

we've both been very brave

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by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya's hands are in his hair, his teeth on on his lip

Notes

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

In a perfect world, Shane would be shoving some girl up against this door, kissing her, and liking it.

Instead, he's being shoved up against the door, and Ilya's hands are in his hair, his teeth on his lip, and he's gasping into his mouth. Instead of Shane picking up some faceless girl and throwing her onto the bed, he's being spun to face the door, and Ilya's up against his back, shoving a knee in between his legs for him to grind down onto. Sharp teeth trace a line down his throat, and he fights to keep a broken moan from coming out.

"I want, I want," he says, his voice breaking with the effort of it.

"What do you want, hmm?" Ilya's got a hand on his jaw, and Shane's bent back, his head where Ilya wants and the rest of him where Ilya wants, too, hard in his pants like a teenager at prom. Ilya's fingers stroke his jaw, and it's all he can do not to relax into it. "Do you want me to fuck you? Do you want me to bend you over and make you come on my cock?"

The sound of his heartbeat is louder than anything else in the whole world. He nods. Ilya tuts. "No, that won't work. Tell me what you want."

He swallows, and Ilya's fingers ride his throat as it bobs. "I want you to fuck me."

Ilya tuts again. "No, that's not right. Say it all." His fingers tighten a little, and it's this, this hard tenderness, the strength that he's allowed to relax into, knowing it'll catch him, that tears start to well in his eyes despite his best efforts, spilling humiliation down his cheeks. "I want you to bend me over and make me come on your cock," he sniffs.

Ilya pulls him away from the door, kissing him all the way to the bed. He lands astride his lap, and tries at first to pull away, to not knock and grind up against him, but there's that hand in his hair, sharp and demanding as Ilya shoves a hand up his shirt, as he tweaks a nipple. When Shane lets out a gasp, Ilya takes the chance to slip his tongue inside his mouth, wet and warm. The room is spinning, maybe, and the focal point is Ilya and what he's doing.

Ilya works Shane's shirt up and over his head, tossing it someone across the room, and Shane takes the opportunity to unbutton the stupid shirt Ilya is wearing, to bite his way down the his neck and his chest, except Ilya is working Shane's sweats off, and his boxers. Shane takes a moment to pant into Ilya's neck, but his breath catches as Ilya gets his hands on him, as he spreads him, grabbing, digging his fingers in.

"This ass," he groans. "Hollander, I have been thinking of this sweet, fat little ass for weeks."

He stretches out the words, voice low, like the groan of an engine from far off, punctuating every word with a harsh slap. Shane can feel the rumble of it through his chest. "The way it moves." There's another sharp sting and Shane is gasping, hiding his face. He's embarrassingly, shockingly hard, but he can't grind on the bed, he can't do anything but lie there while Ilya moves him around, while Ilya fondles him. "You have no idea. Fucking dirty, you're like a fucking porn star."

Ilya takes one hand off his ass, rummages in the nightstand. Shane busies himself with leaving a nice set of marks along the line where Ilya's necklace sits, clenching his hands into Ilya's hair. Ilya slides his other hand up Shane's body, leaving goosebumps in his wake, until he's cupping the back of his head, and slowly sitting them up. He's got a bottle of lube in his hands. "I don't want you getting your hands on that pretty cock of yours," he tells Shane. "So either you promise to be good, or you let me make sure."

Shane looks at the lube, because he can't look at Ilya, he can't show off the virulent blush that he's sure is creeping across his cheeks. He swallows, again. "I-I'll be good."

He feels rather than sees Ilya's smile as he kisses him, sliding his tongue inside his mouth. There's the *snick* of the cap coming off, and the way his whole spine shudders when the cold lube ends up on his rim, Ilya circling one finger around before slipping it in. He lets out a shuddering breath, releasing tension. "Good, so good for me, Hollander," Ilya murmurs, catching his lips again. Shane never wants to stop kissing him. He never wants to not be here, with him.

His hands fly up into Ilya's hair as he adds another finger, letting Shane get used to the stretch before scissoring them, making space for himself. Shane breaks off kissing him, hiding his face in the curve of Ilya's neck, too overwhelmed to do anything but breathe in the smell of sweat and cologne and Ilya Ilya Ilya.

Ilya adds a third finger, and digs his other hand into Shane's ass, pulling one side apart so he can see his fingers. "Look at that," he groans in Shane's ear. "Look at you, so pretty. You were born for this, did you know that, Hollander? You were meant to be riding my fingers like this. Look at you, you love it, you dirty fucking slut."

Shane bites down on his neck in revenge, but he can't deny how hard he clenched down, and how he's hear, naked, and Ilya's just got his shirt undone and and his pants still on. He wants to rut against Ilya's abs, he wants to spill onto his chest, but he promised, he promised he'd be good. Ilya's fingers, deep inside him, crook, hitting a spot that jolts up Shane's spine, and he lets out a dry sob. "I'm going to-" he breaks off, panting, as Ilya does it again, the filthy sounds, the feel of it, too much, too much. "Ilya-"

"That's it," Ilya's breath is hot on his ear, it's warm. "That's it, are you going to cum for me? Are you going to cum on my fingers? Cum on my fingers, Hollander, do it, be good for me and cum on my fucking fingers."

Shane spills all over Ilya's chest, untouched. Ilya keeps his rhythm, forcing Shane to ride his fingers a little longer. Shane is gasping at the overstimulation before Ilya is pulling his fingers out and wiping them on Shane's flank.

Ilya lets Shane collapse into his chest for a second before shifting him to the side, letting him relax into the sheets. He goes to climb out, but Shane whines, holding onto his hand. He smirks a little, catlike, kisses Shane's fingers. "Shh, you know what happens next, don't you?"

He lets the question hang in the air a moment as he shifts out of reach. Shane is content to just lie there, but he hears the sound of clothes hitting the floor, of Ilya taking the discarded bottle of lube and the sound of it being re opened, the little groan Ilya lets out as he finally

gets a hand on his cock, when he's been hard since Shane walked in the door, the filthy filthy sound of him slicking himself up.

"You know what to do now, Hollander," Ilya says. "Don't you?"

Shane shakily gets his arms underneath him, gets his knees planted, and shakily slumps his way onto his hands and knees, before kind of collapsing to his knees, his face mashed into the pillow, eyes closed.

Ilya takes a deep breath behind him, letting it out in a suspiciously controlled manner. "Good boy," he says. Shane buries his face deeper in the pillow, burning. He's still kind of shaky, not put together, nerves still alight, and he involuntarily twitches as Ilya gets a hand on one side of him, spreading him open, stroking down his flank. Ilya raises a hand and slaps it, and Shane bites down on the pillow so he doesn't cry out.

Ilya casually nudges his cock up against Shane's hole, rutting up against it. "Should I just get off like this?" he muses. "Just paint your back with my cum, get you all dirty and marked up?"

Shane shakes his head, unwilling to speak. Ilya slaps the other side of his ass, his cock a constant weight. "Use your words, Hollander."

Shane swallows, a few tears beading at the corners of his eyes, threatening to come out. "I said, I want you to bend me over and make me come on your cock."

Ilya laughs at him, and his tears spill out of his eyes at the mocking tone. "That wasn't so hard, was it?" He pushes in, and the world narrows to this, to the feel of Ilya, inside him, close to him.

Ilya breathes out, holding steady. "Fuck, Shane," he says. "You feel so fucking good." He slides out and back in, building up to a faster pace than Shane can handle. It's all he can do now to just hold on. The sounds coming out of him are pornographic, noises he'd never dared to make in the quiet of his own bedroom in his own condo just spilling out. The slap of their hips matches up like a heartbreak to him.

And the things Ilya is saying, leaning over his back, in his ear. The praise, how good he feels on Ilya's cock, how tight he is, how warm he is. "Shane," Ilya says. "Shane, you're so good. You feel so good. You're so good for me."

Shane gasps out, really crying now, Ilya's cock hitting that spot inside him with every thrust, fat tears rolling down his cheeks, It's all too much, it's not enough. "Ilya," he cries. "Please, please I'm gonna come, let me come, please, please." Ilya's hand lands on his hot, neglected cock, and all it takes is one, two, three, and Shane is coming for the second time that night, splattering all over his chest and the sheets. Ilya, above him, groans, as Shane clenches down around him.

Shane is driven by a fear that Ilya won't come, won't mark him up, won't claim him. "Cum in me," he gasps, teary. "Ilya, please, cum in me, cum in me." Ilya groans, and rocks his hips deeper somehow, coming inside him.

They lay there for a moment before Ilya pulls out. Shane expects to drift for a second, as Ilya gets a wet towel, because that's what always happens, but Ilya pauses, looking at him. "You look so fucking used, Hollander," he says, a kind of admiration. "You look filthy."

Shane shivers at the husky underline of his voice. And then he squirms at the feel of Ilya's thumb casually stuffing what's leaking out of him back in. "Yeah," Ilya murmurs, breath languid and hot on his ear. "Yeah. Look at this sweet little pussy. It's all stretched out, huh?"

Shane cries out, whimpering at the feel of more stimulation on already shot nerves, as Ilya almost cruelly shoves his spend back inside him. "Shhh, shhh," Ilya whispers. "I'll take care of you."

Shane fully slumps into the sheets now, ignoring the wet spot as Ilya pads to the bathroom. He drifts as Ilya cleans them up. Ilya holds the blankets up and Shane immediately climbs in, pillowing his head on Ilya's chest as Ilya's arms automatically wrap around him. His last sensation is what feels like a kiss being pressed into his hair as he drifts off to sleep, of the comforting scent and feel of Ilya, of the world only being the confines of the bed and them, together.

End Notes

title is from (what else?) I'll believe in anything by wolf parade

some fics are written over weeks or months or years. some are written in a feverish evening while a certain club remix plays on repeat

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