

trippin' on skies, sippin' waterfalls

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by [frozen_applesauce](#)

Summary

After returning to the cottage, Shane and Ilya can't keep their hands to themselves.

There's lots of shameless sex, happiness, and talks about toys only mentioned in passing years ago.

— Or what happened at the cottage post s01e06.

Notes

Moved to old account, who this?

Also, obligatory English is not my first language. Beware.

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

The feeling of being high stays with Shane for several hours after the conversation with his parents.

Driving back to the cottage with Ilya, his mind is blank. Every word he says feels as light as a puff of smoke. Before he even knows, tears stream down his cheeks, and his lips curl into a smile. It's like living in a dream.

He's so stupidly high that, even in the car, he wants to put his hands on Ilya—but damned Ilya is faster. As they turn onto the forest road leading to the cottage, his palm slides up to Shane's inner thigh. It feels larger and warmer than usual, and scorches so intensely that Shane has to tense his muscles to keep himself from getting hard too quickly.

“When we get there, I'll feast on you,” Ilya says.

Shane laughs in answer.

Tears stream down his face even faster, and goosebumps cover his neck.

He'll let himself be devoured.

They barely cross the threshold, and Ilya is already all over him.

He has this habit of overwhelming Shane with his body when he's excited. Shane's grown to love it. All of it—from being cornered to being pushed face-first against the wall.

Now both things are happening at once.

“I need to be inside you,” Ilya warns, pulling Shane's shorts down in one swift yank. “Do you have...?”

Shane doesn't have a condom with him. He shakes his head.

“Fuck,” Ilya replies with a guttural curse. His fingers tighten on Shane's bare hips, pressing bruises into his skin. “Hollander, fuck, where are...”

Shane shakes his head again, then pushes back with just his hips. Ilya's hard cock, still covered in unnecessary layers of fabric, presses right between his cheeks.

Ilya growls even louder.

“You'll murder me.”

Definitely, if Ilya doesn't take him soon.

“Are you sure you want to, Shane? Without?”

Instead of responding, Shane rocks his hips slightly. The bulge against his ass hardens even more. Ilya bites back a groan. He thrusts forward harder, once, twice—then stops. Pulls away. The hiss of the zipper cuts through the heavy sounds of their breathing. Fabric rustles as it falls to the floor.

When Ilya presses in again, there are no barriers between them anymore. His cock throbs above Shane's entrance, burning skin to redness.

“I love you, Shane,” he says. “*Ya tebya lyublyu, ya tebya lyublyu, ya tebya lyublyu...*”

He pushes in with a sharp thrust, covering Shane's back with his chest. His breath is on Shane's neck, his raspy voice in Shane's ear, his scent deep in Shane's lungs, his entire body inside Shane. It hurts in the best way possible.

It takes three orgasms—one in the hallway, one in each guest bedroom—to remind them of the forewarned visit from Shane's parents.

“They'll probably call us soon,” Ilya notes, rising from his sprawled position on the bed in the guest bedroom no. 2. “We should take a shower.”

When he wants to make a good impression, he can be surprisingly sweet. Unfortunately, his chest is still flushed pink from the exertion, and his hair is a complete mess, and seeing him like this, behaving is the last thing on Shane's mind.

“Get up, Hollander.”

“We still have time,” Shane says.

He doesn't actually know how much time they have. He's too busy devouring Ilya with his eyes—from his shapely calves, to his slightly hard cock, to the hickey blooming above his collarbone, a bead of sweat dripping down it, looking delicious.

“Come on, Hollander,” Ilya tries again, holding out his hand to Shane.

Shane takes it—then pushes Ilya down onto the bed, pressing his body against Ilya's, pinning his wrists above his head.

“Not yet. I still have time to ride you,” he says.

The Adam's apple in Ilya's neck bobs as he swallows. His eyes are wide like a doe's. For once, this image of a good boy suits him perfectly.

To reward him, Shane lowers himself onto his cock in one quick move. His body is shaped to match Ilya's.

When Yuna and David disappear from the driveway, Ilya turns to Shane and crosses his arms over his chest.

“You weren't a good boy today,” he says.

Shane immediately stops loading the dishwasher.

“What?”

“You heard me, Shane.”

The sound of his name on Ilya's tongue is like an electric shock. His body straightens without permission. He'll never get used to it.

“I don't really understand,” he says. Because he really doesn't. The static buzzes in his head too much to let him gather his thoughts. “I didn't say anything in front of my parents that would put you in a bad—”

“That's not what I mean, Shane.”

God. His blood shouldn't rush south at the mere sound of *Shane* in Ilya's mouth. But it somewhat does. And when he lifts his head and meets Ilya's gaze—hungry, penetrating, reprimanding—that *somewhat* turns into full-blown stiffness.

”So what?” he asks. His voice rises an octave; his cheeks burn under the pressure of Ilya's stare.

Ilya just stands there, the entire width of the kitchen away, watching.

“Come on, Ilya. If you don't tell me what you mean, I won't know.”

It's as if he's undressing Shane with his eyes.

“Ilya, please—”

Ilya's gaze hardens. Shane's cock too—so much it hurts.

“Ilya—”

“On your knees.”

Shane collapses. His body responds to the commands on its own.

“Good,” Ilya praises. Finally, he moves toward Shane, step by step, like a predator approaching its prey. “A shame you couldn't be like this from the start.”

Shane honestly has no idea what's going on. It doesn't matter in the slightest. If Ilya says he was bad, he definitely was.

That's why, when Ilya stops in front of him, Shane looks up meekly. A strong hand grips his chin, fingers pressing into his cheeks.

“Everyone, look at him,” Ilya purrs. “He wants to ride me right before his parents visit. Fucking brat.”

Under the pressure, Shane's mouth opens. Ilya's eyes watch, dangerously dark. As he spits directly onto Shane's tongue, Shane can only moan. Ilya's punishments are addictive.

They fall asleep at five in the morning, naked and sweaty. Wake up after two in the afternoon, and before a late lunch, they fuck again. Then they sleep on the couch, entwined like a shared body. Neither ends, neither begins—they can't exist unless they're one.

In the evening, they eat again, swim in a moonlit lake, and go back to bed. They don't slow down until they're out of breath.

“I think we've gone crazy,” Shane says, forehead pressed against Ilya's chest. His legs are still shaking from his orgasm, his muscles cramping with small spasms. Ilya's hand massages them.

“With you, I can go crazy,” he says. “But I wouldn't call us that.”

“So what then?”

When Ilya looks into Shane's eyes, his whole face shines.

“We are happy, Shane.”

How could Shane resist kissing him again?

Soon, they stop counting their orgasms. They've already broken all their records.

“I think your coach will love how much your cardio improved this summer,” Ilya jokes at some point with that cheeky grin of his. Shane kicks him in the calf.

“At least I have a coach and a team, asshole.”

“Ouch, rude,” Ilya whistles. He doesn't seem bothered at all. On the contrary—he just keeps looking at Shane's mouth, Shane's collarbone, Shane's ass, as if nothing else existed.

Shane kicks him again, because it's embarrassing.

“Hey! For what now?” Ilya protests.

Another kick.

“You little—”

His hands press Shane's wrists into the pillows; his entire weight rests on Shane's hips.

“And who's on top now?”

You, always you, I love it.

Shane's traitorous body hardens again. It takes on a life of its own, as if belonging to some stupid, horny virgin. Ilya must feel it, because his smile widens even more.

“Oh-ho. Thinking dirty thoughts, Hollander?”

He's the most handsome man in the world, especially when he's taking control away from Shane. So handsome that Shane's brain shuts down and his mouth speaks without permission.

“I seriously love it when you're inside me, Ilya.”

The bedroom is dim, but Ilya is so close that Shane can see even the slightest dilation of his pupils. And now they dilate so much that for a second, they become a black abyss.

“Fuck, Shane...”

“A good *fuck*?”

“The best.”

Ilya's lips attack his again. They steal the oxygen and scrape with teeth against Shane's delicate skin. Shane moans shamelessly into the kiss.

When they break apart, Ilya can't catch his breath.

“I love it when you're honest.”

“That's what we agreed on,” Shane reminds him. “No lies for the entire time we're at the cottage.”

Ilya's smile widens again, wilder. Like a child reminded of their favorite toy.

“So I can ask you anything, and you have to answer honest for the rest of the week?”

“Of course.”

Even outside the cottage, Shane intends to be honest with Ilya—but he won't mention that just yet. It would give that asshole too much power.

It's already dangerous enough when Ilya asks:

“So what color was that dildo?”

“*Fuck you*, Rozanov.”

Shane's cock really needs to get a grip and stop twitching at this conversation.

Ilya should get a grip, too, and stop responding to that twitching by pressing his thigh down harder.

“I don’t know the color *fuck you, Rozanov*. Is that a new one?” he asks.

“No. *Fuck you, Rozanov*, means *fuck you, Rozanov*.”

“Ah. Maybe that’s the name of the model? *Fuck you, Rozanov* modeled after my cock—”

“It’s skin-colored.”

Ilya's mouth snaps shut. Opens again. Closes. Opens and...

“That's fucking boring, Hollander.”

“I wanted it as close to your cock as possible.”

Now Ilya can't close his stupid mouth anymore. He stares blankly into Shane's face, lips parted, tongue sticking out, saliva pooling. His skin is pale, as if he's about to faint—and then it turns red, as if...

“Fuck. That's not boring at all,” he says in the gruff tone of someone barely controlling their own desires.

Shane could become addicted to such reactions. He needs *more, more, more*, even if it costs him his pride.

“I have that dildo with me.”

He didn't even know how much he wanted to say it until he felt Ilya's cock leak against his thigh.

The idea itself is idiotic, not because Shane is suddenly embarrassed to put on a little show, but because Ilya looks like he's about to have a heart attack.

As Shane opens his legs, completely exposed, Ilya's fingers tighten on the armrest of the chair he's waiting on, opposite the bed. As Shane spreads the lube along the entire length of the dildo and then pushes sticky fingers inside himself, Ilya bites into his cheek, almost piercing the skin.

When Shane spreads himself and pushes the tip of the dildo against the rim, Ilya shivers.

“How many inches, Hollander?” he asks.

“Don't know,” Shane replies. “Smaller than you.”

As he thrusts in the first millimeter, a hard *blyat'* falls from Ilya's mouth. He stares at Shane's hole, hypnotized, and Shane's ego screams for *more, more, more*.

“More,” Ilya commands.

Shane pushes deeper. His toes curl.

“More?” he asks.

“Deeper,” Ilya replies. “Faster.”

Shane forces another millimeter in. His hips thrust forward.

“Harder,” Ilya adds. “As if it were me.”

“*Fuck—*”

He shouldn't say things like that to Shane. Now Shane can't help himself. With one push, he sinks the entire dildo into himself, his body writhing against the cushions and a long moan ripping from his throat.

“*Harder, Shane,*” Ilya repeats from somewhere Shane can't see anymore. Still, he listens as if in a trance, withdraws his hand, pushes it back in. And back again. Faster and faster.

“I can fuck you better, *Shane.*”

Shane moans in agreement. Ilya definitely could fuck him better. But now Ilya's out of reach, it's just him and the dildo, and he has to take it obediently, just like he would take Ilya. He has to show how good and sweet and eager he is—

“Do you like it, Shane? Can you feel how deep it is?”

In his belly. But not as deep as Ilya—Ilya would have gone all the way in. He would have rearranged everything inside.

“This is— not enough—”

“Fuck yourself harder, Shane.”

He can't. Not in this position. So he rolls over, onto all fours, presenting to Ilya. Then, he thrusts in even faster. The plastic slips in his fingers, lube drips down his taint. His knees buckle as he hits his prostate. He crashes down. The second time he hits it, his hips start humping the bedsheets. The fabric sticks to his cock, scratching till it's raw. Too much. Not enough.

“Please, Ilya—”

“Yes?”

“Need...”

“What?”

He can't form proper sentences. But he has to be good.

“What do you need, Shane?”

“You,” he pleads. “I need you.”

The dildo disappears. Too late.

Shane comes as Ilya's cock pushes in. Can't stop coming. Sticky semen runs down his cock and his thighs, drips onto the sweat-damp sheets, drenches everything. And Ilya keeps fucking him. He doesn't stop even when Shane starts crying and begging, when he's in heaven.

End Notes

Hudson Williams would call me tame but I hope that at least you enjoyed it ~

Comments are food for my soul ♥

Also, I made a tumblr acc — find me at [@syrup-sweet](#)

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