

when it hits, when it feels like this

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when it hits, when it feels like this

by [butterflylungs](#)

Summary

“Ilya.” Shane’s voice cracks. He imagines himself being shown off like this to someone, anyone. They would see how desperate he is to get fucked by Ilya, they would know the core of him, the raw, pathetic truth: that he would let Ilya do anything to him.

Notes

- so how are we all doing after that episode
- i was supposed to post something else today but i wanted to write a little coda to ep 6
- title from i know love by tate mcrae

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

Ilya is still napping in the bed when Shane comes in from taking a swim in the lake. He had planned to ask Ilya to join him, but he'd noticed Ilya's eyelids drooping sleepily and he hadn't had the heart to ask him to get up. He's pretty sure Ilya had fallen asleep as soon as Shane walked out of the door.

Shane pauses and smiles to himself at the way Ilya is cozied up in the blankets, mouth slightly open and curls spread messily on the pillow. His mouth is half-open, the plush, soft lips an attractive sight. It's been good, *really* good, to get to have him like this; relaxed, free, without worries. Their time at the cottage is coming to an end soon, but Shane is trying really hard not to think about that. He has no idea how he'll go back to seeing Ilya in stolen snatches of time every few months.

He's moving to Ottawa, he reassures himself. It'll be better soon. Well, soon-ish.

Ilya snuffles and turns his cheek into the pillow. Shane glances at the clock; it's almost dinner time. He kneels on the bed and presses a kiss to Ilya's hair. "Hey."

Ilya groans dramatically.

"C'mon, you've slept the whole day away," he lies teasingly.

Ilya blows a raspberry at him. "Is summer break, Hollander. You know what that means?"

"It means it's almost time to eat. Get up, come on." Shane kisses him, intending it to be a peck, but Ilya grabs him by the nape and pulls him in, deepening the kiss. Shane gives in, savoring Ilya's soft, warm mouth. Ilya's tongue peeks past his lips, and they both groan. "Okay, stop distracting me." Shane forces himself away and off the bed. He's still in his swimsuit and he wants to shower to get the lake water off his skin.

He's rummaging in the drawer for fresh clothes when he feels Ilya slide his arms around his waist and press a row of kisses to his neck. "Hm, you taste like lake." Ilya licks a long stripe up the side of his neck, his tongue rough and wet; Shane squirms and shivers in his arms.

"I taste gross," he protests.

"Never." Ilya sucks on the skin of his neck, and Shane almost tells him to stop, that he can't leave marks, but he doesn't have anywhere to be for a few days still, and his parents know about them now, so there's no need to hide. Not yet. This is one of the rare times they can afford to be a little less careful.

Shane bites his lip and tilts his head to the side, savoring the warmth of Ilya's mouth, the hint of his tongue against his skin. Tiny sparks shoot down his spine at the pleasure-pain-sting of Ilya sucking a bruise into his skin, the graze of his teeth.

Shane kind of distantly worried after a couple days of being at the cottage that their sex drive would change, or slow down, being together all the time and not having to wait months in between. It turns out that the closeness has only made them hungrier: they can't seem to keep

their hands off each other, permanently stuck together and seeking the other's touch. Shane feels drunk on it.

Ilya cups Shane's pec, kneading at the muscle and grazing a thumb over the nipple. Shane throws his head back, exposing more of his neck to Ilya's mouth. His nipple pebbles sensitively under Ilya's finger, and Ilya teases the nub mercilessly until it's red and sore.

"You should dress like this all the time. Easy access," Ilya mumbles into this neck, sliding his hand down Shane's abs and teasing the waistband of his swimsuit. Excitement is already coursing through veins, leaving him needy and heated.

"Might not work as well in Montreal in the winter," Shane replies.

"Eh." Ilya plays with the elastic, taking his sweet time. Shane tilts his hips back, pressing his ass against Ilya's groin. Ilya exhales sharply, grabbing Shane's cock over the swimsuit and squeezing.

"I have an idea," he says. "I was dreaming about it."

"What?"

Ilya grabs his hip and turns the both of them around, making Shane face the glass that overlooks the property. He rests his chin on Shane's shoulder and lazily massages him over the swimsuit. Shane groans, trying to buck up into Ilya's hand, feeling himself get harder.

"I should look at nature while we have sex?" Shane asks, voice low. Ilya chuckles in his ear, warm breath hitting Shane's skin and making him shiver.

Ilya tugs down the elastic of his swimsuit and lets the garment fall until it pools around Shane's ankles, wrapping his hand around Shane's cock. "You're very pretty," Ilya says, teasing his nipple with his free hand. "Especially when you're like this. Putty in my hands."

Shane hums, eyelids flickering. Ilya is jerking him off slowly, his thumb stroking over the tip, teasing at the slit. "What if someone walked by right now and saw you?"

Shane's heartbeat kicks up a notch, tension climbing up his spine. "It's private property."

Ilya snorts. "Okay," he says dismissively. "What if someone walked by?"

Shane swallows. "I—I don't know. I'd tell you to stop."

Ilya nips at his earlobe, stroking his cock harder, pinching his nipple hard. The sting makes Shane yelp, heat coiling in his groin. "You would be able to stop?" "Of course I—*fuck*, Ilya." He's bucking into Ilya's hand, his cock weeping and hard. He squeezes his eyes shut; it feels so good, Ilya knows exactly how to touch him, how to drive him to the edge. He could come like this, with just Ilya playing with his chest and jerking him off.

"Hm? What?"

“I’d—I’d be able to stop,” he breathes out unconvincingly. Ilya laughs under his breath, his hand leaving his chest and reaching up until Shane feels two fingers touch his bottom lip. He parts his mouth and Ilya slips his fingers in.

“I don’t believe you,” Ilya says. Shane licks around his fingers, getting them wet, moaning around the weight of them on his tongue. He’s staring hard at the sprawl of the lawn outside, at the faint outline of their reflection he can barely make out. It’s a clear day, the lake catching the late-day sun in the distance, water sparkling.

What if someone happened to walk by? They’d be visible through the floor-to-ceiling window, and it would be no mistake what they’re doing.

They’d see Shane desperately chasing Ilya’s hand, the tip of his cock disappearing between his fingers, they’d see him with his mouth full of Ilya’s fingers, sucking down greedily. They’d see how much he wants it, they’d know that—that he and Ilya—that he wants Ilya, all the time, with a bottomless need that scares him sometimes.

Shame colors his cheek, hollows his stomach. Shane wants to squirms away from it, and yet there’s something about the thought that makes his legs shaky with want. The shame fuels the fire like gasoline.

Ilya slips his fingers out of his mouth, shiny with spit, slows down the rhythm of his hand on his dick. Shane whines a little and then startles when he feels one of Ilya’s fingers, wet, prodding at his hole.

“I think you would want to keep going.” Ilya is not usually this chatty during sex. Shane both loves and hates it. He’s breathing hard, worked up by this scenario that Ilya apparently dreamed up.

“Is this what your sex dreams are about?” Shane says. Ilya teases at his rim for a few seconds before pushing in, Shane opening greedily for him, sucking his finger inside.

“Some of them. Could not help it when I saw this cottage.” Ilya fucks his finger in, the spit not enough to make the slide frictionless, but Shane doesn’t care. “I think people should know how pretty you are when you I fuck you. I think you would like it too.”

“It’s—I don’t—” Shane doesn’t know if he should fuck into Ilya’s hand or rut back against his finger. He ends up doing a confusing mix of both, a bit overwhelmed.

Ilya shushes him. “Is okay. Anyone who sees you, they would not be able to just leave. They would have to stop and look at you, look at how good you are at taking it.” Ilya presses a second finger inside. The stretch feels wonderfully sore, not painful but just on the edge of it. “I’d let them look at how you take my fingers. They would want to touch, but I would not let them.”

Shane has to press his hands against the glass, holding himself up; he feels trapped, Ilya behind him, the glass in front of him. His nerves are on fire, his arms shaking. Ilya’s words are making his head spin. “*Fuck, Ilya, harder.*”

Ilya slams his fingers ruthlessly inside him, just grazing his prostate, not fully giving Shane what he needs. “They would hear you beg for it and it would make them hard in their pants.”

“*Ilya*.” Shane’s voice cracks. He imagines himself being shown off like this to someone, anyone. They would see how desperate he is to get fucked by Ilya, they would *know* the core of him, the raw, pathetic truth: that he would let Ilya do anything to him. They would see him in a way that only Ilya has truly known in all these years, in so many different hotel rooms, in his apartment, in this cottage. And they would only be able to admire at a distance, because Shane is Ilya’s, because Ilya would never let anyone else have him.

“So fucking hot, Shane.” Ilya’s fingers press against his prostate with more purpose. Shane keens, fucking back against the pressure, Ilya’s hand flying over his dick, rough and perfect.

“M—yours,” Shane mumbles. “I don’t want them to—touch me.”

Ilya grunts, pressing fervent kisses to the side of Shane’s head. “Fuck, Shane,” he breathes. “They would know you’re mine. They would *see* who you belong to, who fucks you.”

Shane moans. “I’m close, fuck, p—please.”

“Let it go,” Ilya rasps. “Let them see you come, moy lyubovnik.”

Shane feels the orgasm pulse through him violently; he shoots in Ilya’s hand, Ilya’s fingers still moving inside him. His entire body spasms, uncontrolled, and he falls against the glass, letting it hold him up. He feels Ilya murmur something in Russian behind him, the soothing tone of it washing over him as he shakes through the aftermath.

Ilya slips his fingers out, gives one last pump to his oversensitive dick before letting go. He feels the rustle of Ilya’s sweatpants being shoved down and when he glances back Ilya is jerking off with the hand that had been on Shane’s dick, using Shane’s come as lube to ease the way. Shane blushes, his mouth dropping open in wonder as he watches Ilya, his face screwed up in pleasure, curls plastered to his forehead. How the hell did he get so lucky?

Ilya lets out a gasp, presses the tip of his dick against Shane’s hole, and comes like that. “Holy fuck, Ilya,” Shane yelps, feeling Ilya’s come drip down his crack and between his thighs. Ilya falls forward and leans against Shane, letting the glass hold both their weights. They breathe in tandem for a few seconds, but they’re both still shaky and they end up sliding to the floor, Ilya leaning his head against Shane’s shoulder. Shane cards his fingers through his hair, squirming a bit at the feel of Ilya’s come sticking to his thighs.

“You’re so fucking weird,” Shane comments.

“Why?” He can hear the smirk in Ilya’s voice. “Was fun.”

“I can barely mention Rose without you getting jealous and now you want to fuck me in front of—I don’t know, whoever walks past?”

Ilya playfully pinches Shane’s side. “Is just fantasy, Hollander.” He puts his chin on Shane’s shoulder and blinks up at him. “And it was hot, yes?”

“Yeah,” Shane admits reluctantly. It *was*. He wouldn’t like actually being *watched*, just as much as he’s sure Ilya wouldn’t actually want anyone else to see them like that, but the idea of it, the idea of someone seeing him with Ilya, knowing who he belongs to...

Heat flashes through him at the thought, like lightning striking true. Fuck.

“You’re terrible,” Shane adds, pecking Ilya on the lips.

“Hmm, you love it.”

Shane smiles at him, maybe a bit dopily. “Yeah,” he breathes out. “Yeah, I do.”

End Notes

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