

cry baby

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by [bluerosebouquet](#)

Summary

“Have you ever fucked yourself all the way through after you’ve come?” he asked, his warm, broad frame taking up the entire expanse of Shane’s back, and Shane’s brain was already hazy with the heady feeling of Ilya all around him.

“What?” he asked slowly, trying to force his brain to catch up with what Ilya was saying.

“Just what I said,” Shane could feel Ilya’s hard cock at the base of his spine, “Have you kept going after you’ve come?”

He tried to think, even as Ilya’s distracting mouth was on his neck again. His breath stuttered, but Ilya was persistent,

“Tell me.”

“I don’t-” he shook his head slightly, like his ears were filled with water, “I don’t think so.”

Or, Ilya pushes Shane to his limit.

Notes

I genuinely think I've lost my mind. There is no universe where I thought I would post something like this five weeks ago. And yet...

Anyway...happy finale, love them eternally I'm afraid.

Title comes from [this song](#)

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

Shane had decided that he and Ilya were not ever allowed to leave the cottage.

No, they were going to stay here for the rest of their lives, wrapped up together like this forever.

Fuck hockey, fuck their teams, fuck any other responsibilities they might have; this was what they were really made for.

It was evening. They had had their dinner, and Ilya was scrolling through his phone, his head on Shane's lap as Shane read, his neck twisted to the side so as not to disturb him.

He stole glances at him every so often, just to make sure that he was real.

Sure, he felt his warm weight on his lap, felt his soft curls under his fingers, heard his quiet breathing, but it was just a little too good to be true, and Shane was convinced that he was going to look back at him and he was going to have disappeared. A figment of Shane's still scrambled brain.

Eventually, Ilya seemed to notice this, and arched his neck so that he was looking at Shane upside down.

"What are you looking at?" he asked, and Shane had to suppress a shiver at the tone of his voice.

Shane wanted Ilya to fuck him on every surface of the entire house.

"Nothing," he said, quickly looking away, even though he still caught Ilya's grin out of the corner of his eye.

"You can look at me, Hollander," he said, reaching up to touch Shane's chin, pulling his face towards him. Shane followed easily, unconsciously, not even considering disobeying.

Ilya was shirtless, splayed out against Shane's lap. His sweatpants slung low on his hips and-

Shane's mouth filled with saliva immediately, like a reflex he couldn't stop.

He was hard.

Shane wanted his dick in his mouth.

"You're insatiable," he tried for sass, and missed by several nautical miles. It didn't matter that they had fucked before dinner, or after lunch, or in the shower, or before breakfast, or for half the night.

Shane had him here, alone. He wanted to take full advantage while he did.

"Mmm," Ilya hummed, turning his head to press a kiss to the growing bulge in Shane's own sweatpants, "I don't think you mind it."

Shane huffed a little noise, caught in the back of his throat. Ilya paid him no mind, but turned back to his phone, a smirk lifting up the side of his mouth as Shane adjusted uncomfortably.

“Ilya,” he whispered, he shifted his hips as he grew harder, but Ilya ignored him, intent on reading whatever was on his screen.

He was testing Shane, and Shane was going to dive right in, as usual.

“Ilya,” he repeated, a little more forcefully this time, and his eyes lifted up again, looking smug and so gorgeous that it really should be illegal, “Please.”

“Please what?”

“You know what,” Shane said impatiently, setting down his book and reaching over to touch Ilya’s hard cock. But Ilya was too quick for him, and sat up, away from him, that smirk still all over his face.

“You will have to tell me, because I don’t know,” he gave a casual shrug, seemingly completely at ease while Shane was already so desperate, “I can’t read your mind.”

He pouted, folding his arms and staring at Ilya petulantly.

Ilya, in his turn, grinned, and stood up, stretching languidly so that Shane’s eyes couldn’t help but travel down his stomach, following the line of hair that disappeared into his sweatpants. Everything Shane wanted was *right there*, he just had to say it.

Without breaking eye contact, Shane slid off the sofa, his knees on the soft carpet, and looked up at Ilya with wide, innocent eyes.

Ilya’s mask twitched, eyebrows lifting in surprise and delight and Shane couldn’t help the triumphant smile that stretched his own mouth.

“Go ahead,” Ilya’s fingers pushed through Shane’s hair, and he closed his eyes, humming at the pleasure that zinged down his spine.

He mouthed at Ilya’s hard cock through his sweatpants, even as his hands came up to either side of his strong, thick thighs.

Shane thought this was what he was made for; to be on his knees for Ilya.

He hooked his thumbs in the waistband of his sweatpants and his briefs, pushing them down to the floor, and Ilya’s cock sprung free, pretty and already wet at the tip. Shane’s tongue darted out, tasting his precum, and looking up at Ilya as he sucked in a breath, his hand tightening in his hair.

“Fuck, Hollander.”

He said it every time Shane sucked him off, and it never got old, it made him hard every single time.

He almost liked sucking his cock better than he liked being fucked.

Almost.

Ilya let Shane tease him with the tip of his tongue, seemingly content to watch him work. Shane reveled in the taste of him, the ache of his jaw when he held as much of him as he could, the sound torn from deep in Ilya's chest when he managed to take all of him, his nose pressed against his pubic bone.

Ilya pulled Shane off of him slowly less than a minute later, breathing slowly through his nose, and Shane felt smug that he could make him come that easily if Ilya let him.

Ilya's fingers trailed down his cheek as he looked down at him, still on his knees, his mouth still slightly open.

"Come on," Ilya extended his hand to him, pulling him onto his feet, and Shane swayed, unsteady, "Bedroom."

Shane followed him on spindly legs into the bedroom, which was softly lit, the bed neatly made at Shane's own insistence. He could see the wide expanse of the lake out the windows, reflecting a large and beautiful summer moon.

Ilya let go of his hand, turning back to him and lifting his shirt over his head without a word. He stripped him naked, settling him down on the bed, and started pressing his lips to every inch of skin that he could reach.

Shane sighed contentedly, arching his neck back so Ilya could have better access to it, staring up at the ceiling, and feeling like his internal organs had been replaced by clouds.

"I want to try something," Ilya's quiet voice broke the silence, even as he leaned down to run his teeth across Shane's nipple, smiling as he sucked in a breath and bucked his hips upward.

"What is it?" Shane asked nervously. It was usually a bad sign when Ilya brought something up when they were already in bed together, when Shane's defenses were already down, and he was less likely to say no to whatever it was immediately.

"Can you keep an open mind?" his voice was low, and his hands were moving downward towards his hips, and he flipped him over so that he was on his stomach.

Shane's eyes rolled back at the feeling, and his back arched so that his ass was practically in the air, even though the tiny, still rational part of his brain was telling him to focus.

"I guess so."

"Have you ever fucked yourself all the way through after you've come?" he asked, his warm, broad frame taking up the entire expanse of Shane's back, and Shane's brain was already hazy with the heady feeling of Ilya all around him.

"What?" he asked slowly, trying to force his brain to catch up with what Ilya was saying.

“Just what I said,” Shane could feel Ilya’s hard cock at the base of his spine, “Have you kept going after you’ve come?”

He tried to think, even as Ilya’s distracting mouth was on his neck again. His breath stuttered, but Ilya was persistent,

“Tell me.”

“I don’t-” he shook his head slightly, like his ears were filled with water, “I don’t think so.”

“You want to try?” Ilya ground his hips against Shane’s ass, “You would like it, I think.”

He pulled off of him enough for Shane to really think about it. He always appreciated that Ilya wouldn’t pressure him into anything he didn’t want to do, even if *he* really wanted to try it.

“I don’t know if- If I can-” he said in a small voice, his brain already telling him that he would do it wrong, that he would disappoint Ilya. But Ilya turned Shane back towards him enough that they could look at each other, and his eyes were soft and fond, like he hadn’t expected anything different.

“Does not matter. We can try it, and if you don’t like it, just tell me, and I will stop.”

“Do we need like- A safe word or something?”

A wide smile spread across Ilya’s face, and he broke into nearly hysterical laughter. Shane flushed, embarrassed.

“Shut up!”

“Who taught you about that?” he asked, looking incredulously delighted.

“No one,” Shane looked away, “I just- Heard about it and I didn’t know if- We should.”

“If you want, but I don’t think we need one. If you say stop, I stop.”

He kissed him, and Shane couldn’t help but respond, his hands coming up to tangle in his hair.

He was nervous, but the thrill in his stomach at trying something new with Ilya was outweighing the fear.

“Okay,” he finally said against his mouth, and Ilya pulled back, looking at him seriously.

“You’re sure?”

“Yeah,” he smiled up at him shyly, “I want to- Try it.”

Ilya looked at him with a hunger in his eyes, and Shane couldn’t help the thrill that went through him as their eyes met.

At first, it was normal. Ilya took his time with Shane, all heavy hands and purposeful touches designed to make Shane lose his mind. He fucked him from behind, his pace measured, and Shane was embarrassed at how close he was when Ilya didn't seem to be anywhere near finishing.

He started second guessing himself, even as the pleasure of an impending orgasm was curling along his spine.

He barely had time to start overthinking however, before he felt Ilya's hand close around his hard cock, and he jumped,

"What-" he started, even as his eyes rolled back and he scrabbled for purchase in the pillows.

"Just relax," Ilya said, even as his hips slapped against Shane's ass, "Come for me, give me all you can."

And Shane did, partially because he couldn't help it, and partially because Ilya asked him to.

He felt his sticky release all over his stomach, too blissful to even complain about the state of the duvet, and sighed as Ilya stilled for a moment, pulling out of him slowly, the tendons in his neck standing out as he clearly fought to keep from coming. Slowly, he turned Shane onto his back, looking at him intently,

"You okay?" he asked, his fingers skating down the side of his face, and Shane hummed happily, almost forgetting what they were about to do, "You ready?"

"Sure," Shane smiled blearily up at him, and Ilya kissed his forehead gently, before he lifted his legs up, so that his knees were by his ears.

He gave a broken moan as Ilya pushed back into him; it was a strange sensation, a little painful, but not so bad that he wanted him to stop.

"Okay?" he heard Ilya say, and he nodded, letting Ilya adjust him so that his legs came down slightly.

Slowly, experimentally, he gave a shallow thrust, and Shane's cock twitched.

"Fuck," Shane groaned, feeling like he was becoming untethered from the earth. He wanted more. "Harder."

"Yeah?" Ilya looked at him eagerly, and Shane could see how much he wanted this. And he trusted Ilya with everything he had.

"Yeah."

"My pretty boy," Ilya crooned, adjusting the angle so that Shane cried out, not sure if he was arching into the feeling or away from it, "So easy for me."

Shane never would have thought he would have liked being talked to like this. It made him feel a little bit like a whore. But he liked it with Ilya, and he didn't mind the idea of being

Ilya's whore.

Ilya started a steady pace, harder than before, and Shane felt himself, somehow, getting hard again. He didn't think he could come, not like this, but Ilya didn't seem phased, and continued to fuck him, a stream of praise, half in English, half in Russian, being whispered in Shane's ear.

It was all too much, but Shane found that he liked it, the pleasure twisting into pain and back again; he liked the swing, the back and forth, and the feeling that Ilya could push him to the very breaking point without ever letting him fall.

The feeling of being used was starting to intensify, so that it was almost too much. Nothing felt real, there was only Ilya and the half-painful sensation of Shane's cock rubbing against his own stomach with every thrust.

"One more," Ilya said, watching Shane carefully, "Give me one more."

"I can't," Shane cried, fat, hot tears slipping out of his eyes and down his face, overwhelmed by the pleasure and the pain splintering inside him, "I can't!"

"Yes you can, sweetheart," Ilya's voice was warm, draping over Shane like a blanket, "I know you can."

It hurt. It felt so good. It hurt. It felt so good.

"Ilya," he moaned, his voice shaking as more tears joined the first, sliding down his cheeks onto the sheets below him, "*Ilya*."

"Look at those pretty tears," Ilya's thumb swiped at his face, catching the wetness there. His face was oddly mirrored against Shane's, and he looked ravenous, like he was starved for whatever Shane was giving him, "You even look good when you cry for me."

There was something strange building inside him. He couldn't define it, couldn't name it, but he could feel it.

"Ilya," his voice was high pitched, stretched to a breaking point, "I- I think I-"

"Hmm?" he almost sounded patronizing, his head cocked to the side even as he kept up his punishing pace, "You think what?"

"I don't-" he looked away, but Ilya was tapping the side of his face with his palm, a slap with no heat behind it. Shane obeyed the silent command, and turned his face so their eyes met again.

"You think what? Tell me," Ilya said, gripping Shane's chin with his free hand, so that he couldn't look away.

"I- Think- I'm gonna- Come- Again-"

Shane felt unspooled, unwrapped down to the finest wire. He was losing his grip on everything, it was all breaking apart in his hands and everything was pinpointed down to the strange heat growing in his lower stomach.

It was like an orgasm, but also nothing like one at all. He felt the crest of the wave, and it was somehow more painful and more powerful than the first one.

He arched off the bed, so far back that he thought he might be bending himself in half, and he shut his eyes so tightly that he saw white.

Everything felt so good and so terrible at the same time, and he felt the tears still coming down his face even as he moaned so loudly that it vibrated in his ears,

“Look at me.”

Shane did, opening his eyes with a supreme effort to look him in the face.

“Yes Shane,” Ilya wouldn’t take his eyes off him, but watched him shaking like a leaf caught on a dead branch beneath him, bracing his hands against the headboard, “Fuck baby, you look so incredible, coming dry for me like this.”

On and on it went, until Shane thought he must be about to die. His brain was nothing but static as Ilya fucked him through his second orgasm.

“More,” Shane couldn’t believe he had managed to say anything, “More *please*.”

Ilya’s eyes darkened, and he reached down, the pad of his thumb dragging along the swollen head of Shane’s cock. He positively yelped at the feeling and arched back again, wanting this to end and at the same time wanting to live in this feeling forever.

“Gonna come in you,” Ilya said, his eyes wide open as he looked down at Shane, drinking him in, “So perfect like this, always so fucking perfect, Hollander. Made for me, hm? Just me?”

“Yes,” Shane cried, his eyes burning with tears even as Ilya leaned down to lick a wide stripe up his cheek, tasting the salt left there by Shane’s tears and his sweat, “Just you. Just you. Just you.”

He sounded pathetic and weak and nothing more than a vessel for Ilya to fuck.

He loved it.

“Fuck,” Ilya stiffened, then stilled, spilling inside Shane as he bit down on his shoulder, leaving a ring of teeth marks that Shane wanted to get tattooed on his body.

Neither of them said anything for a long time. They laid together, wrapped around each other, trying to catch their breath.

Everything felt heightened, so Shane’s normally soft sheets felt scratchy against his skin, like they were going to rub him raw.

He whined a little, trying to angle himself so as much of his body as possible was touching Ilya. His lips were trailing along Shane's neck, and his hands were soft as they traced down his stomach and hips. He was still inside him, and every shift made Shane's breath hitch.

"Beautiful," Ilya murmured, his lips still skating along Shane's skin, "So beautiful Shane."

Shane felt outside of himself at Ilya's words, and he twisted his neck around, trying to will Ilya to kiss him.

Ilya did, and it was messy and wet and filled with spit and teeth, but it was absolutely perfect. Little noises were coming from the back of Shane's throat, involuntary and probably ridiculous, but he didn't care.

"You still okay?" Ilya's soft curls brushed his shoulder and Shane shuddered, every cell of his body feeling like it was ready to combust.

"Yeah," he said, his voice very distant, even in his own ears, "I didn't think I could- Do that."

"You did it perfectly," Ilya kissed his shoulder, his tongue laving over the teeth marks he had left there, "So perfect."

"You always say that," he said, and Ilya's laugh rumbled through Shane's own chest.

"It's always true."

He eased out of him slowly, and Shane could barely stand it. He felt wrung out like a disused cloth, but Ilya didn't leave him; he pulled him close, propping himself up on the pillows so that Shane was essentially in his lap, and Ilya's hands were carding through his hair, making him sleepy. Even still, he couldn't help himself, and dragged his mouth up to meet Ilya's, kissing him messily again.

"I love you," Shane sighed when they broke apart, his eyes so heavy that he couldn't keep them open. But he meant it, every word.

"I love you," Ilya repeated, holding him in his arms, "Sleep."

"What about you?"

"I will sleep," he promised, and he could tell that he was smiling, even with his eyes closed, "Just want to look at you for a while."

Shane was already almost gone, but managed to slur,

"Why look at me?"

It barely made any sense, even to him, but he heard Ilya's answer before he fell asleep, fully dead to the world,

"There's no way I could ever get enough."

End Notes

Thank y'all so much for reading, love you all <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!