

what a pair

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what a pair

by [dy13dy](#)

Summary

When Ilya says “Shane” instead of Hollander, something shifts in him. Panic hits fast and hard, and Shane’s first instinct is to run before the moment can turn into something real.

Ilya doesn’t let him.

“Don’t leave,” Ilya says. “Talk to me.”

Panic and the emotional crash comes to him. Shane feels exposed, needy, and embarrassed by how much he wants to stay, but Ilya keeps him exactly where he is, grounding him.

“You’re not going anywhere, da?”

Held in place and forced to face what he’s feeling, Shane has the chance to finally ask for what he wants.

Notes

Hi! English is not my first language, and this is my first fanfic, so kindness would be very appreciated!

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

Hearing his name on Rozanov's lips made Shane tremble. Not Hollander. Not the name they used to keep things simple, distant, manageable. Shane. The sound of it settled somewhere deep in his chest, warm and terrifying all at once, and his hand faltered for half a second, just long enough for him to notice. Just long enough to panic.

Ilya didn't look away. Not for a second. His eyes stayed locked on Shane's face, sharp and intent, watching every flicker of emotion Shane failed to hide as he tried to keep going, tried to drown the feeling before it could take root. He picked up the pace, desperate, as if speed alone could silence whatever had just been named, but it only made the ache in his chest sharper, heavier, impossible to ignore.

Rozanov saying his name left him dizzy and alarmed at the same time. Confused, Shane looked up at him with foggy eyes, sitting a bit straighter without fully realizing he'd moved.

"Shane," Ilya said again, that damn smirk creeping up on his face.

That was when Shane tried to pull away. Panic flashed across his features as he shifted, muscles tensing like he was about to bolt, but he barely made it halfway up before Ilya's hand came up to his neck, firm, unyielding, guiding him right back down onto his lap.

"No."

The word was low and steady, not raised, not angry, just final. Shane froze, every instinct screaming at him to run before Ilya could see how badly he was losing control, but Ilya's gaze held him there, unwavering, pinning him in place without force.

"Don't leave," Ilya said quietly. "Talk to me."

Shane swallowed hard. He couldn't let Rozanov see how badly he needed this—how much he wanted to stay right here, held like this. Needing Ilya like this scared him more than wanting him ever had, and the fear tangled in his chest until he couldn't separate it from the want.

"I don't- this isn't..." he started, then faltered.

He couldn't pull away anyway, not with the way Ilya was holding him, soft where it mattered, firm beneath it all. The contradiction made his chest ache with something he didn't have a name for yet, something too close to the surface to ignore.

“I don’t know what to do,” Shane whispered, voice trembling. He let out a shaky breath, something inside him giving way, the thought settling heavy and terrifying: if he stayed, he wouldn’t know how to leave.

“I’m scared,” he admitted, the words tasting like ash, but at least they were honest.

Ilya studied him for a moment. “Look at me,” he murmured, and when Shane didn’t respond, his hand moved from the back of Shane’s neck to the line of his jaw, then to his cheek, gentle but insistent, forcing him to meet his eyes.

Shane opened his mouth, grasping for something clever, something that could break the moment, but Rozanov didn’t give him the chance.

“You are not going anywhere, da?”

He didn’t let Shane look away, and Shane could tell he wanted an answer. Still unsteady, he nodded very slowly, like he wasn’t entirely sure where he was—or what he was agreeing to. He leaned in without realizing it, drawn by the steady rise and fall of Ilya’s chest, by the solid warmth under his cheek.

Running suddenly felt impossible. Unthinkable.

“Good boy. That’s right.”

The words didn’t tighten his chest like he expected. They made it ache instead. “Don’t call me that,” Shane whispered.

“Why not?”

“It makes me feel weird.”

Ilya tilted his head slightly, eyes glinting. “Weird bad?”

Shane looked away, shame creeping hot up his spine. “Mm.”

A smug smile tugged at Ilya’s mouth as he shifted them on the dark sofa, slow and deliberate, guiding Shane to rest against his side, tucked securely under his arm. Shane felt unmoored,

scattered, and the moment Ilya's body settled around him he realized how badly he needed the contact to stay grounded.

The normally straight line of Ilya's broad shoulders sloped as Shane snuggled deeper into his naked chest. "Let's take a nap, yeah?"

Shane woke slowly, disoriented by the weight and warmth holding him in place. For a few seconds he didn't remember where he was, only that he felt heavy, loose in a way he wasn't used to, limbs tangled and breath even. The room was dimmer now, the TV a low blur of color and sound, and it took another moment for it to click, Ilya. Solid behind him. An arm wrapped around his waist, hand resting exactly where it had been hours ago, like nothing had changed. Shane shifted, blinking sleep from his eyes, and immediately felt Ilya respond, his grip tightening just enough to register before relaxing again.

"Easy," Ilya murmured, voice rough with sleep, closer now. His chin brushed Shane's hair as he pulled him in a fraction more, grounding him before the fog could turn into panic. "You're fine." Shane let out a quiet breath, shoulders slumping as the reassurance settled in. Ilya's hand moved slowly along his side, deliberate and familiar, reminding him where he was, and who he was with. "You disappeared on me for a bit," he added lightly. Shane huffed a weak laugh, as he melted back against him, the need still there but softer now, held in place by the steady certainty in Ilya's touch.

"You're not supposed to be like this," Shane murmured, half to himself.

"Too bad," Ilya replied without hesitation.

Shane barely registered the next shift, only that suddenly he was closer, pressed along Ilya's side, thigh warm against his own, cheek tucked just beneath his collarbone. An arm wrapped around him, solid and inescapable, hand spread wide against his back, the weight of it settling him instantly.

"There," Ilya murmured. "Stop squirming."

"I wasn't-"

"You were," Ilya said, his hand sliding slow and deliberate up Shane's spine.

Heat crept up Shane's neck. "I feel stupid," he muttered.

"Yeah."

The word landed sharp, but before Shane could spiral, Ilya tightened his hold, forearm firm across his shoulders, thumb pressing lightly where his pulse fluttered. “Easy,” he said. “I didn’t say you are stupid.”

Shane swallowed, breath hitching, as Ilya’s fingers resumed their slow, grounding path along his back, over and over, never rushing.

“It is not embarrassing,” Ilya added.

“Feels like it should be,” Shane murmured, forehead dropping fully against Ilya’s chest.

“Only because you’re bad at letting people take care of you,” Ilya replied lightly, then added with faint amusement, “Which is not my problem.”

Despite himself, Shane huffed out a weak laugh. “You’re an asshole.”

“Mm,” Ilya said. “Still holding you.”

He adjusted them just enough to make Shane comfortable, one knee bracketing his, hand never leaving his back, and Shane melted into it, tension slowly unraveling.

“You gonna look at me again?” Ilya asked after a moment.

Shane hesitated, but Ilya’s fingers slid up, tipping his chin. “That wasn’t a trick question.”

When Shane looked up, Ilya’s gaze had sharpened, the teasing softened into something intent. “There you are,” he said quietly, and the words made something twist low in Shane’s stomach.

“You’re doing much better,” Ilya went on. “You are my good boy.”

Shane’s lips parted. “You make it hard to leave.”

Ilya smiled, slow and dangerous. “Good.”

His hand strayed lower, and silence stretched between them, thick with awareness. Shane

shifted again, this time not from nerves, but from something warmer, needier, and Ilya noticed immediately.

“Careful,” he murmured. “You’re starting to move like you want something.”

“I-”

“Think before you answer,” Ilya said mildly. “I don’t do guessing games.”

Shane’s hands curled into Ilya’s pants, gripping tight. “You’re not being fair.”

“I’m being very fair,” Ilya murmured near his ear. “I’m letting you decide.”

“And if I don’t?”

Ilya’s arm tightened around him, possessive but careful. “Then we stay right here. And you keep wanting.”

The words hit hard. “You’re doing this on purpose,” Shane whispered.

Ilya smiled against his temple. “Now you’re thinking.”

Shane hesitated only a second. “...Please.”

Ilya didn’t move. His arm stayed locked around Shane’s middle, chest a steady wall at his back, the silence stretching just long enough to make every second loud.

“Please what?” Ilya asked quietly.

Shane’s fingers tightened in his shirt like he might fall. “You know.”

“No,” Ilya said softly. “I don’t.”

He shifted just enough to make Shane aware of everything, thigh, chest, arm, breath. “Use your words.”

Heat flooded Shane's face as Ilya's hand slid down his side, firm and grounding, stopping at his hip and holding him there.

"You're safe," Ilya said calmly. "Nothing bad happens if you ask."

Shane squeezed his eyes shut. "I want you to keep holding me."

"That's already happening."

"...And?"

"I want... more."

Ilya pressed a slow kiss to his temple, controlled and deliberate. "Good," he murmured. "That wasn't so hard, was it?"

Shane's breath broke, dangerously close to a sob, and Ilya pulled back just enough to look at him, eyes sharp, but not unkind, thumb tipping his face up again.

"Get on your knees, sweetheart."

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shane got on his knees between Ilya's thighs, sinking to the floor. He placed both hands shakily on his own knees and waited. Rozanov looked down at him, biting his lip, and then raised a hand and made a small waving gesture toward his crotch.

"Come here."

Closing his eyes, Shane shuffled closer, and then nuzzled against him, breathing through the dark fabric. Relief flooded his body, because he was finally where he was meant to be, on his knees. A small whimper escaped his throat, and he was burning up, feeling himself growing hard. He felt small like this, because being here meant he did not have to hold himself together. He could want, openly, desperately, and know he would not be pushed away.

They were still in the living room, with the dark couch beneath Ilya and the television casting a low, unfocused glow across the space. Ilya's presence felt solid and grounded, like the room itself revolved around him.

Ilya leaned forward slightly, with his elbows resting on his thighs, watching every inch Shane moved. He did not touch him yet, and instead just let the closeness do the work, letting Shane feel how completely he had his attention.

Shane had his tongue poking out slightly to wet his lips as he looked up at Ilya from between his legs. He started kissing him through the fabric, and the low hum that left his throat was both soothing and intoxicating. The touch of his mouth was too much, too quick, and Shane pressed himself back against it, a small whimper escaping his throat.

"Pretty boy," Ilya mumbled. "So eager to have my cock down your throat."

He buried his face in Ilya's crotch, his nose digging into the fabric. He nuzzled the soft skin, breathing in the intoxicating smell. He gave the clothed crotch a few eager licks, but only pulled away when fingers curled into his hair and yanked him back.

The rough hand that grabbed his hair, forced his face up toward Ilya's. Ilya tilted Shane's head back just enough to make him look, and pushed his neck into an arch, his thumb pressing lightly under his jaw. It was not painful, but it was inescapable.

"Look at you, pretty boy, just eager for it," Ilya said, while moving his hand to Shane's cheek and caressing it, his thumb grazing the corner of Shane's lower lip. "I bet you were aching to suck my cock, it's just who you are."

He pressed his thumb inside Shane's mouth, and then petted his tongue. Shane leaned in and licked a stripe across Ilya's palm. The Russian raised an eyebrow at him, amusement and hunger crossing his face.

“Want this, do you?” Ilya asked, his voice teasing, but still low and a little rough. Shane nodded. “I want it so bad,” he pleaded.

Ilya undid his pants, pushing them down along with his boxers, his hard dick springing free. He reached down and grabbed his shaft, his thumb brushing across the tip. A bead of precum formed, and he held out his hand to Shane, his fingers sticky.

“Go on, then. Suck my fingers,” he commanded, his tone playful but demanding.

Shane didn't hesitate, leaning forward and wrapping his lips around Ilya's thick fingers, sucking them deep into his mouth. Ilya let out a low groan as he felt Shane's wet mouth envelop his digits.

“You like that, don't you?” Ilya muttered.

Shane hummed around his fingers, making Ilya's breath hitch. Shane's tongue worked around the Russian's fingers, licking and sucking every inch of them clean. He savored the taste of Ilya's skin and the faint musk of his precum.

“Good,” Ilya praised, his voice low. “You're a natural at this.” He slid his fingers out slowly, and Shane let out a little whimper at the loss, his eyes still fixed on Ilya's face.

Shane blushed, his eyes downcast. He felt Ilya's hands on the hem of his shirt, pulling it up and over his head. The Russian's rough palms slid down Shane's arms, leaving goosebumps in their wake.

“Beautiful,” Ilya murmured. “Look at me.”

Shane looked up, meeting Ilya's gaze. He saw a mix of hunger and amusement in his eyes, and it made his pulse quicken. Ilya placed a finger under Shane's chin, lifting his face up slightly. He reached down with his other hand, gripping Shane's hair tightly and pulling his head back.

“Open up, ” he ordered.

Shane parted his lips, and Ilya slid his fingers back into his mouth, pushing them deep this time. Shane gagged slightly, but Ilya didn't let up, holding his head in place as he fingered his throat. “Breathe through your nose,” Ilya instructed. “Just relax and take it.”

Shane tried to do as he was told, focusing on breathing through his nose as Ilya's fingers pushed deeper. He felt the other man's knuckles press against his lips, and he struggled to accommodate the intrusion. Ilya held him there for a few seconds, then pulled his fingers out, letting Shane gasp for air.

“You are so beautiful, baby.” His voice was strong and steady as he held him there. “You want a taste?”

“I do,” Shane whined, and he tried to reach for himself, but Ilya caught his wrist mid-movement and pinned it back against Shane's own chest, holding him there without effort. The ease of it made Shane's breath stutter, and heat rushed to his face.

“Then tell me how much you want it,” he said as he settled back into the cushions.

Shane leaned into the hold instinctively, his forehead brushing against Ilya’s knee for a moment, while his shoulders curled inward as if asking to be kept close. The way Ilya held him made it impossible to pretend he was anything but needy, and he shifted on the floor, with something inside him burning.

“Please, Ilya.” He saw his eyes widen. “Please, I’ll be a good boy,” he begged. “I’ll make it so good, I promise.”

Ilya froze.

Even though Shane had already said his name earlier, he had not expected it to happen again, not after how badly it had shaken him last time, he wanted Shane to admit what he really desire. He studied him in silence, while waiting for the familiar panic to hit.

It did not.

Instead, all he found was heated lust, and something else, quieter, something settling instead of burning. Ilya shared the sentiment, but for him it was the certainty that Shane was still here, still reaching for him.

Ilya exhaled slowly, biting his bottom lip with a small groan, and his grip tightened for just a second before he let himself move again. His cock was flushed and hard, and he stroked himself a few times.

With his other hand, he tangled his fingers in dark hair and dragged Shane closer, tapping himself against his cheek and smearing him slightly with precum.

Ilya used his knuckles to tilt Shane’s chin, forcing his face up again, and studied him like he was deciding exactly how far he could go.

“You look so pretty like this,” he said mockingly, while pressing himself against plump lips. “How about you use this mouth for what it was made for?”

Shane hesitated for a second, but ultimately opened his mouth slightly, and moved his lips close enough to graze the tip. He then leaned forward and licked a wet stripe along Ilya’s bulge. A tentative lick brushed over it, with his pink tongue tasting him, while his head moved up and down and he gave a few licks to the sides.

Shane mouthed the shaft, giving it soft kisses, and licked the loose balls, gently suckling and tasting the salty skin.

The Russian hummed softly, and his fingers flexed in Shane’s hair, letting him move just enough to feel encouraged. “You can take more, sweetheart. I know you can.” He fed him slowly. “Open.”

The husky voice and the pressure sent a sharp tingle through Shane’s lower stomach. The words made Shane's body react before his mind could process them, and he opened his

mouth, letting Ilya slide in. He felt himself moaning around the thick cock filling his mouth, and Ilya's hand tightened in his hair, holding him in place.

Every word landed heavy in his chest, and the mean edge in Ilya's tone only made him feel safer, like he was being held in place on purpose. Shane's hands slid up Ilya's thighs, gripping tightly, flustered by how solid he felt and how little effort it took for him to stay in control.

"Look at me," Ilya growled.

The roughness in Ilya's voice made Shane's breath catch in his throat, and he looked up, finding dark eyes staring down at him. Ilya's hands moved on Shane's head, tangling his fingers in Shane's messy hair. Shane moaned at the touch, the slight tingle of pain as Ilya tugged it.

Halfway through, Shane made a gagging sound, because it was so much of it shoved up his throat. He concentrated on breathing through his nose, and opened a little wider to accommodate the rest of the length.

"You were made for this," Ilya growled, pulling him back with a wet sound, and then slapping himself against Shane's face a few times. "Come on, hon. Don't you want it?"

Shane stuck his tongue out, chasing him desperately, because he wanted to feel him pulsing in his mouth. "Want it so bad," his voice was soft and a little breathless.

Ilya laughed under his breath and leaned down, brushing a brief, almost gentle kiss against Shane's mouth, soft and fleeting, and it was gone before Shane could follow, before he straightened up to grab his dick in his hand.

"I know you want me stuffing your mouth with my fat cock until your jaw aches," he mumbled as he shoved himself back into Shane's mouth. "This mouth is only mine, you get that? Just like the rest of you."

Shane hated how fast his body reacted. Hated how relief came before shame, how being held still felt safer than standing on his own. This was the part that scared him, not the wanting, but how easily it quieted the noise in his head.

Ilya could see how the lashes that fanned over Shane's cheekbones fluttered, and how the press of his lips gave light suction, while his face turned a deeper shade of red at the words. "Yes, just like that. Now swallow," he commanded, holding him still. "Your pretty lips look so good like this."

"Ha, that's good, you were made to suck cock," Shane slurped down, the taste of Ilya's cock filled Shane's mouth, the salty, musky flavor coating his tongue. He moaned, sucking harder, letting his tongue work along the shaft, teasing the sensitive skin. Ilya groaned, his hips moving slightly, pushing himself deeper into Shane's mouth.

Shane moaned around his cock, his body feeling like it was on fire. Ilya's grip on his hair tightened, pulling him closer, forcing him to take more of his length. Ilya's cock slid across

his tongue, hitting the back of his throat, and Shane swallowed around him, feeling the thick flesh throbbing in his mouth.

Shane's body shuddered with pleasure, his own cock hard and aching in his pants. He was desperate for relief, but he knew that Ilya wouldn't let him touch himself. Not until he was done with him.

Ilya's hips moved faster, his cock sliding in and out of Shane's mouth. Shane sucked him harder, his tongue working along the shaft, teasing the head. He moaned around him, his body shaking with pleasure. Shane breathed through his nose and swallowed hard, and his vision swam. Shane's mouth popped off the dick almost obscenely, mouthing at the side of the length, using his lips to feel every vein of the shaft. He blinked water from his eyes.

Ilya's thumb brushed under Shane's eye, wiping away moisture and lingering longer than necessary. Strong hands grabbed under Shane's thighs and lifted him, and he wrapped his legs around Ilya's waist as they moved. The sudden lift tore a small, surprised sound from Shane, and being carried so easily left him flustered, his heart racing and his body going pliant without him meaning to.

Ilya held him easily, with one arm solid around his back and the other supporting his thighs. There was a little rush in his step as they moved down the hall and into the bedroom. The room was darker and quieter, with black sheets spread across the bed. Ilya lowered Shane onto the mattress carefully, following him down, with one hand staying planted on his back so he never felt abandoned.

The mattress dipped beneath Ilya's weight, and the dark sheets were cool against Shane's skin, anchoring him to the space as heat pooled low in his gut.

A hand slid between Shane's legs, and his fingers slipped between his cheeks, touching him there, where he was all soft and compliant. Ilya traced his thumb down the crack of Shane's ass, rubbing at his hole and making him squirm. He shifted back to his stomach, burying his face into the pillow, while Ilya moved behind him, trailing his fingers along his skin.

He leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to the small of Shane's back, moving lower until he could press his mouth to his hole. Shane gasped, his hips jerking slightly, but Ilya held him down firmly. His tongue pressed against the tight ring of muscle, pushing inside just a little, teasing it gently.

Shane's breath caught in his throat. He made a small sound, his hands clenching in the sheets. Ilya hummed, his tongue moving deeper, and Shane felt like he was melting. Ilya's fingers gripped his ass, spreading him wider, and he moved his tongue in and out of Shane's hole, tasting him thoroughly.

Shane couldn't hold back the moan that escaped his lips, his hips moving back against Ilya's mouth. He wanted more, needed it.

"You taste so good, baby," Ilya whispered, pulling away slightly, his fingers trailing down the inside of Shane's thigh. "You want more?"

Shane nodded frantically, his body trembling. Ilya chuckled, the sound dark and promising, and he pressed his mouth back against Shane's ass, licking and sucking at his hole until Shane was writhing beneath him.

He fucked Shane with his tongue, licking and sucking and probing his hole until he was a whimpering mess. Ilya pulled away, leaving Shane feeling empty and needy.

Shane whimpered and tried to close his legs, but the hold was firm and unyielding, and heat and pressure followed, impatient and overwhelming. Ilya shifted behind him, grabbing the lube and pouring it generously onto his fingers. He slicked up Shane's entrance and pushed his finger inside, moving it in and out slowly, spreading the lube around.

"Fuck," Shane groaned, pressing back against Ilya's finger. Ilya smiled, his eyes dark with lust. He added another finger, stretching Shane wider, making him gasp. Ilya slid his tongue into Shane's, his wet mouth claiming his own, and then let his hand brush over his brown nipple. He was rewarded with a soft moan into his mouth.

Shane arched off the bed, and his skin tingled wherever he was touched. He mewled and squirmed beneath the weight above him, pushing back helplessly, while Ilya placed a hot kiss to his neck as he pinched his nipple, tugging it between his fingers.

Ilya's fingers moved in and out of Shane's hole, curling and stroking, sending pleasure coursing through him. He added a third finger, and Shane moaned, his hips moving back to meet Ilya's thrusts. Ilya's other hand gripped Shane's hip, holding him in place as he fingerfucked him.

There was a real possibility he might pass out.

Ilya brought his hand around Shane's prick. A harsh chuckle sounded near his ear, and a hand stroked lazily along his length, intermittently leaving kisses along his neck. Ilya pulled his fingers out of Shane's ass, and Shane felt empty and desperate for more.

"This tiny thing can't even compare with mine."

"Fuck off, asshole." Ilya smirked and leaned down, brushing his mouth along Shane's shoulder, his teeth grazing skin without biting, possessive.

"How about I fuck your hole, hm? That sounds better to me. It seems to be begging for it."

With movement behind him, he heard the sound of a condom wrapper opening, and then Ilya was behind him again, his cock rubbing against Shane's hole.

Ilya's hand stayed on his lower back, warm and steady, pressing him into the mattress just enough to remind him to stay still. Pressure slid along him, slow and deliberate. A moan tore from Shane's throat, and his eyes rolled back. With a low groan, Ilya pushed inside, his cock filling Shane completely. Shane cried out at the feeling, his walls clenching around the intrusion.

"You're a pretty little thing, aren't you?" Ilya bent over him, chest to back, his weight deliberate and grounding, with his hands firm at Shane's hips, keeping him exactly where he wanted him. A grunt sounded above him as Ilya pressed closer, making sure he was as deep as possible.

“You like this, yes?” he murmured, and he waited for Shane’s drowsy nod before moving closer. “I’m going to get you full, don’t worry. Your greedy hole is swallowing me whole.”

Ilya kissed the shell of Shane’s ear, slower this time, with his lips lingering, while one hand threaded through Shane’s fingers and pinned his hand to the bed, not letting go.

“Don’t think,” he said softly, and his fingers tightened like a promise. “That’s my job. Gonna take care of you.”

Shane felt him throbbing inside him, but he stayed still, allowing himself to adjust. Then, impatient with the lack of action, Shane started moving his hips in slow circles.

Ilya shook his head fondly. “You rush everything. Always afraid I’ll disappear if you don’t grab fast enough,” he tutted.

Movement followed, steady and relentless, and it drove every thought out of Shane’s head. The room filled with breath, sound, and heat. Shane clung to Ilya’s hand, squeezing tight every time the pressure shifted, overwhelmed and flustered by how completely he was held. Ilya paused at the top and ground slowly, dragging a reaction out of Shane that left him scrabbling at the sheets, desperate for something to cling to.

“I’ve got you,” Ilya murmured, low and firm.

Ilya moved slowly, but Shane still inhaled sharply, because he could feel the fat cockhead pressed against his leaking rear, filling the emptiness of his aching hole. His thrusts were slow and deep at first, each one pushing Shane forward slightly. Shane gripped the sheets tightly, moaning softly with each thrust. Ilya’s hands tightened on his hips, pulling him back to meet each thrust.

He moved in and out, sending pleasure racing through Shane’s body, and Rozanov’s cock rubbed directly against his prostate. Eventually, he fell into an easy rhythm of hard slaps. “Fuck,” Ilya groaned, his pace quickening. “You feel so good.”

Shane whimpered, his body rocking back and forth with the force of Ilya’s thrusts. He felt full and stretched, his body tingling with pleasure. Ilya’s cock hit his prostate dead-on, sending shocks of pleasure through his body.

“Please,” Shane begged, his voice breathy. “More, please.” Ilya obliged, his thrusts becoming harder and faster. Shane cried out with each impact, his body jerking wildly.

“You know what drives me crazy? These freckles on your face, Fuck,” Ilya growled. “I wish I could breed you right now.”

Shane shuddered, Ilya’s words sending a thrill through him. He squeezed his hole around Ilya’s cock, earning a groan from the other man. “Me too,” he admitted, his voice shaking. “I want you to fill me up, to get me pregnant.”

Ilya’s pace faltered, his grip on Shane’s hips tightening. “Fuck, Shane. Don’t say things like that.”

“Why not?” Shane panted, looking back at Ilya over his shoulder. “It’s what I want. I want you to knock me up.”

Ilya groaned, leaning forward to press his forehead against Shane’s back. He moved inside Shane slowly, his cock dragging along his walls with each thrust.

“I want that too,” Ilya admitted, his voice strained. “I want to see you round with our child. I want to breed you over and over again, until you’re pregnant with my baby.”

Shane moaned, the image Ilya’s words conjured made him even hotter. “God, yes. Fuck me, Ilya. Breed me.”

“You’re going to have to stop playing for a while,” Ilya said, Shane stiffened slightly in his arms. “What? Why?” Ilya’s arms tightened around him, pulling him closer. “Because you’ll need to be home, taking care of our child.”

Shane felt his heart skip a beat, more desire pooling in his gut. “Our child?”

Ilya chuckled. “Yes, ours. I’m going to knock you up so many times, hon. You’re going to be so full of my cum.”

Shane squirmed in Ilya’s arms, his cock so hard at the other man’s words. “I want that,” he breathed. “I want you to breed me so much.”

Shane let out a continuous stream of “ah, ah, ah,” while Ilya thrust hard into him, then pulled out slowly before doing it again. Shane threw his head back, and his back arched off the bed.

Ilya grunted softly, “I’m going to fill you up with so much cum,” he promised, nipping at Shane’s neck. “You’re going to be pregnant all the time.”

“Get me pregnant, Ilya.”

Ilya’s grip on his hips tightened, his thrusts becoming more frantic. “Fuck, I’m gonna cum,” he growled. “Gonna fill you up just how you like it.” Ilya straightened up, his hands tightening on Shane’s hips once more. He began to thrust faster, his cock slamming into Shane’s tight hole.

“Touch yourself,” he ordered, his voice rough with lust. “Make yourself cum.”

Shane reached down, wrapping his hand around his cock. He stroked himself in time with Ilya’s thrusts, his breath coming in short pants. Ilya’s cock was hitting his prostate with each stroke, and Shane could feel his orgasm building rapidly.

“I’m close,” he warned, his voice high-pitched. The slow build in him peaked, and he came hard, whining and moaning, letting out a loud cry. He felt his orgasm building, his cock leaking pre-cum onto the sheets beneath him.

“Cum for me,” Ilya growled, his hand moving around to stroke Shane’s cock. “Let me feel you cum.”

Shane couldn't hold back any longer, his orgasm crashing over him like a wave. Ilya continued to thrust into him, prolonging his pleasure.

When Shane finally came down from his high, he felt Ilya's grip on his hips tighten. The Russian slammed into him a few more times, and then with a loud groan, he came. Shane felt Ilya's cock pulsing inside him, and he whined softly.

Ilya pulled out slowly, and Shane felt empty without him. He collapsed onto the bed, panting heavily. Ilya moved away again, and Shane heard the sound of him removing the condom and tossing it away.

Then he felt the Russian's weight on the bed behind him. Ilya's arm wrapped around his waist, pulling him close. Shane turned in his embrace, burying his face against Ilya's chest. He felt safe and sated, his body relaxed and calm.

"Thank you," he murmured, nuzzling against Ilya's neck.

Ilya chuckled, his hand stroking through Shane's hair. Shane closed his eyes, feeling content and at peace. He knew he would be sore tomorrow, but it was a good kind of sore. The kind that reminded him of the pleasure he had experienced, of the pain and the ecstasy that Ilya had given him.

Ilya didn't let go. He stayed close, solid, one arm firm around Shane's middle, the other smoothing up and down his back in slow, grounding strokes. He peppered kisses all over Shane's face.

"Hey," Ilya murmured. "Stay with me." Shane nodded faintly, cheek pressed against the mattress. His limbs felt boneless, thoughts hazy.

"Good," Ilya said. "You did good." That alone made Shane's chest ache, his fingers curled into the fabric of Ilya's shirt. "...You're annoying," he muttered weakly.

Ilya huffed a laugh. "And you like me that way." He pressed a kiss to Shane's temple, lingering.

"Drink some water," he added after a moment. "You look like you might forget how to be a person." Shane managed a quiet laugh, breath hitching.

He stayed there, unmoving, until Shane's breathing evened out, until the tension fully drained and the shaking stopped. Only then did Ilya let himself relax, resting his cheek against Shane's hair. They needed a shower.

"Let's watch a movie first," he murmured. "I'm not letting you spiral tonight."

Shane didn't argue, they could shower later.

I hope you all like it! I'd love to hear your thoughts, and if you have any tips that could make the fic, or my writing in general, better, they would be very welcome. I still don't really know what I'm doing haha. Thank you for reading!

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