

The Sex Lives of College Boys

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The Sex Lives of College Boys

by [ladyschrei](#)

Summary

College students Shane and Ilya are paired together to work on a project. Shane has trouble with public speaking, so Ilya comes up with a fun way to make Shane focus.

Or, as Ilya tells Shane: his favorite subject to study is anatomy.

Notes

I was going to make them going to college a chaptered fic and I still might eventually. In the meantime, please enjoy this instead ;)

If there was a list of things that Shane Hollander did not like, you could bet all the money in the world that Ilya Rozanov was on there. No, he wasn't just *on* the list, he *was* the list.

Things Shane Hollander Hated Most:

1. Ilya Rozanov.

Okay, maybe hate was a strong word. But he seriously disliked the guy. And of course, of *course*, they had to be paired together on this stupid project. The one that meant Shane had to stand up in front of the class to give the presentation. Shane felt his hands start to tremble as he thought about it. He looked at his reflection in the bathroom mirror, taking a deep breath. It would be okay. He would be okay.

They were supposed to split the work 50/50, him and Rozanov. But Rozanov had trouble pronouncing some of the words, so Shane agreed he would do most of the speaking, letting Ilya jump in from time to time. Ilya promised to do the project board in return. Shane glanced at his watch. Ilya would be there soon, so they could finish nailing this all down.

Shane washed his hands, trailing out into the living room of his apartment and peering out through the windows at the city. Not his city of Montreal; this was New York City, where he'd been going to school since freshman year. The scholarship money had been too good to pass up, and as much as he missed being home, he had some great friends here in the city, like Hyaden, and Rose - another Canadian transfer - and Kip. Kip, who was currently standing in the kitchen with his boyfriend, Scott.

This was technically Scott's apartment, though Kip had moved in not long after the two had started dating. They had all met in college, Scott graduating before any of them, though it didn't take long for him to fall for Kip, the two dating in secret for quite some time. When Scott's roommate dipped after their lease was up, he offered the extra bedroom to Shane, who had been all too happy to say yes. Not having to live in a cramped dorm room anymore? What else could a guy ask for?

"What time is Rozanov supposed to be here?" Kip asked, pulling his jacket on. Behind him, Scott rolled his eyes.

"Any second now," Shane said, shoving his hands into his sweatpant pockets and rocking back on his heels. To say that Scott wasn't a fan of Rozanov either was also an understatement.

"If he gives you any shit, you have my full permission to throw him out the window," Scott said with a grin, Kip swatting at his chest and telling him to shush.

A knock on the front door made them all pause, Kip being the first one to move when no one else did. He opened the door, smiling at Ilya Rozanov, who seemed disinterested as he looked back.

"Hey, come on in," Kip said, Ilya stepping around him and inside the apartment, taking a quick look around. When no one said anything, Kip cleared his throat, motioning to Scott

towards the front door.

“Right, okay. We’ll be back tonight, don’t wait up,” Scott said, eyeing Ilya as he passed.
“Rozanov.”

“Hunter,” Ilya replied, his accent thick as the front door closed behind them. Shane and Ilya stood in awkward silence for a minute, Ilya taking the rest of the apartment in.

“They’re, uh, going to an art showing tonight,” was all Shane could think to say.

“Hmm?” Ilya said back, and Shane gestured towards the closed door after Scott and Kip.
“Ah.”

“Um, did you find the place okay? I didn’t even hear the buzzer.”

“Someone let me in. I took a taxi.”

“Oh,” Shane said, swaying back and forth on his feet lightly. “So, uh,” he said, clearing his throat, finally catching Ilya’s eye. “Where’s the board?”

“The what?”

“The board? You know, for our project? The one you were supposed to do?”

“Oh. Is finished,” Rozanov said, moving past Shane into the living room.

“You didn’t bring it with you? I thought we were gonna go over it together.”

“No need. That was the easy part. We need to go over our speech. Some of the words...” Ilya trailed off, shrugging at Shane. “I have trouble with them.”

“Yeah, okay. Let me get the flash cards. You can sit, if you’d like,” Shane said, gesturing to the couch before hurrying back to his room. He found their speech written out on flashcards, in two neat piles: one for him, one for Ilya. He brought them back into the living room, handing a now-seated Ilya his cards.

Shane sat down across from him, gently using the coffee table to make sure his cards were stacked neatly. When he looked up, Ilya was watching him with raised eyebrows. “What?” Shane scoffed, and Ilya shrugged again.

“Nothing. You start, yeah?”

“Yeah, I’ll start,” Shane said, staring down at his flashcards and taking a deep breath. He launched into the speech, getting through a few cards before Ilya started shaking his head.

“Hollander, no. You are going too fast. I can’t understand you. And I’m sure no one else will either.”

The words *fuck you* bubbled up on Shane’s tongue, though he bit them back as he rolled out his shoulders. He had to play nice with Ilya, just until the project was done.

“Okay. Should I start again?”

“If you must,” Ilya muttered, and Shane rearranged his cards, staring down at the words scrawled across them.

And there was another thing to add to Shane’s list.

Things Shane Hollander Hated Most:

1. Ilya Rozanov.
2. Public speaking.

Shane didn’t have a problem with any of his classes. He was acing them all, in fact. If he kept it up, by senior year, he’d be in the running for valedictorian. But so, too, was the man sitting across from him on the couch.

And that’s why Shane Hollander hated Ilya Rozanov.

Like him, Ilya was a transfer student. Originally, he’d been tapped to go to a school in Boston. But he’d gotten an even better scholarship than Shane had, and ever since freshman year, the two had been competing since. They had a few classes together, so they were always competing for grades, but it was even more than that.

Like, when Shane got in line at the coffee shop to get the last cinnamon roll, but Ilya beat him to it first. Or when Ilya saw Shane jogging, he’d try to run faster, harder. And somehow Shane’s early morning run would turn into a race, trying to see who could beat the other first. There were times when Shane would completely forget that he was jogging with Hayden. And Hayden would find them both later, hunched over and heaving for breath, reminding Shane that they were supposed to be running *together*.

And then there was the fact that Ilya loved to party. His frat house was known for it. He’d party all day, and still get better grades than Shane, and -

“Hollander?” Ilya’s voice brought Shane back to the present, Ilya’s eyebrows raised in concern as he waited. “Are you in there?”

“Oh, yeah. Sorry,” Shane said, flustered as he looked back down at his flashcards. “Um, let me just, uh.” Shane hadn’t realized that his hands were shaking, his throat already closing up. Now he wasn’t just embarrassed, but angry. Getting worked up in front of a room full of people was one thing; doing it in front of Ilya Rozanov was another.

“Everything okay?” Ilya asked, and the words had barely left his mouth before Shane was snapping at him.

“Yes! Everything is fine. I just lost my place. I...” Shane trailed off, closing his eyes and shaking his head. “Sorry. I just...”

“Is hard for you, too?” Ilya asked, catching Shane’s eye as he waved the flashcards in the air. “This?”

“Yeah, it’s hard. I have trouble speaking in public,” Shane admitted, hating how pathetic he sounded as he said it.

“Me, too. Sometimes...” Ilya trailed off, looking thoughtful for a minute. “Sometimes, people expect too much. I stumble on my words. Or I have trouble understanding. Some words I can’t translate in my head.”

“And then people look down on you for it.” Shane guessed the ending to Ilya’s story, and Ilya nodded. “Yeah, I get it. Look, we’ll figure it out. We’ll just start again. Like you said, take it slow.”

“Okay. Let’s do that,” Ilya said, and Shane picked up his cards, taking his speech from the top. He practiced with Ilya, cueing him in on when he should speak. They still sounded shaky at best, and like they didn’t understand their own material at worst. After running through it one more time, Shane got up to stretch, gesturing towards the kitchen behind them.

“Do you want something to drink?” Shane asked, and Ilya grinned over at him.

“Got any vodka?” he asked, and Shane rolled his eyes.

“No. I have ginger ale. Or water.”

“Ginger ale is fine with me,” Ilya said, taking the offered drink from Shane and sipping it deeply. Shane put out two coasters, settling back onto the couch across from Ilya.

Ilya reached out to put down his drink at the same time that Shane looked up. Ilya’s shirt was riding up, exposing a line of hair traveling down from his navel, and Shane took too long to look away. Ilya caught him staring, and Shane wasn’t sure what to say. He’d seen Ilya shirtless before, sure; either at the gym or out jogging. His whole body was toned, all hardened muscles, and Shane had to admit that he was jealous. He’d put on extra muscle after meeting Ilya Rozanov. Another way to compete with him, Shane guessed.

But Shane was still staring. Ilya watched him with his lips parted, Shane’s brain buzzing for something to say.

“Something wrong?” Ilya asked finally, and Shane shook his head so hard, he spilled his soda all over his hoodie. Cursing, he stood up, pulling his hoodie off and throwing it down onto the floor. He already had a load of laundry to do later, adding chores to his ever-growing list of things he needed to do.

Finally, he looked back over at Ilya, who was still sitting quietly, waiting for an answer. “No, nothing is wrong. Sorry, I must have zoned out.”

“Ah,” Ilya said, shaking out his hands as he stood up to join Shane. “Okay, I have idea. Something to help.”

“Yeah?”

“You need a distraction,” Ilya said, gesturing for Shane to sit back down. Shane lowered himself onto the couch, and this time, Ilya sat directly beside him.

“A distraction?”

“Yeah. Something to keep your mind off having to speak.”

“Oh, I get it. A trick to stop me from being nervous. Like, picturing someone in their underwear?”

Ilya let out a small laugh, and Shane could feel his cheeks getting hot. He hadn't meant to say that.

“Mm, yes, something like that,” Ilya said, picking up Shane's cards and handing them back to him. “Okay, you start reading, and I'm gonna distract you. I want to see how long you can ignore me. But if you stop, I stop.”

“Okay,” Shane said, furrowing his eyebrows. He looked down at the first card as Ilya shifted closer. Ilya's arm was draped over the back of the couch, his leg pressing up against Shane's, as Shane started to read. He was aware of Ilya invading his space, Ilya's face inches from his, and it took everything in Shane not to roll his eyes.

Was this Ilya's plan? To stare at him the whole time he was talking? Shane flipped to the next card, and Ilya dipped his head, his lips close to Shane's ear. His breath was hot on Shane's skin, and it took everything in Shane not to shiver. Shane read the next line, and then suddenly, Ilya's lips were on his skin.

The kiss was light at first, ghosting the spot right under Shane's ear, and Shane felt himself leaning towards Ilya. Then his brain rewired itself, making him jump back, away from Ilya's touch.

“What - what are you...” Shane started, and Ilya shrugged, as if that had been the most normal thing in the world.

“I'm distracting you.”

“*That's* your big plan? To, to kiss me?” Shane asked, and Ilya nodded as if Shane had just been discussing the weather.

“Is good plan, yes.”

“No!” Shane cried, though he was pretty sure Ilya hadn't been asking.

“Oh. Do you want me to stop?”

“No,” Shane said again, shaking his head. “I mean, um, I just don't see how that's going to help.”

“It will help,” Ilya said, scooting closer to Shane. “Keep reading.”

Every brain cell of Shane's was screaming at him to not let this happen. But every nerve ending was screaming for the feel of Ilya's lips again, however fleeting the kiss had been. So, against his better judgement, Shane kept reading.

Ilya was there again, watching Shane, and it took all of Shane's power not to stare at him back. When Ilya leaned in again, Shane told his body to stay put, letting Ilya nose at his jaw, then his cheek. He kissed Shane's skin again, softer than Shane would have liked, tasting him, exploring him. He peppered kisses along Shane's jaw, down his neck, and Shane was pretty sure he was talking gibberish at this point.

But like Ilya promised, when Shane stopped talking, Ilya stopped kissing. "Focus," Ilya said, with a sly grin on his face, and Shane flipped to the next card. "Slowly," Ilya purred, and then he was nipping at Shane again.

Shane tried to read as slow as he could. The words swam on the paper before him. What the hell was this project about again? He wasn't even sure. But then Ilya was touching his face, his hand roaming over Shane's chest, down his shirt and to his sweatpants. He cupped Shane, rubbing him through the fabric, and Shane couldn't take it anymore.

"Fuck, Rozanov!" Shane said, and Rozanov hummed in his ear.

"Keep talking, Hollander. You stop, I stop."

"How is that even fair?" Shane asked, though when Ilya went to pull his hand away, Shane went back to the cards, reading off another line. He was pretty sure he'd repeated it three times by now, but he didn't care. He was growing hard under Ilya's touch, Ilya trailing kisses over Shane's cheek, stopping to kiss the corner of his mouth.

And Shane couldn't help it. He stopped, turning his head and capturing Ilya's mouth with his own. The kiss was a question at first, both of them unsure of the answer. Ilya tasted like cigarettes and ginger, and Shane was craving more. He opened his mouth for Ilya, inviting him in, letting Ilya lick his way into Shane's mouth, his fingers tracing patterns over the hard outline of Shane's cock through his pants.

Shane gasped into the kiss, moaning softly, and that seemed to spur Ilya on. His hand slipped inside the waistband of Shane's pants, palming Shane through his underwear, and Shane tipped his head back against the couch. "Rozanov, fuck. We... we should stop. We should be studying."

"I am studying," Ilya answered. "My favorite subject. Anatomy. But if you want to stop -"

"No," Shane gasped. "No. I don't want to stop."

Ilya said nothing as he grabbed at Shane's sweatpants, pulling them down along with Shane's underwear, Shane lifting his hips to give Ilya access. His cock was hard and wet, Ilya appraising him greatly before sinking to his knees in front of Shane.

"If you don't want to stop, keep reading," Ilya instructed, and Shane's hands shook even worse than before as he grabbed at the notecards.

But it was no use. Ilya teased the head of his cock with his tongue, licking him slowly while his hand wrapped around the base of Shane's cock to hold him steady. He guided Shane inside his mouth, the wet heat making Shane whimper. He wondered what would happen if

Scott or Kip walked in on them like this, Shane's pants down around his ankles, spreading his thighs further apart to give Ilya better access.

Ilya bobbed his head, Shane's fingers twisting into the soft curls of Rozanov's hair as he sucked Shane all the way down. Shane was babbling, half encouragement at Rozanov to "oh fuck yes, keep going", the other half reading out the summary of their project.

"And in... in conclusion, I... I... I'm gonna come," Shane panted, dropping the rest of the cards and listening as they scattered to the floor. "Rozanov, fuck. Please! I'm gonna come," Shane warned him, Ilya ignoring all of Shane's pleas and taking Shane all the way to the back of his throat again.

Shane let out a cry, Ilya stilling as Shane spilled himself inside his mouth. Ilya swallowed every drop, pulling off of Shane with a wet pop. They both sat in silence, breathing heavily, staring at each other with half-lidded eyes.

"Well," Ilya said, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand before reaching for Shane's discarded notes. "Feel more confident now, Hollander?"

"What if I said no? Would you do that again?" Shane asked, Ilya climbing onto the couch beside him.

"As many times as needed," Ilya said, and Shane laughed. He reached for Ilya's stack of cards with one hand, popping the button on Ilya's jeans with the other.

"Your turn," Shane said.

"Hmm, are you sure? It's a lot of material to learn," Ilya said with a grin, and Shane knew Ilya wasn't talking about the cards.

So Ilya started reading as Shane worked him over slowly, and by the time they were done studying on the couch, they found enough time to study all over Shane's bed. And one other time, bent over Shane's desk, for good measure.

And Shane was suddenly okay with the fact that the only thing he might get out of this project was a solid D. All nine inches of it.

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