

Poulet Frit Kentucky

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Poulet Frit Kentucky

by [Nothing68](#)

Summary

Ilya comes over to Shane's cottage and domestic fluff and smut ensues.

Or

Ilya really hates French, Shane loves that he hates it

Notes

This was written in three hours between 1 and 4 am. I am tired.

Info for those who do not speak French: KFC is called PFK in Québec because language laws require the names of businesses to be in French. Poulet is pronounced "pool-ay" and the "t" is silent.

Okay, now go enjoy you dirty bastards!

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

Fuck.

Shit. Fuck.

This was the first time Ilya would be over for an extended period of time. Shane was sweating; he needed the cottage to be perfectly clean. Not that he usually kept it messy, he considered himself very tidy. He hated clutter and crumbs. But the knowledge that Ilya was coming in a few minutes made his adrenaline spike and his neurotic habits intensify. He scrubbed every nook and cranny of that damn cottage. Who told him that a three bed two bath was the right size for a single guy?

Not that he was single... exactly. Well, he wasn't exactly sure where he and Ilya stood, but after what happened in Florida and his injury, Shane knew things were different. The air between them felt more charged than ever, and not just sexually, but emotionally. It felt like the electric current between them was being repeated back and forth, instead of just fizzling out when it reached Ilya's cold hard façade. The wall Ilya had up was cracking. But Shane didn't want it to come crashing down. He wanted to tear it down brick by brick with Ilya's help. Maybe they could use those bricks to build something bigger and better for the two of them. Maybe they could be something... like for real.

Shane chuckled as he wiped the sliding glass door for a third time, it gleamed in the sunlight. Of course, that wasn't really possible. Ilya said it himself; they could never be together. Shane could dream, but his dreams were always murky. What exactly would this 'relationship' look like? Would they live together? Would they be out? The thought of coming out turned Shane's stomach. Not only was his whole team relying on him and his image, but he wasn't even sure where his parents stood on the issue. They seemed supportive when Scott had his big moment, but what would they say when it was their own son?

The sound of the doorbell pulled Shane from his thoughts. Ilya was here, the moment Shane had been looking forward to had finally arrived. Shane looked through the peephole, you never know when a crazed fan might show up. He caught a glimpse of some blond curls and felt his heart skip a beat. He pulled the door open.

"The fuck is this Hollander?" Ilya sounded annoyed. He held up a bag with the letters 'PFK' printed on it.

"Um, fried chicken" Shane replied, confused.

"Why the letters are PFK? What is wrong with your country?"

"It's French Ilya, Poulet Frit Kentucky" Shane replied.

"Yes, I know. But why is French? In Russia we have KFC, we don't change even though we have completely different alphabet" Ilya sounded very worked up. Shane thought it was adorable.

“Better get used to it while you’re here in Québec” Shane smirked. “Everything is in French here. We have laws for it and everything”. Ilya pushed past Shane to the kitchen.

“Yes, but is stupid” Ilya replied offhandedly as he opened various cupboards in search of plates.

“Hey, you better not say that in front of anyone, people are really serious about language laws here” Shane warned. He didn’t want to see Ilya fight a Quebecker, although the idea was rather arousing. He wasn’t sure who he would want to win. Ilya winning would be hot as hell but getting to patch him up after a scuffle might be even hotter...

“Don’t worry Hollander, I will win” Ilya chuckled. He had finally found the plates and filled two of them with generous portions of legs and thighs. Fuck, Ilya had nice legs and thighs. The way Ilya licked the grease off his fingers was turning Shane on.

“Don’t be so cocky, I know a couple guys who could definitely take you in a fight” Shane teased. Ilya’s blue eyes stared daggers into Shane’s sending a shockwave through Shane’s body.

“Yeah? Who?” Ilya challenged, crossing his arms and leaning back against the countertop.

“Well,” Shane gulped, “Myself, for one”.

“Really?” Ilya asked, “You think so?”

“I know so” Shane replied, maintaining eye contact. Ilya walked towards him, and bracketed his arms on either side of Shane, trapping him between the countertop and Ilya. He leaned in, but not for a kiss. He moved his mouth next to Shane’s ear.

“Want to find out?” Ilya whispered. Shane moved his head up and down in a subtle nod, not completely sure how this would turn out. Ilya pulled away and grabbed Shane’s hand, dragging him to the living room. Shane had a nice plush carpet, his mom picked it out for him, but Ilya definitely didn’t need to know that.

“Here is good?” Ilya asked, gesturing to the carpet.

“Uhh, okay” Shane replied. Wow, he just thought it was a bit of flirting, but Ilya was serious. Ilya pulled him to the ground and immediately started wrestling him. He held one of Shane’s arms above his head. Shane struggled to free it, but it was impossible against Ilya’s strength. He used his legs to push against Ilya’s chest, causing him to lose grip on Shane’s arm. The two rolled back and forth on the carpet. Occasionally gaining the upper hand for a few fleeting seconds. Shane was getting worked up. Firstly, from Ilya manhandling him but also from the noticeable tenderness used on his arm and chest. Ilya didn’t want to risk hurting him, even though Shane had been completely healed for weeks. His heart swelled. His wandering thoughts costed him dearly though. Ilya now had both of his arms pinned above his head and was sitting on his hips, right on his dick.

“Looks like I win Hollander” Ilya said. He smiled in a teasing manner down at Shane who was breathing hard, but not just from the wrestling match.

“Nice one” Shane breathed. He shifted his hips in search of friction, rubbing against Ilya’s ass.

“Don’t get ideas” Ilya teased. “I win. So, I fuck you”.

“Are you saying that If I won, I would get to fuck you?” Shane asked.

“Maybe” Ilya replied. His grip on Shane’s wrists loosened and he leaned down for a kiss. Shane parted his lips instantly, letting Ilya’s tongue lick its way into his mouth. Fuck, there really wasn’t anything quite like kissing Ilya. His arms broke free from Ilya’s loosening grip, and he moved them down to Ilya’s waist, wrapping them around him for the first time in weeks. Ilya ran his hands up and down Shane’s chest. He tugged at the waist of his shirt trying to pull it off, but it was trapped between Shane’s overheating body and the carpet.

“Fuck, Shane” Ilya moaned against Shane’s lips. His kisses became harder and more desperate.

“Bedroom” Shane managed to get out between kisses. Ilya practically jumped off him. Shane could tell that Ilya needed this just as much as he did. Shane led him to the master bedroom. He had pulled off about eighty percent of the pillows and hid them in the closet before Ilya arrived. Ilya walked Shane backwards into the bed until he fell onto it. He pulled off his shirt and Shane rushed to do the same.

Ilya started kissing him with vigor, pushing him into the bed like he had been when they were play fighting. Fuck, being completely controlled turned Shane on so much. It felt good to let go for once, to be completely taken care of. Ilya pulled Shane’s pants and boxers off in one swift motion. Shane’s cock sprang up, painfully hard.

“Looks like someone enjoy the fighting” Ilya remarked with a chuckle.

“Fuck off Ilya” Shane replied.

“No, I think you mean to say ‘Fuck me’” Ilya chuckled again and reached between Shane’s thighs. His fingers found Shane’s hole, tight and puckered. Shane moaned as Ilya rubbed the outside of his hole, not daring to breach it without lubrication.

“Where is your stuff?” Ilya asked, Shane reached for the bedside table but couldn’t quite touch it. Ilya leaned over and grabbed a bottle of lube and a condom from the drawer. As he was grabbing the supplies, he caught a glimpse of Shane’s famous dildo. It was purple.

“Ah so it is purple” Ilya remarked, while coating his fingers in lube. Shane’s cheeks turned an even brighter shade of red. “Is okay, I want to see you use it one day” Ilya said earnestly. Shane felt the tension in his chest dissipate. He could tell that Ilya really wasn’t making fun of him.

“Yeah, one day – Uh!” Shane exclaimed as Ilya unexpectedly thrust a finger into his hole. The stretch burned in a satisfying way after weeks of only his own hand and toy. Ilya thrust the finger in and out quickly, brushing Shane’s spot every so often.

“Fuck, more Ilya” Shane managed to get out after a couple minutes.

“Of course,” Ilya replied, adding two more fingers. He thrust his fingers slowly to allow Shane to adjust. Shane was a blubbing mess. Ilya sped up his fingers and rubbed Shane’s spot with purpose. Every time he hit it, Shane’s dick gave a little kick, as if in protest.

“Fuck me, fuck me” Shane begged. His breathing was hard and he had tears running down his cheeks. Fuck, he really needed Ilya. Ilya stilled his hand and leaned down, giving Shane the softest and slowest kiss he could manage.

“I will baby” he reassured Shane. He had never called Shane that. Shane was sure of it because he would definitely remember if he had. Ilya pulled his fingers out and gave Shane’s ass a light smack. “Turn over” he said. Shane rolled onto his stomach and got onto his knees. He buried his head in one of the remaining pillows and braced himself. He heard rustling fabric and plastic and the clicking of the lube bottle as Ilya took off his pants and got ready.

“Ready?” Ilya asked and Shane nodded eagerly like the slut he was. A slut for Ilya and Ilya alone. He felt the blunt tip of Ilya’s dick enter his hole. Ilya pushed in slowly but firmly. When he was fully buried, he rubbed his hands along Shane’s waist.

“Can I go?” He asked in a tender voice. Shane nodded frantically once more.

“Yea-ah” He gasped. Ilya began to thrust in and out slowly. As Shane’s pleased sounds mounted, so did the intensity and speed of Ilya’s thrusts. Soon, he was fucking Shane and pulling him back on his dick so fast and hard that the bed was banging against the wall with every thrust.

“Uh! Uh! Uh!” Shane couldn’t keep quiet. Ilya’s dick was hitting his spot on almost every thrust. He caught sight of his dick hanging between his thighs, it was purple with blood.

“Fuck, Shane!” Ilya grunted. He used his hand still slick with lube and rubbed it up and down Shane’s dick, spreading Shane’s precum for more lubricant. He jerked Shane in time with his thrusts, desperate to make them both finish.

“Fuuuuck!” Shane moaned as he coated the sheets below him with his cum. Ilya kept rubbing him through his orgasm. He fucked him even harder, losing the rhythm of his thrusts. Shane was breathing heavily as Ilya fucked his spent hole.

“Mhhhhh Fuck” Ilya exclaimed, shooting off into Shane. He gave a couple more half-hearted thrusts and collapsed onto Shane. They held each other as they came down from their highs. The air was thick with body heat and the smell of sex. Despite the mess, which Shane usually tried desperately to get rid of, he couldn’t’ve been happier.

“Maybe we should fight more often” Shane said after a few minutes.

“Mmm, maybe next time you win” Ilya teased.

“Does the reward still stand?” Shane asked.

“Like I say, maybe” Ilya responded turning to face Shane. He smiled at him and pulled him closer. Shane rested his head on Ilya’s chest, eyes fluttering shut.

“This pillow is disgusting” Ilya remarked, scrunching his nose. “Is covered in cum”. Shane laughed.

“I thought you loved my cum”.

“Not when is cold and drying” Ilya said, turning to remove the offending pillow. “Do you have more?”.

“Uh, yeah I do actually”. Shane said. He stood up and walked over to the closet. When he opened it about six pillows fell onto the floor before his feet, creating a small mountain. Ilya laughed uncontrollable for a few seconds. Shane thought that laugh was worth the embarrassment.

“Ahh Hollander you are so boring”. Ilya said, reaching for the pillow Shane was handing him.

“If I’m so boring, why can’t you stay away from me for more than a few weeks?” Shane asked, mostly joking. Ilya looked at him and smiled.

“I like boring”. Shane looked away and grinned.

“I’m hungry let’s go eat that chicken you brought”.

“You mean the pool-ette,” laughed Ilya.

“Yeah, the pool-ette,” replied Shane.

End Notes

Baby's first mlm smut :3

Thank you guys so much for reading! Plz leave a kudos and comment if you liked it!

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