

on hand

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/73662021) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/73662021>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Idiots in Love , Soft Ilya , Light Dom/sub , Hand Jobs , Anal Fingering , Rimming , Anal Fisting , Boys Kissing , Book 2: Heated Rivalry (Game Changers) , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-04 Words: 8,060 Chapters: 1/1

on hand

by [offsideletters](#)

Summary

Shane answers him with a question, voice rough and thoroughly fucked out. “How many fingers do you have inside of me?”

Smirking, Ilya offers Shane just one brush over his prostate. “Four.”

“Jesus,” Shane groans, eyes rolling to the back of his skull.

“Do you think you could take more?”

Surprise dances behind dark pupils, Ilya can see a fire ignite within Shane’s irises. His freckled face, which is red and splotchy and ruined with pleasure, twists with uncertainty. The intrigue behind them is too captivating to ignore.

Finally, after getting a chance to breathe, Shane asks, “What, like your fist?”

Notes

Yeah this was supposed to be like maybe 3k of hollanov being freaks, but turns out I was the freak and somehow ended up with this.

I am so sorry this is insane! This is also just pure smut. Like nothing else happens. It’s all sex.

Also this is my first work in this fandom, I haven’t written fanfic in many years so this was just me trying to get back into the groove of writing. Sorry for some repetition and any mistakes you may see. I wrote this in a couple days and just wanted to get it out so its not edited super well, but I still love these boys <3

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

Warm water splashes over the sides of the tub, dripping onto the cold tiled floor and soaking the bath mat. Ilya's arms, which only twenty minutes ago were cold from the chill of Ottawa's frigid winter temperatures seeping into their house, radiate heat, pulsing down to his wrinkly fingers he has splayed over Shane's stomach.

Dark hair rests against his chest, half damp from the humidity. Shane releases a sigh, leaning further into Ilya's space, ass snug between Ilya's thighs.

Shane's voice is a gentle melody in the quiet bathroom. "Today was perfect."

The candle Ilya lit earlier reflects off Shane's face, freckles illuminated by the soft glow. Warm vanilla filters like an embrace beneath his nose, and Ilya runs his knuckles over his husband's chest, reveling in the smooth skin. He ghosts a finger over Shane's nipple, the sharp intake of breath he receives in return tugging a smile to his lips.

"Yes." Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's temple. "Was very romantic. Even the bath, I like."

Shane snorts. "I told you you would. What's not to like about being all slippery and naked together?"

Ilya has nothing to say to that. Content, he rests his head back, the lip of the tub digging harsh lines into his scalp, and closes his eyes.

His husband is right. Today *was* the perfect day. Date night in. Ilya made them dinner, while Shane grumbled while sitting atop the counter about not being able to help. Despite his protests, all Ilya could do was wave him off, kiss him roughly on the mouth, and tell him to fuck off until he had everything ready for supper.

Following the slightly burnt lasagna, he made them dessert, feeding Shane chocolate covered strawberries and resisting the urge to lick Shane's face when he somehow managed to get chocolate smudged on his cheek, his freckles practically begging to be tasted.

After they digested their meal on the couch with a bottle of wine and a rerun of yet another baking show, Shane suggested a bath to finish the night off. Ilya was disappointed for a moment before kissing Shane on the cheek and telling him he would see him in bed after his husband's bath. That earned him a chuckle. Shane said nothing as he wrapped a hand around Ilya's wrist and dragged him upstairs, ignoring Ilya's protests when he complained about not wanting to be all shriveled up.

Never one for baths, Ilya preferred the shower. At least there, when they took one together, there was enough space to shove Shane against the tile and fuck his ass senseless until he was leaking Ilya's come and screaming with his head pressed against the wall. Here, there's no room. Too much water weighing them down.

Though maybe Shane could sit on his dick and warm his cock from this angle.

He put that idea away for next time.

As it was, he agreed when Shane told him he just wanted to be close, going so far as to leave a naked Shane sitting on the counter alone as he ran back downstairs to grab a couple candles, lighting them, then grabbing his husband's face and kissing him while they waited for the tub to fill.

A groan rumbles from his chest as Shane squirms a bit, adjusting, his ass pressing further into Ilya, making his dick twitch.

"Sweetheart," Ilya whispers. "Are you trying to rile me up?"

Shane laughs, snuggling deeper into Ilya. "I swear I'm not," he says, and though Ilya's eyes are closed and he can't see Shane's face, he can hear the smile through his words.

Ilya hums, bringing his thumb back to Shane's nipple, flicking the wet bud until it hardens. Shane's back arches almost imperceptibly.

Leaning forward, Ilya brings his mouth close to Shane's ear. "Do you want to?"

Ilya doesn't give him a chance to respond before he pinches Shane's nipple, reveling in the delicious sound Shane makes, the nails that were once gently scraping along Ilya's forearms now digging in, crescent moons beginning to take their shape, blood pooling under his skin. Ilya twists the bud beneath his fingers, his other hand skating lower, splaying over Shane's abs and pulling him closer. Shane twists his neck slightly, hot breaths panting against Ilya's cheek.

"Tease," he whispers, body jerking when Ilya moves to play with his other pec.

Ilya grins, turning to press a kiss to the corner of Shane's mouth.

When he decides Shane has had enough of his teasing, he releases his nipples all together, hand sliding lower, lower, submerging under the water to find Shane's half hard cock, floating against his thigh.

"Touch me," Shane breathes, chest heaving, groin pushing into Ilya's grip. "Please."

Never one to resist his husband, Ilya doesn't waste time, wrapping his hand around Shane's cock and giving it a few slow tugs. "So pretty," he says quietly, running his other hand over every inch of Shane he can reach. His neck, belly, chest, the dip in his hip bone he likes to suck on and leave bruises. Shane shudders every time Ilya's fingers coast over him, goosebumps marring his skin despite the heat. "Love your soft cock, Shane. Love to feel it get hard for me."

Years ago, even an off handed comment about Shane's soft dick would have earned him the silent treatment for the evening. Once, he told Shane he likes when he takes a while to get hard, because he enjoys being able to fit all of him in his mouth.

Shane didn't speak to him until the next morning.

Now, he lets out a soft moan, resting his head back on Ilya's shoulder as he begins to fill out in Ilya's palm, the slow drag of his wrist a delicious friction beneath the water.

Ilya strokes him, slow and tender, as Shane's breaths get heavier, more raspy, like he's aching for something else. He's panting now, quiet noises escaping his lips. Ilya squeezes him, and when Shane moans, he buries the fingers of his other hand in his husband's hair and yanks him back to capture his lips.

The angle is only slightly awkward, and the yelp Shane releases when Ilya dips his tongue deeper into his mouth has Ilya releasing a horse high between their lips. Shane tastes like the wine they had with dinner, a vintage Malbec that tastes like tart cherries they'd had stashed in their pantry for months. Ilya licks into Shane's mouth, stroking his tongue against his, sucking on Shane's bottom lip and letting it flop back with a *plop*.

Dark eyes meet Ilya's, the desperation in them clear behind Shane's enlarged pupils. Sweat drips on Shane's forehead, rolling across his freckled skin as Ilya squeezes the base of Shane's dick.

"Don't wanna come yet," Shane says breathlessly. He looks wrecked, his fingers at some point have latched onto Ilya's thigh and his nails are digging in so hard that Ilya half expects the water to turn crimson with his blood.

The sting turns Ilya on even more than he thought possible. It's not the first time they've toed the line with pain, but Shane is the one who enjoys it more. And as always, Ilya is more than happy to give his husband what he needs.

"You can come twice. I have seen you do it before." Ilya's grip on Shane's cock roughens as he drags his hand up and down in tantalizing strokes. "I was very surprised when it happened the first time."

"That's because—oh *fuck*." Shane breaks off with a gasp when Ilya presses his thumb to his leaking slit, the chords in his neck stretching to their limits with how hard he tosses his head back, lips parted, tongue practically falling out.

Ilya hums, picking up his pace. “Come for me, moya lyubov,” he whispers.

His grip is unrelenting, wrist twisting on each upstroke. Ilya pumps his wrist in tandem to the heart beat he has pressed against Shane’s back, the silky feeling of Shane’s cock a heavy weight in his hand. Shane rolls his hips in time with every stroke, fucking Ilya’s palm, body jerking as he nears his climax.

When Shane comes, it’s with a shout, Ilya’s name bitten off with a curse and a noise that makes Ilya take into account his own cock that’s been digging into Shane’s back, throbbing for release. He pays it no mind, stroking Shane through his orgasm, peppering short and sweet kisses on his husband’s sweaty forehead.

One last splutter of release lands on Shane’s chest, Ilya’s legs thanking him when sharp nails release their death grip on his skin. He knows there will be marks tomorrow. He *hopes* there will be marks tomorrow. Running a hand through the mess on Shane’s chest, Ilya gathers some on his fingers, dragging them to Shane’s lips, pressing inside with zero resistance. His heart soars, the wet slide of Shane’s tongue around Ilya’s fingers an intoxicating drug. Shane hums around the digits and releases a content sigh when they pop out of his mouth squeaky clean.

It’s tranquil again, no more sounds of water splashing over the floor, or their clean limbs squeaking against the sides of the tub with each miniscule movement made. Ilya’s hand rubs over Shane’s front, massaging the cum into his skin, over his heart. The downstairs kitchen clock is loud enough in the silence of the bathroom that Ilya can make out the clicking in time with Shane’s rapid heart beat.

Shane cranes his neck at him, and Ilya meets tired, satisfied dark eyes. “I love you,” he says sleepily.

Ilya squeezes him, presses a kiss to his shoulder and nuzzles his face in the crook of Shane’s neck. “We should get out of the bath. I am feeling like a plum.”

Shane’s laugh is sluggish, barely more than an exhale though his freckled nose. “You mean a prune.”

“Same thing. Both are wrinkly fruit.”

Gently, Ilya shifts Shane forward so he can slide out. Water drips from every inch of his body, soaking the already damp bath mat, droplets leaking past the fabric and onto the cold tiled floor. He removes a towel from the towel warmer, fingers sinking into the plush heat. He offers Shane his hand, and when he takes it, he stands on jiggly legs, barely able to hold himself up.

With shaky steps, Shane is able to step safely out of the bath, going easily into the warm towel Ilya holds out for him. “No baby. A prune is a dried plum. That’s where it gets its wrinkles from. All the water has evaporated.”

Wrinkling his nose, Ilya wraps Shane up as snugly as he can, drying him off with soft and steady hands. “But I am all wet. Should I not be all smooth skin, no crinkles anywhere?” He looks down, gesturing at himself, hard cock and all, where water is dripping off him like he’s made of silk.

Shane doesn’t answer him, too busy smiling up at Ilya and looking cute as fuck wrapped in the giant towel. His nose is red, like he’s dipped it in a can of red paint, taunting Ilya with the urge to bite it.

Even though they didn’t get their heads wet, Shane’s hair is messy, damp, the strands curling in a slight wave over his forehead. Ilya runs his hands through his hair and brushes them back, placing yet another kiss on his forehead.

They dry off, exchanging sweet kisses between pat downs and quick glances as Shane unplugs the tub and Ilya wipes down all the surfaces they’ve gotten wet with condensation.

He loves this. How even after years of being together, marriage, heated discussions which turn to arguments and disagreements, they can still have tender moments like this. Sneak glances at each other. Still, his heart does a little flutter every time he catches Shane looking at him.

Once dry, Ilya can't stop himself from crowding Shane against the counter and taking his lips between his. His hands glide down the smooth skin of his husband's sides, counting each rib, each scar, each raised mole. Shane kisses him back lazily, keening every time Ilya meets his tongue, soft pants escaping when Ilya's hand grip him tighter, slide lower, until Ilya can feel the globes of his ass between his hands.

Palming him, Ilya presses closer, his hard cock dripping against Shane's stomach. He groans when something brushes against his thigh.

Ripping his lips away briefly, he chuckles when Shane chases him. "You are hard again."

After a beat, Shane opens his eyes slowly, as if coming back to life. He looks down at himself, plastered against Ilya, his cheeks darkening with the prettiest pink. His cock stands to attention, curving with the way it reaches for Ilya. Under their gaze, it gives a little twitch, and Ilya's mouth goes dry.

"Guess so," he says, breathing hard.

They fall back into each other, hands unhurriedly reaching for skin and hair and wherever else they can reach, and when Ilya spreads Shane's ass cheeks and groans into his mouth, Shane melts against him.

Shane is needy, grinding his cock against Ilya's hip, clutching to every inch he can find and pulling him deeper into him. Ilya bites Shane's bottom lip, taking his time as he lets his teeth scrape against the sensitive flesh, relishing in the full body shiver Shane lets out against him when he lets go and it plops back into place.

They kiss, and grind, and Ilya kneads Shane's ass with a possessive grip until he's sure there are bruises forming. And though Shane is still hard and needy, Ilya can taste the way he's beginning to just let himself be kissed. Mouth slack as Ilya explores his neck, head tipped back in what Ilya thinks is to give him more room, but when he hears a yawn and feels a hot breath against his ear, he pulls away.

Shane's eyes are still closed, a content smile on his face.

“You are tired,” Ilya says, matter of factly.

Shane shakes his head, droplets of water marking the mirror behind him. “Just relaxed,” he says, eyes peeling apart, and his whole body seems to shrink an inch. “Still wanna fuck you.”

As if to prove his point, Shane pushes his groin forwards, his cock brushing Ilya’s erection.

Smiling, Ilya reaches for the discarded towel, cloaks it over Shane’s freckled shoulders like a cape and wraps him in a hug, hiding his face in his neck. “Let’s go to bed.” Then he’s pulling away, dragging a half naked, lethargic Canadian behind him.

Shane groans when they reach the threshold of their room, bare feet padding over the hardwood floors, footprints following in his wake. “Seriously, I’m fine. I’m *horny*. I don’t want to sleep yet.”

Switching on the lamps they keep by the bed and shutting off the big lights, Ilya meets Shane at the end of the bed. Soft light drapes his husband in an almost ethereal glow. His favourite freckles, which dot his cheeks like constellations, seem a million times brighter in the soft incandescence. Ilya removes the towel from Shane’s shoulders and lets it fall to the floor, then presses his palm to his cheek, leaning in to kiss him. He pulls away too quickly for his liking, a smirk dancing on his lips when Shane’s body once again leans into him faintly.

He presses a hand to Shane’s chest, allowing himself one tender moment of a soft touch.

“Who said anything about sleep?”

The bed creaks as Shane is pushed harshly to the mattress, landing on his ass with a soft bounce and a surprised shriek.

“*Shit*,” is all he gets out before Ilya is pressing a knee between his thighs, climbing over him, and crushing their lips together in a greedy, sloppy kiss.

It’s been hours since they’ve eaten, but still Ilya searches his mouth hungrily for a taste of the bitter wine they shared. He finds it on Shane’s tongue, sucking on it, dragging little whimpers from his husband as he presses his full weight into him, cocks dragging together in a delicious glide.

Hands find his back, piercing razor sharp claws into skin as Shane pulls him impossibly closer. “Need you,” he says desperately, hips bucking, nails scratching. Ilya is helpless but to thrust back, rocking into him harshly and gathering Shane's wrists in his hands, pinning them above his head as he grinds into him, searching for the friction he’s needed for hours.

“You have me, sweetheart.” Teeth clack, but Ilya can’t find it in himself to care as he devours Shane whole. What’s another missing tooth if this is the way he loses it? “Always.”

Nosing at Shane’s neck, Ilya sucks, bites, leaves as many marks as he can on Shane’s perfectly unblemished skin. He pulls in a deep breath, cock spilling precome into his husbands skin at the saccharine scent of Shane’s body. He reluctantly pulls away to take in his creation, but keeps their hips flush. *Beautiful*, is the first word to pop in his head. His sex-drunk brain is too horny to think up anything magical enough to capture Shane in all his marked-up glory.

When he lets go of Shane’s wrists, his hands immediately slide up to his scalp, tangling in his hair. A harsh pull has him meeting Shane’s lips once again, before those fingers begin to push.

Not needing to be told twice, Ilya kisses his way down Shane’s chest, pausing at his nipples to swirl his tongue around the hard buds. Shane moans when he takes one between his teeth and tugs softly, his grip in Ilya’s hair punishing.

“Lower,” he groans when Ilya moves to the other one, kissing the darker skin, flicking it with his tongue, getting him wet again.

His skin sort of tastes like the bubble bath they soaked in, perfume with a cloying floral taste, but Ilya devours him all the same, searching, aching for clean skin.

All too quickly, Ilya trails his tongue down Shane's chest, heart thumping under his lips, wetness trailing in his wake. He sucks a hickey into Shane's hip bone, drawing the flesh into his mouth until a dark spot appears on his skin. Shane cries under his tongue, hands clutching Ilya's hair so tight he's worried he's going to rip it from his scalp, but kisses his way across Shane's abdomen all the same and leaves another one on the other side.

Shane gasps, frustration evident in the hitch of his breath, gravel in his voice as he grits out, "lower."

Smiling to himself, Ilya teases the crease of Shane's groin, flicking his tongue out, lapping at the faint taste of clean sweat and bubble bath. He raises his head, Shane's hands dropping from his hair. "Here?" He teases.

Watermarks mar the pillow beneath Shane's head, frizzy hair poking out everywhere as Shane raises his head to shoot Ilya a threatening glare. He takes a deep breath, chest rising and falling rapidly.

"Lower," he strains, voice wrecked.

Any trace of sleep Shane had in him just moments ago is long gone. The wild look in his eyes as Ilya gets closer and closer to where Shane wants him is proof enough, the twitch under Ilya's hands as he lifts Shane's legs to fold him in half and expose him leaving them both breathless.

The intake of breath Ilya hears when he presses his tongue flat to Shane's hole is music to his ears. Ilya wastes no time, spitting and licking into Shane, sucking on his tight rim as the taste of him explodes on his taste buds, sweet and musky, only his.

"So good," Shane moans.

Ilya preens at the praise, feels a blush starting at his neck and going down his back.

Starved and desperate, Ilya spreads Shane wider, softening his hole with harsh licks, trying to get deeper. His nose presses to Shane's balls, and he pulls away for a moment to suck one into his mouth, rolling it gently over his tongue. Looking up, he meets Shane's eyes, loves the desperation he sees looking back at him, blissed out and panting, kiss-bitten lips parted as he watches Ilya in fascinated awe.

Ilya pulls off, and Shane clearly expects him to dive back in to eat him out again, but warmth spreads deep in Ilya's chest as he stares at his husband's face. He surges up to meet his lips once again, letting Shane taste himself on his tongue.

He expects an objection, maybe a push to his shoulder again, but Shane only sinks deeper into the pillows, letting himself be kissed senseless as Ilya rests his full weight on him.

Ilya's cock is still hard. When he shifts, he feels himself sliding through a wet spot, one he can't tell if it's Shane's or his. He groans at the delicious glide, thrusting against Shane's dick, the friction allowing him a moment of relief as Shane goes pliant under him. He indulges in a few more rough kisses, tempted to bring a hand between them and get them both off right now. It would be so easy. Surely they're both only a few strokes away. But determination sets his mind straight, and he lifts, holding himself up on his elbows, their faces only inches away.

Shane doesn't follow him, but a whimper sounds at the back of his throat, his eyes glazed over wreck.

Fuck, Ilya is madly in love with him.

"Turn around," Ilya whispers, brushing his lips against Shane's ear, smiling at the shiver he feels shake beneath him. Shane makes no attempt at flipping over, so Ilya takes his lobe between his teeth, tugging ever so slightly. "Do you want to turn around for me?" He tries again, pulling back.

Shane nods, looking almost timid. His dark pupils are an endless void in the dim room, and Ilya's brows pull together and he studies Shane's face, the tremors causing his pink lips to quiver, spit-slick and perfect.

Panic makes Ilya's heart beat a little quicker, but only for a moment, before recognition stirs in his chest.

A smug grin tilts his lips as he runs a hand through Shane's hair, fingers catching on the sweaty knots. "You are feeling submissive, Shane?"

"Think so," Shane mutters quietly, chewing on his lip.

Ilya hums, scratching lightly at Shane's scalp, loving the way the motion causes a deep rumble in Shane's chest he can feel against his own heart. "Because I am making you feel good?"

"Very, very good."

Shane explained to him one time that sometimes, when they're being intimate and Ilya is taking care of him, he wants to just let go. Give Ilya the reigns to do whatever he wants, because he trusts him to make him feel good.

It was a jumpstart to Ilya's heart hearing that. Shane trusts him enough to let him make decisions for him, control his body and his pleasure, take it for himself if he pleases.

Over the years, Shane has stated explicitly that he doesn't want Ilya to hold back with him. And Ilya has tested that limit ceaselessly, constantly in awe of the things he can make Shane feel and crave, loves to watch the flame ignite behind obedient eyes as Ilya spends hours taking him apart, making him come over and over again, only to put him back together and spend all night loving him just as hard as he had fucked him.

Ilya groans at the thought of being given permission once again.

Taking his fill of his husband's face once more, Ilya leans in to press a kiss to Shane's lips, gently sucking on his tongue, licking at the desperation behind his teeth. When he pulls away, it's with a promise under his breath. Something about ravishing his husband and what-not.

He's gentle when he flips Shane over, pulling a pillow loose from the headboard and tucking it under Shane's hips, giving his cock a few loose tugs before he helps him lay it flat on the pillow to grind against if need be. Not seconds later, Shane releases a pool of precum, soaking the fabric, grinding the raw, red tip of his cock in the cum. Ilya is flooded by an overwhelming urge to lean down and lick it.

He doesn't, instead reaching over to the bedside table and pulling out a large, half empty bottle of lube. The plastic is greasy beneath his fingers, weeks worth of use dripping down the sides, coating the label in a slippery sheen. Popping the lid open, he settles himself cross legged behind Shane, drizzles a healthy amount onto his fingers, and guides them to Shane's aching hole.

A sharp intake of breath escapes Shane at the contact, cold lube rubbing over his rim, Ilya's fingers teasing as he massages the tight heat radiating off him.

They haven't fucked in days, too worn out from back to back games and family dinners with the Hollander's to jump into bed once home. Their evenings recently have been spent lounging on the couch in their underwear, too stuffed and tired to do much more than exchange longing touches during commercial breaks, or fall asleep on top of each other before getting to the end credits of an episode of Masterchef.

It's why when Shane suggested a romantic date night at home to ring in their weekend off, Ilya grew painfully hard beneath his shorts at the mere thought.

Using feather-light strokes, Ilya rubs his thumb along Shane's rim, the back of his neck growing hot at the sound of Shane's broken whimper as he dips inside, observant of the way he opens for him. Easy, docile, pliant.

"Wish you could see the way you open for me," Ilya whispers tenderly, sinking his thumb in deeper until his first knuckle is pressed firmly against the supple skin of Shane's ass. He pulls

out once, mesmerized at the easy way Shane's body greedily sucks him back in. "It is like opening a present every time."

In the back of his mind, there's the urge to record this moment. Pull his phone out from god knows where he left and film this, just so he can show Shane how beautiful he looks while getting fingered. It's not like they haven't made any home movies before, but they've never been up close and personal, where you'd be able to see each molecule of lube and every tiny, invisible hair on Shane's ass, the couple videos they do have stashed away filmed on a tri-pod on the opposite side of their bedroom as Ilya railed him missionary, every inch of Shane covered by groping hands and wet, sucking kisses.

But he doesn't want to stop to grab his phone, so instead he works his thumb in deeper, searching, looking for that bundle of nerves that makes Shane see stars.

Shane's whole body jerks, and he knows he's found it.

Bending, Ilya sinks his teeth into Shane's ass cheek, smirking as Shane wines through the pain. "You like that, Hollander?"

Shane answers him with a broken moan, music to his ears.

Another bite, this one hard enough to leave tiny teeth marks behind. Ilya asks, "that a yes?"

"Yes," Shane breathes, hips rocking back to take Ilya deeper.

Ilya ignores Shane's plea for more, pulling his thumb out and lifting his husband up so that his knees press against the mattress and he's leaning on his forearms, flushed cock head weeping against the pillow. Pressing a hand to the center of Shane's back, Ilya is not gentle as he presses him down, forces his body to bend so his face is smushed against the pillows and his ass is open, presented to Ilya and begging to be ravished. Lube coats his fingers, sticky as he wastes no time sinking two digits inside of him, watching with rapt attention as Shane pulls him in greedily, his body immediately making room to accommodate him.

The noises Shane makes as Ilya splits him open can only be described as deliciously obscene. Babbling profanities and whimpers and begging, it's only minutes before Ilya is pressing a third finger into him, shushing his cries and rubbing a soothing palm on the glistening small of his back.

Shane likes the stretch. Says the pain makes him feel almost high with endorphins. Like he's being owned. Like *Ilya* owns him.

Right now, with the way he's grinding back ever so slightly onto Ilya fingers and causing the wet spot to grow beneath him, it's clear as day he's enjoying it.

Still, Ilya makes sure.

He teases his pinky alongside his other fingers, the smaller digit slipping in easily, a gasp punching out of Shane when he breaches him, stretching him even wider.

"Not too much?"

Shane makes a non committal noise, and Ilya can just about make out his head shaking.

"Need words, sweetheart." He punctuates it with a hard spank to Shane's left ass cheek, the excess lube causing Ilya's palm to sting, a dark red hand print emerging on soft skin immediately.

"*Fuck.*" Shane's body jerks forward with the slap, and Ilya's fingers slip out momentarily with the motion.

Dark hair shifts on the pillow as Shane strains his neck, turning to look over his shoulder at Ilya. His dazed gaze roams over where Ilya is sat cross legged, cock hard and aching on his thigh. Shane's eyes zero in on the pre cum dripping onto his leg before Ilya clears his throat.

Their eyes meet. “I asked you a question,” Ilya says, toeing the line between stretching him slowly and avoiding Shane’s prostate completely.

Shane answers him with a question, voice rough and thoroughly fucked out. “How many fingers do you have inside of me?”

Smirking, Ilya offers Shane just one brush over his prostate. “Four.”

“Jesus,” Shane groans, eyes rolling to the back of his skull.

“Do you think you could take more?”

Surprise dances behind dark pupils, Ilya can see a fire ignite within Shane’s irises. His freckled face, which is red and splotchy and ruined with pleasure, twists with uncertainty. The intrigue behind them is too captivating to ignore.

Ilya slows down his thrusting, offering Shane a bit of reprieve and the chance to think somewhat clear thoughts. His fingers are still inside of him, resting warm and wet.

Finally, after getting a chance to breathe, Shane asks, “What, like your fist?”

And... holy shit.

The tone of Shane’s voice is hesitant and full of apprehension, and if Ilya didn’t know him any better, he would have shut the idea down. Laugh the thought off and bring Shane to the edge with just four fingers and a hand wrapped around his leaking dick.

But god. His eyes are so lustful, weeping excitement and sin in tandem with his cock. Shane wants this. It’s not just an idea, it’s a plea.

Images flash through Ilya's mind, vicious and desperate. Him, making Shane cry, his ass stretched to the limit around his fist as he punches his prostate and coaxes orgasm after frantic orgasm out of his husband. He brings a hand to his own cock, squeezing hard to stave off the inevitable urge to come at the thought.

Jesus, he needs this.

“Yes.”

His breathing is rough, heart pounding against a steel drum in his chest as he holds Shane's gaze. When he looks deeper, past the blown out pupils and red-rimmed waterline, he sees only two things.

Heat, and love.

Shane's ass clenches around his fingers, and it's all the confirmation that he needs.

“Try it.” Shane turns his head back, cheeks resting on the pillows once again. He readjusts his position, spreading his legs a little wider and arching his back a little deeper. He looks so fuckable like this.

He looks like Ilya's like this.

Once he's in a more comfortable position, and Ilya is on the verge of coming just from how sexy Shane looks like this, Shane mumbles into the comforter. “Add more lube.”

Ilya huffs. “Obviously.”

Still though, he slowly pulls out of Shane, distracted at the way his hole clenches around nothing, the smallest gape forming within his rim. Ilya has to physically hold himself back from eating him out. Shoving his tongue deep inside and making him come like this.

Instead, he bends over the edge of the bed, picks up the discarded towel they left damp on the floor after their bath, and lays it under Shane's body. The bottle of lube makes a loud clicking noise, the only other sound in the room besides their heavy breathing. Ilya squirts a healthy amount on his hand, then some more, then winces in a silent apology as he lets the cold lube drizzle over Shane's hole.

"Cold," Shane mutters, and Ilya dips a finger inside him, giving his prostate a quick stroke in apology. Shane's rim gives easily, sucking Ilya in, a wet squelching noise emanating when he pushes down. "Make sure you get it up your arm too."

Ilya raises an eyebrow. "I do not think I can get my forearm inside of you, Shane. Maybe let's start with just my fist."

When Shane is properly dripping and Ilya's entire hand—and then some—is coated, he returns his four fingers, smug when they go in just as easily as one.

"*Shit*, Ilya, that's good." Shane's breathing picks up when Ilya finger fucks him slowly.

"Yes?"

Twisting his wrist, Ilya makes sure he knows how deep inside of him he is. Shane looks completely disheveled, his fingers digging into the mattress, the soft blanket bunching in his grip. Every time Ilya massages his prostate with teasing, feather-light strokes, Shane gets louder.

When Shane gets like this—submissive and wanting—Ilya knows he's going to get one of two things. The first being a lax and tender Shane, who can barely form a single word, let alone ask Ilya for what he wants. Or, a loud, vocal Shane. One who takes what he needs and has no problems begging Ilya to go harder. Deeper. Faster.

Hiccuping, Shane repeats Ilya's name over and over like a prayer, and Ilya's grin is smug at the realization that he gets enthusiastic Shane tonight.

Shane's cock leaks like a faucet, milky precum soaking the already damp towel, settling in a pool that grows larger with every millimetre he stretches. His whines grow louder, rumble like they're coming deep from within his chest.

It's an effort to ignore Shane's prostate while stimulating him just enough to keep him relaxed. Ilya rests his palm on his ass and strokes him in feather light touches, steadily growing harsher as Shane gets louder, and before long Ilya is gripping Shane's ass cheek like a vice, kneading the supple skin beneath his palms, digging his nails in hard enough he knows that the marks will be there for days. He knows that Shane won't mind though. He likes the reminder. Likes knowing that Ilya's hands belong on him and every mark he leaves is a reminder of who he belongs to.

"Give me more," Shane pleads, voice wrecked. Little hiccups accompany his breathing, wet sounding.

Ilya groans, pulling out enough to line all his fingers in the shape of a beak, then pressing them to his impossibly stretched out rim.

He takes a deep breath, steadying himself.

"You are sure?" He's only going to ask one time. He trusts that Shane knows his limits.

Shane doesn't even take a beat to think about his answer, pressing and shifting his hips to try to take Ilya in on his own, his plea breaking into a sob.

"*Please*," he whines. His breath catches on a cry, back heaving, rivulets of sweat cascading down his sides like silky glitter. "Need it. Please please *pleasepleaseplease*—"

The world stills, and Ilya pushes in.

Knowing that Shane could take it and seeing that Shane could take it are two separate things entirely. Nothing could have prepared Ilya for the foggy need he would feel at the sight of Shane's rim stretching absurdly wide around him. Red and puffy. Shane lets out a constant groan as Ilya sinks the tips of five fingers inside of him.

Slowly, Shane swallows inch after inch. Ilya knows it burns. Can hear it in every gasp Shane releases, can see it in the way his husband's body tenses up, the cords in his back straight, thick thighs clenched, spine a rigid line. His dick has gone soft, no doubt overwhelmed by the feeling of trying to take a whole fucking fist in his ass.

Ilya presses a soft kiss to the base of his spine when Shane starts to shake.

"Calm," he whispers against his skin. His hand halfway in, the widest part of his knuckles urge to enter. "Relax, Hollander. You are doing so well for me."

The praise makes Shane moan, but it sounds wounded. "Hurts," he cries.

Razor sharp butterflies cut at Ilya's heart strings, but pride and determination win out. They haven't done this before, but Shane wants to. He knows he does.

"You like it when it hurts, yes?"

Another push, another yelp when he meets resistance.

"Do you want me to stop?" Ilya asks. If Shane says yes, of course he'd stop immediately. But something tells him that—

"No."

Ilya's smile turns smug. Rising to his knees, he bends over Shane's stiff body, pressing his lips against his shoulder, kissing the cluster of freckles that lead to his neck. He darts his

tongue out, tracing constellations, the sweet taste of sweat and desperation coating his tongue.

He finds Shane's slack lips easily. They taste salty, tears dancing past his tongue, and Ilya bites at him, carefully taking Shane's pain as his own, licking into Shane's mouth slowly, hungrily, giving him something to ground to.

After a couple minutes of kissing a mostly parted and lax mouth, he feels Shane start to relax, body uncoiling, softening beneath his touch. Before he knows it, tight heat is creeping up Ilya's hand, swallowing him in a greedy pull.

They gasp in unison once his fist sinks in. Shane's body once again tenses up, but Ilya doesn't stop kissing him. He kisses him tenderly. Kisses him wet. Kisses him until the tears dry like ocean water and Shane's grunts of pain begin to take on a sweeter edge, pitching up as his desperation edges his limits.

Shane pulls away, a string of spit connecting them before it breaks, leaving his chin wet.

"*Holy shit*," he whispers. Hot breaths hit Ilya's nose, panting groans mixing. Ilya gives an experimental twist of his wrist, lip tugging up when Shane's eyes snap closed, a sinful sound leaving his throat.

"Good?" Ilya asks, quiet, careful to keep this moment tender.

Bottom lip pulled between his teeth, Ilya thinks that Shane is going to bite that thing raw. "It feels..." Shane clenches, then gasps at whatever he feels. "I feel so full."

"Mm. You are *very* full."

"Your fist is inside me. Your *fist*, Ilya. Holy shit."

Grinning, Ilya leaves Shane with one last kiss before he shifts back to his spot behind him, letting himself take in the sight before him.

He doesn't think he's ever seen anything sexier.

Shane's rim looks tight, clenching around the bend of his wrist. He's dripping, lube swirling around them, his cock leaking more and more cum onto the towel. Ilya tugs back a little bit, enraptured by the stretch.

He lets Shane adjust, happy to stay quiet for a few more minutes. He gives his cock a few slow tugs before squeezing himself hard once again, staving off his orgasm. When Shane shifts, he pulls his attention back to his husband.

"I don't think I'm gonna last long," he says, sounding so broken and fucked out.

Ilya looks at the puddle of precum under his dick. "You sure you have anything left to give?"

Shane chuckles, which causes one of the tightest sensations around his wrist that Ilya has ever felt.

"Fuck you," he says meekly.

"About to. Be patient, sweetheart."

With that, Ilya pulls out until Shane is spread open around his knuckles, then pushes back in slowly, again and again and *again*.

It doesn't take long before Shane grows hard again, the head of his dick practically dipping into the mess on the towel. Ilya works in steady motions, pulling out just enough to stretch Shane at the widest point of his hand, then twisting back in. Every time he punches Shane's prostate, a curse is thrown at him. Both in and pain and in pure fucking ecstasy.

“You are so tight, Shane.” Ilya drives forwards faster, Shane’s hole making obscene squelching noises every time he works his hand in and out. “No idea how you are taking my whole fist in you. Look like a fucking slut with how full you are.”

Shane answers him with a full body sob. Ilya fucks him faster now, Shane’s body now taking him in effortlessly.

“Do you have any idea how hot you look all stretched out on my fist?” His next thrust makes Shane scream, Ilya’s eardrums splitting. He is sure his smile must seem fucking wild. He’s frantic with need, desperate to make Shane come like this, untouched, with nothing but a full sloppy hole and his husband’s unrelenting hand.

Being together as long as they have, Ilya has learned the tell tale signs that Shane is close. Has known them for years, could write poetry about every little tell that he has.

He has a picture perfect view right now, Shane’s voice taking on a deep, desperate edge, the muscles in his back tensing, puffy hole clenching around him.

“Gonna come for me, Hollander?” Ilya is fully aware he is speaking to himself. Doesn’t expect Shane to answer anyway. “Make a mess of yourself. Come on. Come on my fist.”

It almost hurts, the tightness around his joint. Ilya has gotten used to the pressure he feels when Shane comes around his cock. But, while he knows that he is well endowed, and Shane has expressed that to him enough, his dick is nowhere near as large as his fist. Obviously.

Shane screams when he comes, giving Ilya no verbal warning, but he knew anyways. He spurts white over the towel, not much more than a couple of drops, entire body trembling as Ilya works him through his orgasm.

Pulling his fist out a little rougher than he should, Ilya stares at the gape in Shane’s ass as it taunts him. Wide open and pervertedly sexy, it’s easy to rise onto his knees, take himself with a rough grip and spread one of Shane’s cheeks with the other. It doesn’t take more than a

handful of strokes before he's keeling over in pleasure, releasing into Shane's gaping hole, reeling as his come doesn't immediately slide out but stays put, sliding deeper inside his husband.

He can't help himself from pushing inside, taking Shane's whimper as the approval it is. He's over sensitive, but it's a heady feeling, being inside his husband, so loose but so warm around his cock.

They're both breathing heavy when they come down from their orgasms. Ilya can't stop himself from falling forward, putting his whole weight on Shane's back. They've crashed to the bed now, Shane's hips flush to the mattress, cock soaking in the mess he made, and Ilya is still inside him.

Taking a minute to catch his breath, Ilya nuzzles into the crook of Shane's neck, damp with sweat, and presses sweet, tender kisses into his skin.

"Thank you," Ilya whispers, voice muffled.

Shane groans, tilting his head to the side, a couple joints cracking under Ilya's lips as he stretches as much as his body will allow with Ilya still on top of him.

"Why are you thanking me?" Shane's voice is practically gone, taking on that edge he gets first thing in the morning, or when he has a cold and they're out of lemon and honey. It shouldn't be so hot. Shouldn't make Ilya's dick twitch inside of him and release another spurt of cum when he's just had possibly one of the best orgasms he's had from his own hand in his life.

A hand reaches up into Ilya's hair, quivering fingers clutching the strands. He's sure he's sweaty and disgusting right now, but Shane's touch feels so good on his scalp, sharp nails scratching effortlessly, he doesn't even care. He closes his eyes, lets Shane play with this hair.

"You are so wonderful," Ilya finally says. "Thank you for trusting me and letting me touch you like that. It was sweet, and hot as fuck."

Shane laughs at that, one last moan escaping him when it causes his body to tense up, squeezing Ilya's sensitive dick.

Pressing another kiss to Shane's neck, Ilya sucks in a deep breath, then pushes himself onto shaky elbows, pulling out of Shane's ruined hole as gently as he can.

"It *was* hot." Shane flips onto his back, giving Ilya a clear view of his face. He looks content, satisfied. He looks completely ruined and like he just got thoroughly fucked, but he rests a hand behind his head anyways. It's only when he's been lying there for a minute, dark eyes flirting with Ilya, that his face shifts into one of disgust.

Oh shit.

"Jesus!" Shane lifts his hips, a silky string of cum connecting his ass to the towel beneath him. It cuts off with a *plop*. Feeling bad for him, Ilya reaches out, gathers the towel into a ball to trap the cum inside and lazily wipes his husband's skin clean. "How the fuck?"

Ilya smirks. "You are surprised you came so much, yes? So was I. Thought you would have been empty after one round. Sometimes you have no stamina, Shane."

"Fuck you very much," Shane scoffs, but it sounds fond. Loving. He gets up on steady legs, taking the outstretched hand Ilya offers him, letting himself be gathered in an embrace once their feet touch the floor. "I'm not some one-pump-chump."

Ilya pulls back, eyebrows furrowing. "I do not know that one."

Shane never ends up explaining it, instead dragging Ilya back to the bathroom, waddling more than he is walking.

Their smiles are fond as they step into the shower. The space still smells like soap and candles, the dulcet aroma a blanket around their naked bodies, standing close together under the hot spray. Ilya, being the generous lover that he is, turns Shane around and gets to his knees, taking his time to help clean his husband out. Once finished, he takes Shane's face between his hands and presses his lips against his reddened cheeks.

They lose themselves kissing for minutes, maybe hours. All Ilya knows is the water is growing cold and he's growing hard again, filling out against Shane's thigh. A soft hand wraps around him, raw lips meeting his, and Ilya comes on Shane's abs within minutes, a desperate cry punching out of him.

He can't stop smiling, their kisses turning lazy, sleep calling out to them.

Eventually, they clean up in earnest, hastily scrubbing body wash over each other, washing each other's hair. Finally, they get out, and Ilya leaves Shane to brush his teeth while he changes the sheets, then runs downstairs to start the load of laundry. When he returns, Shane is already tucked into bed, naked, his head resting on the middle pillow, eyes droopy and looking so adorable that Ilya could eat him. Ilya practically launches himself beside him, gathering him in his arms and pulling him as close as possible.

Shane lets out a content sigh, his back pressed to Ilya's chest. Ilya reaches for his husband's hands, running his fingers along the ring that rests on his finger.

"Love you so much," he whispers in Shane's ear, tangling their fingers together.

Shane brings their hands to his mouth and kisses Ilya's ring. "I love you more."

Unable to help himself, Ilya presses his forehead to the back of Shane's neck, affectionate smile on his face. "You must, since you let me shove my whole fist in you."

Shane's groan of frustration is fond enough to lull him to sleep.

End Notes

Follow my [Twitter](#) if you would like, I am very (way too) active on there, and will post about any wips I may write as well!!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!