

again? again? harder?!

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76565431) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76565431>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Smut , Fluff , Fluff and Smut , Porn , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , cottage , Blow Jobs , Oral Sex , Anal Sex , Gay Sex , Slapping , Face Slapping , Degradation , Dom/sub , Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , One Shot , Phone Call
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-28 Words: 6,854 Chapters: 1/1

again? again? harder?!

by [gyub3rry](#)

Summary

Shane stilled and his hand gripped the phone in it so tight his knuckles turned white. It didn't hurt. Not even a little, but Shane still felt it. More than he should have. His body quickly heated up and a feeling in his stomach bubbled up too fast he almost felt nauseous. His thoughts however made him feel even more sick.

He wanted Ilya to do it again.

or

Shane finds out he liked it a little too much when Ilya slapped him on the phone call.

Notes

Hiii!! So I was possessed while writing this. I only had the idea for Shane liking the slap I had no clue the rest of those words would appear but they did:) It mostly follows what happens at the cottage for a little bit but then I take over mwahahah  anyway I hope you enjoy it a little bit at least. If you do comment and kudos are always appreciated <3 Thank you!!

Shane still couldn't believe they had actually done it. That Ilya Rozanov, his arch rival and long *long* time situationship, was at his cottage. Laying on Shane's L-shaped couch, long limbs spread out. Ilya's perfect blonde curls frame his relaxed face. He was looking at Shane. A look that had settled into Shane's memory forever. Ilya's usual hard eyes soften and the most relaxed smile is plastered on Ilya's lips. He looked like a dream. Shane was looking back, probably smiling like an idiot. Ilya tended to make Shane do that. A lot.

"Aren't you tired of it yet?" Shane asked softly.

A crease formed between Ilya's brows. "Tired of what, Hollander?"

"Staring at me."

Ilya looked at Shane with bewilderment. He waited for Shane to say something again, to finish the punchline or something. When it didn't come, Ilya became annoyed. Shane was being *serious*? A long groan came from Ilya and he shifted closer to Shane on the couch one hand grabbing his thigh to pull their lower halves together, but never looking away from him. Never.

"You're being fucking serious?" He raised his eyebrows.

"Well yeah, you keep doing it for an extended period of time. I just figured you would have seen my face enough now."

The sigh that came out of Ilya was nothing but disappointment. His boyfriend was an idiot.

Technically they weren't officially boyfriends. Not yet. Its only been three days since Ilya had come to Shane's private cottage. That was not a reasonable amount of time to decide to be in a committed relationship, especially after everything they have been through. Ilya was not reasonable though. He didn't say it outloud to Shane but in his head the word 'boyfriend' came up a lot. The first time his brain decided to conjure up the word had been a mistake, but it never left him.

Ilya stared at the now black screen of his phone, his body was buzzing. He had just told Shane he would join him at the cottage this summer. He was going to Ottawa to spend two weeks with Shane.

Im going to my boyfriends cottage.

"Of course I'm not done." Ilya said simply, as if there was no other option.

Shane felt his heart skip a beat. Ilya's tone was so sure and the combination of his accent drove Shane to the brink of insanity. Maybe he could get Ilya to read him to sleep one night... His brief thoughts about listening to Ilya talk for hours is cut off by a familiar weight moving to settle on top of him.

Ilya's legs pressed in between Shane's and his face leaned down close to Shane's. His eyes moved slowly over every feature. His beautiful brown eyes, his perfectly shaped lips that

always feel so soft against Ilya's, but his eyes are drawn to his favorite feature. Shane's freckles.

"I'll never be done." Ilya's voice came out low, nearly whispering. "I haven't memorized all your freckles."

Shane felt like he was falling. His heart and stomach dropped out of his body. He was falling so hard and fast the air was getting knocked out of his lungs.

He kissed Ilya hard, gulping down the air he had. Quickly they fell into the familiar rhythm of lips moving together. Desperation poured from Shane with each movement. He needed Ilya to know how much he loved his words. How much he loved him.

The desperate air stealing kiss turned into a long make out when Ilya's tongue slid in making Shane whine. Hands started moving tugging at fabric that was sure to be on the floor within the minute the way things were going. Ilya's hand found the back of Shane's neck sliding his fingers through the soft strands there. His head tilted back into Ilya's hand chasing the touch. He took the opportunity to move his lips from Shane's to his jaw.

Ilya pressed hot and wet open-mouth kisses down the column of Shane's throat. The room was getting hotter and hands were grabbing more. Soft moans fell from Shane's lips. A mix of more and Ilya's name. He was seconds *seconds* away from ripping his beloved's clothes off and taking him beautifully on the couch.

Ring. Ring. Riing.

Both Shane and Ilya froze. Shane's eyes moved from the ceiling down to the couch where his phone had been sitting silently. Until now. The name and contact picture lit up the screen and Shane wanted to scream. Hayden Pike.

Shane loved his best friend. And his wife. And his million kids. But god Shane was so close to getting his world rocked. So close he could taste it. Literally. His mind flashed to the thoughts of what Ilya was about to do to him. He didn't know exactly what the freak had in mind but it was sure to leave Shane more than satisfied. Then his brain filled with the thought of Hayden sitting alone, probably outside away from the kids for once. He had just had a new baby a few months ago. Hayden was probably stressed and looking forward to talking to Shane.

"It's Hayden." Shane finally said.

"Yeah. I can see."

Shane looked back to Ilya. He knew he wanted Shane to ignore the call but guilt settled into the back of his head and he knew it was only going to spread.

"He just had a baby."

Ilya rolled his eyes but then pressed a peck to Shane's lips letting him know he wasn't mad. Was he annoyed that Hayden Pike, one of the most mediocre players, was cockblocking him? Yes. He also knew that for whatever reason Hayden was Shane's best friend. He'll probably be one of the first people they come out to.

"Fine, fine answer Hayden Pike and his screaming children." Ilya said, getting up from Shane and flopping to the side of him dramatically.

Shane laughed at Ilya's comment as he reached for his phone. He gave Ilya's leg a quick smack before sliding his thumb across the screen answering the call.

"What's up buddy?"

Ilya managed to listen to Shane and Hayden's boring conversation for about one minute without complaint. He should get an award for *that* at the next NHL awards. They were talking about someone in Hayden's family, an aunt or someone named Amber. Ilya wasn't focusing on that anymore. He was focused on the way his boyfriend was sitting on the couch, the afternoon sun shining brightly through the huge windows. The sun made Shane's skin look even more flawless than any stupid photoshoot or commercial.

He needed his mouth on that skin. Now.

Shane was now listening to Hayden talk about their new baby. "Oh yeah, Amber right?"

Hayden confirmed Shane had gotten the name right. It was a miracle he remembered after this many of them. "How is she? I saw the pics you sent, very cute."

Shane hadn't been paying attention to Ilya enough. As he was fondly remembering the pictures Hayden had sent of their new daughter in the cutest hair bow, he suddenly felt a presence on his side. Much closer than it had been before.

Shane's head turned to Ilya as he kept the phone pressed to his ear. The man had a mischievous smirk on his face as he raised his hand up to Shane. His brows furrowed together when three of Ilya's fingers went down. He didn't know what Ilya was planning but it wasn't good. He shook his head trying to get Ilya to stop...whatever he was about to do but it was too late. Ilya's hand moved down and the two fingers landed on Shane's thigh.

Ilya's smirk turned into a full blown grin when he saw the small panic in Shane's eyes. His fingers landed on the soft skin of Shane's thigh. He was wearing shorts that were bunched up towards his crotch. His fingers walked up Shane's thigh towards the fabric playfully, like they were little legs. His fingers made it about five inches before they were being smacked away by Shane's hand.

Shane shook his head again then wiggled his phone slightly in his hands trying to tell Ilya that nothing was going to happen while he was on the phone with his best friend. He tried. The evil hand that he smacked away immediately went back. At least this time Ilya didn't try with the stupid finger walk.

Instead it was worse. Ilya's strong hand grabbed his thigh and tried pushing it open to spread him open. His eyes flicked from Shane's face to the space between his legs. He licked his lips.

Shane's feet quickly moved from the floor to the couch cushions as he reached back, moving to sit up on the back of the couch. Ilya's hand dropped and he pouted like a kid that got candy snatched straight from their hands.

"Shane? Buddy? Are you still there?" Hayden's voice came from the other end of the line.

Shane quickly looked away from Ilya partly so he could stop himself from kissing the pout off of his handsome face, but mostly so he could focus on the fact he was currently on a phone call.

"Sorry my mom's on the other line, uh, let me get rid of her." Shane pulled the phone from his ear and put himself on mute.

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to touch you"

"Yeah I can see that...please stop."

Ilya's eyes lit up at that. Shane Hollander had never told him to stop and actually meant it. Most of the time it meant he wanted more.

"You don't want that."

Shane huffed. "Yes I do. I am on the pho-"

Ilya cut him off by giving his thigh another squeeze. "Okay I make you a deal..I wont touch you but if you get hard-"

"I won't get hard."

Ilya nearly laughed at that. Shane got hard by looking at Ilya. He will have Shane crumbling in seconds. "You will."

Shane sighed. "Ilya..." His voice was serious. Warning him not to do it.

"Shane." He quipped back.

Shane rolled his eyes and scooted a little farther away from Ilya. He unmuted himself and brought his phone back to his ear.

"Sorry about that, my mom's so annoying sometimes." He glanced at Ilya as he said this.

Ilya moved to follow Shane and his weak attempts to get away. Now they were playing a game and Ilya was determined to win. He placed his chin on Shane's knee and looked up at

him giving his best pleading eyes. Although he wasn't as good at doing them as Shane he still tried.

Shane looked down at him but kept his face neutral. Ilya was gonna have to do more.

He lifted his head then pressed a kiss to Shane's knee. He began a slow steady path to his destination leaving hot kisses in his wake. His head made its way to the bunched up fabric. Ilya buried his face there taking in the smell of Shane. His lips parted to mouth at Shane's clothed dick.

A small gasp left Shane as he felt heat through his shorts. He quickly covered it up by clearing his throat. He couldn't let Hayden hear or get any idea of what was going on. Shane would never hear the end of it from his best friend if he was caught.

Ilya's hands pulled at Shane's clothes and pulled his dick out quickly like he was on a time limit. Shane hissed at the feeling of cool air hitting the sensitive skin. He was getting worked up embarrassingly fast. He couldn't help it, it always happened when Ilya was involved. Like his dick couldn't settle down for one second if he was near.

"That sounds good. I-it will be nice for them to stay for a bit." Shane said into the phone.

His voice became breathier with each word because Ilya's mouth was slowly taking Shane in. *Fuck* he was not prepared for Ilya to take him so soon. His free hand frantically moved to tangle in the blonde hair between his legs. He tugged at the strands trying to pull Ilya off but his attempts were met with failure.

"Oh fuck..."

The moan fell from Shane's lips before he could stop it. He couldn't help it. Not when Ilya's tongue was swirling around him like he was some kind of popsicle. Shane's cheeks burned praying Hayden hadn't hear the slip. He quickly tried to formulate an excuse.

"S-sorry man I just got a text." His voice came out shaky. He needed to either get Hayden off the line or get Ilya off his cock.

One of the options was not happening.

Ilya flattened his tongue and began bobbing his head up and down taking Shane whole. The hand in Ilya's hair tightened and instead of pulling trying to get Ilya off Shane began guiding his head letting the feeling take over his whole body. The warm, wet heat of Ilya's mouth engulfed him so perfectly he had to close his eyes before he came into said mouth.

Hayden seemed to ignore the sound Shane made and continued rambling on about his family coming to visit the new baby. Hayden's words were fading into the background of Shane's head as Ilya's mouth continued to work.

Shane felt Ilya's hand reach up to his face. He didn't think much of it. Ilya always loved to hold Shane while giving him pleasure. Since the beginning of their hookups Ilya's hands

were always holding or cradling Shane. His fingers spread over the side of Shane's cheek. His head leaned into the warm touch as the pleasure from Ilya's mouth clouded his mind.

Slap.

Shane stilled and his hand gripped the phone in it so tight his knuckles turned white. It didn't hurt. Not even a little, but Shane still felt it. More than he should have. His body quickly heated up and a feeling in his stomach bubbled up too fast he almost felt nauseous. His thoughts however made him feel even more sick.

He wanted Ilya to do it again.

It had happened a few times before during their fucking. A light slap on Shane's ass or thigh. Ilya had even done it to his back and stomach a few times too but never to his face. *Oh god.*

Shane pushed Ilya's hand away hard, astounded he had done that while he was still on the phone. He also knew if Ilya did it again he would probably cum.

Ilya's pace didn't slow down but he looked up at Shane through his lashes. Shane was beautiful like this, he always was, but there was that look on his face. The one when he really liked something Ilya did. He watched as Shane's lips parted into a silent moan and knew. Shane liked it. He did it again being absolutely careful not to hurt his beloved.

Shane's eyes widened as Ilya smacked his face again. All the blood he had in his body flew south and he was sure he was seconds away from cumming down Ilya's throat.

"Hey bud I just got a...a package. I'll call you next week alright?" Shane's voice was hurried and breathless but he had half a mind to care.

Hayden agreed to the abrupt goodbye and the call line went silent.

"Fuck Ilya!"

Shane's moan rang through the empty house and Ilya didn't waste any time. Shane's phone barely left his ear and Ilya was moving like a starved man. He hollowed his cheeks and sucked Shane's soul.

Shane lasted another twenty seconds before he was spilling into Ilya's mouth. His hot cum coated the man's tongue. He shuddered as he felt Ilya swallowing all of his release. The squeezing sensation around his sensitive cock had him whining.

"Holy shit..." Shane breathed out, His hand reaching for Ilya's, the one he had slapped him with.

Ilya pulled off with an absurdly wet sound and smiled. He caught his breath for a few seconds basking in the image of Shane fallen apart above him. Slowly he crawled his way up to Shane's face. He felt Shane interlace their fingers and he smiled at Shane. A smile that said nothing but, I love you.

"That was fun."

Shane breathed out a laugh. “Fuck off.”

...

Shane wasn't an asshole. He returned the favor to Ilya blowing him on the couch just like he had done to Shane. Ilya didn't have to be quiet for a phone call though.

After they both made their way to the kitchen and Shane started on the hotdogs that had been sitting on the counter thawing. As Shane began cooking Ilya grabbed a beer from the fridge and opened it. He took a few sips and leaned against the counter watching Shane.

Ilya didn't know how he had gotten so lucky. He had Shane fucking Hollander looking gorgeous, standing in this incredibly beautiful (and expensive) cottage, cooking for... *him*?

He made his way over to Shane ready to wrap his arms around him and squeeze him, but as soon as his hands made contact with Shane he stiffened. Not jumped, he wasn't surprised. He was still.

“What's wrong?” Ilya's voice immediately filled with concern.

Shane didn't look away from the hotdogs. He couldn't look at Ilya right now. His body felt on edge, like a live wire that was ready to shock. Shane had done it to himself though. He worked himself up like this. All because he couldn't stop thinking about one thing.

Ilya slapping him.

Just the thought embarrassed him. It was too much to think about. He already had to deal with the fact that he liked...being the hole. On top of that he was overly submissive. All it took was Ilya asking and Shane was on his knees. He couldn't add like's getting slapped to that list. No way.

“Nothing.” Shane said rather unconvincingly.

Ilya took a step back and moved to the counter. He still faced Shane but he didn't want to be too close in case that's what Shane needed. He was obviously not fine, plus he stiffened at Ilya's brush of contact earlier. There was no way he was taking chances.

“Didn't you say you wanted us to be honest to each other while we are here? I can tell there's something going on in pretty head of yours.”

Shane sighed and flipped the hotdogs still not looking at Ilya. He felt bad not telling him, especially since Ilya was moving away from him. He didn't want Ilya thinking he was mad. He also knew Ilya was right Shane did want them to be honest with each other.

“I can't tell you right now.”

Ilya paused and then looked around. To Shane's credit he was right the cottage was private. Despite the huge windows no one was nearby. Or in the house. Ilya could yell from the top of

his lungs he's in love with Shane Hollander and it wouldn't affect a single soul. So what possibly could not tell him?

"Not...not right now at least." Shane continued. "I need to think about it some more."

Okay now Ilya was scared.

"Are you gonna ask me to marry you?" Ilya asked.

"What?!"

"What? You look like your about to shit pants, and you need more time to think!"

Shane took a deep breath and then exhaled, shaking his head. He can't believe Ilya thought he was going to ask that. It's almost the exact opposite, he wants to be hit. The irony.

Shane reached to turn off the stove and started moving the finished hotdogs to a plate. Finally he looked at Ilya who was smiling almost teasingly.

"I would say yes you know-"

"Ilya!" Shane exclaimed.

Both of them started laughing when Ilya leaned in and peppered the side of Shane's face with kisses.

"What? Fastest way to citizenship." He mumbled between pecks.

Shane rolled his eyes and pushed Ilya back crossing his arms. "No that is not what I was going to talk to you about."

He took in another breath. Maybe he should just tell Ilya now, get it off his chest, but the second he thought about it his face heated up.

"Lets eat. Then I'll tell you."

Ilya let out a short breath. It was annoying having Shane not telling him but he didn't want to push. Ilya couldn't let Shane get overwhelmed again like at Ilya's house when he freaked out and left. He needed to be patient with Shane.

"Okay, let's eat pretty." He said leaning in to give Shane a quick kiss.

....

Shane's leg bounced up and down fast as he sat on the edge of his bed. Ilya was in the bathroom getting ready for bed, surprisingly the man was very passionate about brushing his teeth. Twice a day at minimum. Shane however felt sick. His head was spinning about what they were about to talk about. The moment on the couch from earlier replayed in his mind.

Ilya's head moving perfectly on his dick and then...slap. Just thinking about it sent shivers down his spine. It also made his cock twitch with interest.

Ilya emerged from the bathroom looking beautifully sculpted in the lamplight. He was only in boxers and Shane had no problem letting his eyes drink in the sight. As much as he wanted to continue ogling at the man standing in front of him now, Shane knew he needed to tell Ilya.

Ilya reached down to cup Shane's cheek. His face was so red, it was stunning. The pink tint always made Shane's freckles stand out even more. That also let Ilya know Shane was thinking about something...explicit. His eyes finally looked up to meet Ilya's and he watched Shane take three steadying breaths.

"I want to talk about...um..." God Shane couldn't believe himself. Here goes nothing.
"...sex."

The sigh of relief that left Ilya was heavy. Thank god that's all Shane wanted to talk about. His face broke into a smile and he dropped to sit next to Shane. As close as he could without full on clinging. He took Shane's hand in his and began running his thumb over the back of his hand.

"Okay Shane let's talk about sex." He said it casually letting Shane know this was something they could always talk about openly.

Shane nodded his head and began looking for the words. Somehow trying to get any words out seemed to be difficult. He was too embarrassed. He tried to focus on the feeling of Ilya's thumb rubbing the back of his hand but it didn't help. He groaned then dropped his head into the crook of Ilya's neck. He breathed in the scent there and finally, finally felt the words crawling out of his throat.

"I uh...earlier you slapped me. I liked it." Shane spoke into Ilya's neck.

For a second Ilya didn't say anything. He couldn't not when his head was filled with a million different images of Shane. He was getting hard already. But he couldn't jump the gun, he needed to talk about this with Shane. It was important they were on the same page.

"You liked it?" Ilya finally spoke. "You want me to do it again next time we fuck?"

Shane felt a wave of heat rush through his body firing all his senses. He nodded his head into Ilya's neck. He felt a hand cradle the back of his head then slowly remove him from the warm hiding spot. Ilya looked over Shane like he couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"You want me to slap you and make you take my cock like a good boy next time?" Ilya's voice had dropped into that familiar sexiness.

Shane could barely speak. His mouth felt overly empty all of a sudden. He could feel it creep in, that feeling only Ilya gave him when they were together. His mind and body would finally feel...light. Like all the things weighing him down left when he was being stuffed with other things. When Ilya coaxed his brain into only thinking of him having the name playing over

and over in his head like a broken record. The feeling would always have Shane on cloud nine, and cumming way too fast.

“Yes.” His voice came out small. “I would like that...if you want to.”

Shane didn't have time to think before he was being lifted and flipped to lay on the bed. Ilya was on top of him looking down at Shane like a meal that he was about to devour. Yup Shane was definitely hard now.

“If I want?” Ilya repeated. “Oh baby, I definitely want.” He finished his point by kissing Shane hard.

Shane kissed back and tried to chase when Ilya pulled away but a hand came up to his chest to stop him. Ilya shook his head and smirked. Shane's breathing picked up getting heavier as the air in the room seemed to become thicker.

He leaned down to Shane's chest giving the skin there a quick kiss before moving up to his neck then behind his ear. Ilya's voice came out slow and thick with accent.

“Tonight you lay here and take what I give. Don't be greedy.” He licked the shell of Shane's ear. “Say red if you want me to stop.”

He pulled back sitting up and reaching over to the nightstand where the stash of lube and condoms were. He pulled out a bottle and a few foil packets, placing them on the bed.

Shane's chest rose and fell rapidly. The anticipation of having sex was always strong. His body would feel wound up and warm but this time it felt intensified. He knew Ilya was going to be more mean and demanding. His underwear suddenly felt way too tight and uncomfortable. He wiggled his hips against the mattress.

The movement caught Ilya's eye immediately. His hands moved to Shane's hips and tightened giving a hard squeeze. “I just said don't be greedy.” Then...

Slap.

Right on the side of his thigh close to the curve of his ass. A small gasp left Shane's lips and his eyes lit up. He looked like he was on the verge of tears, his brown eyes were glossed over and looking up at Ilya. He knew Shane loved it. Ilya's hand moved over the area he just slapped, rubbing the slightly irritated skin.

Shane stilled his hips even though he wanted to move them again. He wanted the stupid fabric off, but he had to be good for Ilya. He nodded his head.

“S-sorry I just wanted it off.” Shane said, trying to excuse the needy behavior.

“Ask nicely.” Ilya responded, his fingers hooking into the waistband of the boxers.

Shane didn't hesitate. “Please take them off, please I need it off.”

It seemed to satisfy Ilya and he pulled the boxers off letting Shane's hard cock spring free. He moaned at the feeling of the sensitive skin hitting the cool air. He wanted to move again. To wiggle and try to find some friction, but he decided against it. He wouldn't want Ilya taking anything away.

"Already so hard.." Ilya said as his eyes took in Shane.

Ilya leaned back to join Shane in getting nude. His own underwear discarded on the floor. One hand grabbed the back of Shane's thigh, lifting it up and spreading him open. He leaned down towards Shane and pressed a hot, wet kiss to his cock making Shane shiver. Then he moved lower and pressed another kiss to his hole. He knew he was gonna be not so nice with Shane in a few minutes so he needed to give appreciation now.

"Hold your legs." He mumbled against Shane's skin before lifting himself back up.

Shane did as he was told. His hands grabbed under both knees holding himself open for Ilya. He felt exposed but not in a bad way, he couldn't when Ilya's eyes were so appreciative of his body. He watched as Ilya began pouring lube on his fingers and rubbing them together to warm the liquid up.

One hand moved down to Shane's hole but he didn't push any fingers in yet. Ilya moved his other hand to the side of Shane's face pressing his palm flat. Shane's breath caught in anticipation, for Ilya's fingers or his hand he couldn't tell but it was exhilarating none the less. It had him on edge more than ever. When Ilya did neither Shane couldn't help himself.

"Ilya..." He whined out.

Desperate. Shane had always been so desperate for Ilya. It made Ilya feel alive in a way he hadn't in a long time. So hearing Shane whine his name like that was like doing a line. He pushed two fingers into Shane without warning. They had fucked this morning so he knew he could take it. His fingers gave no time for Shane to adjust the were pumping in and out of him immediately. Shane moaned.

Slap.

"You do not listen? Clearly I was about to give you what you wanted, but then you go whining?"

Shane moaned again, turning his head into the pillow and trying to bury his face. The slap hadn't hurt but it stung more than the ones on the couch. It was perfect. The sting had made Shane's body light on fire and the heat pooling in his stomach turned to lava. *Fuck*. That was so hot. Shane's head was slowly getting emptier and fast, faster than ever.

"M' sorry...ahh..haa-" Shane tried to apologize but he wasn't really sorry and Ilya's fingers were doing wonders so his 'apology' sounded more like 'please do it again.'

Ilya's fingers continued moving in and out of Shane fucking him open he started to siccoss his fingers too getting Shane as open as possible.

“You’re a terrible liar Shane.” Ilya said then gave Shane’s face a half slap only really landing heavy on his face. “I don’t think you’re sorry at all.”

Shane’s eyes fluttered close for a second and his lips parted letting soft moans fall from them.

“I am...” Shane tried again but his voice was too whiny.

Ilya pushed another finger into him making the half apology turn into a string of soft moans. His fingers moved harder trying to stretch Shane as much as possible. After a few more thrust of his fingers and watching Shane’s legs tremble slightly with need, Ilya pulls his fingers out.

He reached over to the condoms and tore one open before sliding it onto his cock. He shifted a little so he could line up with Shane. He could feel the man beneath him practically shaking with need. He kept one hand on Shane’s face while the other held his cock in line with Shane.

“You are needy and desperate Shane.” *Slap*. “Now tell me what you want.”

Shane moaned and then dropped his hands from holding his legs to grab at Ilya. His legs were still spread but he needed to hold onto Ilya, to feel his skin in his hands. It was a way to ground himself as his thoughts slipped away one by one. His head was only filled with Ilya as his cheek stung.

“You. I want you inside me, Ilya.” He said finally managing to formulate some coherent words.

Ilya smiled at the words but he wanted Shane to do better. Ilya had no problem letting filth spew from his lips, it came naturally to him. Shane however usually just let out curses and moans. He wanted more tonight and he would get it. *Slap*. “You can beg better than that baby.”

Shane felt so gone. His body was buzzing with a type of pleasure he never felt before, not this strongly at least. The slight pain seemed to intensify the feeling. Shane tried to make his mouth form coherent thoughts that didn’t sound entirely desperate but his head was so empty. Ilya had taken every ounce of sanity from him and made him nothing but desperate, so he told Ilya exactly what he wanted.

“Oh my god- Ilya...need it. I’ll be so, so good...t-take you so good-” He rambled but stopped when he felt Ilya sliding in.

Ilya used his hand to guide his cock halfway in. He took his time letting the soft warmth envelop him. Shane felt too good. He paused only to look at Shane whose eyes were half closed with pleasure, mouth open in a silent moan. He looked gorgeous. Ilya gave a few shallow thrust making Shane whimper.

Shane was loving it. He loved the feeling of Ilya being inside him making him feel full. Ilya was being mean right now though, not going all the way. His mouth opened and closed ready to tell Ilya he needed more but was cut off by two fingers sliding into his mouth.

“You like it? Is this what you wanted?” Ilya asked, slowly moving his cock in more. Inch by inch.

Shane couldn't do anything but make wet noises around the fingers in his mouth. His eyes welled with tears as he gagged around the digits. Ilya's fingers moved in and out, shoving down his throat and pushing down on his tongue hard. He couldn't stop the saliva that spilled out and made a mess of his face.

“Look at you...so pretty. So wrecked.” Ilya continued. “All for me...”

Finally Ilya bottomed out with one final moment. His mouth dropped and he moaned at the feeling of his cock completely buried in Shane. It always felt so good, the tight heat was addictive. He gave Shane a few seconds to adjust before starting to move pulling out a few inches to push plunge right back in.

Gargled moans feel from Shane's stuffed mouth. He spread his legs wider on the bed so Ilya could fuck into him better. He felt so full of Ilya from his cock to his fingers. Although his vision was blurry with tears that haven't fallen yet his eyes never left Ilya's.

Ilya's movements began speeding up trying to find that perfect rhythm that would have them both losing their minds. The sound of skin meeting soon began filling the room mixing in with the wet sounds from Shane and the groans from Ilya. It was music to Ilya's ear, but he also knew what Shane wanted. He pulled his fingers out of Shane's mouth. They were completely wet. Ilya dragged the wet fingers across Shane's lips then down the side of his face.

“Fuck Shane...” Ilya breathed out amazed that Shane was just taking it.

He knew he would to some extent but his submission was so strong in bed versus out of it Ilya was still baffled every time. Ilya pulled his hand back then slapped the side of Shane's face again. It immediately earned him a slutty moan.

“Harder.” Shane moans out.

Shane barely expected himself to enjoy this so much, but the exhilarating feeling of Ilya fucking into him and smacking him is too good. All the nerves in his body feel like they are on fire. When Ilya just stares at Shane he asks again.

“Ilya harder...”

Ilya seems to not get it because he starts moving his hips harder. The action takes Shane's breath away Ilya's cock fucking him open hard hitting all the spots inside him. It was good but not the harder he wanted. He whined and his hands on Ilya's back dug fingers in.

“No...harder...” He tried to formulate the words. To express what he wanted.

Ilya grunted as he fucked hard into Shane. He could feel a thin layer of sweat forming on his skin and yet Shane wanted harder? He started to shift his hips so he could position himself

better but Shane's nails dug into his back. Finally it clicked. *Oh*. Shane wanted to get something else harder. Ilya grinned.

"Slut." *Slap*.

Shane's head snapped to the side and for a second Ilya thought it was too hard, but the most beautiful moan left Shane's mouth. One full of pure desperation and bliss.

Shane was blissed out. His body was tingling with pleasure beautifully mixed with pain. It flowed through him bringing him closer and closer to the edge. His head was empty only filled with *Ilya, Ilya, Ilya, Ilya*.

Ilya felt feral seeing Shane loving the treatment he was getting. It was a sight to see to say the least. He moved the hand that had slapped Shane and grabbed his head turning it back to face him then he brought his other hand up and gave the other side a smack.

"Ahh...y-your slut." Shane moaned.

Ilya practically growled at that. "Oh really?" *Slap*. "All mine? My slut?" *Slap*.

"Yes! Nngh...all yours Ilya..." Shane said his words slurred like he was drunk but only on pleasure. "...i'm close, fuck!"

Ilya's thrust never stopped the perfect pace that had both men moaning. Ilya also felt himself getting closer, his pending orgasam making his dick rock solid and throbbing. He gave Shane a rough messy kiss swallowing his whimpers and moans.

"Cum for me." He finally said pulling back to give himself some space.

With the command Ilya's hand pulled back one last time before landing on Shane's face. It sends him over the edge immediately. He keeps his hand there and watches Shane cum between their bodies.

Shane's eyes roll back and he sees white as his orgasam takes over his body. His legs try to squeeze together around Ilya and his back arches up into him. Hot cum spills between their bodies making a mess of their stomachs and some of Shane's chest.

"Ilya! Oh my god!" He cried out as his orgasam hit him hard.

It took everything in Ilya not to cum immediately when he felt Shane tighten around him. God he was so tight when he came. He gave a few more deep thrust letting Shane ride out his orgasam before he couldn't hold back anymore. He buried deep inside Shane and came hard into the condom.

"Shane..." Ilya moaned and he leaned down pressing their foreheads together.

Ilya gave a few rolls of his hips before stilling inside. Both of them were panting heavily letting the after orgasam feeling take over.

Shane felt like he was floating on a cloud of pure bliss. He felt warmth wrap around him, Ilya laid on top of him and began pressing kisses to his forehead. Shane gave a content noise something close to a purr. He loved that even after Ilya was rough he made sure he still felt loved. He pursed his lips trying to get a kiss but he didn't feel like moving his head.

"Kiss." Shane muttered.

Ilya complied immediately, moving down, pressing kisses against both of Shane's wet eyes before getting down to his lips. He captures Shane's lips slowly, lovingly making sure it's soft and grounding.

The kiss makes Shane melt immediately, barely moving his lips but Ilya does most of the work. The kiss could have gone on for seconds or minutes Shane couldn't tell. Eventually he felt Ilya pulling out leaving him empty.

Ilya heard Shane whine and he smiled against his lips. "It's okay, need to get you clean okay?"

Shane gave a nod.

...

After cleaning up, wiping their bodies off and getting into clean underwear they slide under the covers and cuddle up. Shane's head laid on Ilya's chest and Ilya took the opportunity to play with the dark locks.

"Lyublyu tebya." Ilya mumbled against Shane's hair and he leaned down to press a kiss there.

Shane had learned the term by now. Ilya had used the phrase to confess his love the first time. Shane committed the words to memory. He replayed over and over how the Russian words roll off Ilya's tongue perfectly.

"I love you too." Shane replied. "And...thank you. I was so scared you would think I'm crazy for wanting that."

Ilya smiled wide even though Shane couldn't see. He knew it took a lot of trust for Shane to ask for what he did tonight. Ilya would do anything to protect that trust.

"Of course I think you're crazy. So I am though so is okay."

Shane laughed a little at that. He supposed Ilya was just as fucked up as him, he really shouldn't have been scared to tell Ilya.

"Yeah I know you are." Shane kissed Ilya's chest before turning his head to look up at him. "But that's what makes me love you. So much."

Ilya's heart felt full and warm. He gently cradled Shane's cheek. "Me too. Makes me love you too much. Too much."

They both lean in at the same time to kiss. It's a kiss full of smiles and love. When Ilya pulls back his eyes are filled with love.

“Next time I want to tie you up.”

Shane's heart did a flip. He just broke open a dam.

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