

fucking the weed man for weed

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fucking the weed man for weed

by [jaekgu](#)

Summary

Shane meets the highly acclaimed Ilya Rozanov aka the text man, the weed man, and the fuck man.

Notes

if you recognize the title i love you.

Chapter 1

Shane had a huge problem. Technically, he had several, but the most important one right now is that his mind is too loud. He's seated at his desk, eyes burning and rubbed raw from staring at his already dim computer screen, and praying that his mock nutrition plan magically writes itself.

There's no reason why the assignment should make him struggle as he's completed multiple of them throughout the semester; yet, the sharp buzz in his head is rebelling against the math calculations and conversions he needs to do all the same. He knew that it was from the back-to-back assignments he'd been doing and the lack of his usual strenuous yet relaxing daily workouts that helped clear his mind. Despite being extremely cautious about his health and an exercise science major, his mind never felt like it was in full health or performance, and it was possibly due to the fact that he had never relaxed in his life.

At this point, he doesn't remember the last time he saw his friends besides grabbing lunch or going on a quick walk, and the additional reminders and check-ins from his mom were too much to deal with on top of it all.

He got up and tried to stretch out his back, arms lifted as he tilts from side to side and to his feet, and he grabbed his phone to see if his attempts at disappearing from the world worked. Instead, he found too many texts and calls that he wasn't prepared for and was forced to decide who would take less time to answer.

Mom

Hi, a couple of packages arrived at the house for you.

Do you want them to stay here, or do you need me to mail them to you?

Mom

Just checking in on you, hope you've been eating well.

Mom

Hey, just reminding you about the packages and the fundraising gala we're attending in two weeks.

You're still coming home, right?"

Shane

Hi, mom.

You can just send them here, thank you.

I'm still coming home, see you soon

Love you

Other Bestfriend Hayden

so there's a party on friday, i know you've been saying no, but you also know i'll never stop asking in case you change your mind!

Other Bestfriend Hayden

keep ignoring me and im showing up to your place.

i know where you live, Hollander :D

Shane

It was no before. Still a no now 😊

I'll never be threatened by YOU.

Reminder to change his contact before he sees.

Number One Rose

SHANEEE I MISS YOU!!

Number One Rose

Locking yourself up won't make you any less stressed yk

Number One Rose

No you can't explode your laptop with your eyes. No matter how hard you try.

Number One Rose

Still not answering.

You seriously need to relax. I might have a solution, but you'd have to hear me out.. please hear me out?

She's usually right...

And can probably read my mind with those eyes..

Hollander <3

I'm nothing.

Still super stressed.

Failed at blowing up my computer but whatever

I miss you too.

I'm listening, but nothing too crazy.

Number One Rose

And he returns! Poor baby):

Number One Rose

Okay stay with me... I know a guy.

A friend of a friend if you will.

He happens to have a *substance* that helps you relax.

Number One Rose

And don't make whatever face you're trying to make right now.

You said you'd hear me out!!!!

Hollander <3

Are you being serious?

You know I watch what goes into my body.

What if I panic and my heart explodes? I've never done it before.

How well do you even know this guy?

Number One Rose

Nobody's heart has exploded from a little weed before and he's a nice guy, trust me.

Pretty sure he up charged me a couple times but I can't prove it...

He wouldn't do that to YOU though ;) He'd probably show you how lol

I wouldn't do anything to hurt you either.

Hollander <3

What is that supposed to mean?

What if I get scammed too Rose

How do I even reach him?

Do you have a number I can text or?

Instead of giving him a number, Shane ends up at a random address that's only 10 minutes from his own apartment. The restlessness he'd been feeling before was now heightened, but he'd walked all the way and promised Rose he wouldn't chicken out, and he did not want to disappoint her.

He raised a hand to the door in preparation to knock and leaned against the doorframe. Only for it to open up and cause him to stumble forward, and a hand holding onto his elbow belonged to the most gorgeous man he'd ever seen.

The man in question was looking at him in pure confusion and possible irritation, but all Shane could see was a bare muscled torso and gray sweatpants, his sculpted jawline and face, perfectly curled blonde hair, sharp blue eyes, muscles, and soft brown moles—lots of them.

"You're just going to stand forever?" Mystery man said, with a thick Russian accent that immediately made Shane stand up straight.

"No? I'm here to see someone. Ilya Rozanov, I think."

"You think?"

"No, that's who I'm here for. I'm Shane Hollander and I was sent by Rose, who said to mention Svetlana and ask you for uh—some weed?"

"Ah, Okay. Yes, that's me. Come in, don't stand in hallway asking too many questions." Ilya grabbed at his elbow again and pulled him inside.

For a regular guy who apparently sold drugs on campus, the apartment was nice and clean, too nice, almost like a bachelor pad belonging to an expensive business executive and not a student. It felt nothing like his own apartment, and he wondered if maybe he'd be able to relax if he lived somewhere like this instead.

"You're here for weed or for apartment tour?" Ilya questioned with a smile.

"No. You have a nice place, is all. I didn't know the apartments could be like this." Shane offered a friendly smile in return.

Ilya gave a quick smile that was part kind and part *this guy is so strange*, and gestured for Shane to follow him into his bedroom.

Shane stood by the edge of the bed with his hands across his chest while Ilya sat at his desk and pulled out several containers, a bag of what Shane assumed was the weed he was there for, and other unknown items.

"You act like you've never been to a home before. Sit on the bed. You make me anxious." Ilya blurted out.

"Sorry," Shane said.

"So, how much do you want? You prefer specific strain?" Ilya asks.

Shane stared at him blankly and offered a weak smile that looked more like a grimace. He really should've prepared more before he came and learned what to do, but now he looked like a complete loser.

"Oh, this is first time. You have baby lungs?" Ilya laughed lightly.

"No," Shane stammered, "I've smoked a little, just never bought it." *Why am I lying?*

"Right. It's okay, I show you how, baby lungs." Ilya smirked, and Shane tried to ignore the feeling it left in his stomach.

"It's Shane." He corrected.

"Yes, Shane. Baby lungs. Exactly what I said." Ilya gave him a bored look and waved him over with two fingers.

"You want joint? Blunt? Bowl? I have a bong too. I can roll for you, your choice. It's on the house, for first-timer." Ilya offered.

Shane blinked.

"My choice then. Bong is smoother. You okay to smoke here and chill? Seems like you don't know how, might be hard for you. I'll be with you though." Ilya gently teased.

"Oh yeah, I can chill. I'm chill. Let's smoke." Shane scooted closer on the bed.

Ilya gave him a special *I don't believe that* smile and opened the bag of weed. He grabbed a small circular chamber and what he assumed was the bong, an intimidatingly large-looking glass object, and sat directly in front of Shane.

Shane watched and attempted to listen as Ilya explained what he was doing. First, the weed went into the chamber (the grinder, as Ilya called it) and he let Shane twist it around with an amused look on his face. His innocence was charming and it made Ilya smile when Shane showed him the result of his work with pride.

Ilya pinched the weed from the bottom compartment of the grinder with his fingers and packed it into the small bowl at the front of the bong. He also grabbed a lighter and a bottle of water and poured it into the bong before turning to Shane.

"I will show you how to do it and you'll copy me, okay?" Ilya asked.

"Yeah. Got it." The sweat building on Shane's hands made him stress out about shattering the delicate glass on his turn and possibly annoying Ilya. It was their first meeting, but he was already worried about ruining the small chance of ever talking to him again in the future.

Shane wasn't ready to begin with, but he really wasn't prepared for how attractive Ilya looked while smoking. It ended up being easier than he thought but he could barely pay any mind to what Ilya was doing. He focused instead on the shape of his lips as he exhaled and the layer of smoke floated around him.

Shane's mouth felt dry, his palms sweatier, and he loosely recognized that Ilya was handing him the lighter and bong. He knew he needed to grab it but again, slippery hands, shattered glass, and angry Ilya, so all Shane could do was sit somewhat frozen and stare.

"Oh, you need me to do everything for you, Shane? You're lucky I am nice guy." Ilya rolled his eyes in feigned exasperation.

He placed the bong and lighter between Shane's hands and placed his hand on top to secure it tighter.

"Inhale while I light this and you will keep going when I take out the bowl, okay? Don't stop before I tell you to. Take baby inhale for your baby lungs." Ilya explained.

"I don't have baby lungs," Shane huffed.

Ilya shot him a look and switched on the lighter, which Shane took as a sign to place his lips on the top.

He brought the lighter to the bowl and told him to inhale, lighting up the weed. Shane took in a medium-sized breath and tried to control his fast beating heart and lungs while he held it.

Shane kept inhaling and pulled off with an exhale as Ilya pulled out the bowl. The smoke rose and filled both the air and up his lungs quickly, he could feel the steady rush that washed over his mind and willed himself not to cough too hard. He needed to prove that he didn't have baby lungs despite what the sexy expert smoker Ilya said.

"Good boy, you listen well," Ilya said as he patted Shane's thigh and took the bong for his turn.

The combination of praise and touch sent Shane into overdrive. He wanted to say something cool or flirty in return, but his brain failed him and he hoped the rosy flush on his face looked like it was just from the smoke.

Shane was noticeably flustered and Ilya leaned in closer with a sly look. He placed his arms on Shane's thighs and offered him another hit which he took in, one more for good measure,

and Shane realized he was now at eye level with Ilya.

"Hi," Shane said shyly.

Ilya chuckled, "Hi, Shane. You feel good?"

"Yeah, thanks. I'm great. Just chilling." Shane wasn't sure if his eyes were still open or not, but he definitely felt high, and it felt great.

If he could open his eyes, he'd text Rose and tell her she was a genius. It was uncanny how she always gave the best advice and he was starting to think that she might've been his guardian angel. *Tell Rose that I said thank you. And that I owe her. And I hope I don't forget to text this later.* He'd surely forget his words in a matter of seconds, but he tried to memorize them anyway.

Ilya's eyebrows raised and a pleased smile took form on his face as he watched how pliant and cute Shane had become.

"Are you going to eat me?" Shane asked slightly above whispering levels.

"Do you want me to?"

Shane felt himself leaning in closer, his mind so relaxed and loose that he couldn't stop even if he wanted to and he felt their foreheads touch as he nodded.

He felt Ilya place a gentle hand on the side of his face and fingers under his chin and distantly heard him command "Look at me."

Shane had no idea what he looked like as he opened his eyes, but Ilya saw his soft slightly glassy eyes, speckle of freckles, soft lips, and felt pure want for the shy man who'd stumbled onto his doorstep, a specific type of hunger that only had one fix.

"Pretty." Ilya murmured.

Shane's only response was a low whine and Ilya could no longer hold back. His fingers tightening around Shane's chin, and he pressed his lips against Shane's.

The kiss was returned slowly with soft and delicate presses until Shane tilted his head, and chased the kiss harder with the tip of his tongue poking out against Ilya's bottom lip.

Ilya opened his mouth instantly and Shane quickly grew to love the warmth and slide of Ilya's tongue against his. It was hot and heavy in his mouth and he tried to match the rising heat and intensity of the kiss, but his skin felt like it was scorching and the low groans coming from Ilya only made him kiss back harder and lick around the inside of his mouth.

He was distantly aware of his hands grabbing at Ilya's waist and the tightening in his sweatpants, his other senses dulled as the only thing he knew was that he needed to feel him more. There wasn't a single thought in his brain for once that told him to pull back or think twice, all he heard was *want, want, want*.

"Fuck. Slow down, sweetheart." Ilya breathed unevenly.

"But. I want-" Shane pouted, his eyes blinking slowly and wet shiny lips begging for more attention.

"Yes. Me too. But not today." Ilya could not and did not want to explain that he was seconds away from coming in his pants like a teenager from a couple kisses.

Shane tried to lean in again, but stopped and let his hands rest on Ilya's hips when a finger pressed into his lips. "Next time then?" He said muffled.

"Next time." Ilya counted up and down from ten in his head. Shane had to have been a sorcerer with criminally soft lips and horny magic sent to destroy him by means of innocently learning how to smoke, but he'd gladly give him all the weed he wanted, for free even.

Shane barely recognized the torment Ilya was facing over his own as his brain still wanted more, but for the first time ever, he knew what it felt like to be relaxed and he could rely on the promise of a next time.

If he needed to indulge in more smoking and train his lungs to impress Ilya more, he would. If he wanted to get his hands anywhere on Ilya, he would. And the thought of that next time left a peaceful smile on his face while Ilya wrote down his number and threatened Shane to text him soon.

Chapter 2: the texts sex and weed

Chapter Summary

Weed man (Ilya)

I have exclusive deal for clients named Shane Hollander.

One time offer to get you high and fuck you. Expires tonight.

Mr. Hollander

I'm on my way.

Chapter Notes

to anyone who felt edged by the first half, this is for you and the first chapter has been rewritten here and there if you're interested in rereading too, enjoy!

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

It was no one's business but his own if Shane was suspiciously busy whenever Ilya texted him to come over. There was always laundry to be done, an assignment to complete, a friend he was hanging out with, or some other convenient excuse he used to hide from the fact that he was simply too nervous to see Ilya again under the expectation of continuing whatever it was they had going on.

To his understanding, they were glorified friends with benefits —the benefits mostly being texts and promises of weed and sex, and they'd been talking for some time now. Their conversations mixed between Ilya sharing anything he saw on the internet, parts of their day, and heavy flirting. It felt comfortable, predictable even, but Shane couldn't lie and say that it wasn't easier hiding behind a screen with his words; it gave him the chance to keep some distance and he secretly wanted to see if Ilya would hold out that long for him. Sure it may have been a little mean, but it wasn't a crime to enjoy how desperate Ilya was to see him again and his many attempts at begging so far.

Week of 10/13 - 10/19

Sunday

Weed man(Ilya)

You coming over today?

Mr. Hollander

Busy, sorry. Have to study :(

Weed man(Ilya)

Found a cute penguin video that looks like you, always lost.

Mr. Hollander

How am I lost?

It's cute though. Thank you

You're like a polar bear or grizzly maybe.

Weed man(Ilya)

Because I'm scary amazing and cool, right?

Mr. Hollander

No. You don't scare me.

Weed man (Ilya)

So you agree I'm cool and amazing?

Mr. Hollander



Tuesday

Weed man(Ilya)

Come blow off some steam with me ;)

Mr. Hollander

Are you asking me to smoke?

or is this another kind of invite

Weed man(Ilya)



Mr. Hollander

This weekend. Exams are almost over

Wednesday

Weed man(Ilya)

I like this song. Good to listen to when to high

[link to A.D.H.D by Kendrick Lamar]

And I want to see you.

Mr. Hollander

~~The name lol is this about me?~~

~~Because you know I have autism so~~

I haven't heard this before, its good

I want to see you too

Soon, I swear.

Weed man (Ilya)

I can send more if you like

Mr. Hollander

Yeah, I'd like that

I'll listen to them when I get time.

Thursday

Ongoing call 9:00pm

"Send me a picture of you."

Shane's face heated up at the request and demanding tone from Ilya. He wasn't the type to talk over the phone often, unless he wanted sex or to hear Shane's voice. It never made much sense to him, but he did it for Ilya anyways. He should've expected it by now, Ilya's persistence and shameless want were predictable every time, but it still never failed to surprise him that he could smoothly shift from talking about their day to this and if anything, it made Shane want to play along in his own way too.

"Why?"

"I don't know, I am bored. I want to see you."

Shane imagined Ilya shrugging in his head and smiled, he knew he was pretending not to know what he called for, and he probably had a hand over his pants already.

"Okay, but I just got out of the shower. Give me a second to get dressed."

"You picked up right after you got out?"

"Yes...is there a problem?" Shane said.

"No, even better. I want to see you. After shower is perfect."

Shane rolled his eyes and felt himself slowly hardening at the command, "Fine."

He'd never admit that he had to look up how to take pictures like that. It was hard enough figuring out how to pose or what exactly Ilya wanted to see, and all the examples left him a little turned on, but it was probably for the best anyways. He stood in front of the mirror and made it seem like the picture took no effort, the steam from his shower helping as it left a frame around his body in the mirror. He took a quick suggestive shot with his towel hung lower on his hip and hand pulling it down and slightly laying over his tented cock as he looked into the camera.

"Is this good?" He asked as he saw the message switch from delivered to read.

Ilya let out a sharp inhale, "You know the answer already, is so much more than good. You are gorgeous."

Shane could hear the motions of Ilya unbuckling his belt and the loud rustle of his pants being pushed down as Ilya continued.

"So much I could do to you... so much I think about." Ilya said slowly.

"Yeah? Like what?" Shane had moved to his bedroom and gave himself some light squeezes through the towel. He wanted Ilya to tell him more first, and always waited to see if he'd be given instructions or could touch himself as he wanted.

"I want to smoke with you again, but this time I will blow the smoke in your mouth. I will pass it to you more and more until you are all sweet and soft for me," Ilya spoke, "then I kiss you slowly and with a lot of tongue and my dick pressing into you so you feel me everywhere. I will touch you, play with your nipples, suck your dick and see you suck mine if you can. Even if you are too high, is okay. I only need you to lay there and look pretty and let me use you." Ilya's words were accompanied by the slick motion and sound of his hand on his dick, "You would let me do that, yes?"

Shane's breath hitched at the low, heavily accentuated words, he'd been having fantasies of his own since they met, but the thought of Ilya getting off to the same ones made them hotter. "Yeah. Yes. I'd let you. I want all of that."

"I think about you touching yourself, how pretty you are," Ilya groaned, "Want to do it myself, you wish it was me?"

"Yes, I wish it was you. You should- you should touch me," Shane gasped, he'd already started stroking himself the minute he heard Ilya's belt unbuckle and was too close to think twice about the amount of pre-cum he'd let out and the pavlovian response of it all.

"Yeah?"

"Mhmm. Are you close because I want to- Can I-" Shane tried to catch his breath as his hand moved faster and faster and hoped Ilya would let him because he knew he wouldn't last any longer.

Ilya's moan echoed through the speaker as he came first, "Yes, Yes. So good for asking first. So good for waiting. You can come now."

With Ilya's permission granted, Shane turned on his stomach and grinded into his bed until cum shot up his chest and coated his hand. When he was less fucked out later, he'd realize that it had leaked onto his bedsheets too.

"Fuck Ilya," Shane exhaled, "I want you to get me high."

Ilya let out a shaky hum in agreement, "Come see me then."

Call Ended.

Friday

Weed man (Ilya)

I have exclusive deal for clients named Shane Hollander.

One time offer to get you high and fuck you. Expires tonight.

Mr. Hollander

I'm on my way.

Shane arrived at Ilya's apartment no later than fifteen minutes after his text, between the weeks of holding back and their last phone call grew an overwhelming amount of pent up arousal, he'd punished himself and Ilya enough.

He felt like he'd barely been standing at the door for long enough, and was only at his 4th or 5th knock before Ilya opened it and shoved him inside.

"Wow, you came fast," Ilya smirked, "Just like you will later." He added.

"Shut up." Shane muttered.

He turned to speak again but was interrupted as Ilya slid his hands around his waist and kissed him deeply. It'd only been a couple weeks since they last saw each other, but kissing Ilya while he was sober felt like a first time experience and he leaned in for another one, only to be denied.

"Smoke first, then we make out later." Ilya pulled him by the hand into his bedroom and Shane pouted before breaking off into laughter at his urgency.

"You missed me that bad?" Shane teased.

"Eh, not really," Ilya shrugged. "You use me for free weed and sex, what is there to miss?"

"I don't know. Maybe my mouth and personality?" Shane sat on his bed like the last time and stared at him.

Ilya gave him a slow look up and down in return and turned around, but not without smiling softly to himself. "Maybe."

"Asshole," Shane smiled back and folded his hands in his lap. He watched as Ilya took out all of the supplies and for some reason, he felt less nervous being high out of his mind and more about the actual sex. He knew he could trust Ilya to take care of him, he'd been adamant about knowing what he liked and being careful, but it was the new form of control he'd be giving up that scared him the most.

It must've shown on his face as Ilya placed a hand under his jaw to tilt his head up and give him a few tender kisses, "I can see you panicking, and it is okay. We do it all at your own pace. I know what I am doing too, and if you want to stop, we stop. Anytime. Tell me you agree and still want this," He said.

Shane took a deep breath and nodded, the sweet press of Ilya's lips to his and reassurance melted away some of his worries and he reminded himself to calm down, *I will not die from smoking weed and Ilya knows what he's doing, I'm fine.*

"I am going to roll for us this time, is easier to control and pass it to you straight. You will let me know when it is too much or to slow down, okay? I won't touch you if you do not tell me." Ilya said firmly.

Shane was too distracted watching him roll to answer, his long fingers were handling the weed and paper so gently, and he wondered if Ilya would be that careful with his fingers in him later or if he'd be rough—not that he minded either option.

It wasn't until Ilya had stopped moving and was staring at him that he realized he'd been caught.

"Yes," He tried his best to recall, "You won't touch me unless I tell you how I'm feeling. I understand."

Ilya smiled knowingly and finished rolling the joint, "Good. We will start now."

He found a nearby lighter on his desk and held it up to the joint to light it, the familiar flame and click of the ignition bringing them back to the first time they met.

Shane watched as Ilya held it up to his lips and took a long exhale then placed his hand on Shane's neck to pull him forward. The hand felt safe and comforting, and Shane leaned into the touch with a partially open mouth, his attention on remembering to inhale correctly.

Ilya pressed his lips to Shane's and slowly blew the smoke into his mouth, it had a sweet berry-like taste with the usual herb scent, and Shane decided he liked this kind better than the last time and breathed in.

He realized that this method was a lot less stressful, it had fewer steps and was pretty simple to follow and the softness of Ilya's lips helped. He'd only coughed a couple times now with how easily the smoke hit his lungs, and Ilya waited patiently for him to be ready for the next one.

"Still good?" Ilya checked in.

"Yeah, it's good. I feel good. More." Shane leaned in further.

Ilya took another hit and transferred it into his mouth again, this time in slower increments and relished at the steady inhale from Shane and the fact that high would hit them both soon.

The joint seemed to be doing its job. Some time had passed and Shane's forehead was pressed to Ilya's, his eyelashes fluttering against his skin as his eyes grew heavier and cheeks flushed. He knew he should've stopped to let the high settle, but his needs had blurred together and he craved more.

"More. Just...give me one hit..at a time." Shane slurred a little, his brain already fogged from the high.

"You sure?" Ilya stroked the side of Shane's hip with one hand and the other cupped on his cheek to ground him.

It was sweet to see how lax Shane became when he was high and how his usual brattiness and worrier tendencies decreased—the brattiness at a slower rate, but it was better now that they had more time together. He'd only smoke a little more before cutting himself off. He wanted to be responsible, and he didn't want to forget how good it would be when Ilya finally fucked him.

Shane nodded his head and reached for the joint himself to shotgun the smoke to Ilya instead. The attempt was cute as he held it incorrectly and smoke escaped from the corners of his mouth, but he smashed his lips on Ilya's and all was forgotten.

It caught Ilya completely off guard and his hands flew up to hold Shane's face as he sucked in the remainder of the smoke and kissed him back. Shane could barely kiss properly, his lips felt mind numbingly soft and sort of useless, yet the sensation of their lips pressed against each other left his entire body buzzing.

Their lips met messily and wet as Shane kissed him in full force and Ilya nipped and pulled at his bottom lip before releasing it with a deep kiss. Shane whined at the loss of contact and Ilya gave him a tiny peck to soothe him, then skillfully introduced his tongue into the kiss. He let his tongue drag across the roof of Shane's mouth, cheeks and slid it against his tongue

in an effort to maneuver the kisses into slower motions, but gave up once he realized how pliant Shane had become.

"Hey," Ilya broke off the kiss to look at him.

Shane blinked, his eyes slightly glazed over, and he tried to lean in once again before realizing that he was being spoken to and resorted to closing them instead. His head felt like it was swimming, the high in full effect as his body flooded with heat, and he wanted to respond to Ilya, but his own voice sounded like it was miles away and all words failed him.

"Shane, look at me," Ilya tried again and smiled once Shane opened his eyes and gave a somewhat dopey smile in return, "You okay? That was too much for you, I'm sorry."

Shane shook his head in disagreement or possible agreement, it was unclear which direction his head was moving in, but it didn't matter to him anyway. In his dazed state, what mattered most was that he needed Ilya to hold him or touch him in some way.

His high hadn't made him forget that there was another reason he was there. He'd been holding out for weeks and despite his brain's attempts to deflect any thoughts, he could no longer ignore the low ache of desire that had built up.

Despite his full mobility being reduced, he attempted to lean back so he could lay across the bed and grabbed at Ilya's arms to move him too. The lack of coordination propelled Ilya forward until he almost fell on top of Shane and had to scramble to avoid crushing him. The near accident went unnoticed though as Shane successfully brought Ilya's hands to his waist and relaxed at the pressure of his larger hands around him.

"You are gone but do not think I forgot our plans. Is still a yes?" Ilya whispered as he lowered his head into Shane's neck.

"I remember. I still want it." Shane murmured and tilted his head, his legs locking around Ilya's bracketed thighs and pulling him in further to feel the full extent of Ilya's weight.

The motion pressed them into each other and Ilya rocked into Shane's semi-hard against him, his mind clouded at the way Shane became putty in his hands and gave him easy access. It reminded him that he'd been given full trust and reigns of control, and he released an impatient groan against his neck that quickly remedied into a gentle kiss. One kiss slowly melted into several and became a little more than just ghost touches with the pressure he applied, leaving a trail from the corner of Shane's jawline to shoulder. The weight of each kiss left Shane's skin feeling heated, the sensation rushing like molten lava deep towards his lower torso and his hips arched up involuntarily. "Please."

He melted into the mattress as Ilya pressed messier kisses to his skin, a trail of saliva lingering from each as he applied the light pressure of his teeth behind them. He felt Ilya's hands slide under his t-shirt, one palm splayed over Shane's stomach while the other hand pushed his shirt up and Shane clumsily helped him remove it.

"So pretty, Hollander. All for me." Ilya stared down at his bare torso and bent back down to press a firm kiss to Shane's lips. The kisses dragged as he nipped and licked his way down to

Shane's nipples, his fingers accompanying him as he alternated between pinching and squeezing his chest, swirling his tongue around them, and he watched how hard they'd become glistening with spit. .

Shane panted loudly and whimpered, his breaths the only sound to fill the air as Ilya's kisses traveled down his stomach and lingered near the waistband of his shorts. The touches were too much yet too little at the same time, and he couldn't help the unsubtle grind of his hips again, or the next ones that followed.

"Okay, okay," Ilya's voice was muffled by the fabric and press of Shane's cock on his face and he lightly mouthed at the bulge and tapped Shane's side.

Shane lifted his head, his eyebrows furrowed as he wondered why Ilya stopped moving, and nodded enthusiastically at Ilya's hesitant tug at his shorts.

"Too hard to talk?" Ilya asked.

Shane wanted to speak and say *Yes, my brain is melting. I need you. I need you to touch my dick right now or I'll fucking kill you*, but all he could do was give a pleading stare and hope the message was received.

"Relax, okay?" Ilya smirked and pulled down Shane's shorts and boxers, and was greeted by the slap of Shane's hard cock and now smeared precum against his stomach. "You are so beautiful like this," Ilya said as he pulled down his own boxers, staring at Shane's naked body all on display—the thick thighs, heavy and leaking cock, puffy brown nipples and soft belly, and he was all for Ilya to touch and use.

Shane waited for him to move next, he wasn't sure how much longer he could handle the intense gaze from Ilya and the lack of actual physical attention. He felt Ilya throb against him and tried to move, he needed him to do something, and it finally worked once Ilya gripped at his thighs in return and pushed his legs up. Even in his state, he could tell Ilya was losing concentration and he wanted to make fun of him but he was the one that was practically begging for cock, and he didn't want to do anything that would make Ilya stop.

Ilya planted a tender kiss to his thigh and sucked at the spot before leaving a heavier line of bites down to his inner thigh, the skin already bruising as he squeezed at the other until Shane squirmed from sensitivity and tried to jerk away.

"Oh, I should stop?" Ilya pulled his mouth away and looked up.

Shane glared at him and slid a hand into his hair to press him back down. He felt the smile on Ilya's face on his thigh and gripped harder, his hand steering him directly between his legs, and inhaled sharply when Ilya licked up the curve of his cock.

Ilya let out several tiny licks around the head and smeared the precum that had built up with his fingers, "You're so wet, like a girl."

"Not a—" Shane threw his head back into the pillow and hid his face, not willing to fully acknowledge what Ilya said or how it made him feel as Ilya continued to tease him with his

tongue. He was too gone now to be embarrassed at the small drawn out whines he was letting out as Ilya grabbed the base of his cock and unexpectedly swallowed him whole.

He let out a loud moan and startled as Ilya reached up with one hand to slap his arm away, "No, Hollander. I want to see you," He said sternly and moved back between his legs. The slick noises from Ilya's mouth were making his thighs clench around his head and hand tighten in his hair, he felt like he was in a life or death situation and the only way he'd survive was if Ilya fucked him already.

Shane watched as Ilya pulled off, the string of spit attached to his bottom lip broke, his lips wet from Shane and his own saliva and he bit his lip to avoid making more noise. He felt so good already and as Ilya shifted to his desk to grab lube and a condom, a small part of him wished he could feel Ilya inside him bare. He thought it must've been the weed making him crazy, they didn't know each like that, it was their first time, and the cleanup would drive him insane but, *still*.

It'd be fine as long as he kept those thoughts to himself and he'd feel every inch of him anyway, but maybe after the second or third time around, he'd bring it up. He wasn't above begging and it's not like Ilya could say no to him for long but for now, the thought of feeling the full thickness and length of him made him leak again and Ilya's words flashed in his mind, *Fuck. I do get wet like a girl*.

Shane heard the snap of the cap opening and broke off his thoughts as Ilya poured some onto his fingers. He distantly heard Ilya ask if he was ready and widened his legs in response, his hole on full display and flushed cock bobbing as Ilya cursed.

He circled around Shane's rim and watched as it twitched before pushing a finger in. Shane was warm and tight and sucked him in easily, it was like he was meant for Ilya and Ilya alone and it took everything in him to not immediately push in more. He massaged around instead to make sure that he was comfortable and once he felt Shane relax around him, he added a second finger, then a third, and thrust inside faster until he reached his prostate and pressed in hard.

Shane whined into the pillow brokenly as he tried to grind back, the fingers making him feel fuller and rubbing in all the right places, but it was still nothing compared to what he imagined Ilya's cock would feel like and he was so getting so close to cumming, it made him want to cry.

"Wish you could see how needy you look right now. Squeezing around my fingers like you wish it was my cock. You want it, yes?" Ilya panted, his own eyes squeezing shut at how good Shane felt.

Shane tried to hold back tears but failed as Ilya pulled out abruptly and his hole clenched around nothing. His dick was aching and untouched, and he looked wrecked in all the best ways possible. His thighs were littered with bites and his hole swollen, but he swore he wouldn't come without Ilya in him. All he could do was let out pathetic whines at the enhanced feelings of everything and vibrations across his body.

"I need...I'm ready." Shane breathed heavily. His mind was breaking from the overload of too much stimulation to none and he desperately needed a release.

"Say please and I'll make you feel good, sweetheart. Promise." Ilya leaned over to give him a soft peck on the lips and grinned as he put on a condom and reapplied lube.

"I want..please, Ilya." Shane reached for Ilya's cock with shaky hands and pressed the tip to his hole. He tried guiding it in himself and fumbled, he couldn't get more than the tip inside and the initial pushback when he did made him gasp before Ilya took over and slid in halfway. There was no way to prevent the moan and immediate clench around Ilya's cock as his eyes rolled back into his head with how full he felt already. "Oh my god, You feel so... I'm so—"

"Shhhh. Just relax." Ilya rubbed his thigh and pulled out halfway before pushing back inside inch by inch, and Shane's stomach heaved as he tried to adjust and relax enough for Ilya to properly fuck him.

He barely noticed that he'd been grinding his hips down, he was supposed to listen and just take it, but he couldn't bring himself to care with the way Ilya's cock was shaping his insides and it became worth it once he fully bottomed out.

Ilya gripped his hips and pulled out once again before thrusting sharply, the movement causing Shane to slightly bounce up and he groaned. He'd taken three fingers and it still wasn't enough, he was still tight or maybe Ilya's cock was just too big, but he couldn't bring himself to care when all he felt was the tight press of Ilya in him and his hips as he pushed up into him at a tortuously slow pace.

Shane's mouth fell open as every thrust sent waves of pleasure throughout his body and all he could do was take it, his mind was wiped of any coherent thoughts as he let out soft *uhs* and grabbed loosely at the sheets.

"You feel ah—amazing. You're so good, Hollander. Taking me so deep and you're still greedy for more. You like being used by me?" Ilya panted as he began thrusting into him and adjusted his hips until he was nailing his prostate.

"Jesus. Fuck. I-Yes. Don't stop, please." Shane slurred.

"I know, красивый. *Beautiful*. You feel so good. I'm not going to last very long." Ilya groaned.

Shane shut his eyes and arched his back further, allowing Ilya to slide in a little more and drill into him harder and his stomach muscles clenched as the desire to come grew stronger. His thighs trembled and he grabbed at Ilya's shoulder to hold on to something before he lost control.

"You are perfect. Say you are mine, Hollander. Tell me how you feel." Ilya's eyes slipped shut as his hips began to stutter.

"I'm yours, Rozanov. I'm so close. You feel so good. I could stay here forever." Shane babbled.

"Yeah? You would let me keep you in my room, fuck you whenever I want and make you relax? You want to keep getting high with me?"

"Yeah. Yes, want that. You could just come home and fuck me if you want. Whenever." Shane barely knew what he was agreeing to, Ilya's cock had fucked out any preservation of common sense but it all sounded right in his mind so he didn't care.

They moaned in unison, their skin sticking together from sweat and precum and it made everything hotter as the air filled with the echo of slick snapping noises. Shane felt like his body was burning up and freezing over at the same time and he was seconds away from coming if Ilya continued thrusting at that speed.

"That's right. Be good and come on my cock. It was everything you wanted, yes? You like this, letting me fuck you how I like. You will feel it deep tomorrow when you're sore and you'll come back next time and let me fuck you again."

Shane keened and came untouched, his cum spraying across his stomach, and over his and Ilya's chests and he couldn't stop. His hands met Ilya's above his head and he must've reached an unknown record with how much he released, shaking at the way he felt Ilya everywhere and how his body throbbed.

It was pleasantly numbing to finally be rewarded and folded over and he had no complaints besides the lingering wetness and pressure of Ilya's cock. He felt overstimulated and too messy for his liking, but he wouldn't feel completely satisfied until Ilya came too.

He pulsed around Ilya's cock a couple more times, his hips jerking involuntarily and Ilya cursed in Russian and English as he let go of Shane's hands and pulled out in one swift motion.

"Flip over." Ilya demanded.

"Mhmmph , why?" Shane whined into the pillow, he'd expended all his energy and didn't want to move anymore.

"I need to come and you are being good for me, so, you will turn around and let me come on your back." Ilya peeled the condom off and tapped Shane's thigh impatiently.

His brain was fogged up and he could barely recognize what his body was doing, but he found himself flipped around on his stomach with his ass slightly arched up. His own cum was cooling against his stomach as it smeared into the bedsheets and he felt gross and thoroughly used. He looked back to see Ilya grabbing and palming at his ass and pressing his dick against the crack with a few light slides before jerking off on top of him. He moaned once again and the sound was echoed by Ilya as he felt the warm drip of cum shoot across his back and pool into his dimples.

He was vaguely aware of Ilya turning him back around and moving next to him, as they laid together in silence for over an hour as Shane waited for his brain to return back to his head. He felt disconnected from his body despite the aches from all the marks and fucking he'd received but slowly felt normal as Ilya rubbed at his side and began giving him light kisses.

Ilya kissed his nose and lips softly and placed other kisses over his face, the touch was calming but the sensation made him shiver as he met Ilya's lips in return. The kisses exchanged were sweet and without any rhythm and Shane knew they were more so to ground them than start anything else, so he didn't mind if it was a little uncoordinated and slow.

"How are you feeling?" Ilya asked with a final kiss.

"Good. I'm tired and sticky, really sticky." Shane groaned, the sexiness of it all had started to fade now that he could think properly.

"Don't worry, I will clean everything up. Just lay here.." Ilya caressed his cheek and walked to the bathroom to grab a box of tissues and wipes. He cleaned himself off and returned to wipe Shane down gently, the cold wipes and touches left him shuddering in sensitivity.

"Thank you, Ilya. For everything—the weed and the uh, sex. It felt good to be out of my mind like that." Shane felt shy suddenly.

"You are welcome. I promised you could trust me and now it is your turn. Next time I text or ask you to come over, you will answer me, yes?" Ilya questioned.

"Yes, Ilya. I will text you back." Shane said petulantly.

"Good, you get a discount off weed the next time too then," Ilya smacked a kiss against each of his cheeks.

"A discount? What happened to my deal?" Shane frowned.

"I said it was one time offer expiring tonight. That was about weed, was I not clear? I can't stop making money just because I have Shane Hollander in my bed. That would be unprofessional. I am a business man." Ilya said playfully.

Shane thought to himself for a moment and blushed, "What if I suck your dick next time?"

"Then maybe we can make another deal."

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading, kudos and comments are always very appreciated and feel free to find me @ hudsonrchive on twt <3

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