if at first you don't suck seed

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if at first you don't suck seed

by smugrobotics

Summary

...try, try again.

Or: Shane Hollander won't be outdone. One way or another, he's going to learn to deepthroat.

Notes

Hoko, GT, I adore and appreciate you both so much. Thank you for all your beta brilliance

Mina, I hope this entertains you as much as your art delighted me

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Hollanov NSFW Sketches by MinaLogan

The idea settles inside Shane's mind months before he finally brings it up. Six months, to be specific. The first time it scratches its way to the surface, they're at the cottage, Shane splayed out in one of the adirondacks with Ilya on his knees. It's the type of blowjob Shane has come to think of as the Rozanov Special—wet, messy, Ilya's head bobbing in an easy rhythm as he fucks his own mouth with Shane's cock. It's perfect—*perfected*, even—which shouldn't be surprising; Ilya isn't exactly stingy with his mouth. In fact, Shane's pretty sure that sucking cock ranks at least number three on Ilya's list of life passions, right below hockey and collecting cars.

Shane's on the verge of dissolving into the hand-hewn chair below him when the rhythm suddenly falters. Ilya pauses, lips locked around the head of Shane's cock, tonguing a playful, teasing circle under the head. Shane's toes curl and dig into the grass, a long, low moan shaking loose, only to cut off into shocked, breathless silence as Ilya slides down. And down. And fucking *down,* until Shane feels the wide, wet, wrap of his lips butt up against the base and the sweet spasm of Ilya's throat working to swallow him.

"Fuck—oh, fuck Ilya, please, I'm going to—"

Ilya interrupts Shane's stammering with an eager, encouraging moan that's barely audible, but Shane can *feel* the rumble around his cock, and that's what sends him over the edge in a fuzzed out, frozen blur of pleasure, his mind clinging to the fraying threads of one thought: *I want to do that, too.*

The idea is like sap—too sticky to ignore—and the more Shane tries to get rid of it, the more he ends up smearing it around his head until it's everywhere. Until all Shane can think about is Ilya nudging the back of his throat and what it'd be like to let him in.

Reading up on it doesn't help—deepthroating isn't really a research-first kind of skill. Practical application is key, and doing it on the sly apparently isn't an option. Any time Shane tries, he ends up gagging and sputtering, and Ilya immediately pulls him off.

So Shane waits. And thinks. And considers the best way to bring it up where the risk of Ilya laughing in his face is as close to zero as possible. It's never going to actually *be* zero—this is Ilya fucking Rozanov—but Shane can still try to mitigate the embarrassment.

The key, he decides, is to wait for one of those increasingly frequent moments when Ilya is all fondly-soft and indulgent; when he goes loose and lovely, more liable to shut Shane up with a kiss than a chirp. And it can't just be when they're lounging in bed in the morning, or playing footsie while watching a game. Whatever moment Shane chooses, he knows it needs to have some shine on it, needs to stand out from their normal every day.

Nothing turns Ilya mushy and agreeable like a milestone. His boyfriend is a fucking sap.

The problem is, they don't get a chance to spend many holidays together, and the ones they do, they're around Shane's parents most of the night and fall straight into fucking as soon as they're alone. It's not until later, laying together sated and sweaty, does Shane realize he once again forgot to ask Ilya to teach him.

It's not the worst problem to have in the world, but it is a problem. One that ends up taking six months to solve, but Shane finally manages it—on New Year's Eve.

They're sitting on the couch together, Ilya stretched out with his head in Shane's lap as they half watch game recaps from earlier in the day. Ilya's neck looks so long from above—almost elegant—and Shane can't stop himself from trailing a finger down the front, softly pressing so he can feel when he swallows.

Ilya's eyes slide away from the television, the half dozing boredom replaced with curious warmth as he looks up at Shane.

"Yes?"

Ignoring the flutter of nerves, Shane goes for it. Unfortunately, what ends up coming out of his mouth is:

"You know when you suck me off?"

A smile bursts onto Ilya's face, boyish and bright, promising mischief. Ilya turns until he's on his back looking up at Shane and slowly licks his lips. "Hm. Yes. I think I am familiar. But maybe I need a reminder."

"No, shut up," Shane says, dropping his hand over Ilya's mouth for insurance. He's not wasting this opportunity. "I want you to teach me how to deepthroat."

Mercifully, there's no laughter, not even a teasing grin or snort from under his hand. Ilya just looks at him, then reaches up and taps the back of Shane's hand, raising an eyebrow.

"Fuck. Sorry," Shane says, lifting his hand, only for Ilya to snatch it back and place a kiss in the middle of his palm.

"Why?"

It's a fair question, but it rubs against the grain of every one of Shane's nerves.

"Why do I need a reason to want to blow my—you?" Shane stutters, tripping on the landing, still getting used to saying that word. It's been months since the first time they said it, during that awkward dinner with his parents, but after a decade of denial, unlearning the reflex of pushing down his want is harder than he thought it would be. He's getting better at it, though.

"You don't," Ilya says with an easy shrug, but long years of playing Ilya both on and off the ice has taught Shane not to drop his guard during the feint. "But, if you are doing it for me, it is waste of time—I like what you do already."

Well, shit. Shane was bracing for a blow, but this is an altogether different kind of gut punch. Affection swells inside Shane, still a nervous thing that flinches away from the surface, but Shane forces it forward, up and out, as he leans in and kisses Ilya just for the joy of it.

"I want it for me," Shane says when he finally pulls back, both of their mouths pinked up from the kiss. Ilya blinks, as though the Russian to English dictionary in his head is flipping

pages a little slower than usual. Shane can tell when the meaning hits, though, and that look of confusion shifts and sharpens into wicked interest.

“Okay. If this is what you want, we can try.” Ilya sits up and stretches, drops back against the couch, his arm thrown across Shane’s shoulders. “We can start now, if it is not past your bedtime.”

“Me? You were the one falling asleep on my lap five minutes ago.”

“I am not falling asleep now,” Ilya says, his voice has dropped into that rich, dark tone Shane has come to associate with sex and trouble. He holds Shane’s eyes, then glances down at the floor in front of them, pointedly spreading his legs in a languid sprawl.

With a grin, Shane slides to his knees.

Shane is still panting, his forehead pressed against Ilya’s thigh, his throat *burning* and his cheeks hot with shame as Ilya pats his shoulder..

“Maybe try again tomorrow,” Ilya says, in a tone so neutral Shane can tell he’s actively trying not to rub Shane’s failure in his face, which is somehow worse than if he actually had. It makes Shane want to dive back in, force his body to do what he tells it, show Ilya where he can shove his pity—

But swallowing hurts and Ilya’s cock is already softening and maybe tomorrow isn’t a bad idea after all.

Shane sighs, nods, and lets Ilya help him back to his feet.

They end up sleeping in, then lingering over breakfast, then trading lazy handjobs in the shower, whiling away their remaining time until tomorrow passes them by. The wait to try again ends up stretching into two whole weeks.

Shane doesn’t exactly push the issue. It’s not that he’s stopped wanting it, but he needs the time for something important—research.

He throws himself into it, trying to suss out advice from any source that seems even a little legitimate. He ends up with a list of questionable strategies: numbing spray, squeezing his thumb in his fist, visualization exercises, but it all comes down to one headline piece of advice.

Shane needs to relax.

That…is easier said than done. Relaxing has never been an area of excellence in his life, more something to check off to avoid burnout and keep his performance at the highest possible level. He can do it, or, some version of it, but it doesn't come naturally, and isn't just a switch he can flip when he wants a cock down his throat.

But Shane Hollander isn't a quitter. In fact, he's only ever quit one thing in his life, and that was pretending to be straight. He's not going to add a second.

They meet up in Boston, next. It's a long weekend, which is lucky. There's the game on Friday to get through, but then Shane doesn't have to be home until Monday evening, which leaves plenty of time to get this right.

If only his boyfriend would get with the fucking program.

Ilya ignores Shane the first time he mentions it, which Shane chalks up to the fact that they're currently mid-reunion, Shane pressed up against the closed door of the kitchen pantry as Ilya tries to take his pulse with his tongue.

"I want to try again," Shane repeats, louder this time, if no less breathy, fisting a hand in Ilya's hair to make sure he has his attention.

"Mm. Maybe. If we have time."

"What?" Shane starts to ask, because that makes no fucking sense, but Ilya slides his thigh closer, puts his hands on Shane's hips and urges him to grind against it and Shane forgets English entirely as his brain pickles itself in pleasure.

It's not until they finally make it to the bed that he remembers to finish his thought. He lifts his hips, lets Ilya tug his pants and boxers off in a single go, and says, "We have an entire weekend. We can fit it in."

The war over whether or not to seize the innuendo plays out on Ilya's face, as clearly as if the thoughts were lit up on his forehead like a marquee.

"My balls will crawl up inside of my body if you make a dick joke right now, Rozanov," Shane warns.

Ilya smirks and crawls up the bed to drop his weight onto Shane's spread thighs. "Would be a shame, I have such plans for them," he says, leaning forward to plant a chaste kiss onto the balls in question, then digs his chin into the meat of Shane's thigh, looking thoughtfully up at him. "There are other things to try. Easier things."

A stinging, itchy wave of offense spreads through Shane like a rash. Ilya's torso pinning his legs down is the only thing that stops him from pulling away. "You think I can't do it?"

Ilya doesn't answer, but the kiss he presses into Shane's hip feels apologetic, which is confirmation enough.

“Fuck you.” Shane starts struggling his way out from underneath the two hundred pounds of asshole on top of him.

“Is not a big deal,” Ilya insists. He wraps his arms around Shane’s waist, holding on despite the thrashing. “I have a big dick, you have a small mouth, is just biology.”

“You didn’t even give me a fair chance. I tried one fucking time! How many tries did it take you?”

“One.”

Shane freezes, narrowing his eyes at Ilya, both of them panting a little from their impromptu wrestling match. “Bullshit.”

Ilya huffs, rolling off to flop onto his back. “I am born a natural at two things in life. First is hockey. Second is this.”

It takes Shane three deep breaths to fully shake the overwhelming urge to knee Ilya in the face.

“Jesus. Fine. But those of us who weren’t born with a cocksleeve for a throat might need a few tries, okay? That alright with you?”

Ilya sighs, flips over and crawls up the bed until they’re eye level and he can plant a sloppy, loud kiss on Shane’s cheek. “Okay. We will try as many times as your tiny mouth needs.”

Shane takes another three deep breaths and reminds himself that this is a win.

The internet is a fucking liar.

Shane pulls off for the third time with a wet, retching cough, swiping away the tears leaking from the corners of his eyes. The numbing spray wore off almost immediately, his thumb is throbbing from how hard he’s been squeezing it, and the visualization exercises are an absolute joke. It seemed great, in theory, but picturing a babbling brook did fuck all once there was an actual cock playing dingdong ditch with his uvula.

“You must relax,” Ilya sighs, sounding way too put out for someone whose sole role in this is getting their dick sucked.

Shane scowls up at him and gives a last, pointed cough for good measure.

“No shit,” he snaps. “Got any more tips, smart ass?”

Shane is still close enough that Ilya doesn’t even have to lean forward to tap the head of his cock against Shane’s cheek, still wet enough that it leaves a spit-damp kiss behind.

“This is the only tip I have for you. Be a good boy and take it, yes?”

Neither Shane’s anger nor the shame of failure hiding beneath it can hold up against how ridiculous that is. He snorts and swipes a hand over his cheek. “Asshole.”

It’s practically a pet name at this point and Ilya smiles accordingly. He cups Shane’s cheek, his thumb stroking along the line of his jaw and the rasping drag of his late day stubble. “Is true, though. It will not work if you are tense.”

“No shit.”

“Normally you are not so—” Ilya lifts his hand, clenches it into a fist so tight the veins on his forearm bulge with the effort. Shane guesses that’s supposed to be him, that too-tight, painful looking fist. It’s certainly not far off from how he’s been feeling.

Inexplicably, a heaviness drums its way out from Shane’s chest and spreads until it fills his stomach and drags it down to his feet. For all their fits and starts, all their complications and fumbling, that awkwardness and tension has never bled into their sex life. Not until now.

“Normally—” Ilya starts to say and that heaviness in Shane suddenly contracts, condenses into something small and tight that surges up and out of him.

“*Normally,* I’m not the one who's fucking in charge, okay? Jesus Christ,” Shane snaps and starts to push himself off his knees. This is pointless, they might as well just resign themselves to shower handjobs, Shane’s in too shitty a mood for anything more—

His knees are barely off the ground when they slam back into it, hard, the impact jarring even on the plush rug. Shane’s brain has to scramble its way free from the grip of expectation, sprinting to catch back up to reality, the one where Ilya just *shoved* him down. Is keeping him down. The hand on Shane’s shoulder is firm, bearing down with enough pressure that Shane would have to fight to try to stand up again. Ilya’s other hand is under Shane’s chin, two fingers tapping pointedly until he looks up and meets his eyes.

“Then you will not be in charge. Yes?”

Shane’s body shifts from neutral to fifth gear in an instant, blood racing back down and pooling low and he’s hard again in a handful of heartbeats, his cock flushed and straining, like it’d never flagged at all. A shiver snakes through him, and Shane can feel his muscles unknotting in its wake, like his entire body is letting go of a held breath.

“Yes,” Shane says and Ilya’s hand on his shoulder gentles, eases off, slides up until Ilya is stroking the column of Shane’s neck with the tips of his knuckles, tapping lightly on his Adam’s Apple.

“You are so greedy,” Ilya says, voice gone raspy, like he’s giving Shane a preview of how he’ll sound by the time he’s done. “Getting one hole filled is not enough? You need your throat fucked, too?”

A moan rips free, strong enough that Shane bets Ilya can feel the vibrations where they're touching. "*Please*," he says, and as the word slips out of Shane's mouth, Ilya's thumb slips in. He rubs the pad against Shane's tongue, lets him taste the sharp salt of his skin, then tugs, pushing down until Shane's mouth is wide open.

"Tongue out," Ilya orders and rewards Shane's instant obedience with the hot head of his cock, nudged up against the tip as he uses Shane's tongue to wipe off the blooming bead of precome gathering in the slit. Shane's eyes slam shut under the heady throb of want, fighting off the urge to move, to taste, to swallow the spit pooling at the back of his mouth. He doesn't do any of that. He waits until the chaos in his head crests, eases off, settles. When Shane opens his eyes again, Ilya is looking down at him, steady and calm. He slides a hand into Shane's hair, grips, takes control.

"Breathe through your nose," Ilya says, and slides his cock into the wet welcome of Shane's mouth.

Ilya has never babied Shane before, and he doesn't start now. He rolls his hips, cock gliding hard and thick and a little deeper with every slow, purposeful thrust. It's not like giving a blowjob. there's no technique here. The only thing Shane has to do is breathe and take and try not to gag, which is getting increasingly harder.

It's not working, Shane thinks as his throat spasms, anxiety spiraling, muscles locking up. *It's not—*

A sharp tug on his hair and a small spark of pain yanks Shane out of the thought loop.

"Look at me."

Shane braces for exasperation or disappointment, but neither is on Ilya's face when he finally glances up. Ilya looks—wrecked. Flushed, eyes gone a bit glassy, mouth open and panting. It never fails to shock Shane that his body, his *mouth*, can reduce Ilya to this. Fear is crowded out of Shane's mind as vicious want takes over. Shane whines, the sound muffled around Ilya's cock, his own hips twitching forward with the desperate need to grind against something, *anything*.

That's the only thought in Shane's head when Ilya presses forward again, right to the end of Shane's tongue. His body acts on its own—muscles clenching, fighting against the intrusion, a single coughing gag—and then Shane swallows, relaxes, and Ilya's cock slides inside.

"Oh *fuck*," Ilya groans, half a gasp, the hand in Shane's hair going lax like it feels so good that Ilya's lost control of his limbs. Shane's head is swimming; his own cock throbbing along with every punched out noise and hitched breath spilling out of Ilya. It's dizzying, and Shane reaches out, grabs Ilya by the backs of his thick, muscled thighs and holds on.

It's only the space of a breath before Ilya pulls back, and Shane digs his fingers in, tries to tell Ilya without words to come back, to do it again, to fuck his mouth as much as he likes, anything to hear more of those wounded, wanting noises. It's hardly necessary, though, because Ilya doesn't go far—he slides halfway out, dragging slowly over Shane's tongue, then drives back in.

It's easier the second time—Shane expects the gag, knows to ride it out—and even easier the third, and then Ilya is fucking Shane's mouth with steady, relentless strokes. Shane's world is awash in competing rhythms: the harsh racing of their breath, the clench and unclench of Ilya's hand in his hair, the fucking *obscene* noise he makes every time Ilya slips inside, a deep, wet *gluk* that rides the line between hot and repulsive. Everything is overwhelming, an avalanche of input that Shane feels buried under until he looks up.

Ilya is watching him, rapt, something close to awestruck flickering across his face every time he bottoms out. It's gorgeous—*he's* gorgeous—but it's not enough. Shane wants more.

He wants Ilya melted down to his bones.

On the next outstroke, Shane sucks a deep breath in through his nose, and when Ilya thrusts forward, Shane meets him, keeps going, until his lips kiss the coarse, dark hair on Ilya's stomach.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya groans, his vowels so loose they might shake free of the words altogether. He holds Shane to him by the hair, staring down at him, eyes dark and wide and wild. "*Da,* just like that. Need it so deep, yes? Need it all?"

Shane knows he's not expected to answer, but even if he could, it'd be pointless. The yes is already screaming out between them.

Ilya shifts forward, feet planted on either side of Shane's knees, practically straddling him to get as close as possible. He withdraws, lets Shane fill his lungs with air, and buries himself to the hilt. Again. And again. And through every thrust, Shane watches Ilya's face.

"You love this," Ilya murmurs at him, almost accusatory. His eyes dip down, head angling to see Shane's dick, a smirk sliding into place. "Look at you. Look how *hard* you are. Think you can come just from this? Hm? Think I should make you try?"

God, that's—it's mean and impossible and Shane kind of wants to try. He imagines Ilya keeping him here for hours, keeping him on the edge, using him again and again, refusing to give Shane any relief unless he can come just from getting face fucked.

Shane shudders, swallows, and watches Ilya's eyelids flutter closed under the sudden squeeze. When they open again, the playful, taunting edge is gone, replaced entirely with something sharper, more hectic.

"Next time, maybe," Ilya says, and Shane tries not to feel disappointed. "Get your hand on your cock, Hollander. Make yourself come."

The order snaps Shane's frenzied, untethered desire into a singular focus: his own aching, neglected cock.

He knows he's not going to last. It should be embarrassing—Shane's a grown man, not a hair trigger teenager—but shame is a weak, pale thing compared to how fucking *good* it feels. It takes all of three strokes, short and tight around the slick and sticky head, before Shane's

orgasm rips through him. His body jerks, hips grinding as he spills in messy streaks onto the floor, his moans strangled behind Ilya's cock.

Seeing Shane come apparently unknots whatever thin leash of control was keeping Ilya still. He rocks into Shane's mouth again and again, burying his cock as deep as he can, dropping curses and endearments—some Russian, some English—seemingly wanting Shane to swallow him whole.

"Good—you are so fucking good," Ilya says, panting like he's coming off a bag skate. His free hand is pawing mindlessly at Shane, stroking over his cheek, his neck, then suddenly digging hard into his shoulder. Ilya fucks into Shane's mouth one final time and stills. He groans, low and familiar, and Shane knows it's probably impossible but he swears he can feel each pulse of Ilya's cock as he comes, deep down the back of Shane's throat.

There's silence, after; a long stretch of seconds where they separate and come back together. Ilya flops bonelessly on the bed in a messy sprawl and Shane crawls up to join him, ends up getting dragged down and tucked under Ilya's arm, half smothered.

Ilya pulls Shane in for a kiss before their breathing has steadied. It's slow and lingering, brimming over with affection the way Ilya's kisses always are in the afterglow. Always have, if Shane's being honest, even that first time. Shane guesses it's just something Ilya does, some deep need that bubbles to the surface when his defenses are down, but there's a small, secret hope Shane keeps kindled that maybe this side of Ilya is—has always been—just for him.

"So?" Ilya asks when they eventually pull apart, stroking his thumb along the side of Shane's neck, tracing the path of his pulse. "Is what you wanted?"

Shane considers that, pressing a kiss into Ilya's chest as he tries to find the words to answer. How can he explain the maddening, obsessive itch that'd built in his mind over the past months. How could he possibly explain how good it felt to finally scratch it? It feels impossible.

Maybe another night, another time, he'll figure it out. There's no rush; they have time.

"Yeah. Is what I wanted." Shane says simply instead, voice raspy-rough, already a little sore, like he's been swallowing sandpaper.

He smiles.

Worth it.

End Notes

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