

Integrating My Way Into You

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Integrating My Way Into You

by [modudu](#)

Summary

“Yes. I went back to my dorm and answered your boring homework about L’Hopital’s Rule.” Ilya chirped, his usual smirk finding its way back to his face, and Shane couldn't help but reciprocate.

“Fuck off. They're not boring. It's to help you.”

“Yes, they helped me fall asleep fast, like a baby.” Ilya continued to tease him more, and Shane shoved him playfully.

Shane wanted to beat himself for being so easy against Ilya Rozanov. No matter how hard he tries to repress his feelings, just a smile from Ilya and he's already crumbling.

or a hollanov AU where shane becomes ilya's math tutor

Notes

hello! it's my first fic for hollanov because they have taken over my life!

this fic only exists because i really just wanted a fic of ilya cumming all over shane's glasses. i wrote the smut part first and it was over 3k words, but my sleep deprivation led me to continue writing it and all of a sudden it turned into a 12k fluffy fic for hollanov.

just some disclaimers: i know nothing about hockey and i do not live in the west, so the university system here is based from where i am in asia. also, all names and places used are fictional and based on Rachel Reid's characters from Heated Rivalry. this is also unbeta'd we love raw dogging it here

pls enjoy! all mistakes are my own.

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

Shane was nervously tapping his fingers on the table, one of his legs shaking restlessly. He had all his supplies laid out neatly. Printed modules and review test papers, as well as pens, pencils and an eraser were all lined neatly on the table.

In less than 5 minutes, Shane would be meeting someone for their first tutoring session. His professor on Higher Derivatives and Integrals asked him for a favor a week ago. Professor Wiebe said he would give Shane extra credit in his class if he'd spend two hours per week to tutor a student of his.

Shane wanted to decline at first, but Professor Wiebe was one of the few professors in McGill that Shane had really high respect for. Professor Wiebe shared the same passion as Shane for what they're studying. Shane always loved visiting Professor Wiebe during his consultation hours to talk about different mathematical theories and conjectures. He was the only professor that made Shane feel normal about his obsession with puzzles, numbers, and logic.

When Shane accepted Professor Wiebe's offer, he was given only the name and contact information of the student he was supposed to tutor.

Ilya Rozanov.

Shane only knew that Ilya was Russian and a freshman, a year younger than him. He was also part of McGill's hockey varsity team. And according to his friend, Ilya Rozanov was not your average player.

"Ilya Rozanov?!" Hayden Pike, Shane's best friend since high school, banged his hand on the cafeteria table.

"Yes, why? Professor Wiebe said he's also in your team. You must be friends, then?" Shane asked, mixing the salad that he had ordered for lunch.

"Dude, fuck no! I'd rather stub my pinky toe than call him my friend. He's an asshole, Shane." Hayden grunted. "He's the most obnoxious person I've ever met. So fucking full of himself. But, he is also fucking good at hockey. I can give him that."

"Oh really?" Shane remarked. He knew a little bit about hockey because of his parents and Hayden.

"Yeah, maybe next year he'll be my captain. Ugh." Hayden groaned, envisioning his future.

Shane was startled when someone knocked on the wooden table. When he looked up, he saw a handsome man with golden curls that looked as if he was sculpted by the Greek gods. Shane suddenly became conscious of his own appearance, fixing his glasses and smoothing out his hair as casually as he could.

"Are you Shane Hollander?" The man had a deep voice and an obvious Russian accent.

"Yes. Uhm. You must be Ilya Rozanov?" Shane asked, and for some reason, the way the Russian man was looking at him made his hands sweaty.

“Yes. Can I sit?” Ilya gestured at the seat in front of him.

“Oh yes. Please do. Uhm. Hello. I think you probably already know what this is for.” Shane started. He checked his wristwatch and saw that Rozanov had arrived at their meeting on time.

Oh. He seems quite thoughtful.

“Ah yes. We’ve been texting.” Ilya glanced over at the materials laid in front of him, already toying with one of the pencils.

“Oh yeah. We have.” Shane wants to die. He thought he had been ready for this session, but when he's finally facing the man in front, his thoughts are all fumbled.

Shane has exchanged a couple of messages with Ilya Rozanov prior to their first meeting, but it was all for formalities. He introduced himself, mentioned his credentials for tutoring without trying to sound conceited or a show off, and just earlier, he texted Ilya of what he was wearing and where he was seated to make sure Ilya found him.

It was their first time meeting today, and Shane has heard rumors about Ilya Rozanov's looks, but nothing has prepared him for seeing him in real life. Ilya looked big and strong, the way he carried himself was imposing, and his black leather jacket made him look charming.

“So, when do we start?”

Ilya Rozanov’s voice cut through Shane's thoughts and he had to bite the inside of his cheek for even having such thoughts during the first meeting.

“Oh, sorry.” Shane cleared his throat. “Well, firstly, I want to gauge your level of understanding in the lessons. That’s why I prepared a pre-test for you. Uhm. Just so I know where we can start and hopefully help you prepare for your finals.” Shane skimmed through the plethora of papers on the table to search for the pre-test he had prepared the other day.

“You can start answering the questions, I’ll give you 30 minutes, and then I’ll check them.” Shane extended the test paper in front of Ilya and gave him a sharpened pencil and a pen.

Ilya didn't ask any questions, he glanced at the paper and started writing.

As Ilya had his head bent down while answering the pre-test, Shane was fighting his demons. He didn't think about how awkward it would be to just sit there and stare at Ilya Rozanov for 30 minutes while he answered the paper. But, it wasn't even 5 minutes in when Ilya was already handing the paper back to Shane.

“Okay, done.” Ilya said casually.

Shane was flabbergasted. Even he himself couldn't have answered the questions in under five minutes.

“Wow, uhm, okay. Let me just check them.” Shane looked at Ilya's answers, and only three things came to his mind.

One. Ilya Rozanov had bad handwriting. Bad is an understatement. He couldn't even distinguish what number was written. *Two.* Ilya had managed to answer each question wrong. Even the ones that were made at a novice level. And *three.* Making sure Ilya Rozanov passed the finals exam which was due in less than a month was going to be a challenge for him.

“How did I do?” Rozanov asked, elbow leaning on the table and his cheek resting on his fist.

“Uhm.” *Absolutely horrendous.* Shane wanted to say. “You weren't able to get any of the questions right. But. That's okay, I think. I'll help you.”

Instead of feeling sad or embarrassed about getting zero points, Ilya Rozanov gave him the biggest grin ever. “Then, I'll leave my fate to you, Mr. Hollander.”

Shane's heartbeat quickened and he started to feel hot all of a sudden. *Fuck?*

For the rest of the hour remaining, Shane gave Ilya a rundown of what he'd be teaching him for the next couple of weeks. He gave him the modules that he had printed and binded for Ilya and told him to read in advance and try to answer some practice questions when had free time.

“Math is really just muscle memory. You have to keep answering and practicing problem sets for you to get the hang of it.” Shane had said.

“Wow, you really prepared for this, Hollander?” Ilya asked, flipping through the pages of the lessons.

“Oh, I just wanted to make sure everything will go smoothly. I don't want to disappoint Professor Wiebe.”

Ilya raised an eyebrow at his statement, and Shane understood what he was insinuating.

“No! Nothing like that. I don't like not meeting people's expectations of me. I don't like disappointing people.” Shane said, and almost immediately regretted it. He hadn't even known Rozanov for more than an hour, and he was already oversharing.

“Anyway, I'll see you on Friday, same time? We'll start our first official lesson then.” Shane changed the subject, saving Ilya from forming any pity for him.

Ilya seemed to understand and nodded. “Yeah, I'll see you. Bye, Hollander.”

Shane looked at the way Ilya stacked the learning materials on top of each other before standing up and walking out of the library.

When Ilya was completely gone, Shane was finally able to drop his shoulders and sigh. Ilya didn't seem as bad as he thought he'd be. Maybe Hayden exaggerated.

Ilya may not be great academically, but him showing up and meeting his tutor meant that he still cared about his studies. And that already made Shane feel good about him.

Or so he thought.

.. — .★. — ..

When Friday had rolled around, Shane was back at the same spot in the library. It would be the first official tutoring session he had for Ilya. Just like their last meeting, Shane had his materials laid out neatly on the table. And he had gone over what he was going to teach.

But five minutes have passed since their supposed meeting, and Ilya still hasn't appeared.

Shane didn't think much of it, maybe Ilya was coming from another appointment or a class, or something.

Five minutes soon turned into 25 minutes, and Shane started noticing.

Will I get stood up? Wait no. This isn't even a date. What am I even saying?

Shane contemplated on whether or not he should send a text to Ilya. He didn't want to sound like a clingy girlfriend asking his boyfriend where he was. But he realized he really was just looking too much into things. He had the right to message him because they agreed to meet today.

Hey, just checking in if you're still coming for our session today?
Sent

Another ten minutes have passed and still no signs of Ilya. There was only 25 minutes left to their session, and Shan thought about how his lesson plan for the week had been ruined. He doesn't know if he'll be able to cover all the topics in so much little time.

I'm already here at the library.

~~35 minutes ago to be exact.~~

~~Are you still even coming?~~

I'll wait for a few minutes more.
I hope you text back.
Sent

Shane knew he should leave. But he still gave Ilya the benefit of the doubt. While Shane busied his mind with countless possible reasons of why Ilya could be so late—from having a

bad diarrhea to having to save a cat stuck on a tree—his phone suddenly dinged with a message notification.

He hurriedly unlocked it, expecting to see an answer from Ilya. But his messages have still been unread.

Hayden

hey bud, practice is about to end soon, let's meet up to eat?

Read

Shane didn't know why he felt disappointed seeing it was from his friend. But something clicked in his mind.

Hockey practice?
Is Ilya Rozanov there?

yeah. he's still on the rink tho coach's still keeping him up
why ask about him ?
why r u curious?

Read

Wow. Great. Ilya fucking Rozanov was practicing hockey instead of showing up for his session with Shane.

Nothing.
Sure. I'll meet you there.

Read

Shane shouldn't be this bothered. But it still hurts to be stood up like that. Why couldn't Ilya text him beforehand that he wasn't available to meet? They could have rescheduled. Shane would've understood.

Shane felt completely stupid for wasting his time. But he felt even more stupid for the tears forming in his eyes. *Stupid fucking emotions.*

He quickly packed his things, and got out of the library. The walk from the library to the sports complex was about 15 minutes. By the time he got there, he was outside waiting for

Hayden to show up. They would take Hayden's car and eat at their local dinner spot.

Shane's phone rang with the message notification again. This time, he expected the message to be Hayden's. But it was actually from the man he currently loathed right now.

Ilya Rozanov

fuck, i'm sorry
wasnt able to text u bevause of oractice
r u still at the library?

Read

Shane frowned. At least Ilya was honest and didn't make any excuses. But still. Why would Ilya agree to meet if their session coincided with his hockey practice?

im really sorry
im coming now to library
i'll expl ain whn i get threr

Read

Shane just rolled his eyes. Now Ilya couldn't even be bothered to type properly and check his messages for any typos? It was really getting on Shane's nerves.

Shane was thinking of whether he should reply and say he wasn't at the library anymore when he heard his name being called.

"What's gotten you all frowning?" Hayden asked, a duffel bag slung over his back.

Shane scoffed. "Nothing. I'm just hungry. Let's go."

"Ugh. Same. Practice today was brutal! Coach had us doing all these drills that made me want to die." Hayden complained and Shane could only empathize.

"Sucks. Glad I'm not into sports." Shane joked without laughing. He really wasn't in the mood.

Shane and Hayden walked towards the exit of the complex but his arm was suddenly grabbed from behind.

"Hollander. It really is you."

Shane looked up and saw Ilya, hair sticking to his forehead from the sweat, chest heaving as if he had just sprinted, and a phone on his left hand. He still was wearing the undergarments of his hockey equipment. It seemed like he didn't have the time to change or shower.

“Rozanov. What're you doing?” Hayden removed Ilya's hand from Shane's arm, completely confused at the sight in front of him. But Ilya paid him no attention.

“I'm sorry you had to wait. I wanted to text you, but I had been in the rink for the whole day. Coach wouldn't let me step outside the rink.” Ilya explained as he tried to steady his breathing. Shane noticed that he looked really tired.

Maybe he was telling the truth, but what difference does it even make. And why should he care?

“It's fine, Rozanov. Just leave it.” Shane turned around and tried to walk away, but Ilya grabbed his arm again.

“No. Let me explain, please.” Ilya pleaded, and he looked really guilty.

“Shane, what's going on? Is he bothering you?” Hayden stepped forward and tried to place himself in front of Shane, but Ilya didn't move. He even had the audacity to glare at Hayden like he was trying to steal a candy from him.

“I didn't forget about our session today. I was really coming. I mean, I *tried*. But my coach is like in bad mood today. He made us do drills that were extremely hard. Hockey practice today should have ended right before my meeting with you. But coach extended our training. And I couldn't win against him.” Ilya stared at Shane, earnestly explaining himself. And the way he spoke made Shane feel guilty about being angry at Ilya.

Maybe he was overreacting.

“Oh fuck. Right. You told me about tutoring Ilya.” Hayden spoke again, like he was part of the conversation. Having pieced out the context in front of him, he understood why Ilya had been apologizing for and why Shane was in a sour mood.

“It is true, Shane. Practice should've ended hours ago. Uh, and yeah, Rozanov was in the rink the whole time. I'm not defending him or anything! I just wanted to help clear out any misunderstanding between you two.” Hayden threw his hands up, as if to tell Shane that he really wasn't siding with Rozanov.

Shane wanted didn't know whether to laugh or cry at the situation. His anger towards Ilya had subsided, but he didn't want to look easy.

“I accept your apology, Ilya. You should probably rest for the day. Let's talk about our next meeting when you're okay.” Shane exhaled and finally looked at Ilya's eyes. He didn't know if he was imagining things, but Ilya almost seemed to look disappointed and hurt?

“Yeah. I should. I'll text you again. Okay?” Ilya asked, hopeful.

Shane felt something funny in his stomach. Ilya was affecting him so much just from his simple words. "Sure. I'll see you."

Shane turned around again, and this time he finally walked out together with Hayden.

"Well, that was fucking weird." Hayden said, looking back at the door of the complex.

"Yeah, tell me about it." Shane wasn't the one who had hockey practice, but even he felt exhausted.

What a trainwreck of events.

That night in his bed, Shane's thoughts were filled with Ilya Rozanov. His mind kept replaying the way Ilya had looked at him when he had tried to explain himself. He also thought about how achingly gorgeous Ilya looked post-hockey training. He remembered how the black undershirt hugged Ilya's body and showcased his defined muscles. How Ilya's lips parted when he tried to catch his breath. How—

Shane came back to earth when his phone received a message notification.

Ilya Rozanov

sorry again, about today

Again, it's fine. I understand what happened.

when will we meet again?

Our next schedule is next week, Wednesday. Same time and place. But maybe you'll have practice again?

no, my practice is every day apart from wednesdays and the weekend

Oh cool.

can we meet tomorrow?

Read

Shane sat up on his bed. Why would Ilya want to meet tomorrow?

What for?

your lesson plan
so you won't have to adjust it
we can make up for the lost time tomorrow?

Shane's heart rate quickened. He didn't know Ilya even remembered about his lesson plan.

It's okay. I can make revisions.

are you not free tomorrow?

I'm available.
How about you? You don't have plans?

no. i only plan to make it up to you.

Read

Shane was pretty sure he could combust any minute now. Ilya Rozanov was making him crazy. The thought of Ilya making a plan to see him and make up to him made him feel gushy inside.

so, can we meet tomorrow?
for a tutor session?

Read

Right. It was for a tutor session, of course.

Okay fine.
What time are you free? Also, where do you want to meet?

same time in the afternoon is fine.
but library is closed, yes?
we can meet here in my room.

Read

Shane almost dropped his phone.

Sorry what?

would you like it to be in your room?
i assume you are also dorming here, right?

No.
I mean. Yes, I dorm here.
But, no. Not in my room.

What the hell? Why would Ilya Rozanov want to study in his room out of all places?
Thinking about Ilya being inside Shane's room was enough to send him to a fainting spell.
Were the cafes around the campus not enough? As if Ilya had a superpower to read minds, he responded:

cafes are too loud and busy for me.
i don't think i can listen well

Read

That makes sense. Cafes can hinder concentration. Shane also disliked studying in cafes.

OK.

Let's meet in your room.
Just send me the room number.

1221 is the room
see you, tomorrow :)
goodnight, Hollander

Read

Shane was burning inside. He wanted to scream into a pillow. But instead, he replied.

Goodnight, Rozanov :)

.. — .★. — ..

The day of tutoring Ilya Rozanov in his dorm room came by faster than expected. Shane would be a liar if he said it didn't make him nervous.

He was already brooding at the possibility of maybe having a crush on the Russian hockey player. But he didn't want to address the elephant in the room.

He spent the entire morning picking out an outfit to wear to their meeting before realizing how ridiculous he had been.

It's a tutor session, you moron. He closed his eyes and breathed in and out. Shane has had a fair share of crushes in high school. And he might be the only gay existing in the world that has absolutely no sense of *gaydar*, because all of his crushes have mostly been straight men.

And Ilya might just be the next one. A hockey jock with a face like that? Shane knew he didn't stand a chance.

Shane miserably settled on wearing his usual hoodie and jeans and checked the time.

Ilya Rozanov's dorm building is different from Shane's. Since he was a math major, his dorm is the one closer to his department. Ilya's dorm was the one for the engineering majors.

Huh. Was Ilya in engineering? Shane suddenly realized he didn't even know what program Ilya was taking. But he didn't dwell too much at that thought.

He calculated the exact time he should leave his room in order to arrive at Ilya's room at the exact time of their meeting. He didn't want to look too excited for arriving so early nor did he want to look bad for arriving late.

When he reached the door to 1221, he knocked, and almost immediately, the door opened.

"Shane, hi." Ilya greeted him, stepped aside and motioned for Shane to come in.

"You look different today." Ilya commented.

Fuck. Was I overdressed? Shane's thoughts started running.

"You don't have your glasses." Ilya raised a finger to the side of his forehead and tapped, and Shane realized.

"Oh! Uhm, I only wear them when I read. I forgot to bring them." Shane said sheepishly.

"It's good different." Ilya smiled.

"Uhm. Should I take my shoes off?" Shane asked, trying to escape Ilya's stare.

"Sure, you can leave them by the door. I also have extra slippers if you want."

"Thanks." Shane took the slippers Ilya gave him and he glanced his eyes across Ilya's room.

It was very tidy and organized. It also looked identical to his, although the layout was different.

"We can do the tutor session here." Ilya walked towards the small dining table near the kitchen. It had nice lighting which would be perfect for their session.

Shane dropped his bag on the chair and started taking out his teaching materials. Ilya also went inside his room and when he came out, he was holding the printed modules that Shane had given him during their first meeting.

"You kept those?" Shane asked, genuinely surprised. He thought Ilya would be the type of person not to take this seriously. He felt moved.

"Yeah? You told me to do advanced reading, yes?" Ilya placed his modules on the table and took a seat next to Shane.

"Yes. Uhm. That's good." Shane couldn't hide the smile on his face.

He thought it was cute of Ilya to seriously study the materials he prepared. He could imagine the hockey player sitting on his bed while reading his notes on derivatives.

Fuck. I didn't just say Ilya was cute?! Shane immediately snapped out of it. He had to remind himself he was here to tutor Ilya Rozanov and not think of anything inappropriate.

“So tell me, which part of the lesson confused you or was difficult to understand?”

And just like that, an hour of Shane teaching Ilya Rozanov about how to get the derivatives of simple expressions to more complicated ones was over.

Shane was surprised that Ilya had been very cooperative throughout the whole review. Ilya did get a couple of questions wrong during their test practice, but there was an improvement from the first time they met.

Although, there were times when Shane had caught Ilya daydreaming when he talked about the basic rules of derivatives.

“Good. Remember the power rule?” Shane wrote the example on a paper. “Multiply by the exponent, then subtract one. So then *three x squared* becomes *six x*.”

“And what about the derivative of *five x*?” Shane asked, but when he looked at Ilya, he realized he was staring at him.

“Is there something on my face?” Shane asked. He could tell Ilya had lost focus on whatever they were studying right now. But, Shane could understand. Not everyone would find math interesting.

Ilya smiled and said, “Yes.”

Shane suddenly became conscious of his face and quickly tried to wipe it to get rid of any dirt that might have been there.

“Is it gone?” Shane asked, but Ilya shook his head. Ilya raised a finger and pointed at a spot on his cheek.

“It's here.” He said, then pointed at his nose. “And here.” Then pointed at another part of his cheek. “It's everywhere on your face.”

“Your freckles.”

“W-what?” Shane said, holding his breath.

“You have a lot of freckles.” Ilya continued to smile at him.

Shane looked away first. Eyes staring back at the numbers and symbols printed on the paper as if they had the power to calm his racing heart down.

“Well, I can't take them off. They're there forever.” Shane said, continuing to stare at the numbers to steady himself.

“I'm glad. They are pretty. Would be a loss if you remove them.”

Something must have short-circuited inside Shane's brain because he just heard Ilya Rozanov call him pretty.

He glanced at his watch and saw that it was almost time.

“Oh, look at that. Our session’s done. Uhm, we can continue next Wednesday, right?” Shane thinks he should receive a medal for how quickly he’s able to change the subject.

“Leaving already? Aren't you hungry after all that math?” Ilya asked.

“Uhm not really.” Shane lied, and the universe must really hate him right now because at this exact moment his stomach rumbled pathetically.

“Really?” Ilya smirked, and Shane wanted to punch him in the face.

“Stay. I’ll make us some snacks.” Ilya insisted, and Shane really wanted to say no. But deep down he also really wanted to spend more time with him.

Ilya raised up from the chair and stretched his arms over his head, and Shane stared at the way Ilya's shirt rode up his torso, exposing the defined muscles.

Ilya went towards his fridge and took some ingredients out.

“Is tuna melt okay with you?” He asked.

“Yes.” Shane said, feeling parched as he swallowed his own saliva.

Ilya must have noticed because he also took out a can of ginger ale from his fridge.

“You like ginger ale?”

Shane smiled. “Yes. Thanks.” He found it funny that a Russian man had ginger ale inside his refrigerator.

Shane fixed his things to clear the dining table. Ilya was quick with his movements and was able to make two tuna melts for them.

“Let’s eat on the couch.” Ilya placed the two plates of tuna melts on the mini coffee table in front of the couch. Shane followed and sat on the side.

“You can go eat, I’ll just set something up.” Ilya turned on the TV and grabbed two gaming consoles. Shane was really too hungry to bother with any formality of waiting for Ilya to start eating with him. He took a slice of the tuna melt and almost moaned at the first bite.

“Is good?” Ilya asked, and Shane could only nod with enthusiasm as his mouth was full of bread and tuna.

Ilya smiled and returned to setting his game on the TV.

“Do you play?” Ilya asked. Shane looked at it and recognized it immediately.

“EA NHL?” He laughed. Of course, hockey player Ilya Rozanov would play a video game about hockey.

Ilya gave him one of the consoles and Shane took it.

“Which team do you want to play?” Ilya asked, looking at Shane as he scrolled through the teams available.

“Montreal, of course.” Shane beamed at him, satisfied with his choice.

Ilya smiled back. “Nice choice. I’ll pick Boston then. So I can beat you.”

“Definitely will not happen. Bring it on, Rozanov.” Shane smiled wider. He may not be well-adept at playing the actual sport of hockey. But he had his fair share of winning games virtually.

Even Ilya was surprised at Shane's skills and knowledge of hockey. “Have you played hockey before?”

“No. I’ve just watched a lot of games. My mom and dad are avid fans of hockey.” Shane said, smiling wide as he scored yet another goal. “Yes!”

“Oh, then maybe you'd want to watch one of my games?” Ilya asked, attention long gone from the game. He stared at how Shane's eyes crinkled every time he got to steal the puck from Ilya.

“Oh, yeah. You’ll be playing in two weeks, right? Hayden invited me too.” Shane remembered. Hayden mentioned it back then and told him about how he needed his best friend for moral support or whatever.

“Ah, Pike asked you already.” Ilya said, and Shane swears he could hear disappointment in his tone.

“Yes, but you're teammates. I’ll support you both!” Shane laughed.

“Are you and Pike friends?” Ilya asked, this time, his attention is back on the game.

“Yes. Best friends. Since high school.” Shane answered. It was nice that his best friend, and really his only friend, was also acquainted with Ilya.

“Oh, just friends? He and you are not...” Ilya tried to look for a better term, but Shane could understand what he meant.

“Ew! God. No! Absolutely just friends. You think that he and I are dating?” Shane asked, looking so offended he had to pause the game.

Ilya faced him properly this time.

Shane thought he must have sounded insensitive. “Not that there's a problem with him and me dating...I mean! I wouldn't date him. No! But, there's no problem with two men dating.”

Oh and he was scrambling his words again.

“Oh? Have you dated...men?” Ilya asked, eyes scrutinizing Shane’s face.

Shane immediately lost eye contact and stared back at the TV screen.

“No...I haven't dated men...or women...yet.”

Great! Now he knows I've never had any romantic partners!

Shane didn't see the way Ilya tried to hide his smile. “How about you? Have you dated anyone before?”

Ilya nodded. “Men and women...”

“Oh.”, was all Shane could say.

“Is the tuna melt good?” Ilya pointed at the tuna melt with his chin, and Shane could finally breathe again.

“Yes, it’s delicious. Thank you.” Shane smiled.

The two continued to play more, and Shane didn't know if it was all in his mind, but he could feel that somehow the space between him and Ilya had lessened. He could feel the warmth radiating from Ilya’s side. He then felt their arms brush together, but no one moved away. Shane let him feel the warmth spread through his body and penetrate into his chest. He felt comfortable being with Ilya, and it scared him.

Because *oh*.

It was palpable. That feeling in his chest.

He couldn't hide it nor deny it anymore.

He *liked* Ilya Rozanov.

.. — .★. — ..

The next few weeks went by as smoothly as Ilya got the hang of answering the practice sets, although he still hadn't gotten a passing score. Shane doesn't mind though, he was already happy that Ilya was taking his studies seriously.

Shane and Ilya continued to meet during their review sessions in the library and mostly in Ilya's room. It had become a routine for them to also eat at Ilya's room after studying and throughout the days he has been spending with Ilya, he had learned more and more about the Russian hockey player. One being that Ilya loved cooking and was good at it.

Shane was currently in the bleachers watching McGill's hockey team play against another school. He had promised Hayden to watch him, but Shane also really wanted to see Ilya play.

Hayden's words back then about Ilya being a great player might have been an understatement. Ilya Rozanov was an ace inside the rink. Shane watched in awe at how Ilya glided his skates on the rink, how he moved strategically to chase away his opponents.

It was no surprise that Ilya's team had won. Ilya had scored 3 out of the four goals of the team, and Shane felt incredibly proud.

After the game was over, Shane waited by the entrance to the locker rooms to see Hayden and hopefully meet Ilya.

Shane glanced up at the man that was approaching and couldn't help but smiled. "Ilya."

"Shane. You came." Ilya grinned. He looked absolutely handsome, Shane thought.

Ilya Rozanov always looked good. But Ilya post-hockey was a different kind of good. He looked like he was glowing.

"Congrats on the win. You are amazing." Shane complimented him, and he could see the way Ilya got a little shy.

"Thanks. Is nothing. Not difficult to beat them." Ilya shrugged nonchalantly, and Shane could only laugh.

"Of course you'd say that." Shane also loved it when Ilya was cocky and oozing with confidence.

"Ilya! You were a beast out there and—oh?" One of Ilya's teammates had caught up and tapped Ilya on the shoulder. "Hello, are you Ilya's friend?" The tall teammate smiled at Shane.

"Uhm, I'm Shane. I'm..."

Wait. Were they friends? Does Ilya consider him his friend? Shane didn't want to get ahead of himself and do a self-proclamation.

"Shane! There you are!" It was Hayden calling him.

"Hey Hayds, congrats on the win." Shane patted his friend on the shoulder.

"Thank you! I'll get changed quickly then we can head out." Hayden patted him back and gestured towards Ilya and the other guy. He then ran into the locker room.

"So, you'll go out with Pike, then?" Ilya asked.

"Oh, yeah...said he'll treat me if you guys win. How about you, do you have any plans?" Shane wondered if Ilya didn't have any plans, he'd ask him out if he'd like to join him and Hayden.

“Rozy definitely has plans! We have a mandatory celebratory party tonight!” The tall guy, who Shane didn't even notice was still here, interrupted.

“Marlow—” Ilya called him but was interrupted by the tall guy, who's apparently Marlow.

“Gonna get drunk and party and hook up with the hottest girl, am i right?” Marlow cheered, hyping Ilya and shaking his shoulders.

“Shut up, Marlow.” Ilya nudged his teammate with his elbow.

The tall guy, Marlow, probably got the hint that he wasn't welcome in the conversation and finally walked away. He still managed to playfully shove Ilya one last time and comment something about him bringing all the chicks again, or something.

Shane looked down at his feet. *Of course, Ilya had plans.*

“Hey, Shane—”.

“I'll see you next time, then. Congrats again and uhm, enjoy the night, I guess. Bye.” Shane quickly turned his heel and started walking towards the exit.

He didn't want Ilya to see the hurt in his face. He didn't want Ilya to know how much he wanted Ilya to say that he wasn't going to hook up with any girls or anyone tonight.

Because how could he? Who was even Shane to Ilya? Ilya only got to know Shane because he needed a tutor. Shane thinks Ilya wouldn't even talk to him or even know he exists if it hadn't been for that reason alone.

Shane isn't someone you'd consider fun or exciting. He's someone who'd rather spend a Sunday night at home watching a movie or solving a fucking puzzle. He was what most people would call boring.

And Ilya was anything but.

They were so different from each other.

Shane's phone buzzed.

Hayden

where are you, man?
i'm done changing.

I'm already outside.

OK.
be there in a sec.

Read

Shane closed his eyes and exhaled deeply. He had to stop thinking about Ilya Rozanov, because surely the other man wouldn't be thinking about him.

.. — .★. — ..

It's Wednesday again, and he was supposed to meet Ilya again. But for the first time, Shane wasn't excited.

Instead, he was dreading to see him. Because he was afraid of the information he'll get when he gets to talk to him ever since the game.

He didn't want to know if Ilya spent the night with a man or a woman. He hated that he felt jealous. Hated it because he doesn't deserve to feel that way. He and Ilya are not in that kind of relationship.

"Hey, Shane." Ilya greeted him, and sat in front of him at their usual spot in the library.

Shane gave a smile, albeit forcefully. "Hey."

"Are you okay? Been busy?" Ilya asked. "You haven't been answering my texts."

Oh God. Shane hoped Ilya wouldn't have noticed that.

"Yeah. I hadn't been feeling well the past few days. Caught the flu, I think." Shane lied, but not completely.

He didn't catch any flu, but he did feel unwell the past few days. He didn't have any energy to answer Ilya's texts, or anyone's. Even his parents'. His mom had to call him out of worry.

Shane thinks it's just stress taking a toll on him. His own academics have been pretty busy, with problem sets piling up as finals approaches soon.

"We can reschedule, Shane. You should've told me." Ilya said, worry covering his voice.

"No, I'm really fine now. Don't worry about it." Shane brushed it off. "Where did we leave the last lesson?"

Throughout the review session, Ilya had been quiet, no snide or snarky side comments about how boring math was. And Shane wasn't in his own usual self.

One hour flew by and Shane gave his usual reminders of what Ilya should study next and which practice set to answer. He started packing and was about to bid his good bye when Ilya opened his mouth.

“Are we okay, Shane?”

“What do you mean?” Shane frowned. He really didn't want to address anything with Ilya right now.

“We're okay, right? You just seem so, what is that word...so far?”

“Distant?”

“Yes, distant. Ever since last week. I feel like you are putting space between us.” Ilya responded.

“I'm not.” Shane denied. “I really was just feeling off the weather. We are okay. I think it's just the academic stress catching up. Finals is just around the corner.” Shane added.

“Ok. Well you should be catching on rest, then. Must be the weather here. I also wasn't feeling well last week. After the game, I just went home to sleep.” Ilya casually said.

“Wait, you didn't celebrate with your team?” Shane hated how quickly he was to ask that question.

“Yes. Didn't want to party. I went back to my dorm and answered your boring homework about L'Hopital's Rule.” Ilya chirped, his usual smirk finding its way back to his face, and Shane couldn't help but reciprocate.

“Fuck off. They're not boring. It's to help you.”

Shane felt like a weight had been lifted off of his chest. Ilya didn't spend the night with anyone. Ilya *wasn't* seeing anyone.

“Yes, they helped me fall asleep fast, like a baby.” Ilya continued to tease him more, and Shane shoved him playfully.

Shane wanted to beat himself for being so easy against Ilya Rozanov. No matter how hard he tries to repress his feelings, just a smile from Ilya and he's already crumbling.

Shane has always been logical and reasonable his whole life. That's why he chose to study mathematics. It was always based on logic and reasoning. It was objective and backed with theories and postulates. Sentiments and feelings were not needed. But when it came to Ilya Rozanov, he was always wearing his heart on his sleeves.

In two weeks, the finals season would come, and Ilya wouldn't need to have tutor sessions from Shane anymore. When that time comes, will Shane still have the opportunity to spend time with Ilya alone? Would he still spare a glance at Shane?

Shane didn't want to think about it anymore. All logic and reasoning be damned.

“Hey, it's you, from the game!”

Shane was startled when someone behind him tapped him at his shoulder.

Looking at the person who called him, Shane recalled it was Ilya and Hayden's teammate, Marlow.

“Oh, yeah, hi.” Shane gave a polite greeting. He was currently queuing in their campus cafeteria to grab dinner.

“Are you coming to our next game?” Marlow asked, probably hoping for a small talk, which Shane disliked the most.

He was bad at making small talk.

“Oh yeah, Hayden and Ilya mentioned it to me.” Shane answered.

“That’s nice. Where did you and Ilya meet? Just curious, since I only ever see Ilya hang out with us hockey team. And I don't see you much here on campus.” Marlow continued to ask.

“I usually always go straight back to my dorm after classes, *haha*, maybe that's why. I’m also Ilya’s tutor.” Shane said, he thought there wasn't anything bad about being honest about how he and Ilya had met. Technically, he really is Ilya's tutor.

“Tutor? For what, English?” Marlow asked, sounding genuinely confused, as if the thought of Ilya having a tutor was absurd.

Shane didn't like how Marlow reacted. Was he insinuating Ilya needed help with his English? Ilya spoke English just fine.

“No. I’m his math tutor. Said he needed help with his class.” Shane answered back. He really didn't want to talk to Marlow anymore, he wished the line would go by faster.

“Wait, what?!” Marlow sounded even more confused, and it was really testing Shane's patience.

“What, exactly?” Shane frowned.

“Sorry. I don't mean anything bad. I’m just really confused right now. Why would Rozy need a math tutor? He’s fucking smart!” Marlow explained.

Now it was Shane's turn to be confused. “What do you mean?”

“Rozy’s like *top-of-his-class* type of smart. He’s taking an engineering degree ‘cause of a scholarship or something. I know this ‘cause it’s all the coach’s words every time he’s reprimanding us for not being more like Rozy,” Marlow said and Shane had to process everything he had just let out of his mouth.

Marlow seemed to take it as a signal to continue, “Coach is always yelling at us about how Rozy should be our role model, something about being able to balance sports and academics.”

“But yeah, I really idolize that young one. Can’t imagine training 4 times a week and all the while studying engineering?”

Shane felt his stomach drop and felt a splash of water dousing his entire body at the same time.

Engineering student? Scholarship? Top of his class? Ilya Rozanov?

Shane knew the acceptance rate in McGill is low because of its strict standards, but even more so it’s scholarship acceptance. They really only accept students that are academically inclined in every aspect.

If Ilya Rozanov got here because of a scholarship, and being a foreigner to add, it could only mean one thing.

Ilya Rozanov is *fucking intelligent*, and Shane bets his ass that Ilya doesn’t need any tutoring on math, especially on derivatives and integrals.

Shane heard Marlow speak a few more, probably asking him what he was going to get for dinner. But Shane lost his appetite. And before Shane could even process what he’d done, his feet were already moving and walking towards the direction of Ilya Rozanov’s dorm building. It’s almost automatic, his feet taking the same steps he has done multiple times and have memorized over the past few weeks.

Within minutes from the dining hall, Shane had reached the door to Ilya’s room. And his hand started knocking on the wooden frame before his mind could even protest.

After several hard knocks, the door opened and Shane shoved the tall man, letting himself inside.

“You’re a fucking asshole.”

“Good evening, to you too, Shane.” Ilya is surprised. He had just finished taking a shower, hair still wet, dripping water on his shirt.

Ilya wondered if he had forgotten a review meetup scheduled for the night, but anyway, he wasn’t complaining that Shane was currently inside his room. But, this Shane was different from the Shane that had frequented his room the past few weeks.

This Shane was frowning, fists balled at his sides. He looked angry.

“Shane, what’s wrong?”

“You lied to me.” Shane said, trying his best not to sound affected.

“Who’s liar? What’s gotten you so angry like kitten?” Rozanov raised his eyebrows, attempting to tease Shane by poking his furrowed brows, but Shane dodged and frowned even harder.

“You don’t need any tutoring. You’re fucking smart. One of the best in class actually, according to Marlow. A-and you have your scholarship. I know for a fact they have questions about derivatives and integrals on the scholarship exam.” Shane scoffed.

“It’s funny, huh? I can’t think of any reason now why you would even need a tutor. Why me? Was all those times we spent together an act?”. The thought of Ilya playing with him all this time, like it was just some sort of game to him, made Shane’s whole entire chest hurt.

Ilya Rozanov lost the playfulness in his eyes. He suddenly turned serious and quiet, and at this moment, Shane couldn’t hide the hurt anymore.

“I knew it! You... You really were just messing with me! All this time? I-I thought we were—”

“Hollander—”

“Was it fun making a fool out of me? Do you enjoy making me feel stupid—”

“Hollander no, just listen—”

“It must have been nice, huh? Seeing me take this all so seriously, was I entertaining—”

“Shane, listen!” Ilya raised his arms to hold Shane at the shoulders, steadying him. Shane finally looked into Ilya’s eyes, shocked at the weight of Ilya’s voice commanding him.

He should be pushing him away and cussing him out. But he couldn’t move. He almost wants to cry, but his pride tells him he’d rather kill himself first before he does that in front of Rozanov.

“I did not lie.” Ilya started, taking a deep breath. He knew someday or sooner this was bound to happen. Ilya didn’t like confrontations, but he hated seeing Shane like this. He needed to tell the truth.

“I really wanted a tutor.” Ilya lessened the grip on Shane’s shoulders.

“Hockey and engineering, I soon realized is hard for me to juggle both. Training got so busy. And then you came, and is good for me. I can play hockey, skip class, and you teach me the lessons I miss.”

“Skipping classes is bad.” Shane rebuked, and Ilya wanted to squeeze his cheeks, but it was not the right time.

“Yes, sorry. I would never lie to you.” Ilya pulled Shane's chin to make him meet his eyes and see the sincerity in them.

“You never told me any of that. How do you explain all the practice sets that you got wrong? You never got any of the questions right in the pre-test I gave you before. Was that real or just an act?” Shane looked away. He gets the part of having a tutor to keep up with the lessons, but all the lessons Shane has been teaching Ilya were the basics. Ilya had to be answering the questions wrong on purpose.

Ilya went quiet and looked like he was trying to formulate an answer that would make Shane understand.

“You were pretty convincing. I really thought you needed help. Do you know how much effort I spent on doing the lesson plan? I really thought I was helping you.” Shane said, weakly.

“Shane, I’m sorry if I’m making you feel like you wasted your efforts. You did not. I really liked your lessons. They are good and easy to follow.” Ilya said.

“Fuck off.”

Of course it would be easy to follow. Shane spent the whole week preparing the lesson plan for Ilya Rozanov.

“It's true I answered most of the questions wrong on purpose. Yes, that was an act. But I have a reason.” Ilya said.

“Why would you fail intentionally? That’s crazy.” Shane didn't know if he should laugh or cry.

“Crazy? Maybe, but no. I was just desperate.” Ilya laughed at himself.

“I’m not following.” Shane looked at Ilya’s face, trying to look for any clues that would make him understand what Ilya was trying to say.

“I did it to be close to you.” Ilya whispered.

“Huh?” Shane still didn't understand.

“Professor Wiebe is also my teacher, he told you that?” Ilya suddenly asked, and Shane gave an affirmation.

“I failed my quizzes and assignments in his class, on purpose. He then asked me if I needed help, and I said yes. I told him I wanted you to tutor me. Is my idea.” Ilya said, like it was the most normal thing in the world.

“What?”

“Do I have to spell it out for you?” Ilya wiped his hand across his face. Shane was starting to feel stupid again.

“Sorry, I’m not exactly the best at reading things.” Shane jeered. “Why me? I’m sure there are other people who’d want to give you lessons.”

“It’s because I fucking like you, Shane Hollander.” Ilya exclaimed.

“I wanted to know you, be close to you, talk to you, and see you, but you’re always nowhere to be seen! Probably always in your boring dorm, studying your notes or reading your boring books. I had to make a way to be close to you. Is why I asked Professor Wiebe to have you tutor me. I promise him I’ll study more seriously if you get to tutor me. Okay? Have I spelled it out perfectly?”

“Holy shit. What did you just say?” Shane asked, breathless.

“The fuck, Hollander? I said so many things, you want me to repeat everything?” Ilya really wanted to beat Shane, but he’d rather beat himself first than ever lay a hand on Shane.

“Sorry. Did you just say you like me?” Shane was so dumbfounded. Like could mean so many things.

I like talking to you. I like your hair. I like the way you tutor me. I like you spending time with me. I like you as a person.

Which one was it?

“I do. I like you so much, Shane. You make me nuts about you.” Ilya confessed.

What almost felt like a minute, and Shane still hasn’t responded. Ilya felt his stomach drop.

“Maybe you should go, Shane. Forget I ever said anything.” Ilya said, dejectedly, already putting more distance between him and Shane.

“No. Wait. Ilya, say it again.” Shane reached out to Ilya.

“What?”

“Tell me you like me, again. Please.”

And how could Ilya ever say no.

“Shane, I like you so—”

Before Ilya could even finish his words, Shane closed the gap between them and crushed his lips into Ilya’s. It hurt, the impact, but the rush of relief and satisfaction overwhelmed it.

Ilya took no longer than a second to realize what was happening before pulling Shane closer to his body. His hands covering the expanse of Shane’s back, and his lips exploring the taste of Shane that he had always craved.

Shane’s own hands had a mind of their own, running through the golden locks of Ilya’s hair, down to his neck and shoulders. When he couldn’t breathe anymore, he had to use strength to

push Ilya away from him, an involuntary gesture that went against his own feelings.

“Holy shit, Ilya. I like you too. I thought it was only me. I thought—”.

“Well, you thought wrong, obviously.” Ilya scoffed. But he couldn't even spend a second being annoyed at Shane. Not when he was right in front of him, looking so debauched from only a few seconds of kissing. His lips glistened with the spit of each other, eyes hazy and misty with need.

Fuck. He needed to kiss Shane again.

Ilya captured those full lips of Shane's again, this time, he picked Shane up from his thighs, forcing the latter to wrap his legs around Ilya's hips. This earned a yelp from Shane, immediately throwing his arms around Ilya's neck, afraid to fall.

“Ilya! I can walk! Put me down, I'm heavy!” Shane exclaimed, yet his actions betrayed his words, as he clinged closer to Ilya's body.

“Don't worry котёночек¹, you're like feather. Don't worry, I will not let you fall.” Ilya whispered in Shane's ear before kissing him again.

He walked towards the bed and laid Shane gently before pressing himself on him.

“Hello, is this okay?” Ilya asked, readjusting the glasses that have long been unbalanced across Shane's nose.

Shane looked up at Ilya, heat rushing everywhere in his body. He has never been with anyone before. He has never even kissed anyone. And now this hot Russian man was pinning him down on his bed, Shane could only pray to all the gods for him not to explode right at this moment.

“Yeah. I'm okay. I just—”

“Ssh, is okay. We can stop for now. Want to rest?” Ilya wiped away the spit that covered Shane's mouth. As much as he wanted to continue kissing Shane, he didn't want to scare him away nor make him uncomfortable.

“No, I'm really okay. I'm just...nervous.” Shane confessed.

“Is okay, it's just me. You don't have to be nervous.” Ilya kissed his cheek reassuringly.

“That's exactly why I'm nervous.” Shane laughed, deprecatingly. “I've never...I've never done this with anyone. But, I want to.”

Shane might as well be honest. He was sure Ilya could tell it anyway from the way Shane kissed him. Shane could tell Ilya was an experienced kisser.

“Ilya. I really want you.” Shane breathed out. Now that he was sure Ilya liked him back, he didn't want to stop. He never wanted to.

“Fuck, Shane. Don't look at me like that.” Ilya had to close his eyes. The way Shane looked right now was too much, Ilya didn't know if he could control himself any longer.

“Like what?”

“Like you want me to fuck you.” Ilya groaned, his voice getting deeper and Shane let out a fucking whimper.

“Ilya. What if I want you to.” Shane whispered, and he didn't know where his courage came from, but he started moving his own hips upward, eliciting a low moan from the man pinning him down.

“Shane, stop. You don't know what you're asking for.” Ilya pinned Shane's hands next to his face.

“I do. I know that I want you. Please. Teach me, Ilya.” Shane, whined, squirming more underneath him. He was fucking hard already, and he didn't have the time to feel embarrassed about it. Just the thought of something happening more than just kissing Ilya made him so excited with need.

“Please.”

And that does it. Any self-control left that Ilya had been desperately holding onto had dissipated as fast as he crushed his lips against Shane.

“I will fuck you.” Ilya whispered, and Shane almost came right then and there. “But not tonight. Someday. Soon. I'll teach you slowly, everything.” Ilya said as his kisses began trailing down Shane's chin, neck, and then chest.

He continued kissing Shane all the way down to his belly button, he raised Shane's shirt to expose his sturdy stomach, and planted kisses down along his navel.

“Fuck you're so hot.” Ilya croaked, and Shane was just taking the view of Ilya between his legs.

“Speak for yourself.” Shane had a feeling where this was going. Despite not having any sexual encounters, he was not oblivious to sex. And what he needed right now was something more than this wholesomeness of Ilya kissing him tenderly.

“Ilya, please. Do something.”

“Fuck, sweetheart, I will. Let me just remove this, yes?” Ilya dropped the pet name so easily and all Shane could do was whimper and anticipate.

With quick movements, Ilya unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down his legs. Ilya saw the white briefs that Shane was wearing, already soaked in precum.

So fucking cute. Ilya thought, satisfied.

Ilya gave Shane's covered cock a little lick, and that alone made Shane almost orgasm, he threw his head back into the pillows and covered his eyes with his arms.

Ilya reached for them, "I want you to look. Keep your eyes on me, Shane." And as he said that, he pulled the underwear downwards, Shane's cock springing up straight into Ilya's hot mouth.

"Fuck, Ilya!"

Shane watched the beautiful man in front of him bob his head up and down on his cock, sucking along the shaft. The sounds that reverberated in the room was obscene, and Shane had to pray that nobody was beside the next room to Ilya's.

"Ilya, oh my God, you have to stop. I-I might-".

But Ilya ignored him, he took Shane deeper, lapping his tongue against Shane's slit. And then Ilya looked up into Shane's eyes.

And that was all it took before Shane was helplessly spilling his cum into Ilya's mouth. Shane screaming and moaning on the bed, hands pushing Ilya's head to try and remove it, but Ilya does not budge.

"Fuck! I'm sorry Ilya. I didn't mean to. Spit it out, fuck stop!" Shane cried out, and Ilya still kept sucking it.

Suddenly, Ilya let go with a loud pop. "You fucking taste so good, Shane." Ilya kissed Shane's inner thighs, hands caressing his stomach.

Shane's face was burning. He can't believe he didn't last for even five minutes. Ilya sat up straight and reached over his table to grab some tissues, but Shane noticed the large tent forming on his shorts.

He tried to push Ilya back on the bed, tried to position himself the way Ilya was earlier.

"You don't have to, Shane. Is fine."

"No. I want to do it too." Shane said with determination.

"Fine, how can I say no to you, pretty." Ilya said, cupping Shane's cheeks.

Well, running his mouth was easier than doing the actual thing. Now that Shane's facing Ilya's crotch, his hands started getting clammy. Ilya must have noticed the hesitation in Shane's movement. He tried making Shane sit up with him, but Shane tightened his grip on the waistband of Ilya's sweatpants.

"I want to do it. I just don't know how."

Shane looked up, "I told you, I've never done this before. You're the first. I'm scared I might not do well for you."

Ilya felt like a total beast for getting harder at the thought of him being Shane's first. It fills him with pride and possessiveness that only he has gotten to see Shane so beautiful and vulnerable like this, only for him.

“We’ll go slow, yes? I’ll teach you, Солнышко².”

Ilya took the initiative to bring his pants and underwear down, revealing his hard penis. The sight took Shane by a surprise from how his lips parted with awe, and Ilya couldn't help but be smug at the reaction.

Shane gulped. He didn't know how that Thing was going to fit into his mouth.

“Start slow, okay? Don’t force yourself if you can't.” Ilya caressed Shane's hair and watched Shane open his mouth to take him in.

Shane has watched videos on blowjobs before, but nothing can compare it to doing it in real life. Ilya’s cock was thick and hot in his mouth. Shane started slowly sucking and experimentally moving his tongue against the shaft.

Ilya had been guiding him all throughout, his hand gently running its fingers through his hair. “That feels so good, Shane. You're a natural. Fuck! Keep doing that.”

And Shane preened at the praise. He felt elated and overwhelmed. This was good, but Shane was greedy. He wanted more.

“You can fuck my mouth, Ilya.” Shane couldn't even see Ilya clearly, his glasses had turned foggy from his hot breath. But he could hear the low groan Ilya let out when he took his member inside his mouth again.

This time, Ilya gave in. He started bucking his hips up every time Shane lowered his head to take more of Ilya. Ilya was throwing out slurs of curses that Shane couldn't understand, probably Russian.

Ilya's hands had found their way to Shane's hair and even started controlling the way Shane bobbed up and down. Ilya was a fucking goner. Getting worked up all because of a blowjob.

“Shane you have to let go, I’m gonna cum soon, fuck.” Ilya winced as he tried to push Shane off, but Shane was relentless. The noises Ilya made turned him on so much and gave him the courage to continue sucking Ilya and taking his cock fully.

The moment his cock hit Shane’s throat, Ilya couldn't keep it any longer. He released a huge load of hot semen inside Shane's mouth and this took Shane by surprise. Shane hadn't expected the sudden release and he quickly removed his mouth as a reflex, and Ilya's cum had splurged in his mouth and all over his face. Some even painted the frames of Shane's glasses.

Ilya had to take a minute to take in how alluring Shane looked right now. Lips swollen and wet with spit and his own fluid. It was maddening. Ilya was flooded with the feeling of wanting to lock Shane up in his room and keeping him forever, only for himself.

“That was...” Shane said, breathless.

“Yeah that was good.” Ilya gave a big grin and Shane found it so funny that he started laughing as well.

“Shit, I’m a mess now.” Shane took his glasses off and saw the miserable state it was in. “Ewww, Ilya!”

Ilya only laughed harder. He took some tissue paper and wiped the lenses of Shane's glasses and placed it on the table.

“Come here.” Ilya pulled Shane towards his chest and hugged him by the waist. “Hello.”

Shane smiled. “Hi.”

Ilya stared at Shane, as if he was trying to memorize all the freckles that mapped across his face. He looked so beautiful, Ilya's heart hurt.

“*Ya tebya lyublyu.*” Ilya placed a kiss on Shane’s forehead. The feelings inside his chest were too much, and only by pulling Shane closer did it stabilize a bit.

“What does that mean?” Shane asked.

“I’ll tell you next time.” Ilya teased him. He didn't want to overwhelm Shane. What they had was perfect right now, it was more than Ilya could have ever asked for.

And he knows Shane felt the same way. Shane must have felt the weight of Ilya's words, because he kissed Ilya again.

“How did we let this happen? I can't believe you like me.”

“We’re idiots, maybe.” Ilya laughed. “But I think I have always liked you.” Ilya continued playing with Shane's hair. It was soft.

“Are we boyfriends now?” Shane asked sheepishly, which made Ilya laugh and crinkle his eyes.

“Fuck you! You're teasing me again.” Shane pouted, already regretting what he said. Maybe he got too ahead of himself. Maybe it was all in his head. Maybe—

“Yes. I don't do this just with anyone, Shane. I want you to be my boyfriend. I want to do all the mushy stuff with you.” Ilya looked into Shane's eyes.

He had never been serious for a long time. But with Shane, he knew he couldn't fuck it up. He couldn't allow himself to lose what this magical feeling was whenever Shane's by his side.

Shane felt so giddy he had to bury his head into Ilya's shoulder, basking in the warmth and the musky scent he had.

“Sleep, you must be tired.” Ilya pulled Shane closer, tightening his hands around his back and waist. He leaned in to kiss the top of Shane's head, feeling overly contented, and for once, genuinely happy.

As he begins to feel Shane relax against him, hearing the soft breaths and steady rise and fall of his chest against his, Ilya reminisced the first time he ever met Shane Hollander.

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“What a brilliant goal from Rozanov! And that's it! McGill takes the win for tonight's game! The fans are erupting and cheering for this young and fresh player. You have to keep an eye on this guy. He might be young, but he certainly has the skills of becoming the greatest player.”

Ilya received congratulatory shoves and pats on his back from his teammates on his way back to the locker room. It was their first game of the season, and Ilya's first win as a player for McGill University.

It has only been four months since he moved here to Canada from Russia. It had been a rough adjustment period, having to learn the customs and culture that was different from the one he grew up in.

But Ilya's glad hockey is there to ground him.

“We definitely have to celebrate tonight!” Cliff Marlow roared as soon as he entered the locker room, earning cheers from their other teammates.

Their captain gave a short speech about the win tonight, even praising Ilya for his performance, to which their coach had agreed. Ilya liked the attention and the praise. He knew he was good.

They had showered and changed and were about to leave the room.

“Hey Pike, are you joining us tonight at the club?” Ilya overheard one of their teammates calling out to Hayden Pike.

He was an okay player, Ilya thought. He didn't really have anything to talk about with him, so he mostly just ignores him most of the time.

“Nah, man. I'm going out with my friend. He watched us play tonight.” Hayden answered, slinging his duffel bag over his shoulder.

Their teammate clapped his back and teased him. “Is that a friend or a girl friend?”

Hayden laughed and shoved him back. “Fuck, no. He really is just a friend.”

Ilya could care less if Pike had a girl friend or a boy friend or whatever. All he knew was that he was boring.

When they headed out the locker rooms, Ilya noticed a man standing next to the bleachers. He was wearing a white fleece jacket with Canada's flag embroidered at the side. He looked cozy.

"Shane!" He heard Pike call out from behind him, and the man turned around and greeted him back.

Oh. Ilya thought. The man, *Shane*, was very pretty.

Ilya walked past him and involuntarily did a double take. He swears he saw the pretty boy had freckles on his cheeks.

Shane. How the hell did Pike have a friend that pretty?

Ilya soon let his thoughts go, as he partied the night away with his hockey friends. He wanted to drink and maybe make out with someone, like what he usually does.

But when he was being approached by multiple people, all gorgeous by the way, he couldn't feel the excitement that he was hoping for.

His mind kept going back to that scene earlier, of that pretty boy with freckles.

Ilya had to drink more.

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Ilya was walking towards Professor Wiebe's office. Ilya wanted to consult with him about the homework he had given them. But as he was about to open the door, someone else had pushed the door and a familiar man had stepped out.

It was that guy from the bleachers. Shane.

"Oh, sorry!" The man immediately said. Ilya was so starstruck he couldn't even get out a word. The man in front of him apologized again before walking away.

It took Ilya a few seconds before remembering what he was here for and finally pushed the door to Professor Wiebe's office.

"Ah, Rozanov. Nice to meet you." The professor said.

"Good day, Sir." Ilya greeted him.

"What brings you here today?"

“Was that guy also your student?” Ilya asked before he could even process what he had said.

“Who? Hollander? Yes, he's my student, a mathematics major. Why?” Professor Wiebe answered, confused.

Ilya realized how suspicious he must have sounded. “Oh, nothing. I just see him sometimes on campus.” Ilya lied.

So that's his name. *Shane Hollander*.

“Yes, he's also one of my best students, apart from you, Mr. Rozanov. I'd be really glad if you two got acquainted.” Professor Wiebe smiled, and Ilya returned the sentiment.

Ilya took out the homework he wanted to consult with his professor, and started discussing with him. But at the back of his mind, all he could think about was Shane Hollander and his stupid freckles.

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Ilya spent months of his semester doing the same routine. Hockey practice. Going to class. Eating out with friends. More hockey practice.

But he had added a new routine of looking for the pretty face with freckles everywhere he goes.

Even here at the cafeteria eating with his friends, he's still subconsciously looking for Shane and his freckles.

“Man, I think I'll be spending less time with you.” Troy said, dejectedly.

“Why, man? Finally decided to attend your classes?” Wyatt jeered.

“Actually, yes. My professor said I'm gonna fail his class if I don't start taking his shit seriously. He even assigned me a tutor, fuck!” Troy whined while stuffing his face with his food.

Ilya's friends laughed at Troy's misery.

“He got you a tutor? Man, what are you a high schooler?” Wyatt jested and added more fuel to the flame.

“Exactly! He told me to spend time with one of his students weekly to teach me the lesson. Fuck, and I can't even say no or else I'll fail.”

While Ilya's friends continued to banter, gears were turning inside Ilya's head, as if something finally had made sense.

A tutor.

Ilya smiled. He knew what he had to do.

And for the rest of the following weeks, he would pose as a bad student in front of Professor Wiebe. His grades suddenly went from flawless to zeros and barely passing.

Professor Wiebe had been so concerned that he had to consult Ilya about it.

“What's wrong, Mr. Rozanov? I understand that you are an important player in the hockey team. But it is still important that you attend my class and submit your assignments. This course is a prerequisite to your future engineering courses. If you fail this, you'll be left behind.” The professor explained to him, and Ilya knew all of that, it was his plan all along.

“Ah yes, professor. I'm having a hard time balancing my training and academics. But I really want to pass this course.” Ilya said, bringing out his best acting skills.

“Is there anyway that I can help you, Mr. Rozanov? I can give you extra lessons during my consultation hours.” Professor Wiebe said, and as much as Ilya appreciated the gesture, Ilya didn't want the extra lessons from him.

“Ah, I don't want to take more of your time, Sir. Although I am considering finding a tutor for myself.” Ilya said. “Do you have anyone you can recommend to me?”

The universe must be in Ilya's favor because Professor Wiebe said exactly what Ilya wanted to hear.

“Yes! Remember my student, Hollander? I'm sure he could help you with your studies.”

All Ilya could do was smile.

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Shane groaned and stretched his legs out, but when he felt it bumping against another pair of legs, he suddenly opened his eyes.

In front of him was Ilya Rozanov, his eyes a gorgeous shade of blue and green. Shane finally remembered where he was.

“Hello, good morning.” Shane smiled. He still couldn't believe this was real. If it was a dream, he didn't want to wake up.

“Hello, beautiful.” Ilya leaned in and kissed him on the lips.

“What time is it?” Shane asked.

"7 A.M.. Do you have any classes?" Ilya asked, bringing his hand over Shane's cheek to caress it.

"Later in the afternoon." Shane answered, preening at the way Ilya was stroking his face. This felt so good. He felt so safe in Ilya's arms.

"Are you hungry? You didn't get to eat last night."

Shane had just woken up but his stomach was already causing problems for him. "Actually, yes. I am hungry."

"Stay in bed, I'll make you breakfast." Ilya leaned in to kiss his forehead.

"Can I use your shower?" Shane asked.

"Yes, I'll give you my clothes if you need them." Ilya stood up and Shane followed.

While Ilya cooked food for the two of them, Shane took a shower in Ilya's bathroom.

As he changed, he couldn't help the blush forming on his cheeks. He felt like a teenager blushing over wearing his boyfriend's clothes.

Boyfriend. Shane giggled.

When he got out of the shower, Ilya had already set the table.

The food was good, the scrambled eggs were cooked perfectly.

"So, now that I know you're secret, you won't be needing a tutor anymore?" Shane asked, taking another bite from his plate.

"Well, if that's what you want. I only want you to do what you want." Ilya said, pinching Shane's cheeks.

"But, do you want to continue? I mean. You said it was hard for you to keep up with the lessons and training. I wouldn't really mind...you know? If you still want help, that is." Shane said shyly.

Ilya held his hand. "I would like that, Shane. Although I pretended not to know the lessons sometimes, I really find your tutoring helpful. I like watching you study, and you are good at explaining things."

"Thank you, I like studying with you too." Shane smiled.

"I also want my boyfriend to continue bossing me around with my assignments and lessons." Ilya teased, giving Shane a smirk.

"I'm not bossy!" Shane hit him playfully, trying to mask his blush from getting called Ilya's boyfriend.

Shane could get used to this. Being near Ilya's presence.

Shane had always been logical and reasonable. He loved mathematics because it was factual and objective, a world governed by proofs and certainties. Feelings were variables he never needed to solve for—until Ilya. Loving him was nothing like math. It was spontaneous and unstructured, full of sudden turns and unprovable truths. And yet, for the first time, Shane found himself grateful for the chaos. He wouldn't have it any other way.

End Notes

¹ kitten

² little sun

If you've reached the end of this fic, I sincerely thank you! Kudos and comments are appreciated <3

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