

Vibrate

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Vibrate

by [NotEvenCloseToStraight](#)

Summary

One day, Shane will learn not to take the “you are scared.” bait from Ilya.

Today is not that day.

From Jane: I’m just saying it doesn’t sound real. Sounds like exaggerated porn stuff.

From Lily: You don’t think I could make you cum with remote control vibrator in your ass.

From Jane: Wearing one of those in public wouldn’t be a turn on, it would be too stressful. Can’t relax enough to get off if you’re worried about someone noticing or figuring it out or whatever.

From Lily: Only one way to find out.

From Jane: What, you’re gonna buy one of those things and have me wear it in public and try to make me cum?

From Lily: Is okay. You are scared to try.

From Jane: I’m not scared!

From Lily: Prove it.

It started out as a perfectly normal conversation.

From Jane: *You played a good game tonight.*

From Lily: *Dumb boring text. Try again.*

From Jane: *You would have scored at 4:26 in the third if you'd won the faceoff. You lost just under twenty four seconds chasing after the puck before getting it back, that gave the goalie time to adjust and prepare for you.*

From Lily: *What the fuck.*

From Jane: *Yeah, you should have just taken the original compliment.*

Ilya could practically *see* the dorky little smirk Shane would have on his stupid beautiful face after that last text, he knew Shane would be tickled fucking *pink* feeling like he'd gotten the last word in.

No matter it was about the tamest of tame chirps, no matter that Shane showing off his IQ by analyzing Ilya's play down to the second was *really* just proving that he watched Ilya play every time they weren't playing against one another. Ilya *knew* Shane would be smirking maybe even grinning down at the phone feeling awfully proud of himself for getting so snarky and well, *that* was just unacceptable.

From Lily: *Here's a different twenty four seconds for you to think about.*

The clip was right off of Ilya's favorite porn site. Not that he spent much time looking at porn anymore, cos replaying the *noises* Shane made when they checked each other on the ice or closing his eyes and imagining *Shane's* eyes closed with Ilya's cock between his lips was more than enough to get Ilya up and finishing these days, but Ilya still had a favorite site and had a favorite few videos and the almost thirty second clip he'd saved on his phone a while back was *exactly* the perfect thing to disrupt Shane's smug little bout of self satisfaction.

It wasn't anything overly explicit. It wasn't even necessarily *hot* outside of the context of the whole video. Ilya sent it anyway, then added a cheeky '*sound up*' reminder, and put his phone away to go take a shower.

From Jane: *Don't send me amateur porn, that's weird. It's like engaging in someone's kink without them knowing.*

From Jane: *But I guess if they post it they consent to us watching it? Idk. Weird maybe.*

From Jane: *Also, what is happening here? It's a guy fully dressed in a suit in a crowded room. He's hot, sure, but I don't get it.*

From Jane: *Wait, did he just cum? That's an orgasm face. Did he just cum in public, why is he—*

From Jane: *THE GUY FILMING HIM HAS A REMOTE FOR A VIBRATOR*

From Jane: DID THAT GUY JUST CUM FROM A VIBRATOR IN HIS ASS IN PUBLIC?!

Ilya had a dozen different texts waiting for him when he got done with the shower and he grinned reading through them, watching Shane go from predictably huffy about the video to full on stunned by it.

From Lily: *Nice, right?*

From Jane: *I mean. No. Cos I feel like it's not real.*

From Lily: *Not real? That is ugliest most brutal orgasm face ever, is definitely real.*

From Jane: *Just seems like its exaggerated for porn or kink or whatever.*

It started out as a perfectly normal conversation, but it very quickly *escalated* the way things between them always tended to very quickly escalate.

From Lily: *What, you don't think I could make you cum with remote control vibrator in your ass.*

From Jane: *No. Definitely not.*

From Lily: *??*

From Jane: *Vibe pressure on prostate probably wouldn't be enough to finish.*

From Lily: *You never know until you try.*

From Jane: *Plus wearing one of those in public wouldn't be a turn on, it would be too stressful. Can't relax enough to get off if you're worried about someone noticing or figuring it out or whatever.*

From Jane: *He was faking. Obviously.*

From Lily: *Only one way to find out.*

From Jane: *One way to find out **what**? Are you gonna buy one of those things and have me wear it in public and try to make me cum?*

From Lily: *Is okay. You are scared to try.*

From Jane: *I'm not scared!*

From Lily: *Okay. Square up then.*

From Jane: *Square up?! What does that mean?!*

From Lily: *Prove it. Next week is fundraiser gala. You wear the vibrator, I'll keep the remote.*

From Jane: *Get ready to be disappointed. It's not gonna work.*

From Lily: *We will see.*

Shane always stayed in the same hotel in Boston, partly because the *team* always stayed in that particular hotel but also because it was close enough to be convenient to Ilya's apartment on the off chance Shane was in the city for a non-team reason and had the time to sneak away. He stayed on the same floor, preferred the room furthest from the elevator and closest to the stairway and since he was *Shane Hollander super star* the hotel was always willing to accommodate.

Ilya knew exactly which hotel, which floor, which room Shane preferred to stay in, and when Shane arrived to check in a few hours before the gala, there was a non descript package from *Lily* waiting for him at the front desk.

It took Shane the entire elevator ride up to his room to stop internally *panicking* about it.

What if the front desk person knew Lily was actually a guy? What if they knew it was a vibrator? Oh *god*, what if the front desk person knew Ilya Rozanov was Lily and had sent Shane a vibrator to wear in public, *oh fuck* Shane was gonna hyperventilate right then and there.

Stupid, of course. *Obviously* none of that was true. Shane made sure not to text Ilya until he calmed down enough and convinced himself that none of his insane paranoia self conscious fears were true, then he only texted a snarky, '*its not gonna work*' and busied himself getting ready.

From Lily: *Do not jerk off.*

From Jane: *There's nothing remotely hot about this, why would I want to jerk off?*

From Lily: *Sure Jan.*

From Jane: *It's Jane.*

From Lily: *Okay Marcia.*

From Jane: *What?!*

The MLH was involved in at least a dozen different charity fundraising galas throughout the season, and even though it wasn't *technically* mandatory for the players to attend and mingle and schmooze with the big donors, it was encouraged in a strictly worded sort of threatening way, so at least twice a season everyone took turns dressing up to go and shake hands for charity.

Ilya and Shane always attended the same events. At first it had been more or less marketing for their rivalry, press coverage and PR opportunities. Then it had been strategic, meeting higher ups at the big brands and finangling the sponsorship deals, Shane with his charm and

quiet smiles and wholesome appearance and Ilya with his brashly hilarious fuck you, fuck off, fuck it attitude.

Eventually— very *quickly*, actually— attending the same galas was less about marketing and sponsorship opportunities and more about having excuses to see each other outside of games. It was about admiring one another in expensive suits from across the room. Finding each other's eyes in the audience while giving a speech about 'important things' and 'matters that were close to their heart'.

When Shane flew into Boston a night earlier than his team to attend the fundraising event at the Museum of Fine Arts, he wasn't thinking about whatever charitable cause would benefit from the money raised, wasn't thinking about shaking hands and taking pictures with the board members of Bauer, wasn't even thinking about how good Ilya would look in his perfectly tailored suit or whether or not they'd have time to sneak away and hook up tonight or maybe in the morning before they each had to get to the rink for the game.

All Shane was thinking about as he walked into the museum's stunning front entrance and started up the staircase leading to the rotunda was whether or not anyone could tell he had a *vibrator* stuck up his ass.

From Jane: *This isn't even a big deal. I'm totally normal about it.*

From Lily: *Guess we will find out.*

From Lily: *Safeword is Penalty. Means full stop.*

From Jane: *Got it.*

From Jane: *Are you here yet?*

From Lily: *Guess you will find out.*

From Jane: *I hate you.*

The gala was crowded, wealthy people in custom clothing and expensive jewelry all moving around the space bumping elbows and sharing smiles while sipping overpriced liquor. Shane spotted the Boston coach and a couple of the second string players, a handful of lower tier celebrities there for the exposure and he thought he recognized a few social media influencers posing by the priceless art and posting for clout...or views...or whatever. Whatever they posted for.

He scanned the room once, took a drink from a passing waiter and scanned the room twice, then pulled out his phone to text Ilya— but Ilya texted him first.

From Lily: *Found you.*

From Jane: *Oh so you were looking for me?*

From Lily: *Of course not.*

From Lily: *Just waiting for you to get into range.*

Into range? Shane frowned down at the text in momentary confusion, but in the next second had to grab for the closest table and lock his knees so he wouldn't fucking *collapse* when the little vibrator inside him kicked on with a *bzzzzzz*.

About halfway into the room and conveniently mostly hidden behind a strategically situated column, Ilya took his hand out of his pocket and covered his grin with a quick drink.

Shane hadn't spotted him yet, but Ilya had sure spotted *Shane* immediately. He'd seen Shane the very fucking *second* he'd come up and the stairs and into the rotunda, *everyone* around Ilya had seen Shane arrive and they'd all about broken their necks trying to get a look too.

Sometimes Ilya thought Shane was lying about not being aware of how good looking he was, sometimes he thought maybe Shane was being falsely modest when he shrugged off compliments or waved them away like he didn't believe the ~~horny~~ sweet words. There was no possible *way* Shane didn't know he was gorgeous. He'd come up the stairs and into the gala and Ilya had been promptly insanely jealous of the lights touching his skin and sparkling in his eyes. He'd smiled slow and charming and a tiny bit crooked when someone called out, and Ilya had scowled because the smile wasn't directed at him. Shane's suit was tailored perfectly, the cream shirt unbuttoned just enough to be daring, the thin chain at his neck delicate and sparkly and eye-catching and Ilya couldn't believe Shane had the *audacity* to wear it in public, it was practically *obscene*.

Ilya had had to gulp his drink, then snag a second one and start in on *that* too just so he had a minute to compose himself, and as soon as he was composed he decided it was mandatory to derail and distract and disturb his boyfriend cos Shane had no goddamn *right* looking that good when Ilya wasn't allowed to touch him.

Level One it was. Ilya had held the vibe in his hand and ran through all the levels so he'd know just what Shane would feel throughout the evening and Level One wasn't much of anything.

It *was*, however, enough to make Shane's knees buckle and Ilya wished *wished* he could have taken a picture of Shane's stupid gorgeous startled face and desperate grab for the table when it clicked on inside him.

From Jane: *A warning would have been nice!!*

From Lily: *No, was funnier to watch you almost fall.*

Shane's head jerked up and he scanned the crowd again, finally spotting Ilya halfway behind one of the big columns apparently fully engaged in an absolutely engrossing conversation with an older woman wearing far too much makeup. He sure looked *interested* in whatever she was saying, sure looked like he was paying the *utmost* attention to whatever was worth her hand gripping at his arm and the way she leaned into his side a little bit and Shane sort of wanted to roll his eyes, sort of wanted to throw something at him because Ilya's ability to be placidly *unbothered* by absolutely everything was so goddamn annoying.

But fine. It was *fine*. The initial start up had been a little shocking, but now Shane knew what was up, so it was fine. He could handle it.

“Shane Hollander!” The fundraiser coordinator hurried across the space with hands out stretched and a wide smile, and Shane made a valiant effort to relax his core and loosen his stance so he could smile right back and hold out his hand to shake. Ilya might be the King of Nonchalance, but *no one* could fake charm their way through a room like Shane Hollander, it didn’t matter what was vibing in his asshole, he was *fine*.

“Shane, I was just talking about you to Margie here, telling her how you always make an effort to show up for my events and how you’re just the sweetest soul...”

Sweetest soul. That was Shane. Perfectly polite and perfectly on point nodding and smiling through an introduction to someone else wealthy and connected and absolutely *thrilled* to be meeting the Captain of the Metros and *oh my*, wasn’t Shane just as handsome in person as he was in all those ads and commercials, how did his *girlfriend* feel about him posing in his unmentionables for all those underwear ads?

“Oh you know.” Shane didn’t even blink. “So long as I come home to them, I don’t think they care much what I do for the paychecks.”

The women burst into laughter, Shane grinned like it wasn’t ultra uncomfortably *weird* for women older than his mom to be ogling his package in underwear ads and then talking about it in front of him, and when his phone buzzed in his pocket, he said, “Just a sec ladies, that might be my sweetie pie now.” and they giggled and laughed all over again.

From Lily: *I do in fact care that you flaunt your dick in those slutty commercials.*

From Lily: *That dick is MY property.*

From Jane: *Well it’s MY name written on the waistband of my tighty whities so...*

Ilya read the text, shoved his phone back into his pocket, and tapped the vibe up to Level Two.

If Shane was feeling comfortable enough to be snarky, he must not be distracted enough.

“I’m in Boston so much, lately it’s started feeling like a second home.” Shane was mid sentence, mid smile, mid reciting his go-to little speech he always used to answer the oft asked question of just why he showed up to the Boston fundraisers. “It’s just a quick flight in from Montreal, of course I’m happy to—”

He choked on the next word, choked and covered his mouth trying to disguise it into a cough, locking his knees and closing his eyes briefly when the vibrator kicked up a notch *noticeable*. Level One had been only mildly interesting but Level Two buzzed enough to make him *shiver* and he muttered an apology before taking a drink and clearing his throat.

“Sorry about that.” he tugged at his collar playfully, “I’m not used to talking this much. Usually they just put me on the ice and let me go, and you know, *Rozanov’s* the one who likes

to run his mouth, he'll talk your ear right off about how much he loves this museum and how passionate he is about this charity specifically. You should go talk to him about all this, ask him all your questions."

"Oh, I thought I saw Ilya around here somewhere." the fundraiser coordinator craned her head around trying to spy Ilya, falling hook line and sinker for Shane's change of subject and cleverly segued diversion. "You know, I'd love to get a picture with the two of you, if you could manage to smile long enough without glaring at one another!"

"Oh me too!" the other woman agreed enthusiastically. "I was the only one from the entire board who wanted to come tonight, and the fellas will be so jealous if I snag a picture with the two best players in the league!"

"I'm sure he's close by." Shane relaxed his core bit by bit, breathing in purposefully slow as his body adjusted to the new level and his heart rate calmed back down. "If I find him first, I'll come get you for a picture, but just so you know," he raised his eyebrows in a practiced tease, "I can only handle so long in dress shoes before I want to ditch them for a pair of skates, so if it's too late in the evening, I might just be back out on the closest patch of ice I can find."

That one always got a laugh. Shane hated galas and public events and being around too many people in general, but he had a few pre written, pre memorized scripts to get him through the evenings and any mention of how much he would just rather be playing hockey never failed to make the owners and board members and brand reps laugh, because *of course* they loved the idea of good boy, golden boy, star player Shane Hollander ditching a suit to get in some more practice, he was fucking *delightful*, obviously.

From Lily: *Why is person waving at me after talking to you?*

From Jane: *She wants a picture, so behave.*

From Ilya: *Did you bring a condom*

From Jane: *To wear over my super flaccid, not at all affected by this super boring vibrator, dick? No, why would I do that?*

"Shane Shane!" Margie waved over at him frantically. "I found Rozanov! Please, just a real quick picture!"

"Of course!" Shane managed to hide how annoyed and frankly mystified he was to realize Ilya had somehow been lurking unseen in the crowd only a few feet away. "Rozanov, play nice. Remember, we have to be polite off the ice."

"Mmm..." Ilya tilted his head towards the women, drawling out the negative hum with a flirty wink. "I do not play nice, no. Is *so* much more fun to be bad."

"Oh my gosh!"

"Oh for heavens' sake!"

“The both of you are just too much!”

“And to think, I almost brought my husband tonight!”

Shane rolled his eyes at Ilya over the women’s head and Ilya sent him a short wink before crowding in around the woman to pose for a half dozen selfies.

“Oh here, Margie. Would you take a picture of just me with these boys and then I’ll get a picture of just you?”

“Of course! Show me how to use your phone...!”

While the women were huddled together trying to figure out the right setting for the perfect picture, Ilya leaned in and whispered harshly, “*Penalty*.”

“Penalty?” Shane whispered back genuinely confused. “You’re safewording? Why?”

“Do not ever say *flaccid* to me again.” Ilya hissed. “That is immediate stop. Never again. I will dunk you in fountain and leave you to die of hypothermia.”

“Okay but to be fair.” Shane’s lips twitched as he tried and *tried* not to laugh out loud, “You asked a really stupid question. It deserved a stupid answer.”

“Hm” Ilya narrowed his eyes, then straightened his suit jacket with a quick jerk. “Okay then.”

“Okay then?” Shane shot him a sideways, mildly concerned look as they pulled apart to make room for the woman between them for a picture. “What is *okay then*? What does that mean and why does it feel evil?”

“Here we are boys!” She was back in a cloud of heavy perfume and sparkly jewelry, and as they crowd in close again around her, Ilya reached into his pocket and turned the vibe up again.

Level Three.

“Hmm, Shane.” Margie pursed her lips as she looked at the photo. “Your face looks a little weird in that one. A little pinched maybe? Let’s try another, smile and relax! Fundraisers are fun and I know you boys can’t hardly stand each other, but fake it till you make it, right! Haha!”

“Haha.” Shane echoed with far less enthusiasm than Ilya’s *loudly* cheerful, “Ha! Is so funny! Perfect!”

The picture turned out great. Shane’s smile looked normal enough to not raise any suspicion, while Ilya was grinning widely enough to be cheesy, and Shane briefly considered *strangling* him.

From Jane: *You’re an asshole.*

From Lily: *Tough talk from someone who ruined a picture by clenching too hard.*

The evening moved on in a blur of fancy dresses, stifling perfume and boring speeches. For Shane *specifically*, the evening moved on painfully slowly while he internally wrestled with the maddening mortifying ordeal of never knowing when Ilya was going to turn the vibrator up and cut him off mid sentence, when Ilya would turn it down and he could try to drag in a breath that didn't sound like he was being edged to the point of insanity.

There were dozens of selfies, dozens of professional poses and coordinated photographs and Ilya *specifically* had the time of his life grinning through all of it, alternating between chatting up whichever rich schmuck wanted some of his attention, tapping out a randomly intense beat on the vibrator controller and pulling out his phone to send the occasional, taunting text.

From Lily: *How is gala for you? Full of good vibrations?*

From Jane: *I'm actually starting to enjoy it. Maybe I'll sub this in for your dick next time. More concentrated pleasure, much less of your bullshit.*

Well *that one* certainly cost him. Shane was chatting with one of the Massachusetts State Senators and had to abruptly put his glass down, fold his arms and grit his teeth nodding when Ilya chose the exact second the Senator started talking about summer camps for underprivileged kids to turn the vibe *up* again.

From Jane: *The next time I ask if you 'want to be murdered in a dark alley in Montreal' I will actually literally murder you in the dark alley behind the condo.*

From Lily: *Okay but silver lining. Your Kegels are SO strong now.*

Ilya took the stage to give a short speech about halfway through the evening, and Shane made his way closer through the crowd to watch, taking the opportunity to openly stare at Ilya right along with everyone else.

He really *was* gorgeous, all sharp lines and chiseled features, the cut of his suit almost vicious outlining the breadth of his shoulders and nip of his waist. Shane loved when Ilya's hair was soft and curly and messy but when he slicked it back smooth it emphasized his cheekbones and jaw line and Shane didn't know if Ilya *purposefully* made his voice deeper when speaking into a microphone or if the natural bass of it just amplified hypnotic but *oh* he sure loved hearing Ilya talk.

For all he fussed about hating these sort of events, Ilya was *good* at them, scanning the crowd so everyone felt like they got one on one eye contact, smiling through his lines so the words softened less blunt in his thick accent, standing close and acting believably chummy with whoever was sharing the stage.

His eyes always came back to Shane though. His smile always brightened a little when he landed on Shane. Ilya ended his speech with a hand at his heart thanking everyone for inviting him to the gala, and a staring right into Shane's eyes promise to keep showing up for the important things...

...and then while the crowd was applauding and Shane was covering his mouth and fidgeting with his jacket buttons trying not to blush over the open promise Ilya had spoken right *to* him, *for* him, *about* him...

...Ilya stuck his hand in his pocket to strike a pose for the photographers and turned the vibe three notches *higher* all at once.

“*Ohmmmfuckshittttt...!*” The applause covered the strangled, desperate noise Shane made and the flash of cameras and general commotion as the next person moved forward to take the stage covered the way he dropped thudding into the closest seat when his legs gave right out.

From Lily: *How was my speech, I was nervous. Wasn't sure if everyone feeling the...vibe.*

From Shane: *Oh fuck right off.*

As the evening started to wind down and it was almost time for Shane to make *his* little speech about the importance of giving and how close charity work was to his heart, blah blah blah, something generic enough to be forgettable but heartfelt enough to encourage people to open their wallets, he kind of sort of started to *panic*.

He sat at the little table closest to the stage and drummed his fingers anxiously on his leg, tapping at the case of his phone through his pants pocket and wondering if he should text giving up *safewording*.

The low lights, assorted furniture and displays and the length of his jacket had covered how he'd been half hard for most of the night despite Ilya's best, most nefarious attempts to snap his self control by way of vibrator, but there was *no way* he'd be able to walk up the stairs. *No way* he'd be able to hide anything behind the microphone stand. No way the spotlights and cameras wouldn't pick up on his...situation... and *Jesus Christ*, he could *not*—

—all at once the vibrator shut off inside him, not just buzzing down to the barely noticeable Level One, but turning completely *off* and Shane blinked a few times, then glanced around looking for Ilya and some sort of explanation.

Ilya was standing a few yards away leaning against one of the high top tables, and he took a slow drink, met Shane's eyes for a purposeful few seconds, then nodded just once and inclined his head towards the stage.

From Jane: *Thank you.*

From Lily: *Is meant to be fun, not humiliating.*

Shane's speech was about the same as everyone else's had been through out the evening. Generically compassionate. Subtly coaxing. A smidge self deprecating for a few laughs and then somberly honest about how important charity work was to him and his family. An anecdote about his Dad taking him to serve at the soup kitchens several times a year growing up because it was important to help within their community, a mention of how he was so

blessed to play the game he loved as a career and to be paid for it so he had extra to give to those who needed it.

It was a good speech. The same pre written, pre memorized, scripted out speech he gave at pretty much every fundraiser, with a few situational changes and audience tailored references. He found Ilya's gaze and held it when he talked about how much it meant to share beautiful nights like this with people he cared about, and when the audience started clapping for him and Ilya promptly rolled his eyes exaggeratedly wide at the schmoozy schmoltzy delivery, the grin the cameras all caught on Shane's face was wholly, honestly, happy.

The vibrator kicked back on the very *second* Shane got off the stage. He had to shake hands while gritting his teeth and clenching his entire body. Had to pose for pictures while white knuckling his sanity. Had to stand next with Ilya for sixteen different pictures while Ilya stood close enough for Shane to feel every single time he reached into his pocket and fussed with the remote turning the vibrator up or down or— or fucking *sideways*? Shane didn't know, he only knew he was starting to sweat, starting to get dizzy, starting to need to get away because his pants were tailored too well to hide if he got fully hard, *fuck*.

As soon as the cameras stopped flashing, Shane made a beeline for the closest side door, ducking through the crowd as fast as he could without knocking anyone over, brushing off friendly calls in his direction and outright ignoring anyone who said his name trying to get his attention. He needed to get out of the room and into an empty hall, he needed to get away from the crowd, he needed to find somewhere private and breathe, he needed to *breathe*, he needed to *breathe*--

"Oh shit." The vibrator maxed out *high* and Shane almost fell right over as he got through the door, around a couple corners in an empty, adjacent hallway and finally, blessedly found a wall he could collapse against.

"Oh shit--!" he clapped a hand over his mouth, head back and eyes shut tight, squeezing his thighs together and moaning brokenly from behind his palm as the vibrator buzzed throbbing inside him. It ramped up *bzzzzzzZZZZ* then slowed down again until he was gasping, ramped up *bzzzzzzZZZZ* again faster until he was shaking before easing off only half a notch. Shane stood up on his toes like that would help him escape the pressure and motion inside him, slid down the wall to crouching and covered his face with both hands telling himself to *breathe breathe breathe* and when the little vibrator pulsed *relentless* inside him, rev rev *revving* against his prostate he finally grabbed his phone and texted with sweat slick fingers and his vision going blurry--

From Jane: *I'm going to cum, you have to turn it off.*

From Lily: *Safeword?*

From Jane: *Fuck. Oh fuck.*

Shane didn't safeword. Ilya watched the three dots on his messages blink blink blink without any message coming through, and after a terse several seconds, Ilya set his jaw and texted,

From Lily: *Bathroom. First floor. Go now.*

Shane went. The vibe stilled inside him and he sprinted for the first floor bathroom, bolting through the corridors as fast as he could manage on weak knees and clumsy steps. The first floor bathroom had a politely worded sign for gala attendees to please use the second floor bathroom closest to the event and *oh boy* Shane sure hoped that meant no one would be around to disturb them, cos *fuck*.

Fuck fuck fuck.

He only had a minute or two at most to pace back and forth in the opulent bathroom before the door slammed open and Ilya barreled through, his eyes wild and a sheen of sweat on his brow as he closed and locked the bathroom door behind him then *threw* himself at Shane to grab him into a hard kiss.

“Fuck.” Shane gasped out, then “Ilya *fuck*—!” when Ilya grabbed him by the lapels and propelled him across the bathroom to shove him into the adjoining wall. “What are—” he groaned opening beneath the push of Ilya’s tongue. “Fuckkkk what are you—”

“I did not want anyone else to see you cum.” Ilya practically growled into the kiss, and Shane stammered, “No— no one else would have— I would’ve covered up or— or left or—”

“*No*.” Ilya buried his hands in Shane’s hair and yanked, dragged him in to crush another brutal, biting kiss to his mouth. “*No*, that is mine to see. *Only* mine.”

“Are you jealous?” Shane tilted his head back when Ilya moved to his throat, dragging his teeth and tongue at his neck and sucking hard over his pulse. “Holy shit are you *jealous* someone else might see my ugly orgasm face?”

“Shut up, you are so fucking beautiful.” Ilya fumbled in his pocket and turned the vibrator back on, groaning out loud when Shane yelped and jerked against him. “*Shanychka, ty krasivyy, ya tebya lyublyu...*”

“Ilya—” Shane gasped when the vibrator turned *higher higher higher* and the very few minutes of reprieve he’d gotten disappeared all in a rush when his cock kicked hard almost immediately again. “Ilya *fuck*—!”

“Yes yes yes, okay. You can cum now.” Ilya wrenched himself away from the line of Shane’s throat, the hinge of his jaw, the heat of his mouth and pushed their foreheads together, wrapping a big hand at Shane’s hips to hold him pinned to the wall so he could *watch*.

“Let me see.” He turned the vibrator up another notch, open mouth panting staring down at the outline of Shane’s cock behind the zipper, the damp spot growing on the front of Shane’s pants, fingers flexing forcing Shane to stay still, “No no, stay just like this. Like this. Let me see.”

“Oh my god.” Shane tried to be good, tried to listen, tried not to sob when he tried to jerk forward and rut into Ilya’s thigh but Ilya held him tight almost painful and didn’t let him up off the wall. “Please. *Please*, I’m dying, I swear to god.”

“Cum *now*.” Ilya ordered and Shane screwed his eyes shut, “Ilya...!”

“Quiet.” Ilya shoved his fingers into Shane’s mouth to shut him up and Shane came whining, *whimpering*, muffling the noise into Ilya’s fingers and digging his hands into the bulk of Ilya’s biceps as his cock throbbed spilling in his pants, soaking through his underwear and staining into the front of his suit. He clenched his core tight around the buzz of the vibrator at his hole, staggered as his core clenched up spasming and *moaned* around the push of Ilya’s fingers at his tongue, and when Ilya let go of his hips to wrap a strong arm at his waist and hold him steady, Shane gave up trying to stand under his own power and fell forward slumping into Ilya’s broad frame.

“...fuck, Ilya...” he dropped his head onto Ilya’s shoulder and Ilya crooned something low and Russian and pitched *adoring* into his ear, turning the vibrator off so Shane could stop shaking and combing through his hair, massaging soothing at the nape of his neck for as long as it took Shane to get his breath back.

And the very *second* Shane had his breath back, Ilya put his mouth to Shane’s ear and ~~asked~~ **told begged**, “Get down on your knees.”

Shane dropped to his knees without hesitation, kneeling on the cold tile floor and yanking at Ilya’s pants, barely getting the button and zipper undone before he was lurching forward to nuzzle his face right over Ilya’s cock, running his nose over the thick length and soaking Ilya’s briefs wet with his tongue until Ilya pushed him away with an amused, impatient huff so he could actually get his pants down and out of the way.

“Right here.” Shane opened his mouth and ran his fingers at his bottom lip, tapping at his tongue. “Come on. Come on.”

It took embarrassingly little time for Ilya to finish down Shane’s throat. *Later*, once Shane could form a coherent thought, he’d make fun of Ilya for being a goddamn minute man, but right then it was fine, it was so good, it was *perfect*.

Ilya knotted his fingers in Shane’s hair and fed his long cock past Shane’s lips and across his tongue and bumping to the back of his throat and it took just embarrassingly little time for him to fuck through Shane’s warm, wet mouth long enough to cum with a loud shout, holding Shane’s hair tight and grinding himself as deep as he could so he could feel Shane’s throat tighten convulsing around him with each swallow.

“Fuck Hollander...” he groaned hoarsely as he pulled out, but Shane stared up at him with long lashes wet against his cheeks and red lips swollen spit slick and shook his head, so Ilya corrected with an indulgent, exhausted sigh, “*Spasibo, dorogoy*. Good job.”

Shane’s eyes fluttered closed, a sweet sated smile curving around his mouth and Ilya swept his fingers gently, tenderly, over the freckles under Shane’s gorgeous eyes, and repeated, “*Good job*.”

“Here.” Once they’d caught their breath and cleaned up a little, Ilya reached under the sink and pulled out the bag he’d stashed at the beginning of the night. “Extra pants. They are mine so will be a little bit big in places, but will work for rest of night.”

“Seriously?” Shane took the folded pants with wide eyes. “You brought me extra pants.”

“Yes, of course.” Ilya fixed his hair in the mirror, watching Shane in the reflection and smiling when Shane tinted a pleased shade of pink. “I knew you were lying about vibrator working on you, so I planned ahead.”

“And.” he added with a softer, small smile, “I would not make you do that, then be uncomfortable all night. I wanted it to be fun.”

“Gimme a break, you didn’t make me do anything.” Shane disappeared into the biggest stall to wriggle out of his uncomfortable sticky pants and underwear and discreetly remove the vibrator, “It’s not like you could have *made me* wear this vibrator all night.”

“No, but I know you do not back down from dare.” Ilya informed him gleefully. “So when I asked if you were scared, I knew you would do anything to prove you weren’t. I bought vibrator before even sending you video. You are predictable as fuck.”

“Damn it.” Shane muttered as he tightened the borrowed pants at his waist. “I’ve gotta stop falling for that shit. One day you won’t be able to bait me that easily.”

“Okay.” Ilya laughed. “Sure Jan.”

“By the way.” Shane left the stall and Ilya took the dirty clothes right from him, balling them up into the bag. “Meme references after sex are *really* uncool.”

“Eh, I already got to cum.” Ilya shrugged unbothered about it. “After orgasm, I am happy to be uncool.”

“Whatever.” Shane cuddled in close for a hug, sliding his hands around Ilya’s waist and leaning into him *heavy* until Ilya wrapped both arms around him and held him tight for a while. “Thank you for the pants. And for taking care of the dirty clothes.”

“Thank *you*.” Ilya nudged his chin up for a kiss. “Because I will laugh for a hundred years at the way your face looked when I turned vibe up while you were with the Senator.”

“Asshole.” Shane budged in for one more kiss. “I can come over tomorrow night after the game?”

“Of course.” Ilya swept his thumb over Shane’s bottom lip and nodded. “Time to get back to party. Good night, *Shanychka*.”

“Good night, Ilya.” Shane stayed behind in the bathroom for a few minutes just to be sure they weren’t spotted leaving together, then sighed at his reflection in the mirror and clicked his tongue,

“Gonna have to tell him I love him pretty soon, aren’t I? *Fuck*.”

The Next Day

Two Hours till Game

From Jane: *Good luck out there today.*

From Lily: *You too. I will try not to beat you too bad.*

From Jane: Here's something to think about until I see you tonight.

From Lily: *What is this, is this amateur porn? I thought we did not send amateur porn cos it was weird.*

From Jane: *They posted it, feel like we can watch it.*

From Lily: *Fair. Okay.*

From Lily: *Fully clothed on a bus? Boring. No wonder you felt safe to send before game, is mildly attractive people sitting on public transportation. Ooooh Scandalous.*

From Lily: *You would kill me if I ripped your pants like that.*

From Lily: *Oh. Crowded bus and sitting on lap and ripped pants to fuck through? But would be too hard to move, so would just be cockwarming while hard the whole time.*

From Lily: *OH.*

From Lily: *...Fuck Hollander...*

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