

keeping it professional

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keeping it professional

by [AirgiodSLV](#)

Summary

“So,” Ilya says at last. “Why do you hire a professional Dominant?”

Shane is grateful for Ilya’s timing. If he’d been drinking just then, he probably would have choked and spat tea all over the pavement.

“I don’t know. I liked the idea, I guess.” He swallows and risks a quick sideways look at Ilya. “Why do people usually hire you?”

Notes

Yesterday I told a friend, 'I don't know that I'll write anything for this fandom.' Haha. Hahaha.

Contains: D/s, anxiety, sex toys, biting, and professional kink work.

“You are Hollander?”

Shane jumps, banging his wrist on the table as he startles out of his thoughts. He looks up to see a well-built man in a black leather jacket standing next to his table. His blond hair is tightly curled and slicked back with gel, emphasizing an angular face. His jaw looks like chiseled marble.

“Hollander, yes?” the man repeats. He has a thick accent, something European. He looks like an athlete or a personal trainer. The idea of a fan recognizing him right now makes Shane’s chest tighten, but it’s not like he can deny it.

“Yeah, hi.” Shane puts on the smile he practices for commercial shoots. “That’s me.”

The man in the black jacket pauses for a moment, as if expecting something more to come after that statement. When it doesn’t, he points at his chest. “Ilya.”

Shane’s eyes widen and he sits up straight. “Oh.”

Ilya slides into the seat across from Shane and studies him. Shane keeps his hands folded on the table, trying to make a good impression. The silence stretches.

“Thank you for coming,” Shane says at last.

Ilya raises an eyebrow. “You hired me. We set this meeting.”

Shane feels the back of his neck heat. “I know. Still. You didn’t have to take the meeting.”

Ilya continues to study him. His eyes are a startling, clear blue. “Did you order?”

“Um. No.” Shane looks down at the café menu on the table. “Are you hungry?”

Ilya shrugs. “We have a while to talk. Might as well eat.”

Shane tries to focus on the words printed on the menu. He sees endless variations on *bacon*, *eggs*, *cheese*, *potatoes*. He doesn’t know how much time passes before he risks a glance up to see Ilya watching him.

“You don’t want to eat,” Ilya guesses.

Shane swallows. “I’m on a macrobiotic diet.”

Ilya makes a little hand gesture, his shoulders and eyebrows raising as if to ask, *what?*

“It’s, uh. I don’t eat red meat or poultry. Or dairy.”

It’s more complicated than that, but Shane has learned that explaining why tomatoes are off-limits generally only confuses people.

Ilya looks down at the menu, scanning the list. “You don’t like avocado toast?”

Shane's face gets hotter. "No, um. No avocados."

Ilya pushes his menu to the center of the table. "You drink coffee?"

"Sure," Shane lies. He's already made this weird enough. He can choke down a few mouthfuls of coffee to smooth things over.

They order coffee, even though there's green tea on the menu, which Shane could actually drink without feeling guilty. He gets hung up on whether or not to order that instead, and then on whether it's too late to change his order after the server walks away. He steals glances at the drink counter, tracking the progress of ceramic cups. It's not too late yet, but it will be soon.

Shane jerks his gaze away from the barista to focus on Ilya. "How did you know who I was?"

Ilya leans back in his chair. His leather jacket creaks with the movement, and his shirt stretches across his broad chest. Shane tries not to stare and feels himself start to sweat. He glances furtively around the café to see if anyone is looking at them.

"You are nervous. No one else here is as nervous as you."

Ilya leans forward now, closing some of the distance between them. There's a coiled restlessness to him, an impulse to be in motion. Shane is hyperaware of the fact that he hasn't moved an inch from his straight-backed posture, hands still folded on the table in front of him.

Ilya raises an eyebrow. "First time?"

Shane can't help darting another look around, checking who might be close enough to hear them and unable to hold Ilya's eyes. "Is it that obvious?"

Ilya doesn't laugh at him. He starts to speak, but their server comes out from behind the counter carrying a tray with two cups on it. Shane straightens up and gestures for Ilya to stay silent.

Once they're alone again, Ilya says, "This is more than 'first time' nervous."

Shane folds his hands around his coffee cup to give himself something to do. It's too hot, but he doesn't let go. The ceramic stings his palms. "This is just very public."

Ilya shrugs a little. "Safer for you. Safer for me. I told you. We talk here, then if we both want, we go to hotel."

Shane tries not to look reflexively around them. He hunches over his coffee cup, trying to make himself smaller. "I know."

Ilya shakes his head and makes another gesture, prompting. *What?* "No one knows what we talk about."

"I know," Shane repeats. He forces himself to say the words. "People might take pictures."

He knows it's unlikely. It's not like he gets recognized everywhere he goes, and hockey fans are more likely to come up to him and ask for a photo than take candid shots of him in a café.

That doesn't stop his brain from circling in a panicked loop around the possibility. Especially considering why he's here, and the man sitting across from him.

"Why would anyone take pictures? You are famous? Everyone wants pictures of random stranger in coffee shop?"

Shane could lie, but Ilya already knows his legal name. All he needs to do is search 'Shane Hollander' on his phone to find out the truth.

Oh, God. Ilya knows his legal name.

"Kind of. Yeah." Shane tightens both hands around his coffee cup. "In certain circles, anyway."

Ilya takes that in. "Then we go for a walk," he says. "You want the coffee?"

Shane looks down at the dark, bitter liquid sitting untouched in his cup. "Not really, no."

Ilya surprises him with a small, genuine smile. It changes his entire face, rounding his cheeks and lighting up his eyes. "It's good that you tell me what you don't want," he says, warm enough to bring a flush to Shane's cheeks. "See? This is progress."

They walk along the Lachine Canal, breath fogging the air and steam curling in faint wisps from their cardboard to-go cups. Ilya had ordered another coffee, and Shane had given in at last to the needling in his brain and ordered green tea.

It had been worth it, not only to silence the part of him that was still wishing he'd just ordered tea to begin with, but for the wide grin on Ilya's face.

"And now you ask for something you want," he'd teased, and Shane had been so flustered that he'd told Ilya to fuck off and nearly walked out of the café without his tea.

The silence feels easier now, more comfortable. Shane's shoulders slowly creep down from around his ears as they wander along the walking path. He knows that logically there are even more people around to see them now, but it feels different when he's in motion. He's no longer a bug trapped under an invisible microscope.

"So," Ilya says at last. "Why do you hire a professional Dominant?"

Shane is grateful for Ilya's timing. If he'd been drinking just then, he probably would have choked and spat tea all over the pavement. He squeezes his cup and tries to ignore the blood rushing in his ears.

“I don’t know. I liked the idea, I guess.” He swallows and risks a quick sideways look at Ilya. “Why do people usually hire you?”

Ilya purses his lips and blows over his coffee before taking a sip. “Sometimes, fantasies. Sometimes specific kinks. Fetish.” He glances over, catching Shane’s eye for a split second when he doesn’t look away quickly enough. “Sometimes, too much control in their life. Macrobiotic diet, fans taking photos. They want someone else to have the control.”

Shane exhales a long, slow breath. “Yeah. I mean, that makes sense. Not having to think for a while.”

Ilya takes another swallow of coffee. “Not thinking is different than not being in control. That’s what you want?”

Expressing his own half-acknowledged desire makes Shane feel more naked than he ever has standing in a communal shower. He shoves his free hand into his coat pocket, out of the cold air. “I like being told what to do.”

Ilya makes an interested noise. “Specific task? You like having instructions to follow? Or you like doing well?”

Shane’s face goes hot again. “Both, I guess. I like being good at stuff. And knowing that I am.”

Ilya’s voice drops, shading into something more intimate, even though there’s no one around them. It curls around Shane’s belly, wrapping him in warmth. “You want me to tell you, you are good?”

Shane shivers. It really is cold out. “Yes,” he whispers.

Again, he expects Ilya to laugh at him, or at least offer a condescending smile at his confession. Instead, Ilya says, “And you like men, yes?”

Shane feels the ground tilt under his feet. White noise fills his ears, loud enough that he has to raise his voice above it. “I thought this wasn’t about sex.”

Ilya shrugs again. “We will not do anything that is sex. This is still sexy, yes? Still fantasy.”

Shane forces cold air into his lungs. His chest constricts, fighting his effort to breathe. He keeps his voice level, and it comes out a flat monotone. “Why would you think that?”

Ilya gives him a look. “Much easier to hire Dominatrix than to find me. Dozens on websites.”

Shane swallows panic. “Maybe I wanted someone strong.”

“Maybe. Or maybe it’s not so easy to get what you want with people taking photos. You go to bar, someone notices. You hire sex worker, could be scandal.”

“Hiring you is still a scandal,” Shane points out. It’s hitting him all over again, what a stupid idea this was. If anyone finds out, his career is over.

“Hollander.” Ilya stops him with an outstretched arm, pinching the sleeve of Shane’s coat and turning to face him. “No one will know. I am very discreet. You are safe with me.”

He’s not. He really isn’t, and he thinks Ilya must know that, no matter what he claims. But something about the earnest way Ilya says it, holding his gaze with those clear blue eyes, makes Shane relax enough to draw in a full breath.

“Yes,” he says. “Okay.”

Ilya raises an eyebrow. “Are you done panicking? You want to go to hotel now?”

Heat drops in Shane’s stomach so fast that he feels dizzy with it. “I have an apartment.”

“So,” Ilya says. “We go.”

Shane locks his front door and goes through the automatic routine of shedding his outdoor layers. Coat hung by the door, shoes on the mat. He should ask if Ilya wants something to drink. Is there etiquette for this? Should he offer a tour?

He turns around, unable to look anywhere remotely close to Ilya, standing in his entryway. “Do you want...?”

He breaks off when Ilya steps toward him, into his space. Ilya plants his palm flat against the wall and crowds Shane back against it, raising his other arm so Shane is trapped between them. When he speaks, his voice is low and calm.

“Okay?”

Shane’s breath hitches, but not with panic this time. “What are you doing?”

“Cage.” Ilya smiles at him. It’s not the smile from the café, bright and surprised. This one is knowing. “Nowhere to go. You feel safe.”

It’s a shock to realize that he does. It’s a stupid reaction, because as well-built as Ilya is, it’s not like Shane couldn’t push him off. He’s a professional hockey player, he’s been in his share of fights. They’re not even touching. It’s not like Ilya actually has him pinned.

His idiot brain, however, has processed the enormous biceps to either side of his head, the solid wall at his back, the muscled chest in front of him, and seems to agree with Ilya. Shane feels his spine melt against the wall.

“Okay?” Ilya repeats.

“Yeah.” Embarrassment warms him. “How did you know to do that?”

“I am very good at what I do.” Ilya’s voice is a low, warm rumble of amusement. “And you are easy to read.”

“Shut up.” Shane pushes halfheartedly at Ilya’s chest. Something settles in him, relaxing his shoulders, when Ilya doesn’t budge an inch. “Sorry. Am I allowed to touch you?”

“Yes. No sex,” Ilya reminds him. “Touching like this is fine.”

Shane lifts his hand again and rests it more deliberately on Ilya’s chest. His heart pounds, much faster than the steady thump of Ilya’s heartbeat. He looks up through his lashes, feeling timid. “We should have, um, a word, right?”

“Word?” Ilya echoes.

Shane swallows. “A safe word. In case one of us doesn’t want to do something.”

Ilya leans in a little closer. His jacket squeaks, biceps straining the sleeves. Shane can smell leather and subtle, spicy cologne. “No. You say no, we stop. You say stop and we stop. You say get off me, we stop. Anything you say, we stop.”

Shane’s thoughts snag on the possibility of them being in a position where Ilya would have to get off of him. He pushes stubbornly through it. “Shouldn’t we cover all of our bases, though, with something neither of us would normally say? Like, flamingos?”

Ilya’s puff of laughter is so close that Shane can feel it tickle his face. “Fine, yes. You say flamingos, I say what the fuck is this, and we stop.”

Shane’s mouth twitches, curling into a half-smile. “Is that our word, then?”

“Hollander.” Ilya leans in deliberately until their foreheads rest together. “Stop talking about birds and tell me what you want.”

You, Shane thinks, and bites his tongue hard so it won’t slip out.

He twists the front of Ilya’s shirt into his fist. Ilya’s gaze flicks down, sparing Shane the uncomfortable proximity of their eyes meeting.

“Hollander,” Ilya coaxes, sing-song. “You pay me four hundred dollars to do what you want. Nothing you say will shock me. You want me to walk you on leash like a dog, you want me to step on your balls and make you cry, we do. Tell me.”

Shane doesn’t mean to speak, but the words spill out anyway. “Can you, um. Hold me down?”

Ilya leans into him. His weight gradually presses Shane harder into the wall, until Shane doesn’t even need his legs to hold him up anymore. Ilya could probably lift him up and hold him there, Shane thinks, and the thought makes him so hard he can feel himself straining against his jeans.

Ilya can feel him straining against his jeans, he realizes, and he gets so embarrassed that he tries to squirm away. Even though, as Ilya had promised, there’s nowhere to go.

Ilya starts to pull away from him, reacting to his panic, and Shane gasps at the brief, glancing friction against Ilya's hip. He squeezes his eyes closed, mortified.

There's a pause, Ilya clearly noticing his predicament and deciding what to do about it. Shane wonders if Ilya will just walk out, or if he'll stay to humiliate Shane for his reaction before he goes.

Then Ilya turns him around and leans his full weight into Shane's back, pressing him against the wall. His hands wrap around Shane's wrists, raising his arms to pin them gently but firmly beside his head. Shane groans aloud. He sags into the wall and feels the solid muscle of Ilya's chest holding him in place.

"Okay?" Ilya breathes into his ear.

Shane squirms again, but this time he's not trying to go anywhere. He just wants to feel that he *can't*.

"Yes," Shane pants. "Fuck."

"You blush so pretty," Ilya says. Shane feels like his cheeks are hot enough to set the wall on fire. "Tell me what next."

"Fuck," Shane says again. His filter is disintegrating, words spilling out before he can stop them. "Will you bite me?"

He doesn't know where that comes from. He freezes after he says it, but Ilya doesn't seem to think it's a strange request.

"No breaking skin," he says, before Shane can send himself into a spiral over germs and bacteria and what the fuck he's just asked for. Ilya lets go of Shane's wrists and taps his shoulder. "Take this off."

Shane strips off his hoodie and t-shirt, and hears the creak of leather and muffled thump behind him as Ilya sheds his jacket. Shane thinks he should offer to hang that up for him, but before he can muster the words, Ilya's caught his wrists again and pinned him like a butterfly on a board.

The wall is cool against his skin, his pecs and nipples pressed flat by Ilya's weight on his back. Shane flexes his wrists, and again, Ilya doesn't budge.

"Here, yes?" Ilya asks, his breath hot against Shane's neck. Shane shudders and nods.

Ilya's lips graze his skin, drifting as though searching for the best spot. Shane pants, tense with anticipation.

"You can move hips," Ilya murmurs, the words buzzing against his skin. "So I know it's good."

"Oh, Jesus," Shane says, and then he feels the blunt pressure of Ilya's teeth sinking into the muscle at the juncture of his neck and shoulder, and his brain goes white.

He moans. It feels like every nerve ending in his body lights up, a deep ache spreading through him from that one point of contact. Ilya lifts his head, cool air hitting Shane's wet skin, and licks over the spot where he'd just bitten.

"Hm." He blows into Shane's ear and crushes him gently against the wall again, raising his voice over Shane's desperate groan. "You don't move. I wonder if it's not hard enough."

Ilya's hips nudge against his ass, and Shane finds his own hips hitching in response, rubbing the front of his jeans against the wall.

"*Fuck.*" The word comes out garbled, accompanied by a dull thud as Shane knocks his head against the wall.

"Better," Ilya says, satisfied, and bites down again.

Shane grinds against the wall until it hurts, the chafing friction in his jeans modulating his moans into whimpers. Ilya pulls away and licks him again, then slips his arms beneath Shane's armpits to haul him back against Ilya's chest.

"I think you like this," Ilya says, which is the understatement of the year. "Have you thought about it? Being with a man?"

Shane's breath hitches. He nods. It's a relief to finally admit it to someone, to come clean because he can tell himself it's too late to lie. If Ilya touched him right now, Shane thinks he might come in his pants. He can't pretend to be unaffected.

"Tell me what you think about," Ilya coaxes. "Do you touch yourself? Do you have toys?"

Shane hesitates. Then he nods, more slowly this time. "A dildo."

Ilya pulls away from him and steps back. The sudden absence of contact leaves Shane reeling, but Ilya just turns him around and gives Shane's chest a brief, reassuring grope.

"Go," he says. "Bring it here."

Shane blinks. He stalls out over the thought of Ilya seeing it, of Shane *using* it in front of him. "What? Why?"

Ilya backs away toward the living room. His smirking mouth is wet and pink. "Because you want to be good for me," he reminds Shane. "And because I want to watch you suck cock."

Shane nearly trips up the stairs in a daze. He yanks open the top drawer of his nightstand, where an unassuming black box sits next to a half-empty bottle of lube.

He stares at it for a few seconds, then picks up the box and shoves the drawer closed. If he thinks about it for too long, if he loses momentum now, he's going to end up with his head between his knees in the bathroom, asking himself what the fuck he thinks he's doing.

He finds Ilya in the living room, sprawled comfortably on the couch with his arm stretched out across the back. Shane feels his gaze like a physical weight.

Ilya's head rolls against the back of the couch as he considers Shane. His attention drifts down to the unmistakable bulge in Shane's jeans.

"Take off your pants," Ilya says.

Shane freezes, feeling himself get somehow harder. He's still holding the box. His other hand drifts to the button of his jeans.

Ilya makes a satisfied noise and a little gesture, his finger looping in an expectant circle. *What are you waiting for?* that finger prompts. *Get on with it.*

Shane takes off his pants.

Ilya leans forward when Shane finishes folding them, setting them neatly to the side. He should get his shirt out of the entryway, he thinks, but Ilya speaks again before he can move.

"Get on your knees."

Shane doesn't even think. That's the best and worst part of this, that a straightforward instruction floods him with such eager, lightheaded relief. His knees hit the rug, anticipation buzzing under his skin, and the warmth rising in his cheeks is nothing compared to the heat in Ilya's gaze.

"Take it out. Let me see it," Ilya says, gesturing to the box. Shane shuffles forward on his knees to where he'd set it on the coffee table, and takes out the dildo.

It's small, narrow, unassuming. He hadn't wanted to take on more than he could handle for his first toy, in case he lost confidence. Ilya's mouth quirks up a little when he sees it, but he doesn't comment on the size.

"You want it, yes? Tell me."

Shane licks his lips. "Yes."

Ilya's eyes are a stormier blue now, dark and intent. "Yes, what?"

Shane opens his mouth to say *yes, sir*, and then catches himself. He knows what Ilya really wants. It makes his skin hot and itchy just thinking about it.

"Yes, I want to suck cock for you," Shane says, clear and deliberate.

Ilya's voice rumbles in his chest. "Do it."

Shane lifts the dildo to his lips and licks the head. He's never done this before. Why would he? He'd bought it to stick up his ass, not learn how to give a blowjob.

Oh, fuck. He's about to learn how to give a blowjob.

He sucks at the silicone head, trying not to wrinkle his nose at the soapy, chemical taste. It's not like the toy cares how he sucks it. This is a little ridiculous. It's humiliating.

He's so hard he's leaking through his underwear.

"You can take more of it," Ilya tells him. "Use your tongue. Good."

Shane moans around his mouthful of silicone and immediately wants to disappear into the floor. He squeezes his eyes closed, and works his mouth over as much of the shaft as he can comfortably fit inside his mouth.

"Look at me," Ilya says suddenly, and Shane's body responds to the direct order before his self-preservation can override it. His eyes fly open and fix on Ilya, who's leaning so far forward that he's halfway off the couch, his full attention on Shane's face.

Shane feels his cheeks warm again, and Ilya exhales hard.

"Look at you. I think you can take more."

Shane tries, then has to pull back when he gags. Through his watering eyes, he sees Ilya stand up from the couch and circle around next to him.

Ilya places one hand over Shane's on the base of the dildo, and the other hand on the back of Shane's neck. He guides the toy down until it sits upright on the coffee table, with Shane kneeling awkwardly over it. Ilya's fingers curl gently into his hair, pushing him down.

Shane takes as much of the dildo into his mouth as he can, and flexes his fingers around the base. Ilya's grip is warm and solid, grounding him.

"Relax your throat. Move up and down on it. Not too much at once. Let it go deeper. There."

Ilya's steady stream of words gives Shane something to focus on besides the threat of gagging and the smell of silicone. He obeys every instruction, following the firm pressure of Ilya's hand in his hair, until the dildo is snug in the back of his throat. His fingers brush his own lips where they're wrapped around the shaft. He feels absurdly proud, and a little hot, moaning as drool trickles onto his knuckles.

Ilya pushes him down another fraction of an inch and holds him there until Shane is lightheaded. Then he squeezes the back of Shane's neck and says, "Touch yourself."

Shane's hand is on his cock before he can think. He pulls off the dildo and gasps, "I thought we can't..."

"I don't touch you," Ilya growls, although that isn't strictly true. His hand covers Shane's on the dildo, and his lips brush the shell of Shane's ear, and he shakes Shane gently by the back of the neck. "So you touch yourself *for* me. Yes?"

"Yes," Shane agrees. And the thing is, he knows all of this. He's read the rules a dozen times. Ilya had been very clear about what was and wasn't allowed.

It feels different, on his knees with Ilya's hands on him, pushing his hand into the waistband of his underwear. It feels a lot like sex. It *is* sex, but apparently it's the kind that allows plausible legal deniability.

“You come for me,” Ilya tells him, the command wrapping around him like another hand. Ilya pushes his head down again until Shane’s throat works helplessly around the cock in his mouth, and Shane shoots into his underwear so hard that he sees stars.

Ilya really is a professional. He somehow gets Shane off the floor and back up to his bedroom to change his underwear before the mess can turn sticky and unpleasant, and has him back in the living room before Shane can melt down into panic.

Shane’s saliva is wiped off the coffee table. The dildo is cleaned and packed away into its discreet black box. By the time Shane’s brain comes fully back online, he’s tucked under Ilya’s arm on the couch, drinking a glass of water Ilya had brought from the kitchen.

Shane knows that he should be freaking out. It’s just that the anxious part of his brain, the part that frequently gets so loud he can’t ignore it, has gone temporarily offline. He feels dopey and loose, like an overcooked noodle.

Somehow, the first thing that comes out of his mouth is, “Was that better than walking me like a dog?”

Ilya laughs, a genuine bark of surprise that jostles Shane’s head on his shoulder. Shane smiles and does a piss-poor job of hiding it behind his hand.

“It was good. You were good for me,” Ilya assures him. “You feel good?”

“Yeah.” Shane tries to scrape up some level of professional courtesy from the puddle Ilya has melted him into. “Thanks.”

Ilya kisses his hair. Shane rubs his cheek against Ilya’s soft shirt, and wonders if he should have put more clothes on when he’d changed his underwear. Probably, but he likes the skin contact where they’re touching.

Ilya catches Shane’s jaw in his hand and tilts his head back. Shane looks up at him, his lips squished together and limbs turned to jelly, and blinks when Ilya leans in.

Ilya pauses, waiting for permission. Shane tilts his head and meets him.

Ilya kisses the same way he’s done everything tonight. Gentle, firm, commanding. He licks into Shane’s mouth and presses him back against the couch cushions, cradling Shane’s face to slant their mouths together at the best angle.

They only break apart for a second, and then Ilya kisses him again, softer, like he needs to sneak in just one more before he lets go.

Shane licks his lips. “You didn’t have to do that.”

“Is not for you,” Ilya says easily. “I don’t hold you, I feel like shit after.”

Shane thinks he's probably lying, but it makes him feel warm anyway. He buries his smile in Ilya's armpit.

Ilya only lets him stay there for a minute before he nudges Shane with his shoulder. "Give me phone."

It takes a minute for Shane to process that, and then to shake out the pockets of his discarded pants until he comes up with his phone. He unlocks it at Ilya's impatient gesture, handing it over in confusion.

"You want to do this again," Ilya tells him, typing into Shane's phone, "you text the number you already have. We do the same, four hundred dollars, whatever you want."

"Okay," Shane says slowly. He hasn't really thought that far ahead. It's hard to imagine a 'next time' when *this time* still doesn't feel real.

Ilya turns the phone around to offer it back. "Or you text this number," he says, showing the new saved contact, "and next time, we do something else."

Shane's mouth goes dry. He feels more sober than he has since Ilya pinned him against the wall and his brain shorted out. "That's such a bad idea."

Ilya shrugs. "Maybe." He leans in and kisses Shane again, deep and wet enough to make Shane's toes curl in his socks. "Never know until you try."

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