

way below the belt

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by [teeveeactress](#)

Summary

Shane adjusted his tie for the third time, his skin prickling with awareness of the toy nestled deep inside him.

Shane's muscles tensed under his shirt, his reactive nature making him hyper-aware of the remote tucked in Ilya's pocket.

Ilya leaned close as he passed, his breath warm against Shane's ear.

“Behave,”

Shane's voice cracks. "I-I'm fine, just a h-headache." The lie burns in his throat as he forces a smile, his hand trembling against the back of his neck, eyes darting anywhere but at Hayden.

Completely unaware of the hand climbing Shane's inner thigh, fingers pressing into the tender flesh just below his groin. Shane's pulse hammers against his collar as sweat beads at his hairline.

Shane's adam's apple lurches violently. He can feel Ilya's smirk burning into his profile without looking.

He bites down on his tongue, tasting copper. Ilya's presence sears into his left side, while his other hand makes a show of adjusting something in his pocket. The vibrations suddenly intensify, sending a violent shudder through Shane's core. His vision blurs at the edges. Shooting electricity up his spine. His knuckles go white against the leather seat.

His teeth clamp down on his bottom lip as Ilya's grip becomes bruising, fingers digging into the flesh through the soft black material. Leaning in, hot breath scorching Shane's ear: "Get yourself together, Hollander," each syllable dripping with that Russian growl that makes Shane pathetically weak.

Fucking. Sadistic. Asshole.

And all because of one goddamn bet.

Only two hours earlier he was in the comfort of his own home.

Steam billows from the bathroom as the door swings open. Ilya emerges, towel riding dangerously low on sharp hip bones, droplets racing down the planes of his chest and disappearing beneath the white terry cloth.

Shane's fingers trace the edges of a small brown parcel on the kitchen counter. Ilya Rozanov, the label reads in neat block letters. Below that: Shane's address, his apartment number.

Ilya freezes mid-step. The corner of his mouth twitches upward.

"This showed up today." Shane lifts the box slightly. "Your name. My place."

Ilya's bare feet pad across the hardwood. He plucks the package from Shane's grip with long fingers, his knuckles brushing Shane's palm.

"Mine," he says, placing it on the far edge of the counter, just beyond Shane's reach.

"So I don't get to see what's inside?"

Ilya reaches for a pair of grey joggers draped over the arm of the couch, pulling them on with a fluid motion. "It's for you, actually."

Shane's stomach flips.

The NHL26 loading screen bathes their faces in blue light as they sink into the sofa, controllers in hand. Shane's eyes dart to the kitchen every thirty seconds. The box sits there, taunting him. His birthday was ages ago, their anniversary wasn't for another couple months, Today is... nothing.

His player skates past the puck. Again. The controller vibrates with another missed opportunity.

Ilya's score climbs: 3-0, 5-0, 7-0.

The final buzzer sounds. Ilya tosses his controller onto the cushion between them. "This is no fun if you are not going to try."

Shane's tongue darts across his lower lip. "Let's make it interesting." His eyes flick to the counter. "If I win the next game, I get to open that box."

Ilya's eyebrow arches, his accent thickening around the word, "Bet?"

The Russian's next shot goes wide, suspiciously wide, and Shane's stomach sinks even as he takes possession of the puck.

Shane won.

The final buzzer sounded, the screen flashing victory in bold colors, and for a heartbeat neither of them spoke. Shane's chest rose sharply as if he'd just realized he'd been holding his breath.

Ilya looked... pleased.

Not surprised. Not annoyed. Pleased in a way that made Shane's stomach twist.

What did that mean?

Shane barely has time to think before Ilya is already on his feet, crossing the apartment with unhurried confidence. He retrieves the parcel from the kitchen counter, the same plain brown box that's been haunting Shane's thoughts, and sets it down on the sofa between them.

Pushing it right in front of Shane.

The finality of the gesture makes his pulse spike.

“I changed my mind,” Shane blurts, shoving the box back toward Ilya. “I can wait. Seriously.”

Ilya shakes his head, curly hair falling into his eyes. “No, no. You won fair.” He nudges the box back again, closer this time. “Rules are rules.”

Shane exhales sharply and looks away. “Open it,” Ilya says, voice low, unmistakably a command. He tilts his head toward the box.

Shane sighs, shoulders slumping in surrender. Of course he caves.

The tape peels away with a soft, traitorous sound. He digs through the packing, fingers brushing cardboard before pulling out a smaller box.

His mouth goes dry.

The image on the front hits him all at once, and heat floods his face, creeping up his neck and into his ears.

“What the fuck,” he mutters.

The words ‘*Remote Controlled Vibrating Dildo*’ were written in cursive letters across the front with a photo of the product.

Ilya’s grin is immediate. Proud and dangerous.

“You like it?”

Shane snaps the box upright as if hiding it will somehow undo what he’s just seen. “I don’t need this,” he says, mortified. “I really don’t.”

Ilya shrugs, unfazed. “Yes, you have me,” he agrees easily. “This is just... for fun.”

“For fun,” Shane repeats weakly. He swallows, words failing him entirely.

Ilya chuckles, low, deep, vibrating in his chest, as he scoots closer. He takes the box from Shane’s hands and starts opening it with deliberate slowness, like he’s savoring every second.

“No—” Shane grabs his wrists, fingers curling around Ilya’s larger hands. “Keep it in the box.”

One eyebrow lifts. “How do we use it if it stays in there?” Ilya jokes, already pulling it free and holding it up shamelessly.

“Use it?!”

“Yes.” his hand wrapped around the end, “It is pink, like your other one.”

Shane’s mouth hung open, eyebrows furrowed in utter shock as he stared at it.

It was phallic-shaped. Long. Easily six or seven inches. His fingers played with the shiny buttons on the base.

“No. No way.” Shane lunges for it, but Ilya effortlessly lifts it out of reach. Shane ends up stretched across him, half-draped over Ilya’s torso as the object is moved farther and farther away.

Ilya laughs, rich and unrestrained.

Then, suddenly, he's got Shane—one strong arm locking around his waist, hauling him close before rolling them both back onto the sofa. Shane lands breathless against the cushions, Ilya hovering over him, all solid heat and presence. A broad hand presses into Shane's stomach, grounding him there. Ilya's thighs bracket his hips, caging him in without effort.

Shane squirms once, then stills, breath coming shallow. "We can't," he says finally, voice strained but soft. His brown eyes search Ilya's face. "I'm serious."

Ilya tilts his head, unconvinced, lips tugging into a playful pout. "Why?"

"Because," Shane says, trying desperately to hold onto logic, "we have an event in less than thirty minutes. And we were supposed to be getting ready ten minutes ago."

Ilya hums, clearly not listening. His fingers toy with the hem of Shane's shirt, brushing skin as they trail from his neck downward, slow and intentional. The shirt is nudged up, inch by inch, his hand slipping beneath the fabric.

Shane keeps talking, about schedules, obligations, plans, his voice wavering as Ilya nods along absently. Then Ilya leans down.

A kiss presses to Shane's stomach. Then another, higher. The shirt is pushed up to his chest, then under his chin. Ilya's lips follow, warm and lingering, until he finally reaches Shane's mouth. His hand cups the back of Shane's neck gently, anchoring him there.

Shane protests once more, quietly, but when Ilya kisses him, he kisses back. Carefully at first. Then less so. Ilya's tongue slips past his lips without hesitation, stealing the breath from his lungs as he presses closer, closer.

The kiss deepens, growing frantic. Hands grip at Shane's waist, fingers teasing the line of his waistband. Shane breaks away just in time, grabbing Ilya's wrist. Their faces hover inches apart, breath mingling.

"I'm serious," Shane says again, disappointment threading his voice. "We don't have time."

Ilya groans and drops his forehead against Shane's shoulder, finally sitting back, though his hands stubbornly remain on Shane's torso.

"You would leave me like this?" he murmurs, gesturing towards the unmistakable ridge tenting his heather-grey sweatpants, the cotton fabric stretched taut where it curves around his arousal.

The heat of it radiates against Shane's inner thigh, a burning pressure point between them. Shane's fingers hover, then trace the defined outline from base to tip, feeling it twitch beneath his touch before he pulls his hand away.

Shane exhales, tilting his head as his gaze drags over Ilya's bare chest; tan, toned, infuriatingly distracting. The abandoned toy on the couch finally catches his attention, a reminder of how this all started.

"But I want to play with you," Ilya adds softly, his accent thickening, words brushing against Shane's neck.

One hand settles possessively at Shane's waist. The other lifts the toy, eyeing it and then switching over to Shane's face.

Shane's face burns all over again. With sinking certainty, that this night is far from under control. Ilya watches the defeat fall onto Shane's features. Then he nods.

Ilya's face splits into a grin, bright and boyish, and before Shane can react, strong arms are wrapping around him. The world tilts violently as Ilya hoists him up and slings him over his shoulder like he weighs nothing.

Shane lets out a sharp gasp, hands scrambling uselessly against Ilya's back. "Put me down —!"

Ilya's laughter booms through the apartment, reckless and delighted. "Fuck you, ass—"

The sentence cuts off in a yelp as Ilya's palm smacks Shane's ass, the impact jolting him forward on his shoulder. Heat flares instantly, equal parts shock and indignation.

"Ilya!" Shane snaps, mortified and breathless.

But Ilya is already moving, long strides carrying them straight into the bedroom. He deposits Shane onto the bed with surprising care, the mattress dipping beneath him. For a moment, Ilya just stands there, towering over him, chest rising steadily, eyes dark with intent.

Then he smiles, soft this time, and tosses the new toy onto the bed beside Shane.

Shane barely registers it.

Ilya's hands are already at his shirt, lifting it over his head and flinging it aside without ceremony. He leans in and claims Shane's mouth in a heated kiss, hands roaming with familiarity, shoulders, sides, waist, leaving heat everywhere they pass.

Shane melts despite himself.

The kiss breaks only long enough for Ilya's hands to make quick work of Shane's boxers, tugging them down and off his legs. Another kiss follows. Slower this time before Ilya straightens and reaches for the bedside table.

The drawer slams shut as he grabs a bottle of lube, twisting the cap open with one hand. Liquid spills into his palm, cool and deliberate. His other hand presses Shane gently but firmly back against the mattress.

Shane's breath stutters. He feels unmoored, eyes wide, tracking every movement, every shift of Ilya's body above him.

Ilya leans down, close enough that Shane can feel his breath. A thumb brushes over Shane's bottom lip, lingering for a second before nodding towards the bright pink dildo sitting at his side.

"I will put this in you." Ilya murmurs, voice low and commanding. His hand trails slowly along Shane's inner thigh, careful, unhurried. "Then we will get dressed and go to the event, yes?"

The words settle heavy in the room, weighted with control and certainty. Shane feels oddly light, suspended between nerves and trust, the tension in his chest easing even as his pulse races.

Ilya watches him closely, eyebrow raised, eyes flicking over Shane's face as if cataloging every thought as it forms.

Shane swallows.

“...Okay,” he says finally.

The word comes out quieter than intended. soft, obedient, but resolute.

And the look Ilya gives him in response makes Shane’s breath hitch all over again.

Pushing him back a little further, Shane lay sprawled on the bed, his tan skin glistening under the dim bedroom light, his muscles shifting as he breathed heavily. His broad chest rose and fell, the slight curve of his belly adding to his solid.

Ilya knelt between Shane's spread legs, one hand pressing Shane's thigh down firmly while the other teased at his entrance.

"Relax for me," Ilya murmured, his voice low and commanding, eyes locked on Shane's face. Shane bit his lip, a flicker of resistance in his eyes as he squirmed slightly, but he didn't pull away. His body reacted eagerly despite the hesitation, hips twitching upward.

Ilya's thick finger circled Shane's tight hole, slick with lube, before pushing in slowly. Shane gasped, his hands gripping the sheets. The intrusion stretched him, Ilya's finger sliding deeper, curling to brush against that sensitive spot inside. Shane's cock hardened fully, his thighs trembling.

"That's it," Ilya encouraged, adding a second finger. He scissored them apart, opening Shane wider, the wet sounds filling the room. Shane whimpered, arching his back, a mix of submission and that subtle push against Ilya's hand, couldn't help testing the control.

Ilya's free hand pinned Shane's hip down, holding him steady as he thrust his fingers in and out, deeper each time, prepping him thoroughly.

Shane's breaths came in short pants, his reactive body clenching around the invading digits before yielding. "Ilya...", he murmured, but his legs spread wider, inviting the stretch. Ilya chuckled softly, twisting his fingers to hit that prostate again, making Shane moan loudly, his skin flushing with heat.

Satisfied with the looseness, Ilya withdrew his fingers, leaving Shane's hole twitching and empty. He reached for the dildo-eqsue toy resting on the sheets – a smooth, sleek toy. Coating it generously with lube, Ilya pressed the tip against Shane's entrance.

"Breathe," he instructed, pushing it in steadily.

Shane's eyes widened, a soft whine escaping as the toy slipped inside, filling him just right. His muscles clenched around it instinctively, that slight resistance making his body quiver. Ilya pushed until it was seated deep so the base was pressed up against his skin.

Shane lets out a long, steady sigh once Ilya finally pulls away. There's a moment where Ilya seems tempted to linger, to take in the result of his work before practicality takes over. He moves around the bed and reaches for the clothes Shane had laid out neatly earlier that day.

“Wait—” Shane says softly, fingers catching around Ilya’s arm.

Ilya pauses, turning back to him.

“What about you?” Shane asks, gesturing toward Ilya’s erection matching his own, concern flickering across his face.

Ilya shrugs it off with practiced ease. “It will be fine,” he says, tone light, dismissive in the way of someone determined not to make it a problem. “Don’t worry.”

Shane doesn’t look convinced, but he lets it go.

Ilya helps him dress with quiet focus, movements gentle and deliberate. The white button-up is guided over Shane’s shoulders, smoothed down his chest, each button fastened with care. Black slacks follow, fitted snugly over his hips, Ilya crouching briefly to pull them into place before zipping them up.

Only then does Ilya turn to his own clothes.

Shane sits up on the edge of the bed, watching him. His leg bounces unconsciously, nerves thrumming under his skin as the seconds tick by. The weight inside him was hard to ignore, as it was designed to be. The sensation in his body is still unfamiliar, unsteady, strange, but no longer frightening. Manageable.

He was convinced the biggest problem would be the raging erection tucked into his briefs.

He tells himself that's progress.

When he finally stands, his legs wobble slightly beneath him. He steadies, breathes, then straightens. Confidence settles slowly, the object lodged inside him moving every so slightly but not enough to get any visceral reaction out of him.

He can do this.

Tonight would be easy.

Shane was wrong. Shane was painfully, *painfully*... Wrong.

Shane was forced to move through the room as if nothing were wrong, laughing at the right moments, shaking hands, nodding along to conversations he barely registered, all while a dildo buzzed relentlessly against every inch of his insides.

It pulsed through him, invasive and unyielding. It filled his awareness completely, demanding attention without ever granting relief.

His body betrayed him in waves.

One moment his face drained of color, the next it burned red-hot, heat crawling up his neck and into his ears. His legs threatened to fold beneath him more than once, muscles trembling as he shifted his weight and forced himself upright again. Every step took effort. Every second stretched.

Willpower alone was keeping him standing. That and Ilya's challenging eyes that were taunting him from across the room.

Ilya's eyes found him again and again. The distance between them felt intentional, sharpened into something cruel and intimate at the same time. Shane could feel that look like a hand at his spine, holding him together.

They'd arrived together, but separated the moment they stepped inside, careful to avoid suspicion. Now Shane was cornered into conversation with Hayden, who was updating him on the endeavours of his life with his wife and kids. Since this man didn't seem to have anything else going on in his life.

Shane hummed along, nodding where appropriate, pretending to listen.

Then the sensation spiked.

The sound that slipped from his throat wasn't quite a breath and not quite a word, something closer to a squeak. Hayden's eyes widened immediately as Shane lurched forward, gripping his shoulder hard, fingers digging in as he clamped his mouth shut to stop anything worse from escaping.

"Hey—hey," Hayden said, steadying him. "You okay?"

Shane swallowed, forcing air back into his lungs. "S-Sorry," he stammered, straightening with visible effort. "Just—uh. Cramp."

Hayden frowned. "That was a pretty bad cramp."

Shane nodded too quickly, knees still quivering as he tried to regain control. He could feel too many concerned eyes on him.

Then his gaze snapped back to the bar.

Ilya sat there like he had nothing to hide, posture relaxed, drink untouched. When their eyes met, something dark and satisfied flickered across his expression. The sight sent a different

kind of sensation rippling through Shane, sharp and electric, grounding and unraveling all at once.

Being seen like this, *chosen* like this, especially in a room full of people, steadied him more than he wanted to admit.

“I’m fine,” Shane said, more to himself than anyone else.

Ilya seemed to stand from his seat and join the crowd.

Shane adjusted his tie for the third time, his skin prickling with awareness of the toy nestled deep inside him. Every step sent a faint shift through his body, the toy's presence a constant, teasing pressure against his sensitive walls.

He walked beside Ilya, who looked effortlessly commanding in his tailored tuxedo, his larger frame drawing admiring glances. Shane's muscles tensed under his shirt, his reactive nature making him hyper-aware of the remote tucked in Ilya's pocket.

Ilya leaned close as they entered, his breath warm against Shane's ear. “Behave,” he whispered playfully, a smirk playing on his lips. Shane swallowed hard, nodding, but his slight resistance flickered in the way he pressed his thighs together, trying to steady himself.

He made his way to the table where Hayden had found, sliding into a chair with deliberate care. The motion pressed the toy firmer against his prostate, drawing a sharp inhale he masked as a cough.

Sitting helped a little, the pressure dulling the edge of anticipation, grounding him amid the chatter. Hayden launched into a story about a recent project, oblivious, and Shane forced a smile, nodding along while clenching his ass to keep control.

But then Ilya appeared, his broad shoulders cutting through the crowd like he owned the place. He slipped into the booth next to Shane without a word, settling in with a casual grace that belied the mischief in his eyes.

Hayden raised an eyebrow, “Can we help you?” he asks, not attempting to mask his rudeness.

Ilya shrugs, gliding across his hand across the table, “Doubt it.” he hums, sassy in every way. Smirking proudly as Shane’s friend rolls his eyes.

Ilya slips an arm over Shane’s shoulder, “Can I not hang out with my friends?” he says, half-hearted.

Shane hurries to push Ilya’s arm from him, looking at him with fake disdain before turning back to Hayden. Playing it off as if he wanted to be anywhere else but he couldn’t help but be happy to have him next to him like an anchor.

Shane makes a face trying to signal to Hayden to ignore him and continue their conversation. Who just seems to go along with it.

Under the long tablecloth, Ilya's hand found Shane's thigh immediately, his rough fingers gripping the soft flesh through the fabric of Shane's slacks.

Shane's breath hitched, but he covered it with a sip of water, his cheeks warming *again*. Ilya's thumb traced slow circles, inching higher, kneading the sensitive inner thigh. The touch was possessive, sending sparks up Shane's spine. Then, without warning, Ilya slipped his hand into his pocket and clicked the remote.

The dildo hummed to life again on a low setting, vibrating steadily inside Shane's hole.

Shane jolted slightly. 'Sorry, just... clumsy tonight,' he muttered, shooting Ilya a pleading glance.

Ilya met it with a bland smile. The vibrations pulsed against Shane's inner walls, making his cock twitch and harden in his pants, trapped against the seam. He shifted in his seat, trying to angle his hips to lessen the buzz, but it only ground the toy deeper, forcing a soft whimper.

Ilya's hand squeezed harder, sliding up to brush the crease where thigh met groin, his pinky grazing the bulge of Shane's growing erection. Shane trembled, his strong legs quivering under the assault, sweat beading on his forehead.

He gripped the edge of the table, knuckles paling against his tan skin, struggling to keep his face neutral. Around them, people laughed and toasted, none the wiser to the way Shane's ass clenched rhythmically around the invading vibrations, his body betraying him with every reactive twitch.

Ilya amped the intensity with another subtle click, the silicone thrumming stronger now, waves of pleasure coiling tight in Shane's gut. His frame shook, breaths coming shallow and quick.

Ilya's fingers dipped lower, pressing firmly against Shane's balls through the fabric, rolling them gently while his palm cupped the heat of his cock. Shane bit the inside of his cheek, stifling a moan that threatened to escape, his submissive side yielding even as he resisted by crossing his ankles tightly, attempting to trap the sensations.

Another person appears next to him, loudly greeting them all, "Hey guy..s..." his enthusiasm dimmed once his eyes lay on Ilya who sat smugly next to his teammates.

JJ sends a confused look to Hayden who just shrugs defeatedly, taking a large sip of his drink that wasn't nearly strong enough. JJ shakes it off, ignoring the Russian and turning to his red faced teammate.

"You okay, man?" JJ asked, brow furrowing at Shane's flushed face and fidgeting. Shane nodded jerkily, forcing words out. "I-I'm fine, just a h-headache."

His trembling fingers tugging on the short hairs on the back of his neck.

Ilya chuckled low, his hand retreating only to stroke Shane's thigh again, tracing the seam of his pants up and down, teasing the edge of his hole indirectly through the material. The dual torment had Shane on the brink, his hole clenching around the toy, pre-cum soaking into his underwear as he fought to maintain composure amid the oblivious crowd.

Another click from the remote in Ilya's pocket sent the vibrations surging higher, the vibrator buzzing fiercely against Shane's prostate. Shane's hand slammed down on Ilya's thigh under the table, fingers digging into the hard muscle through Ilya's slacks, clutching desperately as a low moan tore from his throat.

The sound was muffled by the hum of conversations around them, and luckily, Hayden and the other teammates were deep in their own debate, oblivious to the tremor in Shane's voice.

Shane shot Ilya a pleading glance, his dark eyes glassy with unshed tears of overwhelming need, before his head dropped low, chin nearly touching his chest. He gasped softly, his body shifting involuntarily, leaning into Ilya's solid side for support. His skin flushed hot, sweat trickling down his back as he silently begged his teammates to ignore him, to let him fade into the background.

“Please...” he whimpered between ragged breaths, the word barely audible. Ilya tilted his head, feigning innocence with a mocking arch of his brow.

“What was that?” he teased in a low murmur, his voice laced with dark amusement. Shane felt like he might shatter right there, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes.

“Please... I n-need you,” Shane whispered urgently, his lips brushing Ilya's ear as he leaned closer, voice thick with raw desperation and throbbing arousal. He captured Ilya's hand under the tablecloth, squeezing it hard, his own palm slick with sweat.

The vibrations pulsed relentlessly inside him, making his cock strain painfully against his zipper, pre-cum leaking steadily into his briefs.

Ilya felt his own control fraying; as much as he relished watching Shane squirm in public, the sight of his boyfriend so broken and needy ignited a fiercer hunger. He craved Shane unraveling completely in his arms, pliable, desperate, and utterly his, away from these prying eyes.

Ilya stood, pulling Shane up with him by the elbow. “Excuse us for a minute,” Ilya said smoothly, his tone casual as he steered Shane toward the hallway, away from the table.

Shane stumbled slightly, the toy shifting with each step, sending jolts of pleasure up his spine. He clung to Ilya's arm, thighs pressed tight to stifle the buzz, but it only heightened the friction. They slipped into the opulent bathroom at the end of the corridor, a spacious, marble-tiled sanctuary with multiple stalls and a long vanity, mercifully empty. Ilya locked the main door behind them.

The moment the latch caught, Ilya spun Shane around and pinned him against the cool wall, his larger body crowding in close. Shane's back hit the tile with a thud, his breath escaping in a whine as the impact nudged the toy deeper.

Ilya's mouth crashed down on Shane's, kissing him roughly, tongue thrusting in to claim every gasp. Shane melted into it, his hands fisting Ilya's shirt as he kissed back with frantic hunger.

Ilya broke the kiss, trailing bites down Shane's neck, sucking marks into the tan skin while his hand dove straight for Shane's belt. He yanked it open with efficient tugs, popping the button and dragging the zipper down. Shane's cock sprang free, hard and leaking, the head slick with pre-cum.

Ilya wrapped his long fingers around the shaft, stroking firmly from base to tip, thumb swirling over the sensitive slit to spread the wetness.

'Fuck, you're soaked,' Ilya growled against Shane's ear, pumping his hand faster, the slick sounds filling the air. Shane bucked into the touch, hips jerking erratically, his plump ass clenching around the still-vibrating toy.

The sensations overwhelmed him, his prostate throbbing from the buzz, his cock pulsing in Ilya's grip. 'I-Ilya... please, it's too much,' Shane gasped, but his body betrayed him, thrusting greedily for more.

Ilya chuckled darkly, slowing his strokes to torturous drags, squeezing the base to edge him. "You need this." He reached around with his free hand, shoving Shane's pants and briefs down to his knees, exposing his ass.

Shane's hole fluttered visibly around the toy's base, the vibrations making his thighs quiver. Ilya gripped the base, tugging it gently at first, then pulling it out in one smooth motion. The

toy slid free with a wet pop, leaving Shane's hole gaping slightly, slick with lube and arousal.

Shane cried out, the sudden emptiness making him clench around nothing, his cock twitching violently in Ilya's hand. Without pause, Ilya resumed jerking him off, hard, relentless pulls that twisted at the head, milking every drop of pre-cum.

Shane's knees buckled, but Ilya held him up with an arm around his waist, their bodies pressed flush. "Come," Ilya commanded, biting Shane's earlobe as he sped up, fingers slick and tight.

It hit Shane like a wave, his body seizing as cum erupted from his cock in thick strings, painting Ilya's hand and dripping onto the floor. He moaned loudly, head thrown back against the wall, muscles rippling under his shirt as waves of pleasure ripped through him.

Ilya milked him dry, stroking through the aftershocks until Shane slumped against him, spent and trembling.

Panting, Ilya tucked Shane's softening cock away, zipping him up with gentle efficiency before pulling him into a possessive embrace. "Good," he murmured, kissing Shane's forehead.

"You go back." Ilya says, straightening himself up and hiding the toy in a pocket of his blazer. Shane's eyes meet the large tent in Ilya's trousers instead.

Eyebrows furrowed and shakes his head, a hand reaching out to cup his erection through the material.

“The toy was not enough?”

Shane hums, “I said I needed *you*, didn’t I?”

He took Shane out to his car, avoiding the busy car park he drove them somewhere quieter while Shane waited patiently in the passenger seat.

Ilya killed the ignition and turned, his eyes locking onto Shane's flushed face. “You've been so good tonight,” he murmured, voice low and commanding. His hand shot out, fingers tangling in Shane's hair, yanking his head back against the headrest. 'Holding that toy in your ass while smiling for all those people.’”

'Wait– Ilya...’”

“Shut up.” Ilya cut him off, leaning across the console to crush their mouths together. The kiss was brutal, Ilya's tongue invading, teeth nipping at Shane's lower lip until it swelled. He broke away just long enough to growl, “Get in the back. Strip. Now.”

Shane scrambled over the seat, knees knocking against the leather as he fumbled with his tie and shirt buttons. By the time Ilya joined him, sliding into the spacious rear, Shane was down to his briefs, the outline of the plug visible through the thin fabric.

Ilya settled against the door, legs spread wide, and unzipped his own pants with deliberate slowness. His thick cock sprang free, hard and veined, pre-cum glistening at the tip.

“On my lap,” Ilya ordered, patting his thigh. “Face me. I want to see your face.”

Shane nodded eagerly, kicking off his briefs and straddling Ilya's hips. The car's confines pressed in, the door at Ilya's back, the front seats boxing them tight, but it only heightened the urgency.

Ilya watched with predatory hunger, one hand stroking his cock lazily. “Lube's in the front. Get it.”

Shane twisted awkwardly, nearly toppling, but managed to snag the small bottle from up front.

He squirted a generous amount onto Ilya's shaft, working it in with both hands, then coated his own fingers and reached back to prepare himself. Two digits slid in easily, the burn familiar and welcome, but it wasn't enough. Nothing compared to what he craved.

“Enough playing,” Ilya snapped, grabbing Shane's wrist and pulling his hand away. He aligned his cock with Shane's entrance, the blunt head nudging insistently.

Shane lowered himself slowly at first, the stretch making his vision blur. Ilya's girth filled him, inch by burning inch, until his ass rested flush against Ilya's thighs. A moan tore from his throat, raw and desperate. He braced his hands on Ilya's shoulders, starting to rock his hips, chasing friction.

But Ilya wasn't passive. His hands clamped onto Shane's hips like vises, fingers digging into flesh hard enough to bruise.

“Not so fast,” he hissed, holding Shane down immobile. “You don't move until I say.” Shane stilled, trembling, his cock leaking onto Ilya's dress shirt. The dominance thrilled him, the loss of control making his pulse race.

Ilya thrust up sharply then, burying himself deeper, eliciting a cry from Shane. He set the pace, slow, grinding rolls that hit Shane's prostate with precision, then sudden, hard snaps that jolted the car on its suspension.

Shane's body bounced with each movement, but he couldn't dictate the rhythm. Ilya's grip kept him pinned, forcing him to submit to the onslaught.

“Fuck, you're tight,” Ilya groaned, one hand sliding up to pinch Shane's nipple, twisting until tears pricked Shane's eyes. “All that teasing made you greedy for my cock, hm?”

“Please,” Shane gasped, voice breaking as Ilya hammered into him. “Harder... I need you to fuck me harder.”

Ilya obliged, bucking wildly now, the leather creaking beneath them. Sweat slicked their skin, the air thick with the scent of sex and cologne. Shane's cock rubbed against Ilya's abdomen with every thrust, untouched but throbbing, on the edge of spilling.

“Not yet,” Ilya commanded, sensing the tension coiling in Shane's body. He slowed again, torturously, circling his hips to drag against sensitive walls. Shane whined, trying to grind down, but Ilya's hold tightened, denying him. “You come when I do. Understand?”

“Yes—fuck, yes.” Shane's nails scraped Ilya's shoulders, leaving red trails.

Satisfied, Ilya released his restraint, driving up with relentless force. The car rocked subtly, windows fogging from their ragged breaths.

Shane's world narrowed to the burn in his ass, the slap of skin, Ilya's grunts filling his ears. Pressure built unbearably, and when Ilya finally muttered through his teeth, “Now,” slamming deep one last time, Shane shattered.

Cum erupted between them, hot stripes painting Ilya's shirt as Shane's hole spasmed around Ilya's cock. Ilya followed seconds later, pulsing inside him, filling Shane with warmth that leaked out as he softened. They slumped together, chests heaving, Ilya's arms wrapping possessively around Shane's waist.

“You took it so well,” Ilya whispered against his neck, nipping the skin. Shane melted into him, sated and owned, the night's torment worth every second.

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