

take my time with you

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75864316) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75864316>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Making Out , Body Worship , Oral Sex , Frottage , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Orgasm Edging , Sexual Overstimulation , Post-Book 2: Heated Rivalry (Game Changers) , POV Shane Hollander , Post-Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-16 Words: 5,427 Chapters: 1/1

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by [multi_yohanna](#)

Summary

“I want to take things slow tonight.” Ilya added, lifting his shoulder in a small shrug.

“O-okay?” Shane whispered, even more confused than before.

“We always rush. There's never enough time, it's always from zero to hundred with us.” Ilya said, bringing his hands up to cup Shane's face. Shane melted into the touch immediately, feeling his anxiety recede bit by bit.

“Now there is no need to rush. We have time. All of it. And I want—I want to take my time with you.” Ilya’s voice was low and husky, and Shane exhaled a shuddering breath.

“Will you let me?” Ilya asked, and Shane nodded immediately. He would let this man do anything he wanted to him. With zero hesitation.

OR

After coming out to Shane’s parents and making a plan for the future, Shane and Ilya have a few days to practice what being with each other without any rush or looming deadlines feels like. One night, Ilya decides to take things slow and show Shane exactly what he feels for him.

Notes

Coping with the ending of episode four by writing 5K words of porn. I don't even know.

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

"I think that went well," Ilya said with a sigh, right as Shane was exiting his car.

His voice echoed on the empty driveway, Shane's cottage just a dozen steps away, warm and inviting in the chilly summer night. They were just returning from Shane's parents' place, where they had dinner.

It was Ilya's first *official* dinner as Shane's boyfriend. The thought still made Shane feel giddy and almost dizzy. Every dream he had never even allowed himself to indulge in at his softest and most vulnerable, late at night in his bed, was suddenly coming true in front of his eyes. The feeling was exhilarating.

"Yeah, I think so too," Shane said, not caring how wide and obnoxiously happy his smile was. Not when Ilya returned it immediately with one that matched it perfectly.

"I do not think they hate me anymore," Ilya said, and Shane grabbed his hand and held on tight.

"Hey, they never did." He promised, and Ilya grinned.

"Not even your mom?" He asked, and Shane snorted.

"Well, maybe a bit. But she definitely doesn't hate you *now*." Shane said, and Ilya nodded.

Though Shane knew Ilya liked to pretend that he was untouchable and didn't care what others thought of him, he could tell that leaving a good impression on Shane's family was important to him. It made Shane feel so fucking warm inside.

"Race you to the door," Ilya said suddenly, and Shane cursed as he saw his boyfriend run in front of him, leaving him behind.

"That's cheating," He hollered behind Ilya, who just laughed as he got to the door and turned around playfully.

"I win," he whispered just as Shane approached. Ilya quickly pulled him close and kissed him, quick and heated and wet.

"What do you win?" Shane mumbled against Ilya's lips, and felt him smile.

"This," Ilya murmured, deftly turning them around and pressing Shane against the door. His lips were soft and urgent against Shane's, and Shane exhaled with relief at the renewed contact.

He would never get used to this, he felt. Being able to kiss Ilya whenever he wanted without any fear of revealing his feelings or pushing Ilya away or losing what they had. Shane could just pull him in whenever he wanted, no questions asked. It felt almost too good to be true.

"I want you," Shane whispered against Ilya's lips, because he could do that now too. He felt drunk with it.

Shane could feel Ilya reaching into his pocket and retrieving his cottage key, but he was too lost in their kiss to be of any help. He just let himself be pressed against the door and played like a violin, and Ilya was more than happy to take the lead.

When the door opened, Shane was momentarily scared that he would fall in. But Ilya held him tight, making sure he couldn't go anywhere.

“Easy, I have you,” He whispered in Shane's ear, and Shane whimpered a bit as Ilya's hands squeezed his buttcheeks over his jeans. Shane was painfully hard already, and they weren't even properly inside just yet.

Ilya hastily closed the door behind them, kicking it with his foot, and walked Shane towards the living room, never breaking their kiss.

Shane was the first one to pull away, just to grab a fistful of his own T-shirt and start pulling it over his head. He needed to feel Ilya on his bare skin, impossibly closer, as soon as possible.

“Stop,” Ilya said suddenly, and Shane froze. He let his tee drop from his fingers and looked back at Ilya, anxiety spiking.

Did Ilya not want to? It was fine, obviously, but he had thought they were on the same page just then. Was Ilya having second thoughts? Were they moving too fast with the whole dating thing? Should Shane have waited to have dinner with his parents at a later time? Because if Ilya was—

“Hollander, stop spiraling.” Ilya said, voice fond, and Shane met his eyes sheepishly.

“I want to take things slow tonight.” Ilya added, lifting his shoulder in a small shrug.

“O-okay?” Shane whispered, even more confused than before.

“We always rush. There's never enough time, it's always from zero to hundred with us.” Ilya said, bringing his hands up to cup Shane's face. Shane melted into the touch immediately, feeling his anxiety recede bit by bit.

“Now there is no need to rush. We have time. All of it. And I want—I want to take my time with you.” Ilya's voice was low and husky, and Shane exhaled a shuddering breath.

“Will you let me?” Ilya asked, and Shane nodded immediately. He would let this man do anything he wanted to him. With zero hesitation.

“Good,” Ilya grinned, and Shane let him push him towards Shane's bedroom. Their lips connected again, slow and languid, and Shane sighed contentedly into it. Nothing made him as calm and safe as Ilya, especially when he was in Shane's space, crowding him and holding him tightly.

He wasn't sure when the switch happened. When he went from feeling anxiety at Ilya being gentle with him to craving it more than anything. But he needed it like he needed air, and nothing else would do.

Though Shane expected Ilya to push him down onto the bed as soon as they neared it, Ilya didn't. Instead, he stopped Shane right as the backs of his knees touched the mattress.

There, he kissed him again, quick and soft, and ran his fingers through Shane's hair, his nails gently scraping against Shane's scalp. Shane hummed with pleasure, feeling his eyes close.

Ilya removed Shane's T-shirt then, gentle and steady, and there was zero urgency to the gesture. Shane watched, bewildered and horribly touched, as Ilya folded the shirt and put it on the foot of the bed before kissing him again. He knew that Ilya had done it for his sake, so Shane could relax and enjoy himself, and it felt so good to be known and understood and respected like that. It brought Shane embarrassingly close to tears.

Ilya ran his hands over Shane's shoulders then, leaving goosebumps on his skin. He looked at Shane with so much love and adoration that it was hard for him to breathe for a second.

They have had sex dozens of times already, in so many different places and in just as many different ways. And yet, Shane knew that this time would be different. He felt his cheeks heat up as he realized that Ilya was about to make love to him for the first time.

"What is it?" Ilya asked, and Shane blinked.

"Nothing. I love you," he whispered, relishing in the way Ilya's whole face lit up.

"I love you too," he replied easily and kissed him again.

Ilya's lips were warm and soft against his, and Shane could taste faint traces of the chocolate souffle they had eaten after dinner on his tongue. The wet slide of their tongues was intoxicating, heady and potent, and Shane moaned into Ilya's mouth.

All the while, Ilya's hands never left Shane's chest. He was exploring every little inch with his fingers, swirling Shane's nipples between his thumb and index finger, kneading at his pecs, dragging his palms all over Shane's abs.

Shane tried to take deep breaths and revel in the feeling of his boyfriend's hands all over him, but it was so much stimulation all at once that he had to gasp and break their kiss, panting hard into Ilya's mouth.

"Oh, sweetheart. So worked up already," Ilya murmured, letting his hands slip to Shane's back. His palms were hot against Shane's skin, and Shane pressed himself closer to Ilya's body, wrapping his own arms around Ilya's neck.

It was only the second time Ilya has used that particular endearment while kissing him, and Shane felt equally unmoored and shaky hearing it now. He knew he was reading too much into it, but it sounded a lot like forever to Shane. Like something Ilya would be using in fifty years, when they were both wrinkly and doddering and still as obsessed with each other as they are now.

Ilya let his hands wander all over Shane's back, fingers digging into the hard muscles and making Shane moan. He gasped at the loss of contact when Ilya suddenly dropped to his

knees in front of him.

The image of him kneeling in front of Shane, eyes soft and sparkling, mouth upturned on one side in that devastating amused smile Shane loved so much, was enough for Shane's hips to buck uncontrollably. Ilya *giggled* and shook his head.

He reached up and unzipped Shane's jeans, every move agonizingly slow. Then, he leisurely dragged the tight-fitting jeans over Shane's legs, taking his sneakers and socks off along with them.

Clothes discarded, Ilya ran his hands over Shane's thighs and knees, the tips of his fingers brushing the edge of his boxers. Leaning closer, Ilya dragged his nose over the length of Shane's clothed cock before mouthing at it through the thin black material.

"Fuck, please—" Shane breathed out, already too wound up, but Ilya just chuckled and leaned back. He started gathering Shane's pants and socks and folding them carefully.

"Go lie back on the bed, Hollander." He said softly, and Shane went without hesitation.

"You don't have to do that, you know." Shane said, feeling his cheeks heat at the sight of Ilya folding his socks exactly like Shane always does. The vision of it was weirdly arousing to him, and he had to suppress the urge to touch himself as he lay back on the bed and got comfortable against the pillows.

"Why not?" Ilya asked, and it took Shane a few seconds to catch the thread of the conversation again.

"I know it's stupid. And it takes too much time." He whispered, and Ilya shook his head.

"You like doing it, so it's not stupid," he said simply, and Shane bit his lip. "And we have all the time we want, didn't you hear?" Ilya added, grinning. Shane returned it immediately.

"I want to take your clothes off too," Shane said then, not even caring about how needy he sounded.

"Later," Ilya promised before toeing off his shoes and socks and slowly crawling over the bed until he hovered over Shane, their bodies flush against each other. He kissed him softly, smiling against Shane's mouth, and Shane wrapped his arms around him immediately, tugging at the black shirt clinging to Ilya's skin.

"Patience, Hollander. Keep your hands to yourself for now, yes?" Ilya said, and although he whined at the words, Shane listened. He gripped the sheet underneath him with his fists to keep from reaching for Ilya as he slowly mapped his way down Shane's neck.

Ilya's lips were hot and gentle against his skin, and the little nips and nibbles of his teeth over it made Shane leak inside his boxers. Ilya took his time, making sure to map every inch with his mouth and tongue, paying special attention to the hollow of Shane's throat.

From there, he slowly made his way down to Shane's shoulders, letting his teeth scrape over the heated skin. Shane had never had anyone kiss him there, as if even that, completely

ordinary part of his body was arousing and worthy of worshiping. Ilya did it like it was second nature, like he had been waiting to do it for years. Like he'd die if he didn't.

"I love your arms. Look so good in all your boring T-shirts," Ilya murmured against his skin.

"Asshole—ahhh—" Shane moaned as Ilya bit his biceps and then sucked on the bruise, the combination of pleasure and pain rendering Shane speechless for a few seconds. Ilya was non-perturbed, continuing his journey across Shane's elbow and forearm and wrist, ending with a chaste kiss on his palm.

For a horrifying moment, Shane was scared that he was going to start crying. Ilya was being so gentle with him, and the attention was making Shane feel so cherished and appreciated and loved. It was so overwhelming that he had to close his eyes tightly and will his tears to recede.

Once he managed to calm down, Shane opened his eyes and looked at Ilya. He was about to beg him to come closer and let him at least take Ilya's shirt off, but Ilya simply went back to kissing his other shoulder before he could even utter it. Ilya repeated the process all over again, meticulous and languid, and Shane wasn't sure how or why, but all of it made him feel feral, just a touch away from coming in his pants like a horny teenager.

After kissing his other palm, equally as reverently and softly as the first one, Ilya slowly pulled himself up toward Shane and captured his mouth with his own again.

Though Shane wanted to escalate it immediately, Ilya just bit on his lower lip, making Shane moan as he tugged it up between his teeth and released it after a few seconds. Ilya wasted no time waiting for Shane's reaction. He just resumed his path down Shane's body, this time wrapping his mouth around one pert nipple.

Shane's entire upper body convulsed, back arching off the bed as Ilya started lightly sucking. Ilya's other hand was gently kneading Shane's pec, and Shane was doing everything in his power to stop from reaching out and tangling his fingers in Ilya's hair. But he had to be good. He *wanted* to be good for Ilya, so he just gripped the sheet even harder.

Ilya switched to his other nipple after a few minutes, repeating the same lazy swirls and gentle nibbles that made Shane dizzy. Shane felt a bead of sweat trickle down his forehead, his cock aching and strained, and he wondered if he'd even make it to Ilya actually touching him there, or if he'd come just like this.

Ilya would never let him live it down.

As if on cue, Ilya moved downward, pressing hot, open-mouthed kisses to Shane's stomach, hovering right above the waistband of his boxers. Ilya's lips moved agonizingly slowly, tongue gentle as he tasted Shane, and Shane could feel his entire body shake.

"Ilya, please—" he gasped, and Ilya grinned up at him, eyes mischievous but soft.

"What do you want, Shane?"

“Your mouth on me, on my cock, please—” Shane whined, and Ilya smiled, running his tongue over Shane's clothed erection just once.

“You ask so nicely.” He purred. “But not yet.” Ilya added, and Shane groaned in disbelief as Ilya moved down again and started kissing his thighs.

They had always been one of the most sensitive parts of Shane's body, but no one had ever paid them this much attention. Shane squirmed as Ilya sucked and licked and kissed his skin, thumbs tracing maddening circles over any part he couldn't reach with his mouth.

Ilya had Shane spread on the bed like a feast laid out just for him, and he hadn't even touched him properly yet. Shane was going insane. Every time he came even slightly closer to his cock, Ilya pivoted back down to pepper kisses along Shane's thighs and knees, and it lasted so long that Shane could feel his soiled boxers clinging to his heated skin.

“Please, Ilya, pl—agh” Shane sobbed, unable to finish his plea, thoughts jumbled and hard to organize into anything coherent. He felt like he was floating, so overwhelmed by pleasure but still needing more. Needing that final push.

“Okay, okay, shh, I've got you.” Ilya murmured, finally reaching for the hem of his boxers and tugging them down. He threw them somewhere behind him, and Shane didn't even care that they weren't nearly folded along with his other clothes.

“God, Hollander. Look at you.” Ilya said, voice quiet but reverent, his accent thicker than usual, as he admired Shane's weeping, heavy cock resting fully erect on Shane's stomach. Shane was about to beg again, but Ilya put him out of his misery by leaning forward and licking a low stripe from the base of his dick right up to the head.

Shane moaned at the touch, and he saw Ilya grin at the drop of precum that dripped onto Shane's stomach. Ilya winked at him and went down again, taking one of Shane's balls into his mouth.

“Fuck, fuck, Rozanov—” Shane sobbed, writhing against the soft sheets as Ilya gently sucked on his balls, alternating between them every time he felt Shane get too overwhelmed.

“I love making you lose it like this. Is exhilarating.” Ilya mumbled against him, and Shane cursed.

“Where'd you learn that—ah fuck—that word?” He groaned, and felt Ilya chuckle against him.

“I read it in a book. Thought it would get you hot.” He grinned up at Shane, letting one of his balls drop from his mouth. “Was right.” He added, winking.

This time, though, Ilya must have seen the sheer desperation on Shane's face, because he wasted no more time on chit chat. He leaned closer still, wrapped a solid hand around the base of Shane's cock, and stuffed the rest into his hot, eager mouth.

Shane cried out, half in relief and half in agony, and watched as Ilya took him deep expertly, head bobbing up and down, each thrust bringing Shane deeper still. Vision blurring, Shane fought to keep from touching Ilya as he drank in the sight before him.

Ilya looked so fucking good like this. Cheeks hollowed, pupils blown, skin tinted with maroon. Shane loved that he was the only one who'd see him that way now. The thought made him grind his hips and push into Ilya's mouth inadvertently. Shane was about to apologize, but Ilya just moaned and gripped his thigh harder.

Shane could feel the pressure in his belly mounting, his balls tightening, and he knew he'd stumble over the edge way too soon. He wanted to last longer, wanted to savor it, but he knew he couldn't.

"Ilya, I'm so—so close," Shane whispered, and Ilya immediately stopped. He gently extracted Shane's cock from his mouth and let it rest against his stomach again, the head angry and red, the entire length twitching every few seconds.

"What—no, no please—" Shane whined, feeling his eyes well up. Ilya just grinned and sat back on his haunches, looking entirely too satisfied with himself.

"Not yet, Hollander. Trust me, it will be better this way," he said easily, and Shane shook his head, his hand flying up and landing on his stomach without him even making a conscious decision about it.

"No touching yourself, remember? Be good for me, Shane," Ilya said, and Shane nodded frantically, letting his hand fall back on the bed, useless and limp.

He watched as Ilya slowly undressed himself, taking his time with his jeans and boxers. Shane could see how hard he was, and the thought of Ilya being so affected by what they were doing made his hips buck up into the air, seeking any kind of friction he could find. But there was none.

Ilya wrapped his hand around his own cock then, eyes just slightly wilder than usual, and gave it a few leisurely pumps while looking at Shane's flushed, sweaty body. Shane moaned at the sight.

Ilya surprised him by leaning forward and covering Shane's body with his own. Once they were face to face, Ilya smiled softly, and Shane returned it right away.

"Hi," Shane whispered.

"Hi," Ilya breathed out, before crashing his lips to Shane's.

There was nothing slow or patient about this kiss, and Shane mewled into Ilya's mouth as their tongues brushed against one another over and over again.

Shane shuddered as he felt Ilya's cock rub against his own, hard and heavy and insistent, before Ilya wrapped his hand around them both and stroked them, his movements hard and fast.

“Don't even need lube with you, Hollander. Always get so wet,” Ilya teased, but Shane could hear how strained his voice was.

Shane felt his pleasure building once again, and he started thrusting his hips up to meet Ilya's hand and create even more friction. He loved it when they did this, when they were face to face and so close Shane could feel every inch of Ilya against every inch of his own body. All it took was a minute or two every time and he was done for.

But just when he thought he'd finally get to come, Ilya released him, tearing himself away to kneel between Shane's knees once again. He was breathing hard, Shane could see, and his cock jutted heavily in front of him as Ilya tried to compose himself.

“I hate you,” Shane panted. Ilya laughed, the sound bright and happy, and Shane had to smile too.

“As long as you always hate me the most,” Ilya shrugged, his voice husky and low.

“Always,” Shane said, and it left his mouth half a moan, half a promise.

“Turn around for me, Hollander.” Ilya said softly, rubbing soothing circles on Shane's thighs. “Lie on your stomach.”

Shane sniffed, trying in vain to draw in enough air into his lungs. But he listened, because it felt so good to have Ilya control this, to not have to think, to put his safety and pleasure into his hands and just let go.

Shane turned around slowly, hissing as his overstimulated cock made contact with the sheets under him. He tried to get comfortable, but every position made his dick rub against some part of the bed. It was maddening.

“Just like that, Hollander.” Shane heard Ilya say from behind him. “Do not hump the bed though, okay? Lie still for me.”

Shane nodded frantically into his pillow, knowing that he'd regret the promise soon. But Ilya surprised him once again. Instead of preparing Shane to take him, as Shane had expected, he started kissing the back of his neck.

His lips moved slowly, and he followed each nibble with a soothing lick that made Shane squirm beneath him. Shane never knew that his entire body could be used like this. That every touch could bring pleasure, even if it was fleeting and seemingly innocent. Even on his back and arms and legs.

Ilya seemed to know, and it felt like he had made it his personal mission to show it all to Shane. For the umpteenth time that night, Shane felt his eyes fill with tears.

“Thank you. For being so good to me,” He whispered. Shane felt silly saying it, but he also wanted Ilya to hear him. To know that Shane appreciated this like the gift that it was.

“You deserve it.” Ilya said simply, and it didn't help Shane's vision from clearing at all. Ilya just continued exploring the hard muscles on Shane's back, and Shane allowed himself to let

go of the torrent of thoughts swirling in his head and just focus on the feeling of Ilya's mouth on him.

"First time I saw your back dimples," Ilya began, and Shane could feel his lips right there, on his lower back. "I almost came on the spot." Ilya said, and Shane moaned into the pillow.

"Wh-why?" He managed, perplexed at the admission.

"So sexy. So cute. I think about them all the time." Ilya said, as if the answer is obvious. Shane only managed to reply with a weird mix of a whimper and a moan, and Ilya laughed a little.

Shane was about to reply, maybe beg, maybe ask for Ilya to keep talking, but Ilya surprised him by biting into the skin on his buttcheek. Shane barely managed not to grind his erection against the bed at the contact.

"And these tiny stretch marks. God, Hollander," Ilya murmured, and his voice sent vibrations all over Shane's skin. On second thought, Shane needed him to shut up. Because if he kept at it, Shane was pretty sure he wouldn't even need to hump the bed at all.

"I wanted to lick each one when I first saw them." Shocked, Shane realized that Ilya is doing exactly that. He moaned as he felt Ilya's tongue drag all over his cheek, massaging the other with his deft fingers. It was too much all of a sudden, and Shane sobbed into the pillow.

"It's okay, Hollander. You're almost there." Ilya said before spreading Shane's cheeks with his hands and exposing his puckered hole to the air. Shane moaned, and it turned into a whine as Ilya slowly blew cold air on his opening.

Distantly, Shane heard a bottle of lube being opened, but he had no idea when Ilya got it, or from where. He was ready to feel the cold against his skin immediately, but Ilya warmed it up on his fingers and only touched Shane's rim when the temperature was comfortable.

Shane whined at the contact, and his hips moved against the bed on their own accord.

"Sorry—sorry, I'm sorry," Shane babbled before Ilya could even admonish him, and Ilya chuckled behind him. His thumb was tracing slow circles on Shane's opening, and it felt so good that Shane couldn't even make any sounds.

Ilya took his time, letting the skin relax before he pushed the tip of his thumb in, slowly and experimentally. Shane groaned at the intrusion, and pushed his ass back into Ilya's hand, begging for more without any words.

"Love when you get this desperate for it, Hollander," Ilya whispered. He didn't keep teasing him, though. Shane groaned with relief as he felt Ilya push his index finger inside him then. The stretch felt amazing, and it barely burned at all with how relaxed and aroused he was.

Ilya slowly worked him open, letting him adjust, before adding his middle finger. Shane moaned at the intrusion but pushed back against his hand at the same time, making Ilya snicker.

This time, Ilya pushed deep enough to brush against Shane's prostate, and Shane saw stars. He would never get over how good it felt, how expertly Ilya touched him, how his insides melted at even the faintest of contacts.

Ilya kept at it for a few agonizing minutes, scissoring his fingers inside Shane and driving in deeper every time. The slide in was effortless by then, and Shane felt gooey all over.

"Please, Ilya, god, I need—"

"One more, Hollander." Ilya chided, and Shane moaned as he felt him add a third finger. He always complained about it, but it was what he needed to be actually ready for Ilya, and they both knew it.

So Shane relaxed his high-strung body and focused on the feeling of Ilya filling him up, the stretch delicious. Ilya touched his prostate just the way Shane liked it now, his fingers sure and steady, and Shane felt like he was floating.

Distinctly, he felt himself getting closer and closer to release, and it was becoming increasingly more difficult to stay still.

"I love that I can make you come just like this," Ilya commented above him, his tone teasing, and Shane groaned.

"Please, I'm so—" Shane began, and whined as he felt Ilya's fingers pull back before he even managed to get the words out. At this point, Shane felt like he was so overstimulated he wouldn't actually be able to come at all.

"Turn around, Shane," Ilya said. Shane was glad to hear a slight tremor in his voice. He turned slowly, his body boneless and limp, and finally faced Ilya again.

Ilya looked....well, as wrecked as Shane felt. He was breathing hard, his chest just as flushed as his cheeks, hands shaking where they gripped Shane's knees. He leaned forward and retrieved a condom off Shane's nightstand.

To Shane's shock, Ilya didn't take his time putting it on just to tease Shane further. Instead, Ilya was quick and methodical about it, and he was hovering over Shane and kissing him within seconds.

"Can't wait to be inside you," He breathed into Shane's mouth, and Shane could just moan as he felt the tip of Ilya's cock push in and stretch him out better than his fingers ever could.

They kept eye contact as Ilya slowly filled him, and Shane wondered if he'd ever get used to this. If it would ever stop feeling monumental, as if he was made just for this. He sincerely doubted it.

"Hollander, we need to be quick about this," Ilya said, his tone almost apologetic as he jerked his hips once and made them both hiss.

"Fine by me—fuck—" Shane moaned, even though he wanted to tease Ilya for being equally worked up without even being touched once. But he couldn't. All he could focus on was the

way Ilya's hips were moving and the way his cock was brushing against his prostate just right with every thrust.

He wouldn't be able to last at all, he knew. He was so worked up, so overwhelmed by the sheer power of everything he was feeling, both physically and emotionally, that he didn't stand a chance. Not when Ilya was looking at him with such adoration in his eyes as he filled him up over and over, both of them too wound up to even be able to kiss.

"Ilya, I'm so close," Shane whispered, knowing that this time, Ilya wouldn't stop. And he didn't.

Ilya increased his pace and balanced his weight on a single arm to wrap his other hand around Shane's cock. Shane shuddered at the contact, not even caring about the pathetic sound that left his mouth.

He tried to hold out for a bit longer, just a thrust or two, but he went off without a single warning. The first spray against his own stomach made him whimper, and when Ilya started talking him through it, Shane simply let go.

"God, Hollander, you look so fucking beautiful like this, coming for me," he breathed, his movements frantic and jerky.

"Love when your eyes roll back from how good I'm giving it to you, sweetheart," he added, and Shane sobbed, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck as his cock continued leaking all over his chest in violent spurts.

"You were so good for me tonight, so fucking good," Ilya panted, and Shane could hear that he was losing the thread of it as his own release neared.

"You made me feel so good, Ilya," Shane said, reveling in the way Ilya moaned and buried his face in Shane's neck. "So g-good. I love you s-so much," he babbled and sucked in a shuddering breath as Ilya stilled and groaned above him.

They kept whispering to each other as they rode out the high, and Shane could barely understand what either one of them was saying. Then again, Ilya was babbling in Russian, and Shane was having trouble stringing together anything more substantial than *Ilya Ilya Ilya*, so that made sense.

Spent and limp, Ilya collapsed against Shane, and Shane wrapped him up in

his arms tightly, like he has wanted to do all night. Ilya kept peppering light kisses all over Shane's neck, making Shane blush as if they hadn't just had sex. As if Ilya wasn't still buried inside him.

"Ready to shower?" Ilya mumbled, and Shane sighed. It was hard to articulate words at the moment, and he struggled to reply.

Ilya raised his head and gave him a concerned look. It melted off his face instantly, though, when he saw Shane. He imagined he looked a mess right then, but Ilya seemed to love it. He

kissed Shane's forehead and caressed his cheek, the touch gentle and reverent.

“What have I done to you, Hollander?” he teased, and Shane just sighed and shook his head, because talking still seemed like too big of a chore.

“We will lie here a bit more and then I will carry you to the shower, okay?” Ilya said. His eyes were sparkling. Shane was so in love with him it hurt. “You'll kill me if I let you lie in this mess for too long. Once you remember how to speak, of course.”

“Fuck you,” Shane managed, and it was so quiet he wasn't sure it actually left his mouth.

But Ilya laughed and kissed him, so it must have. Shane didn't care much, either way. He closed his eyes and squeezed Ilya tighter.

Everything else could wait.

They had all the time in the world.

End Notes

Let me know how you like this one. Kudos and comments are always appreciated, I love praise just as much as Shane! If you can and want, you can also chat with me on Twitter [here](#).

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