

golden, like daylight

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by [nonamesplz](#)

Summary

What I imagine their first time without a condom was like. Because we've all thought about it.

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The first time Shane and Ilya have sex without a condom is in Ottawa at Ilya's new home.

They both are about to report for the start of the new season, so Shane came to spend the last few days helping Ilya set up his new home. That night Shane's parents came over for dinner, and Yuna fussed about what Ilya still needed, and David brought him a case of Coca Cola as a new home present.

Everything felt nice and new and in a bubble still, like the cottage had followed them here.

Ilya knew that would all change once the season started. It was strange because, in many ways, he had Shane for years at this point. But it felt like now he finally, really had him. And it was already time to let him go for a while.

He didn't realize he was grinding his molars until Shane was pressing up against him.

"What are you thinking?"

Ilya sighed heavily, sinking back into the couch and pulling Shane closer. "That for the first time in my life I do not want the season to start."

"Oh," Shane looks slightly startled for a moment before he starts to get that anxious look that is somewhat endearing. "Is it because—well, do you regret coming to Ottawa?"

Ilya's confused for a moment before he realizes what Shane is asking: if he regrets signing with Ottawa to be closer; if he regrets them. Which is the most ridiculous thing he could think.

"Is not that," he traces a finger over Shane's cheek, the smooth skin, the freckles that have been plaguing his dreams for a long time. "Is just...it was easier before to not see you in-between the times we were together because you were not really mine." Shane's features soften, and he lets out a shaky sigh of relief. "Now, will be harder I think."

Shane nods, turning his head to press a kiss to Ilya's open palm.

"I think I've been yours for a long time now," Shane admits quietly. In some ways, it's a deeper admission than the first "I love you" they shared at the cabin. "And I want to um," Shane cleared his throat nervously, cheeks flushing and eyes flitting down. "I want to really be yours."

Ilya tilted his face back up so that they could look at each other. "You are mine, Hollander." He couldn't wait any longer and pulled Shane more firmly into his lap, until the shorter man was straddling his thighs. Using the firm grip on his cheek, Ilya pulled him for a searing kiss. It was competitive but also intense and heated in a way that nearly took his breath away.

He felt Shane moan, grinding his erection into Ilya's stomach.

He let his hands travel down Shane's neck, the strong muscles of his back, until gripping his firm ass.

Shane breathlessly breaks the kiss and blurts out, "I want you to fuck me without a condom."

Ilya freezes and a strange feeling swells inside him. He didn't know it was possible to want Shane more than he already did. He isn't sure his body can handle the surge of desire that washes over him—Shane's request, cheeks pink with the admission, hips still slightly rocking against Ilya like he just can't help it.

"You want me to fuck you without a condom," he repeats back and grips Shane's ass a little tighter.

Shane takes a deep breath, gnawing slightly on his lip before admitting, "I want you to come inside me."

They had vaguely talked about this, and after agreeing at the cabin to give this thing between them a shot, they both went and got tested once they were home. But it hadn't been brought up again, and honestly, Ilya didn't want to push it. He felt like the luckiest person in the world to be able to fuck Shane Hollander, to see him at his most vulnerable, to be the one Shane trusted with that.

He hadn't fucked anyone without a condom since he was 16. For many years, he told himself it was because he didn't want to risk a baby, but he can admit now that it probably was also because Shane was in the back of his mind. That he knew he could never put him at risk.

Ilya's been silent for a few moments, long enough for Shane to start to look nervous again. "We don't have to," he says quickly. "If you don't want to—" Quickly, Ilya stands up, gripping Shane by the thighs, who lets out a yelp as he's jostled in the air. "Ilya! Put me down."

With a smirk, Ilya makes his way to the bedroom. "Is fine. You weigh nothing." That wasn't true, but Ilya tries his hardest not to show the strain of carrying his boyfriend. "Besides, you love it." Shane rolls his eyes but doesn't deny it. In the bedroom, he deposits Shane on the bed before leaning over to capture his lips in a filthy kiss.

Shane groans into his mouth, bracketing Ily's hips with his knees, and grinding against him. Ilya puts his hands firmly on Shane's hips, pinning him to the bed.

"Go slow, or are you that eager to have me inside you?"

"Fuck you."

"No, fuck you," he trails his lips down the column of Shane's neck. "Fuck you bare."

Shane gasps, arching up into him. "Yes, please."

He can't stop touching Shane or kissing him as they undress, but Ilya keeps the pace purposefully slow. Partly because it drives Shane crazy and partly because he can. He can take his time with Shane Hollander.

“Come on, Rozanov,” Shane urges, pretty face flushed.

“I like when you are so needy for me,” Ilya says before flipping Shane onto his stomach and landing a loud smack on his ass. It forced a yelp out of Shane that Ilya savors. He urges Shane up onto his knees but keeps a firm hand on the middle of his muscular back to keep the Canadian’s chest pressed into the mattress. “Show me where you want me, sweetheart.”

It makes Ilya dizzy with how quickly Shane reaches back and pulls his cheeks apart, bearing himself to Ilya. He brushes a finger over the puckered rim, and Shane’s whole body visibly shivers.

“Fuck, Ilya, don’t tease me.”

“But I love teasing you,” he says matter-of-factly before leaning down and replacing his finger with his tongue, tracing around the rim, dipping inside, beard scratching the sensitive skin of Shane’s ass. But Shane arches into it and moans the beautiful, low, breathy moan that Ilya knows no one else in the world has ever heard.

“Shit, please,” Shane begs, hands shaking where he’s holding himself open still.

“Please what?” Ilya asks as he pulls back and resumes tracing Shane’s rim with his finger. “What do you need, Hollander?”

“Fuck me,” Shane groans as he pushes his ass back. “Stop being a dick and fuck me.”

Ilya chuckles before going back to licking firmly over the sensitive nerves of Shane’s entrance. He moves his mouth to press teeth bluntly to the meat of Shane’s ass cheek before slipping a wet finger in. Ilya knows Shane is on edge and that one finger is not enough, so after a few strokes, he pushes a second finger in along with the first.

“You’re so fucking perfect for me,” Ilya finds himself admitting out loud.

Shane groans, clenching around Ilya’s fingers as he rocks back and forth. “Ilya, please,” he begs as Ilya expertly crooks his fingers. It’s one of his favorite things in the world to watch Shane writhe on fingers alone. But then, Shane starts babbling, “Fuck me, please. Ilya, I need you to fuck me. Come inside me. Make me yours.”

Ilya rubs harder at Shane’s prostate and delivers another sharp smack to his ass cheek. “You are mine, Hollander,” Shane whines as Ilya pulls his fingers free, and he watches Shane’s greedy little hole clench around nothing. He reaches for the lube and quickly slicks himself up. He presses forward before pausing, the weight of the moment dawning on him. “Are you sure?”

Shane twists back to look over his shoulder and gives Ilya that cute and determined look. “Fucking yes, I’m sure.”

Ilya grins crookedly, feeling lighter than air as he pushes into Shane’s body in one long, insistent stroke. They both groan simultaneously, and Ilya has to pause and grip Shane’s hips

tightly to ground himself. Shane is always tight, but he feels even tighter without the latex barrier between them. More than that, he feels hot.

“Oh my god, Ilya,” Shane gasps, fingers flexing into the sheets.

Suddenly Ilya can't stand it anymore and leans down to kiss behind his ear. The shift in position pushes his dick deeper where he has Shane spread open. “You are mine, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane pants, and Ilya feels him tighten his muscles reflectively.

“Good boy,” Ilya says before sucking the skin behind his ear and rolling his hips at a languid pace. One that he knows by now drives Shane crazy. “You always feel so good, Shane. But like this...” his words trail off because he can't find the English words to describe how it feels to be inside Shane in a way no other man has before. He knows Shane likes to be praised, can see it in the flush up the back of his neck and the goosebumps that break out across his arms despite their sweaty bodies. “You take me so well. Fucking made to take me.”

He runs a finger along where they joined, where Shane's rim pulls back slightly on every out stroke. Shane starts to try to move, to fuck back on his cock, but Ilya holds him firmly by the hips. Shane groans in frustration but goes still, letting Ilya set the pace.

“Good boy,” he growls again before rewarding Shane by picking up the pace and letting himself fall into the heat of Shane fucking Hollendar. Of fucking Shane fucking Hollander. “Do not come until I tell you to.”

It's fast. It's hard. It's skin slapping against skin, punching noises out of Shane that Ilya knows he would probably be embarrassed about but it's music to his ear. Then, he shifts his hip in the way that he knows makes sure his dick fucking hits Shane's prostate directly. Once Shane wails and Ilya knows he has the angle right, he nails it. When Shane is nearly sobbing, Ilya uses every bit of strength to haul him up until Shane's on his knees, back pressed firmly against Ilya's chest.

“I need to come, Ilya, please, I need to.”

From this angle, Ilya can't pound into him. He wraps his arms around Shane's chest, pinning his arms to his front.

“Take what you need moya lyubov,” Ilya whispers softly in Shane's ear as Shane starts moving his hips, bouncing on Ilya's dick and chasing his release. “Come on my cock.”

Shane's movements become frenzied, cock slapping against his firm stomach and ass slamming down onto Ilya's thighs with his hands pinned to his own chest. This summer was the first time Ilya had watched Shane come from only being fucked in the ass. It was a sight he wanted to see over and over again.

“After you come,” Ilya says, keeping his voice soft. “I will come inside you.”

He watches from over Shane's shoulder as Shane's cock erupts without a hand on it. Ilya groans as Shane's inner muscles clamp down and cum shoots out onto the bed and his chest.

“Fucking shit,” Shane cries, body shaking with the force of his orgasm. Ilya can’t take it anymore. Control snapping, he shoves Shane down before flipping him onto his back. Shane looks up at him, and Ilya nearly stops breathing - his cheeks are flushed, lips bitten red, eyes leaking, and pupils blown wide. He’s so beautiful. Quickly, he pushes Shane’s leg back, nearly bending him in half and enters him again. “Fuck, yes, give it to me, Ilya,” Shane gasps.

And he does, pounding into Shane roughly, feeling it every time Shane’s body shivers from what is surely overstimulation. He’s torn between throwing himself over the ledge and dragging this out for as long as possible.

“Oh god,” Shane gasps, looking up at Ilya with wide eyes. “Something’s happening, I think-- I’m gonna--”

The next thing Ilya knows Shane’s hole is literally pulsing around him as his mostly soft cock dribbles out more cum, and Shane’s eyes roll back. It’s too much, and Ilya feels himself explode.

The next couple of minutes are filled with heavy breathing and silence as they cling to each other. Ilya can hear Shane snuffle, feels the wetness of his cheeks against his shoulder. Worried that he hurt him, Ilya shifts up and slowly pulls out.

It was obviously not the right thing to do because Shane inhales sharply, eyes wet and wide, as his fingers scrabble against Ilya's chest for purchase. “No, Ilya stay in--”

“Shhh,” Ilya soothes, running his fingers down to Shane’s slightly puffy rim before pushing three fingers back in. He’s warm and wet inside. Shane grunts but seems to relax slightly. With his fingers tucked up in Shane’s body, Ilya leans forward to lick his chest and cock clean. At the movement, Shane’s cock twitches but doesn’t manage to get hard again.

“Did you break me?” Shane asks. “I’ve never had an orgasm like that before.” Ilya looks up and sees the peaceful, cum drunk expression on Shane’s face start to slip, replaced by one of hesitation and embarrassment. “Was it--oh god I can’t believe--”

Ilya surges up, pressing his lips to Shane while still gently stroking him from the inside. “Was perfect. You are perfect. You are the hottest person in the whole world.” It seems to mollify Shane enough, who lets out a small gasp as Ilya presses gently against his sensitive prostate. “I am glad that you’ve never had that kind of orgasm before, that no one has ever seen you like that. That I am the only one who gets to see you like this.”

Shane whimpers, hips slightly rocking as Ilya presses more firmly.

“You don’t--ah--think it’s pathetic?” Shane asks. Ilya can see Shane's brain and body still slightly at war.

“Shane,” Ilya nearly coos. “You are beautiful. And you are mine.” He continues to stroke Shane’s prostate firmly and brings his thumb up to rub under Shane’s balls. “My cum is in your hole. Your perfect, slutty little hole that was made for my cock and my cum. If anyone is

pathetic, it is me. All I can think about right now is how I always want you like this, spread out and crying and full of me. Want you to wear a plug so that I never drip out. Want--”

“Ilya!” Shane cries, cock spurting and asshole trembling. Ilya can see it so clearly now that he's not busy chasing his own release - Shane's reddened rim pulsing in and out on its own, gripping Ilya's fingers, thighs shaking as an orgasm rips threw Shane from the inside out. For a moment, he's speechless, and then Shane is crying, tears streaming down his cheeks.

“Moya lyubov,” Ilya murmurs, slipping from Shane's body and crawling up to wrap him in a hug.

“I'm fine, I'm fine. It's just so much,” Shane gasps, burying himself in Ilya's arms. “Like my body's never felt this good, and it doesn't know what to do.”

Ilya holds him tightly, whispers comforting words in Russian and English, strokes his back and his hair until Shane's breathing starts to slow down and his sniffles recede. After almost 10 minutes, Shane picks his head up off Ilya's chest to look at him.

“Ya tebya lyublyu,” Ilya tells him, rubbing his thumb along his chest.

“Ya tebya lyublyu,” Shane tells him in return, a small, tired smile gracing his face.

Ilya's never been more sure that moving to Ottawa was the right call.

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