

Nostalgia

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Nostalgia

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Summary

"Please," Shane moaned, moving his hips in a circular motion. "Please make me—" He was cut off when Ilya's hand squeezed his throat, Shane's head starting to rush sending pleasure in between his thighs.

"What'd I tell you last time, Shane?"

"That you make the rules." Shane whined.

"That I make the rules," He repeated softly. "So you take what I give you with a 'thank you' and you don't ask for more."

Days after the birthday dilemma, Shane was feeling a bit mischievous. He hadn't had the birthday sex he wanted, his boyfriend was currently keeping him at arms length, and he was sure he could break through Ilya's tough exterior.

No matter how stubborn and unrelenting Ilya could be, Shane would always be one thousand times worse.

Currently sitting at the dining table, Ilya had a book in his hands and glasses on his face—glasses that had Shane dreaming of very dirty things.

Walking behind him, Shane wrapped his arms around his boyfriend, resting his chin on his shoulder.

“What're you doing?”

“Reading.”

“What're you reading?”

“A book.”

A puff of air left Shane at Ilya's dry tone, and a small smile lifted his lips when a plan to break him came to mind.

Shifting his body just slightly, Shane slowly trailed his right hand down his boyfriend's chest, making sure his fingers slid under the holes of his button down, his short nails slightly scratching at the skin before making their way to the top of his jeans.

Unaffected—or trying to be—Ilya stayed silent, continuing to read.

“Put that book down,” Shane said softly into Ilya's ear, his teeth nipping at the shell of it. “I promise...I'm *far* more interesting.”

“I doubt that.”

Unwavering, Shane continued his torment. Using his left hand, he grabbed onto Ilya's jaw, tilting it to the left so that his neck was exposed.

It was rare that Shane took charge like this, often leaving it all up to Ilya to control. Shane was so independent in his life. His meals, his workout, his entire career was picked apart and planned to its last minute.

So when he had sex—correction. When sex happened with *Ilya*, Shane would often let him take the lead, enjoying the ability to let go. To not have to think about what to do, how to react. He could just feel and take and be in the moment.

Some would call this submissive, but Shane just viewed it as his lifestyle.

Pressing a soft kiss behind his ear, Shane began trailing identical ones down, lining the column of his throat with open mouthed, hot kisses.

Stopping at a particular spot he knew would work on Ilya, Shane began sucking the skin greedily, his other hand still rubbing his boyfriend's chest, his fingers rifling up Ilya's button down so it no longer tucked into his pants.

"How about now?" Shane murmured. "Is that book still interesting?"

It took a beat before Ilya could respond. When he did, his breath hitched just slightly in his throat but Shane immediately caught onto that, smirking against his skin.

"Y-es."

"I see..." Shane said, feigning a sigh. "It's too bad. I was going to let you sit in that chair all pretty while I did all the work. But if you'd still like to read...well, I guess I can't stop you."

"Your hand is still on my dick."

"Is it?" Shane asked, pretending to be shocked. "*Oh my*—what's that doing there?"

It was even rarer that Shane could control their play for this long, usually Ilya would take the reins by now and press him against the nearest surface, fucking Shane stupid.

Instead of removing his hand, however, Shane palmed the front of Ilya's pants, feeling him grow harder with every touch.

He smiled wide, exhilarated at the prospect that *he* was the one to make Ilya feel this way.

A thud sounded before a hand had gripped Shane's, pausing his movements on his dick. Shane, just slightly alarmed, looked down at his boyfriend to see that his book was gone from his hand and instead, his expression was replaced with something heeded. Something dark. Something that dug deep into Shane's stomach, burning him from the inside out.

Easily, Ilya had twisted his body and grabbed onto Shane's waist, manhandling him so that he was standing in between his legs.

A breath left Shane as he placed his hands on Ilya's shoulders for stability, staring down into his boyfriend's eyes.

He watched him thoughtfully. Red dusted Ilya's cheeks, his eyes glazed over deliciously, and his neck covered in hickeys that left Shane feeling very satisfied.

Instead of backing down, Shane took one hand off of Ilya's shoulder, using it to grab his boyfriend's jaw again and lift it up so that Ilya was forced into whatever position Shane wanted him to be in.

Leaning down, Shane gently pulled off Ilya's glasses, setting them on the table behind him before capturing his lips in a soft kiss.

Easily, Ilya reciprocated it, reaching a hand up to thread through Shane's hair, pulling at the strands just slightly.

"*Fuck me*," Shane murmured between kisses, cupping Ilya's jaw and tilting his head to deepen the kiss. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me."

"Shouldn't I punish you instead?" Countered Ilya. "After that stunt you pulled on your birthday."

"Which one?" Asked Shane, breathless, nipping at Ilya's bottom lip. "The one where I fucked myself and made you watch, or the one where I took nudes on your phone after?"

At his unbothered tone Ilya tightened his grip on Shane's waist, as if he was punishing his boyfriend for admitting what he did without shame.

"Both." Ilya grunted back, gently pushing Shane away so he could stare at him properly.

Shane smiled, lips flushed, cheeks red, his eyes as sly as ever. "Huh, and here I would've thought you'd be thanking me for it. You got to watch me for free and leave with a souvenir. I don't do that for *just* anyone you know."

Ilya gritted his teeth, eyes angered with jealousy. "You better not."

At his sudden tone Shane's smile widened, and he started to console his tempered boyfriend, stroking his hair softly. "Aw, don't worry, baby. I'm for your eyes only. Now, take your pants off."

"Weren't you raised with manners? Polite little Canadian boy."

"Fine," Shane rolled his eyes. "*Please* take your pants off."

"Shane," Ilya traced his hands from the side of Shane's body, his fingers dipping below his shirt to caress his skin. "Are you that desperate to fuck me?" He whispered.

"I don't know," Shane whispered back. "How badly do you wanna kiss me?"

They were leaning into each other now, thoughts forgotten and discarded as Ilya's lips curved ever so slightly as he softly trailed his hands from Shane's waist down to his thighs, roughly pulling him closer between his legs so there was no escape.

"Desperately" Ilya admitted.

Shane broke. He crawled into his boyfriend's lap, seating himself fully with his arms wrapped around Ilya's shoulders. His body was vibrating with desire—*needing* to get fucked or else he felt like he'd die.

"Can I kiss you, Ilya?"

Shane's voice was a mere whisper, his stomach throbbing as he studied Ilya's face for a response. Ilya's lips finally curved into a small smile, one hand at the small of Shane's back sliding to cup the back of his head, pushing his head down so he was millimetres away from touching him.

Rather than wait for a response, Shane cupped his face, moving his head over to his jaw, kissing and nipping at the skin there.

"Please?" Shane whispered. "*Please*, can I kiss you?"

Ilya let out a soft sigh, tilting his neck when he descended down his neck once more, now licking and sucking at the skin. Somewhere along the way Ilya's fingers ended up threaded through his boyfriend's hair, letting him do his work.

When Ilya finally had enough, he used gentle force to bring Shane face to face with him again, pushing their lips together in a slow kiss.

Ilya tasted like mint toothpaste and something sweet, making Shane shift in his lap as he tried to borrow himself in him. His hand was still in his hair, guiding them through it as Shane's thumbs rubbed back and forth along his cheekbones.

"Look at you," Ilya had said once they pulled away for air, his lips red and bruised. "You're falling apart so pretty in my arms."

His words only made Shane want to kiss him again, this time deep and rough, moans escaping the both of them as they grinded into each other. Gone was the sweetness from before, now replaced with pure greed and desire.

"Ilya..." Shane whimpered slightly once he had pulled away again, catching his breath. His hips rolled against him, trying to gain from friction. "*Please*."

"Pathetic little thing," He cooed. "Let me see if we can fix your little problem."

He shifted his hands so they cupped Shane's ass, supporting him as he wrapped his own legs around Ilya's waist so he could stand up. With ease, he lifted Shane into the air and sat them down on the couch, Shane's knees digging into the cushiony material.

His right hand now moved to Shane's thigh, his left hand remaning at his waist as he slowly started moving it down and under his, reaching his hips.

"Shane," Ilya says in a soft voice. "If I push your pants down, am I going to find you bare?"

Shane shuddered. "Push it down and find out."

"*Slut*," He almost hisses. "Were you hoping I'd finger you right on the dining table?"

"No," Shane gasps slightly, brain foggy. "Yes...*I don't know*." It was getting harder to think with him tracing circles on Shane's skin, his hips rolling further into Ilya as a moan left his lips.

"Maybe I should always keep you like this. A slutty little crop top with nothing else on so you're ready to go whenever I want."

"Whenever you want," Shane whimpered, and Ilya's hand came down to palm his dick, his hand big enough that he's able to apply just the right amount of friction that has Shane gasping for air.

Shane was starting to drift off into that fuzzy little headspace, floating up and safe knowing that no matter how conscious he may or may not be, Ilya would be there to catch him if he fell.

Ilya's fingers stroked softly while his left hand moved up to Shane's neck. His fingers wrapped around the circumference, giving it a gentle squeeze. "Is it alright if I do this, baby?"

"Yes," Shane cried out, feeling lightheaded. The hand that was palming him had now slipped fully under his pants, grabbing his dick and giving it a rough stroke. Shane's knees felt weak, everything all too much.

"Look at you," Ilya teased. His hand tightened around Shane's neck, his eyes clamped close as he bent his boyfriend's head back. "One stroke and you're broken apart. I wonder how you'd feel if I slipped a couple of fingers inside..."

"Please," Shane moaned, moving his hips in a circular motion. "Please make me—" He was cut off when Ilya's hand squeezed his throat, Shane's head starting to rush sending pleasure in between his thighs.

"What'd I tell you last time, Shane?"

"That you make the rules." Shane whined.

"That I make the rules," He repeated softly. "So you take what I give you with a 'thank you' and you don't ask for more."

He continued his stroking, rough and fast and Shane gasped eagerly, needing release. Shane could feel himself reach the edge fairly quickly, and it seemed like Ilya could tell too as a small laugh rinsing through him like hot water.

Shane felt humiliated, but he liked it. Enjoyed it even. He liked the way Ilya put him in his place. He had a smart mouth around him for a reason.

Shane pressed his lips back against his, bucking hard against his hand as he felt his release coming. Before his orgasm could grip him, Ilya stopped moving, pulling his hand out entirely making Shane whimper in frustration.

Tears formed in his eyes as he looked down at his boyfriend, a devastated expression on his face as he questioned why Ilya didn't let him come.

"You think I was going to let you come so easily?" He laughed. "Baby, we're just getting started."

Shane's hands fell to his shoulders, holding on as Ilya repositioned him so his legs were around one thigh. He shuddered at the contact, his dick pressing against the hardness of Ilya's thigh and he realized what he had wanted him to do.

"If you want your orgasm, you're gonna have to work for it, sweetheart."

Shane took in a shaky breath, his hips working themselves on his thigh as he rode it. Shane's release had died down fully now so it would take some time to build it up again, but he was desperate and needed release.

Shane eagerly ground his hips, moving them in a circular motion as the fabric of Ilya's jeans rubbed the best friction.

"*Fuck*," Shane moaned out.

"What a slutty boy, Shane. You need release that badly? Look at you grinding against me. You're so desperate, aren't you, honey?." The hand on his thigh moved back up towards his waist again, pressing Shane down hard on Ilya's thigh.

The roughness of his jeans against Shane's sensitive flesh made him gasp for air.

"I'm...so close." Shane managed to mumble out, his words falling deaf to his ears as black dots started to spot his vision.

It was all gone when Ilya had lifted him up and off his thigh, ruining yet another orgasm making Shane want to scream in frustration. He had a hate love relationship with being edged.

"No! *Please*—Ilya. Please don't...don't..." It was hard for Shane to form sentences, so what had come out was a string of incoherent, disjointed words that fell from his lips in a desperate attempt for Ilya to give him release. "I can't—*please*."

Ilya still held him above his thigh and Shane squirmed, trying to seek any kind of friction but was met with air.

His laughter vibrated through Shane's body, his hands shaking as they held onto his shoulder for any kind of support as he humiliated Shane with his words.

"Aw, baby." He watched Shane struggle, bucking his hips. "What's wrong, hmm? Do you need something?"

Shane whined loudly, tears forming in his eyes. He reached his right hand down to try and give himself relief, but Ilya had quickly grabbed it, holding it behind his back. Shane was resting over his thigh again, his dick pressed up against his jeans and he could feel the dampness his arousal was leaving on the fabric.

"Oh, no. We can't have you doing that," Ilya said, his eyes drinking in his boyfriend's state. He proceeded to take Shane's left hand as well, holding them both securely behind his back in a strong grip. Without even trying, Shane knew he could never break free until Ilya wanted it.

Ilya's free hand came back up to rest against Shane's throat, not squeezing but holding. Like he was silently telling his boyfriend that it was still him in control.

Without rest, Ilya slipped his hand back into Shane's pants, stroking up and down a few times before pulling out, Shane's pre-cum prominent on his skin.

Without warning, Ilya slips those same fingers into Shane's mouth, sliding in and out mimicking fucking. Ilya clamps his remaining fingers around Shane's chin, pushing them deep enough to almost gag him.

Leaning down, Ilya's lips press against his boyfriend's neck as he kisses up and down a few times, murmuring against the skin. "You want to come, brat?"

"Yes," Shane mumble against his fingers. "*Yes, please.*"

"I can't hear you, baby. Speak up." He mused.

"Yes," Shane tries again, struggling against the hand that was still holding my wrists back.

"Look at the mess you made all over me, my pretty boy. Your cum is everywhere and you're still trying to orgasm?"

"Please," Shane begged.

"You wanna ride my dick so bad?" Ilya tilted his head at him in an antagonizing way.

Shane nodded and Ilya slipped his fingers out of his mouth, finally reaching back down to his dick.

Shane cried out, bucking his hips as he felt a finger enter him from behind, thrusting in and out messily, the only lubricant coming from Shane himself. A second finger entered him, joining the first.

"None of that. You knew this would happen the second you were bare under those pants. Now ride my fingers so I can see if you're good enough to ride my dick."

Shane shudders under his words, using his strength to lift up and down Ilya's fingers like he riding his thigh just seconds ago.

"You like that, don't you, sweetheart? Using me to cum. You look so pretty like this, I should deny your orgasms more often if it means I can watch you become a slut for me."

Shane was a moaning mess, shamelessly chasing after his orgasm after he's been refused it so many times.

He writhes against Ilya's touch as his fingers remain still, making Shane do all the work. It was more difficult with his hands behind his back, but Shane made it work.

Ilya used his hold on his wrists to arch Shane further, creating more friction where not only was he being fingered, but his dick was once again rubbing against his jeans.

The beginning of an orgasm makes Shane heave, and with a few more pumps he shrieks, cuming so hard that he collapses against Ilya's chest.

Ilya lets go of his wrists, hugging Shane close to him. His left hand goes around his body while his right hand works their way around his sensitive dick.

Shane's eyes remained closed as Ilya expunged out his orgasm, making him shudder.

Pulling away, Shane watches through hooded eyes as Ilya brings his cum-ridden fingers to his lips, sucking them clean.

"You cum so pretty, I almost want to pin you down and make you do it all over again."

Rather than protest, Shane simply curves himself back into Ilya's body, claiming his mouth. Ilya has no problem reciprocating the action, holding Shane tightly against him however this time, he lets Shane take the lead.

"Satisfied?" Ilya asks him, breathless from the intensity of the kiss. Shane shakes his head, weakly pulling away as if he wants more.

"Your turn..." Shane says softly, trying to blink away the exhaustion. His mind still felt like he was floating, but he wanted to be good for his boyfriend. For Ilya. He wanted to show him he could do it—could make him proud.

Ilya shakes his head, hugging his boyfriend back to his chest.

"I'm alright, baby. Today was about you."

"But..." Shane murmured, looking down at the bulge in Ilya's jeans. "I don't—"

"Shane. I'm good. *I promise.*" Ilya tells him gently, kindly. He strokes a hand down Shane's hair, trying to sooth him back to that warm safe space. "I wanted to do this for you."

"Are you sure?"

Shane had a history of pushing himself too far when it came to Ilya. He wanted to do everything Ilya wanted to do, wanted to be everything he believed Ilya would want.

It would get to a point where Shane was okay with hurting if it meant Ilya would be content. And Ilya didn't want that.

Instead of trying to console him with words—something Ilya knew Shane would never believe—Ilya stood up with his boyfriend in his arms, carrying him to their bedroom.

Laying him down on the bed, Ilya made the motion to get up when a tug on his sleeve made him stop.

Looking down, he immediately went into action when he saw tears in Shane's eyes, gathering him in his arms protectively.

“Hey—*hey*. What’s going on, baby? Talk to me.” Ilya softly said.

Shane shook his head, his fingers still twisting in Ilya’s sleeve as he looked down.

Shane had a habit of pushing aside his feelings, not wanting to burden anyone with the weight of them.

He was so used to dealing with things on his own in his life, that when it came to his boyfriend, he was unsure of how to navigate that.

Would Ilya think he would be too much to bare? Would his neediness, clinginess, be the end of it all? Would it result in another six months of ghosting? Another six months of wondering and praying for a response?

“Nothing.” Shane finally settled on, shaking his head just a bit to try and dissipate the roaring noises in his mind. “Just...will you hug me?” Shane’s small voice had Ilya’s heart pounding, wanting to dig deeper into what was going on. Needing to know.

Instead, Ilya just smiled. Soft. Slow. His nod letting Shane know that it was okay to ask for things like this. That he was allowed to feel comforted and babied.

As soon as their arms wrapped around each other, Shane buried his face in Ilya’s neck, his fingers curling into the material of his shirt breathing him in deeply a few times before going lax. As if Shane needed a reminder that Ilya was here with him. That he wouldn’t leave.

“What’s going on, love?” Ilya had asked, voice soft. “Did I hurt you?”

Shane shook his head, face still buried. “I just wanted a hug. Is that okay?”

Ilya’s chest hurt, arms squeezing tighter around his boyfriend as he murmured, “Of course it’s okay. It will *always* be okay, sweetheart.”

They pulled away just slightly and Ilya could see his boyfriend’s face more clearly. Shane’s cheeks flushed red, his eyes welling up in tears, and seeing now that Ilya wasn’t judging him at all had Shane wanting to cry now for a completely different reason.

Ilya shifted his boyfriend in his arms, tucking him closer to his chest and leaning down to press a kiss to his forehead.

At the contact Shane’s eyes closed, a tear escaping, falling down his cheek. Before it could make it any further Ilya had cupped his jaw, moving his lips to kiss away the tear next.

That set him off, more and more tears falling down his cheeks as Shane tried to lower his head in embarrassment. Yet Ilya didn’t let him, his hand on his face keeping a hold so he wouldn’t hide anymore.

“It’s alright, baby.” Ilya softly said. “It’s okay. You can cry. I’m right here, love. I’m not going anywhere.”

To that Shane had turned his head, burying his face in his boyfriend's chest as his body shook with sobs. He tried to keep them in, muffling them with a bite to his lip but when Ilya's had rubbed a soothing motion up and down his back, he had broken further, unable to keep anything at bay.

"My pretty baby. My good boy. You're so brave, aren't you?"

Shane further curled in on himself, tucking away under the blanket and hiding further into Ilya's chest. His hand found Ilya's waist under the covers, and he rested his hand there as if he was scared his boyfriend would disappear.

They stayed like that for what seemed like forever until Shane had calmed down, his body fully lax against Ilya, his cheek resting on his chest, his fist clenched gently beside his face, his eyes closed as he was lulled back to sleep.

"I love you, baby. I love you so much. I love you."

Ilya was rocking him back and forth, no longer talking but instead softly pressing kissed all over his face.

Shane didn't know why he was crying when just minutes ago he was feeling utter bliss. Perhaps sex had made him more vulnerable. Frightened.

Perhaps he was scared that his too much would be seen by Ilya.

Perhaps he needed a reminder that he shouldn't be scared at all. Because Ilya wasn't the type of person to leave. He had shown him time and again that he would stay. That they could work through this. That Shane mattered.

Maybe that was the scariest of all. Shane mattering enough for Ilya to want him.

When he was sure Shane had gone back to sleep, Ilya shifted them around so that he could tuck a sleepy Shane further into his body, reaching down to tug on the duvet to give his boyfriend another blanket of warmth.

Gently pushing away a lock of hair from his face, Ilya stared down at his boyfriend. His boyfriend who he loved so dearly, so much. His boyfriend who was so brave, so wonderful. Who was becoming vulnerable in front of him.

Who was allowing Ilya to take care of him like this.

With a hand holding the back of Shane's head, cradling it, Ilya let his own eyes fall close, pressing a kiss to his forehead before he held Shane in his arms until he, too, fell asleep.

Before he went fully under Ilya knew one thing. No matter what, he would stay by Shane's side, helping him overcome this just as Shane did for him.

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