

## downward dog

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77489046) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77489046>.

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| Rating:          | <a href="#">Explicit</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Fandom:          | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Svetlana Vetrova</a> , <a href="#">Rose Landry</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Alternate Universe</a> , <a href="#">yoga instructor shane hollander</a> , <a href="#">ilya rozanov has never done a yoga class in his life</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Light-Hearted</a> , <a href="#">established roselana</a> , <a href="#">Humor</a> , <a href="#">Explicit Sexual Content</a> , <a href="#">what happens when you put two pretty strangers with no self-restraint in the same room together</a> , <a href="#">Light Angst</a> , <a href="#">Blow Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Riding</a> , <a href="#">cowboy shane yeehaw</a> , <a href="#">Strangers to Friends to Lovers</a> , <a href="#">Friends With Benefits</a> , <a href="#">Getting Together</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Stats:           | Published: 2026-02-08 Words: 9,335 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |

# downward dog

by [tunamelt \(bbang1z\)](#)

## Summary

Ilya nearly loses it when Shane demonstrates the ‘plow’, his legs over his head and ass fully suspended in the air. He swears he pops a vein when Shane is in a reclined middle split—now that’s just *cruel* to his psyche.

However, nothing could’ve prepared Ilya for—

“The downward dog,” Shane announces their last stretch of the day, “A classic that I’m sure all of you know. An easy pose right before our cooldown.”

Sure, the pose itself was easy enough. So easy, in fact, that Shane gets into the position without second thought. He’s faced down, and his ass was flexed upwards, and his cheeks were flushed red, and *well, fuck*. Great, if it wasn’t obvious enough that Ilya was having a mental hard-on at the thought of Shane Hollander on his fours in a *very* different context outside of the yoga studio, then the thin material of his gym shorts surely betrayed him.

Or, Ilya attends a yoga class for the first time.

## Notes

hii this is my first hollanov work and (i think) it is very silly and very fun! (there is very brief angst towards the end but it's just for some spice i promise) i usually write kpop so please be nice TT

author also still physically cannot write porn without some sort of story (this is what happened,, i tend to do this often LMAO)

love u all xoxo

*fully italicized text in quotations are spoken in russian (aka conversations between ilya and svetlana)*

*"I can't believe you convinced me to do this."*

Svetlana rolled her eyes. *"It's good for you, mobility or whatever."*

*"I am very mobile. I've been playing hockey for nine years now."*

*"Your joints will thank me later, trust me."*

They stood in front of the yoga studio that Svetlana frequented. She had obtained a free 'buddy pass' from her monthly membership and managed to convince (*force*) Ilya to accompany her for one of her classes.

There were plenty of other ways that Ilya would have preferred to spend his summer off the ice, sleeping in being one of them. The 8:30 a.m. class would be his cruel fate instead. He sighed, slinging the yoga mat over his shoulder and following Svetlana through the doors of the building.

"Good morning," The receptionist greeted them brightly, "Are you here for the Mobility Stretch Hot Yoga class with Shane?"

Svetlana smiled, sliding over the small card, "Yes. I also have this buddy pass, for my friend."

Ilya gave the receptionist a nod, "Hi."

She nodded back at him, "Perfect! I'll just add this to your account record and you two will be all set."

Her fingers typed against the keyboard, "Alright, the class will be in the first room on your right."

They exchange their *thank you's* and *have a great day's* before heading into the studio.

The studio was small and cozy. The morning sun bounced off the light wooden floors and large mirrors in front of them. Various plants and art with positive affirmations printed onto them decorated the space. Ilya could admit, taking in the light lavender scent that filled the room, it was quite relaxing.

He and Svetlana were the first ones there. They set up towards the front corner, doing some light stretches as more bodies continued to fill the room. Ilya could already feel the sweat beading on his head from the heated studio.

Svetlana notices, and stifles her laugh, *"You're already sweating?"*

*"Shut up,"* Ilya huffed, *"Stupid hot yoga. Why couldn't we do regular yoga?"*

At 8:25 a.m., one last person enters the room.

“Good morning, everyone!”

Ilya, who had been calmly stretching his neck before stopping abruptly, felt his pupils dilate at the new face.

He watched as he dropped his belongings to the side and stood at the center, “Plenty of new faces today, which is a great way to start the summer!”

He talked with a lilted tone, “I’ll introduce myself to the first timers then.”

As he scanned the room, smiling warmly at the class, he found Ilya’s eyes. Ilya flickered his gaze towards the ground, heat rising up to his ears.

“My name is Shane Hollander, and I’ll be your yoga instructor for today’s class.”

If Ilya had zero interest in doing yoga before today, that had instantaneously changed with the sight of Shane Hollander. And yes, he was definitely, *very* obviously, staring a lot more than what has to be societally acceptable. Ilya was treading the line between studying Shane doing each yoga pose to blatant gaping.

It was easy at first, starting with simple stretches. Shane had shown them the ‘Warrior II’, arms stretched horizontally and legs in a wide stance. In this pose, Ilya got a clear view of Shane’s side profile—his short bangs clinging against his forehead, the short breaths coming from his parted lips, and *oh god, are those freckles on his cheeks?*

They cycled through a few more warm-up poses—*Jesus Christ, his body was tight during the off-season*—before they started with the more challenging movements.

“Okay,” Shane huffed, “We’ll start by focusing on opening up our hips.”

Shane sat on the mat, stretching his legs out perfectly straight on either side of his body, before moving his torso downwards until he was flat on the ground. He reached his arms outward, and Ilya sucked a breath at the small gasp that Shane let out from the burn of the stretch.

Ilya could feel his eyes shaking as Shane looked up towards the class, “This is the ‘wide-angled seated forward fold’.”

He says something about alternating nostril breathing and focusing on your core, but all Ilya could think about was how unfairly prominent Shane’s ass was sculpted in his yoga shorts. It was almost offensively perfect.

Shane stood up, “Just do your best! I’ll be walking around to adjust your position if needed.”

Ilya tries out the stretch himself and *holy shit*. He had thought that the stretches he did before a game were pretty similar, but he could barely get his legs straight, and his inner thighs burned as he forced himself down as far as possible.

*Ow*. He thought to himself, his body dripping in sweat. Ilya swore the room got even warmer.

Before he could let out another grunt of pain, a gentle voice spoke from above him.

“Hey.”

When Ilya looks up, his heart starts pounding in his ears.

“What’s your name?”

He swallowed, “Ilya.”

“Ilya,” Shane smiled, “Are you okay with me touching you?”

*Please. Please touch me however much and however way you want.*

“Yes.” He manages to get out.

“Thank you,” Shane says before moving his hands down to Ilya’s hips, “Relax this part of your body a bit more. Don’t worry about getting your legs fully straightened out. Focus on how your hips are feeling instead.”

Ilya hoped that his nervousness hadn’t shown on his face as Shane guided his body, hands soft but firm. Honestly, it did feel *much* better once Shane had corrected his form.

“Wow,” Shane exhaled, before letting out a cough. “I mean, do you work out often, Ilya?”

“Yes,” He nodded, “I play hockey. So, I try to be at gym often.”

“Hockey? Like, recreationally?”

“Professionally. I am team captain. Boston.”

“No way,” Shane brightened, “That’s awesome! I don’t watch much hockey, but I know that Montreal plays against them often. That’s uh, my mom’s favourite team. Yeah, she’s the big hockey fan.”

Ilya *swears* that Shane cups the muscles on his back, before quickly settling his hands on his shoulders, pushing them further downwards.

“Makes sense too, considering you’re quite fit.”

Ilya grinned, meeting Shane’s eyes in the mirror in front of them, “Do you like what you see?”

Maybe it was inappropriate for a student to be this outwardly forward with their yoga instructor (yes, it most *definitely* is). However, Ilya liked trouble and he swore that the skin underneath Shane's freckles turned a few shades pinker.

“No!” Shane suddenly retracted his hands to himself, “I mean, yes— wait. No, not like that. You just have a very nice, *build*. Um, very defined, I guess. It’s clear that you take care of yourself.”

Ilya couldn’t stop grinning as Shane stumbled upwards, transitioning the class into the next stretch. His voice trembled slightly, and most of the students gave him a questioning look after his sudden yelp.

Ilya caught a scoff next to him. He turned to Svetlana, who rolled her eyes at him.

*“Could you be any more obvious?”*

*“He’s cute, right?”*

*“Focus on the class, idiot. Your form is shit.”*

They do several more poses, most of which Ilya didn’t realize his body could move in such ways. Although, the hardest part was having to watch Shane do the stretches right in front of him.

Ilya nearly loses it when Shane demonstrates the ‘plow’, his legs over his head and ass fully suspended in the air. He swears he pops a vein when Shane is in a reclined middle split—now that’s just *cruel* to his psyche.

However, nothing could’ve prepared Ilya for—

“The downward dog,” Shane announces their last stretch of the day, “A classic that I’m sure all of you know. An easy pose right before our cooldown.”

Sure, the pose itself was easy enough. So easy, in fact, that Shane gets into the position without second thought. He’s faced down, and his ass was flexed upwards, and his cheeks were flushed red, and *well, fuck*. Great, if it wasn’t obvious enough that Ilya was having a mental hard-on at the thought of Shane Hollander on his fours in a *very* different context outside of the yoga studio, then the thin material of his gym shorts surely betrayed him.

Ilya quickly gets into the pose before anyone (mainly Svetlana, he would never hear the end of it) or *god forbid*, Shane himself notices.

By the end of the session, Ilya miraculously keeps the straining in his shorts go mostly unnoticed. His body also does feel a lot lighter, but he dreaded the soreness that would surely welcome him tomorrow.

“Thank you for today everyone!” Shane clasped his hands together, “I hope to see you all in my next class.”

Ilya stepped aside before Svetlana could say anything. She mumbled a *really?* under her breath as Ilya made his way to where Shane was packing up his things. He catches Shane off guard from behind him.

“So, when’s your next class?”

“Oh god— *Ilya?*” Shane exhaled quickly, “What, my next class? You can just check the schedule, no?”

“Schedule?”

“... On the website?”

“I have never been on your website.”

Shane blinked at him, “Don’t you have a membership here?”

“Membership?” Ilya laughed, “No, *no*. I am here with friend—”

Ilya gestured at Svetlana, who flashed a confused smile at them.

“She has, what do you call it, ‘buddy pass’? So, I am here for the first time, just to try out.”

“I see,” Shane hummed, “Well, from what I know, the ‘buddy pass’ is only valid for one class. So, unless you purchase a membership then this’ll be our first *and* last session together.”

He awkwardly patted Ilya on the shoulder, “I’ll see you around then. Thanks for coming today.”

Before Ilya could say anything, Shane suddenly stopped in his tracks, looking back at him over his shoulder.

“Oh yeah, maybe I’ll watch one of your games sometime.”

Ilya watched as Shane walked out of the studio, saying his goodbyes to the students who were still packing up and talking amongst themselves.

Ilya stood there, dumbfounded. *What the hell was that? Did he just get turned down, or not? Stupid fucking one-time use 'buddy pass'.*

*"Oh my god, can we leave now?"*

Svetlana groaned and Ilya glared at her, but quickly packed up his things anyway (he had learned from past experiences and knew better now that it was best that he listened to her).

Before they made it out of the studio—a mere three feet away from the door—Ilya turned around and marched to the front desk.

"Oh, hello again!" The same receptionist from about an hour ago, "How can I help you?"

"I would like to purchase, um, membership." Ilya coughed.

"That's great! Today's class was a good one then?"

"Yes," Ilya nodded enthusiastically, *"Very good."*

"Great, I'll give you a run-down on what we offer then." She typed quickly, "Okay, since you're just starting out, we have our New Student Intro Offer which is \$60 for thirty days, just to let you get the feel of things. If you're feeling pretty committed, we have different membership options—"

Ilya tuned out the different tiers as they were listed.

"Yeah, let's just go for that one," He waved his hand in the air once he decided he was finished listening.

"Oh, okay!" The receptionist sounded surprised, "The annual pass?"

"Yes. Can I get into Shane Hollander's class with annual pass?"

"Absolutely, you will have unlimited access to all our classes in our two studio locations, a thirty percent off discount on our sauna, ten percent off our merchandise, and—"

"Okay, thank you," Ilya nodded, "When is Shane's next class?"

"Ah, yes of course! The total will be \$1500 for the membership," She turned the card machine to him, "And, you can visit our website for all our instructors' schedules."

Ilya felt the sting of the transaction as it made the *ding!* noise to confirm that it *did* in fact go through. He silently thanked the universe that hockey players got paid quite a ridiculous amount of money for hitting a puck around with some sticks.

As they got into Ilya's car, Svetlana was the first to bring it up.

*“If you’re gonna try and fuck our yoga instructor, can you at least be less embarrassing and obvious about it?”*

Ilya groaned dramatically, *“I wasn’t that obvious.”*

*“Ilya, I could practically see you salivating.”*

*“Well—”*

*“And you just fucking purchased the annual pass!” She laughed, “I don’t even have the annual pass.”*

*“I wasn’t listening!”*

*“Yeah, no shit.”*

To be fair, Ilya agreed with her. It *was* absurd. Ilya had found many people attractive in his lifetime. Hell, he had gone through plenty of questionable hoops for a quick fuck the night before multiple games. He’s surrounded by beautiful people *and* sleeps around with beautiful people often, sue him.

But, Shane. Shane Hollander. He had somehow burned himself into Ilya’s mind and etched a mark so deep that it greedily left no room for anyone else.

*Jesus*, Ilya thought. He’d only seen the guy once, for an hour and a half. He cannot be *this* invested already.

The moment Ilya arrived at his house, he retrieved his laptop, opening it up and typing into the search bar: *flowstudio.com*

He hovers his cursor over the main menu before a drop-down for the schedule appears. He clicks on it, filtering through the classes by instructor name.

Shane’s next class would be in two days. Another 8:30 a.m. hot yoga session, great. But Ilya knew he would be there anyway. He shoots Svetlana a quick message.

**Ilya**

Yoga? In two days.

Morning again

**Svetlana**

i'm working that day

and hanging out with rose after

**Ilya**

:/

Fine.

How is Rose?

**Svetlana**

she's good!!!

jealous that u "steal" me from her lmao

**Ilya**

Hahahaha

Tell her I'm not interested.

**Svetlana**

dw i already updated her about shane

she says ur so down baddd

and u move quick

**Ilya**

Shane is very beautiful I cannot help it

Very cute freckles.



Ilya tossed his phone onto the couch next to him and returned his attention to his laptop screen. The *Only 4 spots left!* note right underneath Shane's class prompts him to click on the BOOK NOW button. Once he's finished securing his spot, he finds himself clicking on Shane's name, which opens up a new tab to his profile.

There is a little summary about him written up. Ilya learns that he's local, born and raised in Ottawa. He had been studio-hopping around Ontario while doing his training before eventually settling back in his hometown. He then says some things about his spiritual journey and the transformative nature of yoga, which Ilya didn't quite understand but admired that Shane seemed very passionate about the practice.

He catches himself staring at Shane's photo for a little longer than he intended—eyes crinkled with a wide grin, his hair pushed back, and of course, those goddamned freckles. He sighed to himself, shutting his laptop. Ilya would be plagued by the thought of Shane Hollander for the next couple of days.

---

If Ilya could describe the way Shane's face looked the moment they made eye contact in his second class, it would be pure shock.

"Good morning, Shane." Ilya smiled amusedly.

"Ilya," Shane cleared his throat, "You're back?"

"Yes," He nodded, "*Someone* told me that I couldn't come back without membership. So, I bought membership."

"Oh, I didn't think you would..." Shane trailed off.

"Well, I was debating because our yoga teacher made us do such difficult stretches," Ilya shook his head, "But, my body does feel better after."

Shane suddenly perked up, "Really? You *actually* enjoyed the class?"

"Well, duh," Ilya snorted, "Why? Did you think I only enjoyed looking at you?"

Ilya made a mental note that Shane blushed very easily and obviously. He continued to tease him.

“Don’t worry Shane, *you* make my body feel good too. More than just your yoga.”

Shane gaped at him like he couldn’t believe the words that had slipped off Ilya’s tongue. Surely, no one else must have heard, *right?*

He whispered, “You absolutely *cannot* be saying stuff like that in my studio!”

Ilya whispered back, “Oh, but you like it, yes?”

“What—” Shane frantically looked around, “Just, get set up, okay?”

“Yes, sir.” Ilya saluted him playfully as Shane furrowed his brow at him.

The poses are similar from the last class, and Ilya’s body adjusted much easier to the trickier positions. He couldn’t help but notice a, *subtle* difference however.

Maybe Ilya was genuinely losing his rationality at the second day of being around Shane, but he swears that he has been sticking his ass out more when demonstrating each stretch. Even worse, Ilya was sure that Shane had been meeting his eyes more often, eyes lidded in something Ilya couldn’t quite place.

His stomach had been turning for the entire hour and a half. It felt like he could finally breathe once the session ended. He and Shane didn’t talk for the entirety of it, nor did Shane make any corrections to Ilya’s form, even though he knew that he still hadn’t been doing some of the more complicated poses correctly.

Ilya intentionally packed up slowly, making sure to take long sips from his water bottle or getting “distracted” by scrolling on his phone. Ten minutes later, he and Shane were the only two left in the studio.

Conveniently, Shane had also taken his time gathering his stuff.

“So,” Shane cleared his throat, “Will I be seeing you in my next class?”

It caught Ilya off guard that he had been the one to start a conversation. Though, he didn’t mind one bit.

“Yes, of course.”

“Cool.”

Ilya couldn’t help but smile fondly at the way Shane stood there awkwardly—his fingers fiddling together, tote bag slung over one shoulder that he had to keep re-adjusting as it

repeatedly slid off. God, he is such a dork.

“Okay, well,” Shane said, “I’ll see you later then.”

Ilya went to grab for his hand, a feather-light touch and risky move, ensuring that he gave Shane enough time and opportunity to back away.

“Wait.”

Shane jumps at the action, but doesn’t move away from Ilya’s loose hold on his wrist. Ilya presses on.

“You know,” He started, holding a firmer grip onto Shane and slowly walking him backwards, “I like you very much, Shane.”

“L-like me?”

Ilya nodded, “Mhmm. How to say this, you are very attractive. And I am *very* attracted to you.”

Shane’s back was now flush against the wall, “Oh.”

“You are also very skilled at yoga. Makes me wonder how flexible you really are.”

Really, all signs pointed to this being a terrible idea. They were in a yoga studio, of all things. Big mirrors, even bigger windows—anyone at any point could see or walk in on, well, whatever they had been doing. The room was still unbearably hot from the class, both bodies covered in a layer of sweat.

Ilya was addicted to the rush. He pressed himself closer to Shane, leaning in until their breaths tickled each other’s skin. Shane’s breath hitched, eyes laser-focused on Ilya licking his lips. Ilya wouldn’t do anything, not yet. He would give Shane another chance to stop all of this, to push him away and tell him off for his impulsivity.

But, it never comes.

“Tell me,” Ilya brushed his nose against his, “I will stop if you want me to.”

Instead, Shane promptly drops his bag onto the ground and closes the gap between them.

The kiss was hesitant at first, pulling back quickly with his hands still on Ilya’s shoulders. They looked at each other with wide eyes.

“I—” Shane stammered, “I didn’t mean—”

Shane's words die in his throat when Ilya kisses him back, hands in his hair and pulling him closer. Ilya swallowed the gasp that escaped Shane's lips, fully indulging in the faint taste of a sweet lip balm.

Shane's hands are frantic all over Ilya, grabbing under his jaw, his waist, his back. He explored his body as if he were trying to memorize every curve. Ilya found his unravelling at a simple kiss quite cute.

"Fuck," Shane exhaled when they parted, "Holy shit, I cannot believe we're doing this right now."

Ilya grinned, "So, does this mean you find me attractive too?"

"Fuck off."

There's no bite in Shane's insult. Instead, he melts into Ilya's touch, eyes fluttering as Ilya gently stroked his cheek. They had already come this far, further than Ilya had been expecting in all honesty. He decided to test what lengths Shane would go to with their little, *situation*.

Ilya slowly dragged his hand down to Shane's side, fumbling at the hem of his shorts. His other hand grabs at Shane's chest, kneading at the soft muscle.

Shane shoots him a look, "What are you doing?"

Ilya pursed his lips together, "I think you know."

His gaze flickered from the growing bulge tight around Shane's shorts up to the other's eyes. Shane looked at him exasperatedly, the redness blooming on his skin spreading to the tips of his ears and down his neck.

"W-We can't," He stammered, "Jesus, not here."

Ilya pouts, mainly to get a reaction, "No?"

"Absolutely not," Shane breathes shakily as Ilya presses a soft kiss to his neck, "*Ilya*, I'm being serious, I have my classes here."

The way Shane drags out his name goes straight to Ilya's dick. He hummed, pulling away, "Okay, fine. Showers then, yes?"

Ilya could practically see the gears in Shane's head turning, his own game of whether or not he should indulge. They stared at each other for a short moment, nothing but the sound of their breathing occupying the room. From the way Shane's eyes were blown out and pupils dilated, the way he held onto Ilya's waist, Ilya was unsurprised at his answer.

"*Fuck*. Okay, yes. Showers."

The two of them collect themselves as best as possible before inconspicuously speedwalking over to where the shower room was. Fortunately, the next hot yoga class wouldn't start until

later in the day, so it had been easy for them to sneak around past the reception area. They made sure to look twice before locking themselves into one of the vacant shower rooms.

Shane's back is against the tiled wall, Ilya locking their lips together before either of them could get a word out. They reeked of desperation, and Ilya wanted nothing more than to feel Shane's lips elsewhere on his body.

"Water," He said, "Switch it on. To cover the noise."

"Um," Shane started, "Wouldn't we get wet?"

Ilya raised an eyebrow, "We take clothes off?"

"All of it?"

"Yes. We are in the shower, Shane."

"I didn't realize we were gonna..."

Ilya is already stripped of his shirt and taking his shorts off when Shane trails off and blatantly *ogles*. He chuckled.

"So?"

Shane is quick to rid his own clothes after that, any sign of hesitation from a few seconds ago long gone. When they're both down to just their underwear, Shane slips his fingers underneath the hem of Ilya's.

"Ha," Ilya breathed, "Eager now?"

"Shut up."

When he pulls his underwear down, Ilya sighs at the pressure against his hardening dick being released. Shane gently wraps his fingers around his length, Ilya murmuring a string of curses as Shane swipes his leaking slit, swirling the pre-cum around the head.

"Fuck, Shane," He bit his lip, "Shower, on. Now."

Shane nodded, taking his own underwear off and throwing them off to the side. He switches the shower on and they let the warm water hit their bodies. It's a blur after that.

Shane pushed Ilya against the wall, kissing him quickly before hurriedly dropping to his knees, catching the other by surprise. He nuzzled into his inner thighs, burying his nose into the thick hair and inhaling.

"Mmm," Shane purred, leaving soft kisses and sucking against the base of Ilya's dick. He looked up, water dripping from his hair and eyes lidded, "Can I?"

Ilya tightened his grip at the back of Shane's head and pressed him further into his skin, "Yes, please. Please."

Shane wasted no time pulling back slightly, before giving a small lick to Ilya's tip. Ilya shuddered at the contact, head falling back. The touch sent electricity throughout his body, but nothing would compare to the feeling of Shane finally wrapping his lips around his dick.

Ilya groaned lowly, "*Fuck*, oh god."

He has to hold himself back from jerking his hips as Shane took him in his mouth deeper, inch by inch. He could feel Shane's tongue lapping at the underside of his length, saliva pooling as he forcefully took Ilya down to the hilt.

There was no way this was Shane's first time, Ilya thought to himself. He had prided himself on being a *considerable* size, his past lovers being evident proof of that. But Shane, *Jesus Christ*. He had taken him with barely any struggle, slowly bobbing his head up and down. From the way he looked, eyes rolling back every time Ilya hit the back of his throat, to the soft vibrations of his moans around his cock, Ilya guessed that Shane secretly relished in the feeling of being stuffed full.

Ilya's hypothesis had been confirmed when he let himself thrust into Shane's mouth, just a little bit. Shane looked up at him in surprise, eyebrows lifting. Then, his hands moved to grip from Ilya's thighs to his ass, pressing him in closer and forcing him deeper.

"God, you love sucking my cock, don't you?" Ilya grunted, thrusting at a steady rhythm as Shane whimpered encouragingly. Ilya couldn't tell if it was tears or the water from the shower streaming down his cheeks. Either way, Shane's eyes were glossy, his cheeks hollowing, and his expression completely blissed out.

Shane continued to suck and take Ilya's dick with a determination that only stimulated Ilya more. He tightened his grip on Shane's hair and pounded into his throat, uncaring if the running water couldn't continue to mask the sound of his moaning and skin on skin slapping against each other. Ilya could feel Shane's fingernails digging into his ass cheeks, surely leaving bright red, crescent marks.

"Fuck, fuck, *fuck*," Ilya punctuated each profanity with a sharp thrust. "Shane, I'm gonna— You need to, *fuck*—"

He made an attempt to pull the other off, feeling the heat of his release building up. Instead, Shane held them steady. It's when he looks up at Ilya, mouth stretched and lips puffy over his dick, that Ilya is unable to hold back.

He convulses with a loud groan, coating Shane's throat in thick ropes of white. It felt never-ending, Ilya swearing he blacked out for a second as he held Shane tightly against his body. He feels Shane swallow every drop of his release, and only then does Ilya slump against the wall.

Shane pulled back, coughing dryly and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand as he did. He leaned against the other side of the shower wall.

"Fuck." He strained, voice cracking.

Ilya managed to blink himself back into reality as much as he could, his head still clouded from the intensity of his finish.

“Are you—”

He cut himself off when he saw Shane’s own dick lying limp against his thigh, a streak of clear, viscous liquid trailing down his leg. He couldn’t help but laugh.

Shane flushed, even redder than he already was, “Shut up.”

“Me fucking your throat felt that good, yes?” Ilya teased, “No need for me to return the favour.”

“Ilya,” He whined into the palms of his hand, “Please, *actually* shut up now.”

Ilya shrugged, “I don’t see the problem. You take my cock so well and now you are embarrassed by this conversation?”

“I will actually hit you.”

Ilya raised his hands up, “Okay, okay. I will shut up now.”

They rinse off and properly shower in silence, the smell of citrus enveloping the space. When they are finished, they get dressed (and have to shamefully ignore the dried stains of pre-cum in both their underwear).

“So,” Ilya started as they dried off their hair, “Water bill for next month is probably gonna be insane.”

Shane chuckled, “You’re probably right.”

They walk out of the shower room one by one, attempting not to draw any attention to themselves. They had no idea how long they were in there for, but the studio had begun to fill up for the next class once again.

As they walked by the receptionist (*still* the same one that Ilya had met beforehand), she looked at them as if she were surprised that they were still at the studio. The two of them laughed awkwardly and waved at her, hurrying out through the door.

“Holy shit,” Shane said, “I *cannot* believe that just happened. What the fuck.”

Ilya fished for the cigarette box in his bag, “I can, I have been waiting since the day I first saw you.”

Shane raised an eyebrow, “What? Like, three days ago?”

“Mhm,” Ilya nodded, lighting up the cigarette and placing it against his lips. He drew out the smoke, “Yes. I was, how do you say it, *taken aback*?”

Shane wafted the cloud of smoke away, “Taken aback?”

“Yes,” Ilya continued, “Like, *I could not believe how pretty you are*, or something like that.”

He kept his expression neutral, but his heart raced faster in his chest. He took another drag of his cigarette, hands shaky and avoiding Shane’s pointed gaze.

“You think I’m pretty?” Shane whispered.

“Obviously. I wouldn’t fuck you if you were ugly.”

“Fuck you!” Shane laughed, playfully shoving the other.

“Ha, you already did.”

They stood there for a moment, simply taking in each other’s presence.

“So,” Shane coughed, “Will I see you in my next class?”

Ilya nodded, “Yes, probably.”

Shane smiled, unable to hide the giddiness in his voice. “Okay, cool.”

“And, uh,” He continued, “Are we gonna keep...”

He trailed off, but Ilya didn’t need him to finish his sentence. He knew what he had been implying with the way he gnawed on his bottom lip and his cheeks were dusted pink.

“I would like to,” Ilya hummed, “If you do too.”

“Yeah. Yeah, I do.”

“Okay,” Ilya smiled softly, “See you in next class then, Shane.”

“See you, Ilya.”

---

Over the next several weeks, Ilya and Shane develop an arrangement of sorts. It started off with quick blowjobs or hand jobs right after Shane’s class, the two becoming increasingly familiar with both the showers in the studio and each other.

(Svetlana had noticed, obviously. The way Ilya hurried her along to leave the studio first and she would always, *always* give him a lopsided grin.)

Very quickly, it had turned into them grabbing breakfast or lunch together afterwards, depending on when they would finish. Because *fuck it*, why not? They were both starving by the end anyway.

“What is this?” Ilya stared at the ‘Nourish Bowl’ that he ordered off the menu. Shane had taken them to a health bar that he frequented.

“What do you mean?”

“This is,” Ilya gestured at the overwhelmingly green platter in front of him, “Bird food.”

Shane laughed, “Fuck off, it’s good!”

“This is plants and seeds, bird food.” Ilya mumbled, taking a bite.

Okay, it was *more* than just vegetables and various garnishes. Ilya actually quite liked the combination of brown rice, deep-fried honey garlic tofu, and quinoa. But, he would never tell Shane that out loud.

About a month in, Ilya had visited Shane’s apartment for the first time. It was cozy, simple, and well-kept—reflective of Shane himself. At some point, they had simply gotten tired of the small, wet space of the showers. They appreciated the comfort of having blankets and pillows instead of tiled walls.

It would also be the first time Ilya properly fucked Shane.

Ilya loved having sex, no shame in that. As a single man getting into his late twenties, the physical intimacy steadily replaced the space in his life that could have been a committed, romantic relationship. Ilya doesn’t dwell on it often—choosing to focus his energy on short bursts of pleasure and the euphoria of winning another game.

That is to say, none of his hookups have genuinely been *memorable*. Not until Shane.

They were a sweaty mess after the fact, Shane’s bedsheets soaked in a mixture of various fluids. Ilya hugged Shane from behind, pressing tender kisses onto his shoulder. Shane let his eyes flutter shut, his head falling back into Ilya’s touch.

“Mmm,” He purred, “Y’know...”

“Yes?” Ilya hummed, nuzzling his nose into the other’s neck, “What is it?”

“My mom wants to meet you.”

Ilya inhaled slowly; his heartbeat steadily thumping.

He made a face, “Ew, Shane. Why are you talking about your mother when I am literally still inside of you.”

Shane rolled his eyes, “And whose fault is that?”

“Hmm, mine.” Ilya smirked, pressing their bodies together even closer to prove his point.

Shane quietly gasped, “Y-You’re just gonna stay there then?”

“You are warm,” Ilya mumbled into his hair, “Feels nice.”

He kneads into Shane’s thighs, taking in all his warmth. “So, why does your mother want to meet me?”

“Ah, I told her that Boston’s captain was taking my yoga classes.”

“Isn’t she a Montreal fan?” Ilya chuckled, “I thought she would hate me and want me to stay very far away.”

Shane shook his head, “Nah. Off the ice is fair game, plus she said maybe you’d accidentally slip up and tell her your guys’ next game strategy, or whatever else you hockey people do.”

“Ha, never!”

“Yeah,” Shane smiled, before pressing his lips into a line. He was glad that Ilya couldn’t see him and his reddening face from where he embraced him from behind.

“And,” He continued, “I told her that we were, you know, getting to know each other.”

Shane could practically feel the smirk against the back of his neck, “*Oh god*, no, not like that! I meant that we like, hang out and stuff.”

“Ah, so this is what we do now. Hang out?”

“Fuck you, Ilya.”

“I want to, again,” Ilya whispered, lazily moving his hips, “I want you.”

Shane whimpered at the thought. He could already feel Ilya growing inside of him again. Gross, they hadn’t even switched the condom out yet. But Shane simply craned his neck back as far as he could, until Ilya met his lips and they melted into each other’s touch once more.

Ilya stayed the night then. In fact, he found himself over at Shane’s quite often after that day, for the entirety of that summer. They hadn’t talked about what they *were* necessarily—although, saying that they were friends was always the easiest answer. And if Ilya *really* had to label it, he would simply say that he and Shane were comfortable, because they were.

Svetlana had been pestering Ilya about his relationship with Shane, drilling him for all the details.

**Svetlana**

hey lover boy

you spend the night at shane's again?

**Ilya**

Yes

**Svetlana**

and you guys are still

just friends

?

**Ilya**

Yes

Maybe, I don't know.

We hangout, we fuck. It's nice

**Svetlana**

i know

but u have NEVER been like this with any of your hookups

like, ever

**Svetlana**

honestly, you can do whatever u want ilya

if ur happy with this i am too

but remember, the season's staring again soon

you won't get to see shane 24/7 for awhile

Ilya sighed, switching his phone off. He knew Svetlana was right.

In about a week, Ilya is scheduled to fly back out to Boston for the start of the season. He had slacked off enough on his regular training regimen in exchange for Shane's yoga classes. Now, he *really* had to get his shit together again. Ilya could barely focus on the fact, however. Not when he and Shane were cuddled up on Shane's couch, watching some movie that had already been playing for about twenty minutes.

Watching would be an exaggeration. It took them about five minutes to try and figure out the plot, another five minutes to completely abandon their bowl of popcorn, and thirty seconds after that for Shane to climb onto Ilya's lap.

They kissed slowly, both of them finding moments to deepen the kiss by inserting their tongue and licking into the other's mouth. Shane ran his fingers through Ilya's hair, as Ilya wrapped his arms around him and held him up. He could already feel his growing hard-on rubbing against Shane's.

"Mhmm," Ilya hummed, "What happened to *just* watching a movie today?"

"Shut up." Shane whispered, gently dragging his teeth along Ilya's neck.

Ilya moaned lowly, hands gripping onto Shane's ass as he grinded their erections together. Shane whimpered at the contact, burying his face into Ilya's neck and begging for *more, oh god, please*. He always loved it whenever Shane got needy, begging for him to fill him up. It went straight to Ilya's ego (and his dick).

Ilya was quick to pull Shane's sweatpants down, his hand wrapping around the other's length. He swiped the dribbling pre-cum on his tip.

Shane gasped, "*Fuck*, Ilya."

Shane jerked upwards, desperate for any friction. He began to thrust upwards, matching the tempo of Ilya's frustratingly slow strokes. Ilya flicked his wrist and adjusted his grip with each stroke, just how he knew Shane liked it.

"You are always so pretty," Ilya mumbled, "Just with my hand you are already like this."

With his other hand, Ilya teased Shane's entrance. Shane exhaled at the feeling of Ilya's index finger circling his rim.

"Shit," He let out a shaky breath, "Wait—*wait*."

Shane pushed himself from Ilya and stumbled backwards, kicking off his sweatpants all the way off.

"Lube, and a condom."

Ilya grinned, "What? Are you scared of me putting a baby inside of you, Shane?"

Shane flushed. "*What!*? No. Oh my god, you freak. That's like, not even biologically possible."

"I don't know," Ilya shrugged, "With how you are always, like, *please come inside of me, please fill me up, Ilya I'm so full*, I think we can make it possible."

"Fuck off!"

Shane retreated to his bedroom as Ilya laughed from the couch. He was quick to return, shoving the lube into Ilya's hands and climbing back onto his lap.

"Can you please shut up and just fuck me already?"

Ilya did exactly that. As much as he loved teasing Shane, his own erection was straining painfully against his shorts, and Shane's hole was *very* empty. He clenched and unclenched around the tip of Ilya's lubed finger as a reminder.

Ilya worked Shane open hastily. It was messy—one finger quickly became two, which quickly became three. Lube dripped all over where his fingers prodded in and out of Shane, who moaned loudly in his ear with each movement.

"Ah, *ah*," Shane whimpered, "Please, *please*, I need you inside of me."

Ilya nodded, unable to form any words. Shane had always been able to reduce him to just desperate noises. He motioned for Shane to lift himself up as he took off his clothes. Before his t-shirt had even hit the floor, Shane had grabbed at the meat of his pecs, lowering his head down to take one of Ilya's nipples into his mouth and sucking. He flicked his tongue against the nub, before gently rubbing it in between his teeth.

Ilya's dick twitched at the repeated action. He was unbearably hard, and Shane kept grinding back into his erection, kneading Ilya's pink chest that he made work on with his mouth beforehand. He looked blissed out already.

“God, you are so needy.” Ilya grunted, stroking himself a couple of times before putting the condom on.

As if to prove his point, Shane wasted no time lifting himself up and sinking down to take Ilya’s tip. The intrusion was sudden, and the pressure punched a shaky breath out of Shane.

“*Mhmf*—” He whimpered. He could never get used to how *big* Ilya really was, especially as he continued to take more, the stretch of his thickness forcing him open with each inch.

“Shane,” Ilya moaned, “Oh god.”

He watched as he was finally inside of Shane fully, the two of them filling the room with various noises. Ilya loved whenever Shane was on top of him, when he fully took control—bouncing on his dick like it was only made for him.

Shane moved his hips steadily, his flexibility and fluid motions allowing him to pleasure Ilya in ways he had never felt before, in angles he had never hit. *Thank fucking god for yoga*, Ilya thought to himself.

Ilya peppered Shane’s neck in wet kisses, hands gripping onto his sides tightly that his skin turned red. Shane’s head lolled to the side, rocking his hips and chasing his release.

“Ilya, Ilya, *Ilya*.” He punctured each time he took Ilya to the hilt with his name.

“*Fuck*. Yes, Shane.”

Ilya tightened his grip on Shane’s waist and began thrusting upwards. He pounded into him erratically, uncaring for rhythm and going at full force. Shane’s eyes widened at the intensity, it was *too much, not enough*. He needed more, *more*.

“Harder,” He choked out, “God, *Ilya*, I’m so close. Please, *please*—”

Shane coming untouched and just from his dick was his favourite, and it drove Ilya into primality. He quickly flipped them over so that Shane was faced down on the couch, before slamming back into him. Ilya gripped at the roots of Shane’s hair and forced his head down into one of the pillows.

“Shane, *fuck*, I’m going to—”

Shane let out muffled noises against the pillow. He pushed his ass back into Ilya’s violent thrusts, abusing his prostate, before releasing onto the couch underneath him. The streaks of white spilling everywhere, and Shane craning his head back as he moaned loudly, were enough to push Ilya over the edge, until he came as well.

Ilya’s vision whitened for a few seconds, his body quivering as he buried himself deep into Shane, emptying his release before collapsing on top of him.

They lay in silence with nothing but the sounds of their shaky breathing. Ilya left a gentle kiss on Shane’s shoulder as he pressed himself against the other’s sweaty back.

“Ew,” Shane groaned, “You’re so sweaty.”

Ilya rolled his eyes, “You are not?”

Shane ignored him, “And my couch is ruined now too.”

“Whose fault is that?”

Shane sighed, looking back at Ilya, “Yours.”

“How?”

“You fucked me too well that I came so hard.”

Ilya laughed loudly, “You are welcome.”

“Shut up.”

Shane grunted and let his head fall back into the pillow. *This is gonna be hell to clean up.* He thought grumpily. However, he still graciously accepted the kisses that Ilya littered against his cheek.

After they had finally cleaned up the mess of their activities and showered, the two moved to Shane’s bed.

“I am hungry.”

Shane chuckled, “Want me to cook something?”

“No,” Ilya pulled him in closer into his chest, “You stay here. We can order food.”

After scrolling through some options on the food delivery app, they decided on a sandwich place nearby. It had a versatile menu, especially for Shane’s *bird food* diet as Ilya (still) liked to call it. Their order wouldn’t arrive for another twenty minutes, so they settled against each other, both fighting the sleep in their eyes.

“So,” Shane started, “You fly out to Boston in a week, yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“Will you be back in Ottawa?”

Ilya nodded, “Probably. My friend, Svetlana, she lives here with her girlfriend. So, I will visit most likely.”

“Ah, that’s right.”

“But not during season,” Ilya added. “Obviously.”

“Yeah, obviously.” Shane parroted, but there was a hint of hesitation.

Silence. Shane was the first to speak again.

“Um,” He paused.

“Mhm?”

“So, what about us?”

It’s not that Ilya *wasn’t* expecting the question. Though, he was hoping that they could’ve put it off for longer. He liked the bubble that they had created, not so much outside of it.

“Us?”

“Yeah.”

“Us, well,” Ilya coughed, “We are friends. We can still call, or text.”

“Right.” Shane frowned.

“Why are you sad? We can FaceTime too if you want—”

“No, it’s not that,” Shane groaned, “Just, I mean. What about *us*?”

Ilya raised an eyebrow.

“Ilya. Are we really just friends?”

The pit that Ilya had been trying to ignore in his stomach only grew bigger. Too big for him to still ignore.

“Shane, I—” He exhaled. “I haven’t dated anyone, for years.”

Shane stared at him blankly.

“*Many* years, Shane. Since I started hockey career, I am too busy. I sleep around, yes, but I have no time for relationship.”

It was definitely the wrong thing to say, because Shane’s face tightened, and his body shifted away from Ilya’s hold.

“You sleep around?”

Ilya sighed, “Yes. Well, used to. During the season, after games. It is easier than dating.”

“So, this entire time we... You...”

“No, *no*,” Ilya shook his head, “Never. Not since we started this, thing.”

“Sure,” Shane chuckled humourlessly, “This *thing*.”

“That is not what I meant.”

“I *don't* know what you mean Ilya!”

Shane had never raised his voice at Ilya. In fact, this was the first time Ilya had seen him so, sad.

“Shane.” He whispered.

“I just,” Shane buried his face into his hands, “I don’t know. We’ve been doing this, hanging out, being with each other for like, months now. I just thought, maybe...”

“Maybe?”

Shane sighed, “Maybe that you liked me too. More than just the sex.”

Ilya’s heartbeat was in his ears.

“I do like you Shane.”

“Clearly not,” He scoffed, “Because you don’t *do* relationships, or whatever.”

“Shane—”

The doorbell rang and Ilya nearly cursed the universe out loud. Shane quickly stood up.

“That’s our food,” He muttered quickly, “I should get it.”

“Shane, listen.”

“I’ll leave it on the table,” He continued, “But you should leave, Ilya. Please. I think I just need some time alone right now.”

Shane didn’t look back before he closed the door behind him. Ilya slumped back against the headboard of the bed.

Ilya was rushing with emotions. He was angry. With himself, mostly. He was nervous, panicking. Ultimately, he was scared. Scared of ruining and losing Shane.

When he got back home later that evening (there was nothing worse than having to awkwardly take his food and leave Shane's apartment as the other ignored him completely), he immediately texted Svetlana.

**Ilya**

I fucked up

**Svetlana**

oh?

what do you mean?

**Ilya**

With Shane

I messed up bad.

**Svetlana**

oh ilya

what happened?

It took him about two paragraphs of text to fully explain the situation. He waited anxiously, Svetlana's text bubble constantly disappearing and re-appearing as she typed out a response.

**Svetlana**

well first

you definitely should've told him that u were sleeping around

but i understand why you didn't

second

i think you're just confusing the poor boy

**Ilya**

Confusing?

How

**Svetlana**

correct me if im wrong

but u obviously like him too

and want to date him

right?

and ur telling him that u don't do that

**Ilya**

Because I don't.

You know I can't date

**Svetlana**

why?

bc you're busy? bc hockey? be fr ilya

shane is NOT a baby

he can handle long distance or wtv

if thats what ur worried abt

i dont think he'll die from not seeing u during the season

**Ilya**

But what if I can't give him what he needs?

What if I can't be a good boyfriend?

**Svetlana**

have you asked him how he feels about this?

**Ilya**

No.

**Svetlana**

...

u haven't even asked him

ilya.

talk to him. jfc

i love you

talk to him

please.

**Ilya**



Ilya knew that he *did* have to talk to Shane, as much as he would rather bury himself alive. *Christ*, he hasn't even figured out his own feelings yet, or what to even say to him.

But, he was leaving soon. And at this point, Shane probably never wanted to see him again. If things ended between them like this, Ilya would never forgive himself.

---

The day Ilya walks into Shane's yoga class after having skipped the last two has him sweating before he even stepped foot inside the heated studio.

He debated just showing up at Shane's apartment, though he figured that the other would *actually* kill him (and that would be Shane being nice). But, he couldn't waste any more time waiting around when his flight was in two days.

When he entered the room, Ilya immediately made eye contact with Shane, whose smile dropped at the sight of him. Throughout the class, he ignored him completely. Shane didn't spare him a single glance, or even as much as walk over where he had set up. Ilya felt the blatant disregard stab right through his chest. *Probably deserved*, he thought to himself. It still hurt despite that.

When the class ended, Ilya rushed over to Shane, who was quickly packing up his things.

"Shane."

He didn't look at him.

"Shane, please," Ilya whispered, "Can we talk?"

When he *does* look at him, he has a cold expression on his face.

"There isn't anything to talk about."

Ilya didn't care how desperate he looked as he followed Shane out the studio, trailing behind him.

"Will you just listen to me? Please?"

"Listen to you what?" Shane snapped, "Talk about your *super-duper busy* hockey schedule? Or, should we go down the list of each person you plan to fuck when you're back in Boston?"

Ilya sighed, "I leave in two days."

"Great," Shane stared at him, "Good luck with the season."

Before Shane could walk away, Ilya grabbed his wrist.

“Shane, I like you.”

The sentence makes Shane stop in his tracks. He doesn't say anything, but he doesn't pull away either.

“I cannot be your boyfriend,” *Jesus, bad start Ilya.* He thought.

Shane rolled his eyes, “Lovely.”

“No, wait,” Ilya dropped Shane's wrist, “Listen, I cannot be your boyfriend, well. Because...”

Shane blinked at him.

“Because,” Ilya exhaled, “Because I like you so much, Shane. Too much. I like you too much that I know that I cannot be a good boyfriend for you.”

He continued, “I cannot see you often when I am playing. I will be away for too long. I cannot touch you, or hold you, or kiss you. I cannot be there, and you deserve better. Better relationship than you will have with me. I am selfish because I want you, and only you. You are the *only* one. I want you even if I cannot give you what you need.”

*I will never again touch or look at anyone else ever like I do you.* Ilya knew that he was talking himself in circles. Really, really stupidly worded circles. *You have ruined me, Shane Hollander. I am yours only. I am yours even if you cannot be mine. You deserve someone who you can wake up to every morning, who will cook you whatever you please, even if I can barely pronounce half of the ingredients you use in your meals. Someone who can be near whenever you need, who you can show off to your friends and family and fuck, I haven't even met them yet. Shane, you wanted me to meet your mother. Do you still feel that way?*

Ilya stopped himself before he could let any more words spill from his tongue. He let the thoughts wither in his head.

And then, Shane was crying.

It wasn't brash or loud. Shane had let the tears well up, until his eyes glossed over, and they started falling down his cheeks. His eyebrows were furrowed, his breathing was shaky, and Ilya could feel how much he had been holding back.

“Fuck you.” He sputtered.

“I am sorry.” Ilya mumbled, his head low.

“No, seriously. *Fuck you*,” Shane stumbled on his words, “Fuck you, because how could you assume all of that? How could you stand there and tell me that *I’m* gonna feel this way or *I’m* gonna think that way about our relationship. Seriously?”

“I—I am confused.” Ilya admitted.

“You never even asked me!” Shane sighed, “I don’t care if you’re gonna be away for, however long. You don’t think I thought about that when I realized my feelings for you? You don’t think that I like you enough that I wouldn’t be willing to make things work out between us? Do you doubt me, *us*, that much?”

He bit his lip, “I like *you*, Ilya. What do you not get?”

Ilya had let all of Shane’s words slap him across the face.

The two of them stood there.

Ilya pulled Shane into a hug.

“I’m sorry,” He whispered into his ear, “I am so sorry for being *so* stupid.”

Shane’s eyes were wet against his shoulder, “You’re actually terrible.”

“I know,” Ilya rubbed his back, “I’m terrible boyfriend who makes his boyfriend very, *very* sad and needs to listen and talk better.”

Shane pulled back, wiping a tear from his eye. He chuckled softly, “You’re also terrible at asking people to date you.”

Ilya smiled, “Maybe.”

They embraced again, the question going unsaid. Shane had already answered.

---

**Ilya**

Thank you.

**Svetlana**

did you talk to shane

??????????

**Ilya**

Yes.

We are boyfriends now

**Svetlana**

THANK GODDDD

i am very happy for you ilya

seriously

and pls, next time just

communicate 😭😭😭

**Ilya**

Shane already told me that

I will be better, I promise.

**Svetlana**

good.

rose is happy for you too <3

“Who are you texting?”

Ilya rolled over to where Shane was lying next to him. He smiled to himself, thinking about how he would never get over how much cuter his freckles were under his flushed cheeks.

“Just Svetlana.”

“Oh, right,” He frowned, “She hasn’t been to my class in a while.”

Ilya chuckled, “I think she just doesn’t want to see us flirting in front of her anymore.”

“We don’t flirt *that much*.”

“I get a boner every time you do that, what is it called,” Ilya gestured with his hands, “Downward dog pose.”

“*Ugh!*” Shane smacked his shoulder, “In my studio? Really?”

“What? It reminds me of when I am fucking you from behind—”

“Okay, I get it!”

Ilya laughed, rolling on top of Shane, and pressing kisses into his neck.

“Speaking of fucking you from behind...”

“You just did.”

Ilya grinned, “Again?”

Shane groaned, but there was a small smile in his expression. “You are unbelievable.”

“I am leaving soon,” Ilya fake pouted, “And, my boyfriend will not let me put my dick inside of him again, even though we will be away for very long. Look how sad you made him.”

Ilya gestured down to his penis, which was lying half hard against his thigh.

“*Again*, you are unbelievable.”

“Is that a, yes?”

Shane couldn’t help the noise that slipped out of his mouth when Ilya softly nibbled on his collarbone, his own growing erection rubbing against the sheets he lay underneath. That in itself gave Ilya all the permission he needed.

It had felt so easy that Ilya thought he must have been dreaming this entire time. They had sex (again), had a shower and made dinner together, put on one of Shane’s favourite shows (“*I promise you’re gonna love it!*”). And, not even one episode in, Shane had fallen asleep on Ilya’s chest.

Ilya smiled to himself. He rubbed his thumb over Shane's cheek, admiring the freckles he always loved. His other hand carded his fingers through his soft hair, and he couldn't help but gently kiss the top of his boyfriend's head, inhaling the subtle scent of his sweet shampoo.

His boyfriend, Shane Hollander.

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