

## Keep Your Eyes On The Mirror

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| Relationship:     | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Characters:       | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
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# Keep Your Eyes On The Mirror

by [CarnivalMirai](#)

## Summary

They've been at it for hours. Or rather, Shane has been at it for hours. He's come three times already, each one unsatisfying and unfulfilling, but Ilya won't let him stop, won't just give him what he wants.

“Please... please, I-Ilya...” Shane’s voice is hoarse as he pleads, but Ilya ignores him, piercing eyes sharp in the mirror as he watches intently. He brings his lips to Shane's neck, a hand sliding down his chest to dip between his thighs.

“Don't stop.”

## Notes

Oh look my first contribution to the HR fandom 🤪 Shane has a pussy. How he has that pussy? You decide. But he's got one because I said he needs one (and also anal sex is boring I said what I said)

It is also crazy that I have come full circle writing about 2 men participating in winter sports who fall in love, of which one is Asian and one is Russian, Yuri on Ice really brought me here 🤪🤪🤪

If you spot any typos don't tell me unless they're glaringly bad x I am notorious for never proofreading. With that being said this is not beta read we die like men

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

“Keep watching, Hollander.” Ilya’s suave voice sends shivers down Shane’s spine as his eyes flit back towards the mirror, streaked with fluid, right in front of them. Staring back at him is a lewd image of two of them on the bed, himself seated between Ilya’s muscular thighs, back leaned against his chest, neck craned into the crook of Ilya’s neck. His thighs are spread and trembling, revealing his blushing pink cunt, soaked and dripping as he works the vibrating dildo in and out, in and out.

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“Please... please, I-Ilya...” Shane’s voice is hoarse as he pleads, but Ilya ignores him, piercing eyes sharp in the mirror as he watches intently. He brings his lips to Shane's neck, a hand sliding down his chest to dip between his thighs.

“Don't stop.” Ilya’s fingertips brush his clit, sending a shudder through Shane’s whole body.

“Mhh—!” Shane digs his teeth into his lip. He tries to clamp his legs shut, but Ilya’s firm hand presses them back open. His clit pulses under Ilya’s fingertips as he runs slow, firm circles over the bundle of nerves, each touch sending sparks through his skin. His pussy clenched and flutters around the toy, and every time it nudges his sweet spot he almost sobs, desperate for more.

“Ilya... Ilya, please, s’not enough...” Shane has those yearning, needy eyes in the mirror, and Ilya’s resolve cracks, just a little.

“Turn it up.” He says, pinching his clit firmly. Shane lets out a whine, then a breath of relief as he pushes the button on the handle of the toy, letting out a lascivious moan as the vibration intensifies. Ilya’s gentle hand grasps the toy, working it in and out, his pace steady, each stroke careful and intentional as he matches the rhythm of his fingertips on Shane’s clit. He turns the vibrator up again - relishing in the way Shane moans and squirms in his lap.

Ilya can see how hard he's trying to keep his eyes on the mirror. Shane brings one arm back and around Ilya’s neck, fingers tangling in his hair, tugging and pulling. Ilya soaks in the

sight of them, cock throbbing relentlessly - it's getting difficult to ignore, but when Shane looks this beautiful, Ilya wants nothing more than to wreck him completely. The effects are almost instant as Ilya's hand trails up from his clit and he presses the palm of his hand just below Shane's navel. "Pretty boy..."

That does it for Shane. He gasps, eyes squeezing shut as a loud mewl tears from his throat. His cunt quivers around the toy as he comes, squirting all over the mirror. Fluid splashes the glass, dribbling down their reflection and Ilya can't stop watching as Shane's hips buck, plush lips sucking the toy as deep as possible.

"That's it, good boy..." Ilya brushes his lips against Shane's ear, his accent thick and voice deep as he kisses his jaw, then his neck as he fucks the toy in and out, in and out. Shane moans and clenches around the vibrator, as if trying to keep it in.

"Ilya... Ilya, please... please, I want you..." Shane's voice is hoarse as he pleads, thighs messy and wet, cunt ruddy and used as Ilya turns the toy off and gently pulls it free.

"Soon, lyubov." Ilya discards the toy to deal with later and turns his attention back to Shane. "You're so pretty like this," he murmurs, hand returning to its rightful place between Shane's thighs, "you make such beautiful noises when I touch you like..." Ilya gently presses two fingers into Shane's soft pussy, crooking them just right, "this."

Shane cries out, squirming and desperate as Ilya fingers him, the wet squelch of his fingers filling the space between them. God, it's fucking obscene, Shane thinks as he watches every movement Ilya makes with his fingers.

"And you make such a mess." Ilya murmurs into his neck, pressing the heel of his palm against Shane's clit. Shane lets out a quiet noise, embarrassed as he takes in the sight of them in the mirror— god, he really is messy.

"Ilya..." he gasps, chest puffing out with every breath as Ilya pushes a third finger into his soft cunt.

“I know, lyubov. You’ve been so good, haven’t you?” Shane whines as Ilya pulls his fingers free, leaving Shane gaping and eager. He plants one hand on Shane’s hip and tugs him closer, thighs spread over Ilya’s lap. Shane’s gaze is focussed on the mirror, eyes sharp and glassy with lust as he watches Ilya nudge the tip of his cock against his pussy. He rocks his hips back, another lewd son tearing from his lips as the tip of Ilya’s cock bumps his swollen clit.

“Hurry up.” Shane breathes, growing increasingly impatient.

“That attitude won’t get you what you want, lyubov.” Ilya smirks, the tip of his cock just dipping in but never sinking all the way.

“Asshole—” Shane is cut off by a breathy gasp, then a cry of relief as he feels Ilya’s cock split him open. He cranes his neck, lips searching for Ilya’s mouth, and when he finds it, he can’t help but sob against his lips as he sinks all the way into his lap. God, he feels so full, nothing ever compares to this feeling as he grinds his hips, feeling Ilya’s weight inside of him.

“Keep your eyes on the mirror.” Ilya murmurs against his mouth, grasping Shane’s chin. Shane’s eyes fly open, a gasp tumbling from his lips. “Don’t make me tell you again.” Shane whimpers, lashes damp, tears clinging to the tips as he nods.

“Come on... Ilya, please... I’ve been patient.” Shane rolls his hips, delighted by the low groan that rumbles from Ilya’s chest.

“I suppose you have.” Ilya drags his hand up Shane’s torso, brushing over his nipple, over his sternum before settling at the base of his neck. Shane holds his breath as he feels Ilya’s thumb rubbing at the side of his neck, right over his pulse. God, it makes his cunt pulse and flutter, makes him drip even more than he already is.

Ilya straightens his posture, one hand just resting over the base of Shane’s neck and the other digging into his hip, and he snaps his hips. Shane keens, a soft uhn punched from his chest as Ilya finally gives him what he wants, what he needs. And he’s relentless. The tip of his cock brushes Shane’s sweet spot with every thrust, forcing moan after moan to fall from his kiss-bitten lips.

“Good boy, keep your eyes on the mirror.” Ilya reminds him as he slams into him from behind. Shane can barely respond - all he can get out is the most lewd, obscene noise as Ilya gently squeezes his throat. “You love having my hands on you, don't you?” Shane nods. “Answer me properly.”

“Y-yeah, yes...” Shane chokes on his words, nerves thrumming in his body as each thrust of Ilya's hips tips him closer and closer to another orgasm. “Ilya, Ilya, please...”

“Hm...” Ilya mumbles, “they seem to be the only words you can say today.”

“Fuck off—!” Shane barely gets a chance to catch a breath before he's shoved all the way forwards onto his elbows, both of Ilya's hands grabbing his hips. Ilya sinks even deeper into him - Shane is sure he can feel him in his stomach, carving a space for himself. But still, he keeps his eyes on the mirror. Ilya drapes his body over his back, lips brushing the shell of his ear.

“That's not very polite, is it, lyubov?” The sultry tone that drips from Ilya's voice has Shane's cunt clamping around his cock. He feels himself getting wetter— if that's even possible— as he meets Ilya's piercing gaze in the glass.

Shane digs his hands into the sheets beneath him, grasping the fabric tight enough that his knuckles turn white. Each snap of Ilya's hips lurches him forward an inch at a time - it's fucking filthy, the noise his cunt makes as Ilya pounds into him. Fuck, he's so close.

“Ilya... Ilya, please, I'm c-close...”

“Pretty boy...” Ilya murmurs, voice low in his ear. “Stunning... gorgeous... I can't focus on anything but you. You're so soft and warm... soaking wet too.” Ilya's praise is his undoing. Coupled with the way he has him pinned to the bed and how sensitive he already is, Shane cries as he comes, unable to tear his eyes away from the sight of them. Shane squirts around his cock, fluid gushing down his thighs, coating Ilya's cock. “Fuck... fucking hell... you're so tight... made just for me...”

Shane can't stop. He gushes and gushes, every time Ilya pulls out and slams back in he feels himself flooding the sheets beneath them. He's gasping and heaving, face red, hair matted with sweat, he's a complete mess. Ilya's mess.

"That's it, good boy... so pretty for me..." Ilya's thrusts are becoming more and more erratic - he's close to coming. In fact, Ilya is surprised that he didn't come sooner, considering how long he's been toying with Shane. Ilya's muscular thighs start to tremor, his grip so firm on Shane's hip that he's sure it'll bruise tomorrow.

When Ilya finally comes, his lips find Shane's shoulder, a deep, guttural noise muffled as he nips and kisses at his neck as he spills, hot and wet, in Shane's soft cunt. Shane is boneless beneath him, slumped all the way forwards, whole body trembling as he mewls at the sensation of Ilya filling him. Shane's eyes finally pull away from the mirror and slip shut. He's delirious, head hazy and mind clouded over as he barely registers Ilya's soft, delicate kisses over his shoulder, his neck, his head.

"I've got you, zaychik." Ilya says softly as Shane catches his breath. As he pulls out, Shane lets out a contented sigh, followed by a tired noise as he feels Ilya's hands roaming his thighs and ass, gently thumbing his hole open. He watches, eyes concentrated on the way Shane's cunt gapes and clenches ever so slightly, semen marking his lips as it dribbles out in pearly rivulets.

When Ilya's soaked in the sight, he pulls Shane up and into his lap, curling his arms around his waist.

"You're such an asshole." Shane pants into his shoulder as Ilya's hands roam his back. "Cruel bastard."

"You wouldn't have me any other way." Ilya is far too smug for Shane's liking, but he's not wrong. If he weren't a smug bastard, he wouldn't be Ilya.

## End Notes

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