ve got a great captain.”

End Notes

russian courtesy of google translate, unfortunately

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