

Shane Hollander Spitting Compilation, 2010 to 2014

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Shane Hollander Spitting Compilation, 2010 to 2014

by [Erisenyo](#)

Summary

[“YouTube,” Shane says suspiciously as he opens the text and eyes the link. “They have porn on YouTube now?”

“Now’,” Ilya echoes fondly, shaking his head. “Just open it.”

Shane gives him one last dubious look before clicking the link to see... “Shane Hollander Spitting Compilation’,” he reads out incredulously. “2010 to 2014’, what the *fuck?*”]

OR,

Ilya sends Shane a link to something Shane totally isn't into. Definitely not. Probably.

...maybe he should research just to be sure.

Notes

Happy S2 confirmed everyone!! This can be read as a standalone or as a follow up to [You Should Fight More Often](#)! A huge thank you to escyn and dntat for the ideas, suggestions, beta, and helping me bring this one to life!

For show-only people, does contain a reference to a detail of the book epilogue that may or may not end up in S1, I truly have no idea.

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

December 2018

“Okay! So!” Hayden’s voice is full of so much forced cheer that Shane actually looks around the hotel room for the twins. “I’m just going to leave for a walk now! A walk that will take —” Hayden checks his watch. “—let’s call it forty-five minutes.”

“Oh my god.” Shane reflexively slaps his phone facedown onto the bed as he realizes—
“Hayd—”

“Or an hour! I can do an hour!”

“No, that—I mean, sure, but that wasn’t—”

“Let’s call it an hour! I will enjoy...downtown Buffalo. And you can just. Be by yourself. Doing whatever you want.” Hayden’s eyes dart to Shane’s phone. “Privately.”

Shane can feel a blush crawling up his face despite his best efforts. “Hayd, you really don’t —”

“And then you can be done! With private stuff! By the time I come back!”

Shane drops his face into his hands. “Jesus Christ, Hayden.”

“Which will be in forty-five minutes to an hour. Just to emphasize. Forty-five-minute minimum. Sixty-minute maximum.”

His entire face is on fire. “Okay. Great. Thank you,” Shane says into his hands. “Have fun. Bye.”

“Just, you know. Make sure you’re actually done this time when—”

“Please just go.”

“Okay right, you—do your thing!” Hayden practically trips out the door, still fumbling into his jacket. Shane flops backward onto the bed, his entire body flushing with mortification.

“Oh my fucking god,” he mutters to himself, pressing the heels of his hands to his eyes. He’s pretty sure he’s seen Hayden steamroll Arthur into a nap using that approach, and having that directed at *him* when it’s about his *private time*—

Shane fumbles for his phone and blows out a breath as he waits for the video call to connect. It’s not like taking a little *private time* during a road trip isn’t a thing, they all know they all do it. But Shane still isn’t entirely used to the fact of being out to the team, let alone the idea of anyone knowing anything at all about *his* personal time, specifically, let alone that it’s all about—

“Ilya,” he sighs happily as the call picks up. The image on the screen wobbles before steadying. Ilya is lounged back against a familiar headboard, wearing that crooked smile that makes Shane’s heart flutter and already bare-chested, which makes something much lower than Shane’s heart take interest. “Getting started without me?” he grins, shimmying up the bed to lean against the headboard, too.

“You took so *long*, Hollander,” Ilya pouts, arching his head back and biting his lip like the wait was agony, eyes half-lidded on Shane. Shane’s dick twitches reflexively. He knows that look on Ilya Rozanov’s face. “I needed to entertain myself.”

“Oh yeah?” Shane licks his lower lip and drags a hand over his own chest, anticipating shivering through him. “What with?”

Ilya grins, sharp, and tilts his phone so Shane can see...not his dick, or his hand doing anything interesting. A laptop off to the side.

Shane gives it a skeptical look. “Is Marlow sending you porn again?”

Ilya snorts and comes back into frame. “Interested? I can send you link, we can watch together.”

“Please don’t email me porn again.”

“*Email*,” Ilya scoffs, his eyeroll more audible than visible as he does something on his phone. Then his face recenters on the screen, expectant and mischievous as Shane’s phone vibrates with a text from Lily. Shane does not trust that expression one bit. He knows that look on Ilya Rozanov’s face, too.

“YouTube,” Shane says suspiciously as he opens the text and eyes the link. “They have porn on YouTube now?”

“‘Now’,” Ilya echoes fondly, shaking his head. “Just open it.”

Shane gives him one last dubious look before clicking the link to see... “‘Shane Hollander Spitting Compilation,” he reads out incredulously. “‘2010 to 2014’, what the *fuck*?”

Ilya’s delight is as clear as if he was next to Shane, which makes him briefly regret upgrading his phone for the best audio and video quality. “There are other years also.”

“What the fuck,” Shane says again, sputtering. “I don’t *spit*.”

“Apparently you do,” Ilya says smugly. “At least twelve minutes of it.”

“Twelve minutes!” And twenty-three seconds, Shane sees, what—*how*. “There’s no way this is all just me *spitting*.”

“Oh, Hollander.” Ilya’s voice is condescending and laughing and Shane shoots him a reflexive glare before hitting play and...

“Wow, this quality is terrible,” he frowns, tilting his phone.

“Yes,” Ilya huffs, exasperated. “Is from 2010.”

“This is like, so grainy.”

“Adjust your settings. There is little button on right, it is circle, that is shape of hockey puck —”

“It could be anyone.”

“So short. Definitely you.”

Shane waves his middle figure vaguely near the camera as yet another pixelated clip of him...spitting on the ice, apparently, transitions onto the screen. “What the fuck,” he says again, then, “Seven hundred *thousand* views? What the *fuck*, people *watch* this?”

Ilya is laughing so hard that Shane has to swipe the video away and see him. “Lots of people, Hollander! Very popular genre. The 2016 era has even more views.” He waggles his eyebrows. “Better picture quality.”

“Jesus Christ,” Shane mutters, trying to wrap his head around the idea of *eras*. Of him *spitting*. “You watched it?”

Ilya just shrugs, looking endlessly entertained as he props his arm above his head, the camera angle adjusting so Shane can see even more of his torso now, the planes of his chest and slope of his abs and dark hair on his navel. With a view like this and Ilya smirking at him like that, Shane could almost imagine he’s sliding down Ilya’s body on his way to...

“Tease,” Shane grumbles when the picture stops just at the ridge of Ilya’s hipbones.

Ilya arches an eyebrow and flexes a little. “What are you showing?”

“Spit, apparently,” Shane says under his breath as he peels off his shirt. He resettles against the pillows, running his hand over his chest, thumb against the side of his neck, smirking at the way Ilya is watching him. “How’d you even find this? What were you *googling*?”

Ilya hums and adjusts the camera angle to show another inch. “Remember your fight with Hunter?”

“Oh, god.” Shane groans, thumping his head back against the headboard. How could he *forget*? “The team gave me shit for *weeks* about that. My *mom* sent me a recommendation for a *skating coach*.”

Ilya’s laughter is startled and bright. “You *did* almost fall.”

“Which happens *all the time* in fights. And you kept texting me...” Shane’s brain finally catches up to his words. “Oh.”

Ilya’s grin is wolfish and hungry. “You never sent me picture back, Hollander.”

“I sent you one,” Shane says defensively, even though he knows exactly what specific *kind* of picture Ilya was wanting. Shane definitely did not send *that*. And he knows because Ilya sent *him* more than one, in the weeks after, and...

“You watch this,” Shane realizes. Something hot flushes through him, pooling in his gut. It’s not that Ilya *has* watched this, was watching it for chirping material. “You know the best *years*, you *watch* this.”

Ilya just shrugs, hot-eyed and *hot* as he catches his lip between his teeth, his body shifting in the frame as he—

“Whoa, whoa!” Shane protests as he notices the movement of Ilya’s hand below the line of the camera. “You can’t start without me!”

Ilya snorts. “You took so *long*, Hollander,” he pouts again, fucking slow and tight up into his own hand off-screen, holding Shane’s gaze, eyes hot and— “Besides,” he suddenly adds, dry, “Should not take you long to catch up.”

“Oh, fuck off,” Shane mutters, ignoring the fact that his dick is half-hard already just from this as he kicks off his pants.

“Want me to call it a race?” Ilya arches an eyebrow at him, mock serious. “Help you catch up?”

Shane glowers even as the rush of the challenge jolts through him, the thrill of arousal. “Shut up,” he huffs, putting a little extra breathiness in his voice as he takes himself in hand the way he knows Ilya likes. He’ll show Ilya *not long*. “Or no—say something in Russian?” he asks instead, shivering at the heat on Ilya’s face in answer and settling in to enjoy his—he checks his watch—thirty-eight to fifty-three minutes of private time. Hopefully Hayden’s walk is a long one.

~*~

Shane *does* watch the full video later. And the others. He goes down a rabbit hole, really, and the fact that there’s enough to *make* a rabbit hole—he’s baffled by it all, really.

He tries to see if there are similar videos for J.J., or Hayden, or Ilya, which leads to some mortifying search history and some...interesting places. Ilya blows kisses on the ice a *lot*. And also does this thing with his tongue and his mouthguard that’s a bit—

“Shane, man.” Hayden’s wary voice startles Shane out of his phone. “What are you doing?”

“Nothing!” Shane says, wincing as it comes out audibly guilty. He glances around to see they’re nearly at the stadium, shit, the entire bus ride— “Just, uh...”

“Right, sure, never mind, I don’t want to know, got it,” Hayden quickly cuts in, grimacing a little. “Though dude,” he adds, chiding, “Right before a game?”

Shane eyes him a moment, put out. He’s not—he *isn’t*— “Do you know there are whole videos of you on YouTube dropping your gloves by accident during games?”

“There’s—*what?*” Hayden squawks, outraged, holding out a hand for Shane’s phone before yanking it back and reaching for his own. “I don’t—*what?*”

“Weird, right?” Shane helpfully sends him the links, carefully exhaling his relief when Hayden is too distracted to ask how exactly Shane found his way there. Somehow he doesn’t think saying ‘videos of animals in unlikely friendships’ is going to cut it.

~*~

Shane does...other research, too. When Hayden’s suddenly-dedicated walking schedule gives him the opportunity.

“Hey, man, I actually saw a place that could be great for din—” Hayden pulls up short, the hotel door still clutched in his hand. “Do I need to leave again?”

“What?” Shane clears his throat, uncrossing and then recrossing his legs and trying to arrange himself casually and not look at his laptop. “No?” Do voices normally sound like that? How does he normally sound? The voices in that video— “You should totally stay,” he says quickly. “You saw a restaurant? What kind? Did you talk to Jackie? How was her day? How are the kids?”

Hayden slowly lets the door swing closed. “They’re fine,” he says suspiciously, glancing around the room. Shane resists the urge to kick his laptop...under the bed. Out the window. Somewhere. “She was actually taking the twins to their first gymnastics class today. Toddler tumbling, isn’t that crazy? They learn how to like, somersault and shit.”

If Hayden wants to know crazy he should check out— “Toddler tumbling? Wow,” Shane manages. He feels like his stomach is still tumbling in his throat.

“Yeah, Ruby took to it like a fish to water, the menace. Was pushing kids off the balance beam all over the place.”

“Uh huh.” Is his face normal? What even is a normal face? “Cool.”

“Yeah, she—” Hayden pauses, giving him a sidelong look. “Dude, you’re being all...” He shakes his head. “Should I keep talking?”

“Please,” Shane says, a little too urgently. He needs to...figure out how to hold a conversation again before dinner.

~*~

He wouldn’t exactly call that specific research *helpful*, though. Sure, it gives him lots of *ideas*. He can see that other people *are* into the whole...spitting thing, or at least are good at pretending to be. And it must be more than a few people, for there to be so much porn about it. And for all the comments he saw when he looked under the 2016 compilation video, which was, in retrospect, an obvious mistake.

So maybe the research wasn’t totally useless. He gets that some people are into it, in a theoretical kind of way. It’s just that he already kind of knew that, if it ever occurred to him to

stop to think about it. And it still doesn't make sense to *him*.

Watching people spitting doesn't make Shane *feel* anything except a vague urge to floss. And watching some guy get his mouth spat in kind of just makes him want to buy new mouthwash. Trying to imagine himself *spitting* or being spat on the same way just feels... gross.

Obviously he knows that he and Ilya *kiss*. And blow each other. And do all sorts of other things involving mouths and saliva and various body parts. And he can think of more than a few times when Ilya's spat on his palm to stroke them off when they've been too urgent and hungry to pause to find lube, or the one time Ilya spat in *Shane's* hand, and that—it *was* hot. But it's not—it wasn't the *spitting* that made it that way. It was just...all of it. Ilya. The whole thing.

So even after researching, Shane doesn't really *get* it.

But he gets that *Ilya* gets it. That Ilya is *into* it, for whatever reason, the same way Shane gets that Ilya is into his freckles and winning and watching him finger himself. Shane doesn't bother wondering why. Those things just *are*.

So playing Washington the next week—well, maybe he should be more focused. But they're up three already. And it takes up just as much space trying *not* to think about it as it does to skate oh-so-casually to some open space during a video review and spit, once, onto the ice.

And maybe he does it again, against Tampa. And during a TV timeout at New York. And out of actual annoyance a few days later against Carolina. And maybe before a few of his face-offs, too, since he doesn't even have to think during those about where the cameras are, which makes it easy—

“That supposed to mean something?” Murphy asks flatly.

“Oh, sorry,” Shane says guiltily as he quickly straightens. “No, I just had a—never mind. Sorry”

—and he does consider that maybe he's getting a bit too casual about the whole thing when he nearly spits on J.J. after they draw an offside penalty.

“Sorry, sorry, my bad!” Shane waves his hands, almost losing his mouthguard in his surprise. “I didn't see you, that wasn't—sorry!”

J.J. eyes him a moment. “You okay, man? You're a little...”

“Yeah,” Shane says, doing his best not to acknowledge the blush he can feel creeping over his face. Hopefully it's taken as exertion. “Yeah, just—thinking about how I fumbled that pass, you know? I should have set Smithy up better, you were already in position for—”

~*~

Because the thing is, Shane doesn't actually *need* to get it for himself.

He just needs to know what to do.

Lily (6:42): Hollander

Lily (6:43): Shane.

Lily (6:44): Shane Hollander

Lily (6:45): I know you are not at dinner yet

Lily (6:51): [Link]

Lily (6:51): Are you doing this on purpose?

Shane clicks the link Ilya sent him, wrinkling his nose at the video title: ‘Shane Hollander Spit Compilation, 2018-2019 Season’.

Shane (6:52): kinda gross

Shane (6:52): and the season isn't over that title is not accurate

Lily (6:52): you can lodge a formal complaint later focus now

Lily (6:53): you are doing it

Shane (6:53): shouldn't you be dressing for your game?

Lily (6:53): yes so focus and answer my question

Shane chews on his lip, fighting the urge to squirm. If he does Hayden is going to bolt and it's almost dinner and there's nothing to squirm *over*. It's not like he can deny it. It's not like he even *wants* to deny, not really, he just...

Shane (6:56): I mean its on video

Shane (6:56): so I guess I am

Lily (6:55): Hollander.

Lily (6:56): You are doing it because I said something???

Shane (6:58): well

Jesus Christ. Shane can feel himself blushing as he stalls out. He starts and deletes and starts and deletes his next text, feeling his shoulders pulling tight. Hayden is going to *look* at him if he doesn't stop blushing. And Ilya *does* need to focus on his game, and why is Shane even blushing at *all*, he was spitting, he...

I mean, Shane finally texts before shoving his phone into his pocket and marching to team dinner, firmly ignoring Hayden's confused stare, *I'm not doing it for me*.

~*~

“Say what you will about getting here,” Hayden says as he shoulders into their room ahead of Shane, “But the food in San Jose? We are *not* getting tacos like that back in Montreal. And the guac?”

“I think J.J. ate an entire—*uh*,” Shane breaks off before he can catch himself, nearly tripping as he opens Ilya’s latest text to see a *picture* of—

“O-kay, okay, okay.” Hayden freezes like he’s been cornered, hands raised. “Okay! Just...I’m going to go for a walk!” He starts to edge toward the door. “For no reason!”

“No!” Shane slaps his phone against his chest. “You don’t—it’s totally—”

“I do,” Hayden says firmly, avoiding his eyes. “But dude, its nearly curfew, so like. Fifteen minutes max? Okay?”

Shane blinks at the finger Hayden levels at him.

Hayden nods, looking stern. “No more. I’m setting a timer,” he adds as he ducks back into the hallway.

Shane slowly closes his mouth as the door swings shut. “Wow, okay, since you *offered*,” he finally mutters as he swipes the picture back open, then hits the call button. Hayden was basically using his *Dad Voice* on him. Totally unnecessary.

~*~

Shane *does* try to tone it down a bit after that. He doesn’t want to repeat the faceoff thing. And the J.J. thing. And he can’t risk the kind of texts it apparently gets him, at least not without some warning about what he’s about to open.

Shane does save the pictures, though.

And there’s an *intensity* to their video calls now. An extra something now that curls and throbs in his gut. A taut kind of awareness that has him licking his lips and letting his mouth fall open and maybe, a time or two, sucking on his fingers while Ilya curses in bitten-off Russian and looks at him like Shane is something awe-inspiring and unbelievable.

So Shane doesn’t stop entirely.

And he keeps expecting Ilya to bring it up after San Jose. To ask for something specific or comment on it directly or at least make a *joke*. But it just hangs between them, instead, unspoken but entirely acknowledged. It edges the heat in Ilya’s eyes, hovers over the way Ilya sometimes answers his calls already worked up and eager, sits heavy in the way Ilya’s gaze goes back to Shane’s mouth again and again and again. And it’s not like Ilya wasn’t looking before, but now it’s...different. Somehow.

And every call with it thrumming between them but never addressed, every time he hits the ice with a shivery anticipation in him for a reaction that never *comes*, just twists something in

Shane tighter and tighter—

Hayden clears his throat, looking half like he wants to disappear into the floor. “Shane, man. Do you, uh, need—are you alright?”

“Huh?” Shane asks eloquently, jolting back into himself. He feels like his skin is buzzing.

“You’re not, uh.” Hayden looks like he never wants to come back now, either. “I just got back from a *walk* and you’re not looking very *relaxed*.”

—until he feels like his entire body is thrumming with it by the time they finally play Ottawa.

“Dude,” Hayden says disapprovingly. “Really?”

Shane tears his eyes back to their end of the ice. “Sorry,” he says reflexively. “I’m good. Sorry.”

Hayden gives him an exasperated look. “You guys aren’t, like. Fighting or something. Are you?” he asks when he skates over, sounding almost semi-hopeful.

“Ah. No,” Shane says, ignoring that. “Nothing like that. Actually.” Please don’t blush, fuck. Did he ever use to blush this much before Hayden knew? “But don’t worry, I’m fine. It’s totally fine.”

Hayden gives that assertion the skepticism it deserves, considering the pass Shane sent sailing behind him, and Shane takes a deep breath and *does* make himself focus up. It’s not the first time he’s played feeling like this, wound so tight he’s practically shivering with it.

It’s been a while since it’s felt quite like *this*, though. Like he’s staring into the unknown and choking on anticipation for something he can’t even put into words. Like he has no idea where this will take him, *if* it will take him, even as his body hums with nameless wanting. Shane would feel nearly drunk on the high of it if game-adrenaline weren’t settling through him. He’s had ten years with Ilya and a lifetime before that of shoving aside all kinds of feelings and letting the sound of the crowd and feel of his skates against the ice and the sight of his opponent setting up for the face-off across from him sharpen his focus.

“Shane Hollander,” Ilya drawls, tongue wrapping around his name in a way that makes Shane want to body him into the boards. “They are eager for you, tonight.”

“They always are.” Shane leans in for the faceoff and lets that familiar game-calm sweep over him as he stares Ilya square in the eye and spits.

Shane wins the face off as Ilya’s eyes flare wide, and then Ilya checks him off the puck at the first opportunity and the game flows fast and furious from there. Hockey is never *slow*. But Shane is wound tight, weeks of energy finally finding an outlet, and the rest of the Ottawa team might play like they’re in half-awake but Ilya is a wild, raw kind of energy on the ice.

It’s one of those games where Shane hovers just inside that headspace where he knows exactly how the play is going to unfold before it even happens. He skates that thin edge

between knowing nothing except which pass is going to happen next and feeling the heavy pressure just outside his awareness, pulsing and hot in time to his heartbeat.

It feels like Shane is playing against Ilya rather than Montreal playing Ottawa. Like there's a pulsing string between them all game. It thrums every time their skates hit the ice, pulls taut in every check and stolen pass, vibrates when Shane circles by the bench flushed and breathless with the triumph of scoring, when Ilya roars his victory and Shane feels his own pulse leaping too.

Shane doesn't let it rattle him—*nothing* on the ice rattles him, he wouldn't be *here* if it did. But the discipline of centering the game completely in his focus...it makes his gut twist even hotter, makes the exertion of his body even more of a thrill, the pump and strain and heat of his muscles as he pits himself against Ilya, all of it building higher and higher just beyond the intensity of his game-focus until he feels heady with it, razor-edged.

"What a fucking game, Hollsy," J.J. says after, sweat-drenched and moving like his entire body is heavy. "The rest of us hung you out to dry but damn, you could take half the league all on your own like that."

It takes Shane a moment to find the words in French. "Yeah. Thanks." He tries to clear the thickness from his voice and doesn't entirely succeed. That game-focus is slipping away and he feels hazy in its wake because without it, there's only—and he just needs to get through media, and a shower, and getting home, and—

"*Shane.*" Ilya is on him the second he steps foot through the door. Shane gasps, melting into the kiss even as he pushes Ilya back against the wall.

"Fuck you, that last goal was bullshit," Shane pants as he shoves his hands up under Ilya's shirt to squeeze over his ribs, his chest.

"Video review," Ilya says, ripping his shirt over his head and grabbing Shane's jaw for another kiss, then another, deeper, *wetter*, tongue and teeth and—

"That was fucking goaltender interference and you know it," Shane growls against Ilya's mouth, trying to peel his shirt off with one hand and work his fly with the other.

Ilya shoves down his own jeans, then pulls back just enough to watch Shane, half-lidded and hungry. "I mean it is on video," he says slow and deliberate, eyes dropping to where Shane is already half-hard and thickening, "So."

"Oh fuck off, fuck you," Shane huffs. He tries not to shiver at hearing his own words thrown back at him and attacks Ilya's mouth instead, filling his hands with as much skin as he can find.

They stumble toward the couch together, Shane dragging Ilya after him, trying to rub up against him and hurry him along at the same time. Shane grunts as the back of his knees find the arm of the couch, tumbling down and trying to haul Ilya with him.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya half-laughs, climbing after him. Shane immediately wiggles up the cushions, digging his hands into Ilya’s curls to tug him along, to tug him closer. He wants Ilya’s mouth and Ilya’s weight over top of him, wants Ilya between his thighs and Ilya’s cock pressed against him.

“Yes, beautiful, so hungry for me, *moya lyubov*,” Ilya murmurs against his jaw and cheek and lips, grinding down.

Shane groans and arches into the contact, the sound muffled against Ilya’s mouth. It’s electric having Ilya against him. And fuck, that tension is still thrumming between them, somehow still unspoken and still growing and so tangible that Shane half imagines he could rub himself against it, too.

They kiss and kiss and kiss and Shane doesn’t know if he’s ever been so conscious of his mouth before. Of his tongue and lips and the rush of saliva in his mouth, of the wetness of Ilya’s. It’s hungry and messy and he can *feel* the wetness over his skin as Ilya kisses down his neck, sloppy like a blowjob. Ilya lunges back up for his mouth and Shane can still feel the stripe of saliva and it should be gross, shouldn’t be hot to feel Ilya’s fingers trailing through the wetness, spreading over his neck, shouldn’t be but it *is*.

“God, why aren’t you naked yet,” Shane complains as he flips them. He’s aching aware that he’s already gasping for air, his face flushed and mouth wet with kissing and— “Fuck,” he whispers as Ilya licks his lips, slow, and opens his mouth, tongue curled like he’s—like he’s showing off how he’s just taken Shane’s release. Except it’s not *come* pooled on his tongue, that has Shane gasping and grinding down, thighs clenching. It’s saliva, *spit*, and Shane’s...

“Oh, fuck you,” Shane mutters, squeezing Ilya’s sides enough to make him wheeze on a laugh before shimmying down. “This isn’t even *my* thing.”

“No?” Ilya smirks. “You sure?”

“Fuck off,” he grumbles, pressing his face to Ilya’s bulge and inhaling deep. He enjoys the jerk that goes through Ilya’s body, the way he can *feel* Ilya’s bated anticipation as he nuzzles over his erection.

“Beautiful,” Ilya whispers. Shane hums an answer, finally pulling back to peel Ilya’s underwear off and shoulder between his thighs. Ilya watches him settle in with his hands half-raised like even now he can’t quite believe what’s about to happen and Shane savors that expression as he leans in, mouth open and watering.

Then he hesitates. Ilya’s dick is jutting up from his fist, familiar with its dark flush and thick vein, the flare of the head and beginning of wetness beading his slit. Shane glances up to find Ilya staring at him, hands still raised and chest heaving, and Shane doesn’t let himself think, he just holds Ilya’s gaze and lets saliva pool on his tongue and spits.

“Fuck, Hollander,” Ilya whispers, thigh clenching under Shane’s hand like Ilya is fighting to stay still. “Again.”

So Shane does. And he still doesn't get it. It's not like his saliva isn't all over Ilya's dick basically every time they're alone together.

"*Shane*—" Ilya groans, head bowing forward and his entire torso straining as he fucks up into Shane's grip.

But Shane is very, very into what it's doing for Ilya.

He doesn't know if it's the spitting itself or the sight of it all or what, but it's definitely one of Shane's messier blowjobs as he tries to cover all his bases. He pushes the spit forward onto the tip of his tongue and lets it drip over his fingers to slick the glide of Ilya's foreskin under his hand. He lets his mouth sag open, practically *drooling* down Ilya's cock. He makes it audibly *wet* and listens for the sounds Ilya is making above him, pays attention to the restless petting of Ilya's hands over his head and shoulders and the tight-wound shift of his body until Shane pins down his thighs.

It reminds him of being nineteen again, almost. Finding his through nothing but determination and focus and the cues of Ilya's voice and body, the encouragement falling from Ilya's lips. He figures out that Ilya likes the noises of it—shocker—and probably the visual, too, of Shane's spit sliding visibly down his dick. That Ilya likes Shane's tongue flicking against his slit a normal amount—which is to say, thinks it's great—but if Shane goes deep and pulls off slow, timing it for when that extra rush of saliva is still in his mouth and can cling between his lips and Ilya's dick...

"Amazing, *moya lyubov*, look at you. If you could see yourself," Ilya gasps above him. Shane shudders under the heavy heat of his attention, body clenching. That look makes him feel wild, makes him want Ilya inside him immediately and to stay here making Ilya look at him this way forever.

Shane tries spitting on Ilya's navel, too, into the crease of his thigh which gets him a full-body shudder, and then onto his balls which is a real hit. Shane can't resist ducking down to suck them into his mouth, one after the other, rolling them over his tongue and pressing his spit-slick thumb up against the base of Ilya's dick.

"Fuck, *fuck*, you are trying to kill me," Ilya gasps, patting Shane urgently on the shoulder.

Shane reluctantly pulls off, heat clenching in his gut at how wild-eyed and hungry Ilya looks. He is already starting to climb up when Ilya grabs his shoulder and his jaw, hauling him up into a deep, hungry kiss.

"You want me to fuck you?" Ilya asks against his mouth, a hand trailing down over his back to squeeze his ass.

Shane grunts. "You fucking better," he huffs, pressing his cock to Ilya's stomach.

"Catch up, then," Ilya says, snapping the waistband of his briefs.

Shane snorts. "Maybe *you* need to slow down. Sure you're going to make it?" He can feel Ilya's dick against his thigh, wet with more than just spit.

“With how quick you shoot?” Ilya smacks the side of his ass. “Should be no problem.”

Shane glowers as he shimmies out of his briefs. *He* isn’t the one with an entire playlist of spitting compilations at the ready, apparently finally living out some specific, closely-treasured fantasy.

But Ilya is digging one-handed through the end table drawer above his head for lube, fumbling as he keeps staring at Shane’s lips instead of actually looking. Like Ilya can’t wait to see what comes out of Shane’s mouth next. So Shane just sits astride Ilya’s stomach again instead of saying anything and slowly licks his bottom lip, squeezing his own pecs, teasing.

“Enjoying it?” Ilya asks as he uncaps the lube, smirking a little. “For not your thing, you are very good at it.”

Shane glares. “Maybe you’re just very obvious about it,” he grumbles, shifting impatiently as he reaches for Ilya’s chest, instead. “Come on,” he complains when Ilya pauses with the bottle just above his fingers. “It’s been *weeks*.”

“Weeks, hm,” Ilya hums like someone who doesn’t have a fucking countdown app on his phone. “Do you want to do honors, then?” He holds his fingers out to Shane, eyebrow quirked. “Since you waited so patient?”

Shane stares at Ilya’s fingers and then the hungry kind of anticipation on his face beneath that smirk, jolting a little as he realizes— “That’s not going to be enough,” Shane points out, trying to push the unsteadiness out of his voice.

“No,” Ilya agrees low, hot. “But you want it anyway, yes?”

Shane licks his lips, clenching against the urge to squirm. This *isn’t* his thing, it isn’t, but it suddenly feels like his stomach is swooping all the way up into his throat, like Ilya has never had Shane suck his fingers before teasing at his hole before. He takes a breath, squeezing Ilya’s chest. Then he slowly leans forward, putting his weight into his hand and looking Ilya straight in the eye as he spits.

“Shane,” Ilya says. His eyes are blown wide, expression already cracked open like Shane rarely sees him. There’s something like *awe* on his face as Shane does it again and Shane feels powerful, limitless, like he’s suddenly drunk on the way something as simple as this can make Ilya react so powerfully.

“Do it,” Shane challenges, arousal hot in his gut. He leans more weight into his braced hand and shifts his hips forward. “Come on, do it.”

“Whatever you say, Shane Hollander,” Ilya breathes.

The first brush of his spit-wet fingers over Shane’s hole steals whatever reply Shane might have made. Shane gasps and rocks back onto them, whining in protest when Ilya just brushes lightly, circles and strokes and *teases*.

“Come on, come *on*.” Shane digs his fingers into Ilya’s pec, trying to rock back. He can tease his own hole any time he wants, he needs Ilya *inside*.

“Oh?” Ilya’s voice is taunting even as his chest heaves under Shane’s hand like Ilya is already fucking him. “Thought you said it will not be enough.”

Shane glares and lets his nails bite a little.

“Want rest? Might need more, for that.”

“You are *not* fucking me without lube,” Shane grunts as he chases the pressure of Ilya’s fingers.

“No,” Ilya agrees easily. “Could finger a little, though.”

Shane’s hips stutter as he tries to figure out if Ilya is joking, or... “You want to?”

Ilya just shrugs, which means yes, and then looks pointedly to Shane’s stiff dick where it’s leaking between them. “He seems to. Do you?”

Shane digs his knees into Ilya’s ribs, trying not to smile when Ilya laughs at whatever expression is on his face. God, being able to *feel* Ilya laughing this way, from deep in his chest...

Ilya is still grinning when he offers Shane his fingers again, eyebrow cocked. “Yes? No?”

Shane glares and spits, twice for good measure, thrilling at the surprised heat that flashes over Ilya’s face. “Do it, then,” Shane challenges again, feeling breathless and triumphant. He concentrates on relaxing, bracing himself with both hands on Ilya’s chest.

He groans as Ilya pushes two fingers inside, *finally*. Barely past the first knuckle, sure, and barely wet enough to thrust without the drag being too much. But it’s *something*. Something that’s so, so good after all the teasing. Something shallow and spine-tingling and definitely not *enough* after so long, Shane needs—he *needs*—

“*Ilya*,” Shane begs shamelessly and Ilya nods, fumbling for the lube again.

“This, yes?” Ilya murmurs as he stares up at Shane’s face, reaching blindly around Shane’s hip.

Shane jolts at the sudden cold drizzle over his crack and hole and cheek and fuck. Hopefully some of that got on Ilya’s hand, he thinks, he got this couch specifically because the covers are washable but he doesn’t want to test it *that* much, and then Ilya’s lube-slick fingers are against him and in him and Shane stops thinking about anything else at all.

It doesn’t take long before Shane is rocking back into his hand, stretched around three fingers and feeling unabashedly hungry and needy for it, impossibly slutty with the way Ilya is watching him. Shane feels like it’s all been building in him for *weeks* and he can’t even be embarrassed about the cracked, plain desperation in his voice when he moans, “*Ilya*,” not when Ilya is looking at him like he can’t bear to look away.

“Yes, yes, okay, okay,” Ilya says as he finally eases his fingers out, patting Shane’s hip reassuringly with his other hand. He sits up to slick himself, pushing against Shane’s braced arms, and Shane just lets himself fall back onto the cushions before Ilya, propping himself up on his elbows and spreading his legs because come *on*.

Ilya curses tight and hungry in Russian and hurries. He crawls over him, settling his familiar, welcome weight between Shane’s thighs. “So good for me, *moya lyubov*,” Ilya murmurs as he runs his widespread hand over Shane’s chest and shoulders like he can’t help himself, up his neck to steady his jaw for a quick, deep kiss. “Incredible.”

He pulls back, glancing down to line himself up and then...

“Ilya,” Shane warns when Ilya just stares.

Ilya flicks his eyes up, holding Shane’s gaze as he slowly pushes up onto one arm and never looking away as he leans down to spit on his own dick, right on the head, which...is honestly kind of impressive aim, considering.

And Shane—he isn’t into *that*, specifically. But Ilya’s whole vibe right now is...hot.

“Get the fuck in me right now, Rozanov,” Shane growls, and Ilya grins and does. Ilya pushes into him in a single deep, seemingly-endless thrust just the way Shane loves it, Shane’s back bowing and his head falling back, eyelids fluttering at the overwhelming pressure-friction sweetness of it.

“Good?” Ilya asks like he doesn’t already know, watching his face.

“Yeah, yeah, come on, yeah,” Shane gasps, heat already twisting in his gut. He tightens around Ilya’s dick, trying to rock himself on it. “Come on, come—”

He groans as Ilya does, grinning up at the laughter on Ilya’s face before the next thrust has his head kicking back again. Fuck, no matter how many times he has it Shane always feels a little bit stunned by the first few strokes, that it could actually be as good as he remembers.

Shane wraps his legs around Ilya’s hips to pull him deeper, to keep him close. The angle with Ilya still straight-armed over him like this is *good* and hot pressure is already building at the base of his spine, tightening his balls. He knows he isn’t going to last long at all and he can’t bring himself to care a single bit, not with the way Ilya’s been looking at him and texting him the past few weeks, not with the way Ilya is *still* looking at him.

“Shane,” Ilya pants, his free hand squeezing over Shane’s shoulder, his flank, grabbing Shane’s hip and beginning to move him against him. “Can I spit in your mouth?”

Shane tries to drag a single thought together. “What?”

“Or you can spit in mine?”

Shane stares up at him for a few strokes, gasping. He glances inanely down between them, then back up to Ilya’s face, finally offering the only thing that seems relevant: “I don’t think I can spit *up*.”

Ilya looks shocked and delighted, tugging Shane harder against him. “You can go on top?”

Shane doesn’t think he has the coordination to roll over right now, let alone ride Ilya’s cock. “I’ll think about it,” he gasps out, reaching to brace against the arm of the couch for better leverage. “Maybe next time.”

Ilya grins. “Maybe, then,” he agrees, leaning down for a kiss. Then he twines his fingers with Shane’s over his head and fucks him like he’s trying to rail Shane through the cushions, breathless, gasping laughter in his voice as Shane comes almost immediately.

“Fuck, *fuck*, fuck you,” Shane groans even as he tenses and arches it, a relieved moan punching out of him when Ilya sinks down so Shane can grind against his stomach as he clenches through it.

He’s barely done before Ilya’s mouth is on his again, messy and desperate and like he wants to swallow every noise Shane makes. Shane fumbles to meet him, more gasping open-mouthed against him as Ilya starts chasing his own release, his hands still locked with Shane’s above their heads and his body close, his sighs and grunts and murmured Russian tight and hot against Shane’s cheek as he finally follows after.

Shane feels dazed in the aftermath, like he’s happily sunk into every inch of his own body. He knows he’ll bolt for the shower soon enough, but for now, their hands are still intertwined and Ilya is heavy and panting on top of him, still shivering through the aftershocks, and Shane lets himself melt into the feeling of being so spread out, beneath Ilya and under him and around him.

The sensitivity is just on this edge of tolerable, will probably make Ilya pulling out unpleasant soon. But if Shane closes his eyes and concentrates, he can almost imagine he can feel the tiny flutter-shift of Ilya going soft inside—

“Neat trick,” Ilya murmurs into the side of his neck. “Your favorite, yes?”

“Fuck off,” Shane says without any real heat, landing a half-hearted kick on the back of Ilya’s thigh. Better aim doesn’t feel worth the effort just yet.

“Just saying. You keep insisting not *your* thing, but—”

“Stop talking,” Shane grumbles, grinning despite himself as Ilya *laughs*. He feels too good in the comedown and with Ilya smiling against the side of his neck to be bothered. God. “Keep fucking me like this, I’ll spit on anything you want.”

~*~

“So hey, uh.” Shane clears his throat and tries to make his voice as casual as possible. “Were you thinking of going for a walk today?”

“Today?” Hayden is half-inside his suitcase, trying to find his flip flops. “I wasn’t really—oh. Oh, right. Right, um. Sure.”

“Cool,” Shane says, like his face isn’t on fire. “Maybe for an hour. Is how long you should walk. And I can go for a walk later, too? If you...” Want to do anything yourself, Shane can’t quite bring himself to finish. Which is dumb. Hayden and Jackie have four kids, obviously they do—*stuff*.

Shane just doesn’t usually bring it up. Or make reference to it. Especially not in proximity to his own...stuff.

“Yeah, okay, deal,” Hayden finally agrees. “But I want at *least* ninety minutes, dude,” Hayden calls over his shoulder which Shane...can’t really take issue with, considering.

Even with Hayden’s easy agreement and quick exit—maybe *because* of his quick exit—Shane still feels embarrassment prickling hot down his spine. But he just blows out a breath and focuses on double-checking Ilya’s schedule, and then his references. And then adjusting the room lighting until he finds the best combination of lamps and overhead lighting, and the best spot in the room to position himself, and the best background so things aren’t too busy, and—

It’s easy enough to get himself hard when he’s ready, he’s been on edge thinking about this all plane ride. But even with all the planning, it still takes a few tries before Shane is happy with the result. ‘Good enough’ is still good, but, well. Shane wants this to be *right*.

“There,” he says happily when he finally gets it. He hums, pleased, and sends Ilya the photo of his dick, saliva sliding off the head, grinning in triumph when his phone immediately rings.

“*Hollander*,” Ilya says delightedly.

Shane bites his lip. “Yeah?” he says as casually as he can, anticipation already unfurling hot and heavy in his gut.

“Tell me you are alone.”

“I am,” Shane says, climbing onto the bed. “All alone for the next—” he checks his watch. “—seventy minutes,” he says, thrilling at the pleased, hungry noise Ilya makes and settling in to stroke himself, already satisfied.

End Notes

They're using Skype, as an aside, which my panicked last minute research tells me had picture in picture mode since 2015 lol. I also acknowledge Shane probably wouldn't still have a roommate at this point in his career, counterpoint: consider the comedy

Thanks so much for reading, comments, thoughts, kudos, yelling at me on [tumblr](#) are all welcome and appreciated!

Edit: Can read [Spit Your Words, I'll Watch You Eat It](#) as a sequel!

Works inspired by this one

[\[Podfic\] Shane Hollander Spitting Compilation, 2010 to 2014 by Erisenyo](#) by [foundbyjohndoe](#)

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