

Torture, Lovingly

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Torture, Lovingly

by [DamnStereK](#)

Summary

A shameless smut ficlet. No thoughts, just vibes and Russian endearments.

Notes

so we have to wait more than a year for season two and i already read all the books... what should i do with my life now? thank god for ao3 lmao (that kinda feels like blasphemy)

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

Ilya had been in the mood to torture Shane all evening.

Not real torture. He wasn't a monster. He just liked pushing Shane until he got that particular look—eyes blown wide, mouth open, words tripping over each other like his brain had disconnected from the rest of him. Ilya loved Shane. Loved him desperately, stupidly. Loved him like a problem he'd accepted he would never solve. Loved him in the way you love something that has already ruined you. In a way that made him mean, that made him want to see how far he could bend him before Shane snapped back with teeth.

It was irritating, actually.

The room was warm, overly so, the air heavy with sweat and cotton and that familiar, unmistakable scent of Shane. The lamp on the bedside table washed everything in soft gold, catching on the beautiful freckles scattered across Shane's face like constellations Ilya had memorized years ago. The sheets were twisted and half-damp beneath him. Outside, the city made its distant, anonymous noise, but in here there was only breath, heat, and the tension Ilya had been tightening deliberately, one rough thrust at a time.

“Fuck, Ilya!”

Shane's ankles were hooked over Ilya's shoulders, like he trusted him not to drop him. Ilya stood at the edge of the bed, steady, controlled, making sure every movement landed deep and exact. The way Shane liked best. The way Shane would never ask for, because Shane liked pretending he wasn't like this.

Ilya kept the harsh rhythm until the familiar whimpers started—thin, broken sounds Shane clearly hated making and never tried very hard to stop. Delicious. It took real effort for Ilya to still his hips, to grab Shane's cock and keep him from tipping over the edge.

Shane's back arched off their bed, his mouth falling open, muscles tightening uselessly. He didn't come. He cracked his eyes open instead, glaring up at Ilya like he'd been personally wronged.

“What—”

Ilya didn't let him finish. He fucked him again, the sound of skin slapping against skin sharp in the quiet room.

Shane moaned, loud and unfiltered, and Ilya couldn't stop his own groan in response.

“*Da*, Hollander,” he breathed. “Fucking take me.”

“Ilya, Ilya,” Shane panted, fingers clawing into the duvet like it had personally offended him.

Ilya looked down, grounding himself in the sight. Shane flushed red and wrecked, hair plastered to his forehead, lips parted like he was constantly on the verge of saying something stupid. Ilya bent and pressed a kiss to his shin—deliberately gentle, an almost absurd contrast.

“Don't stop,” Shane whimpered. “I'm gonna—”

Ilya stopped again, gripping Shane's leaking cock. Christ. Always like this. Always embarrassingly wet. And Ilya loved it. Loved knowing what kind of effect he had on Shane.

Shane's whole body jerked, muscles in his abdomen spasming, body trying to finish without permission.

“Ilya,” he snapped, annoyed, looking less like an adult man and more like a furious kitten. “What the fuck— *Fuck, yes!*”

Ilya grinned and leaned down, capturing Shane's mouth, swallowing the sound of his complaints as he pounded into his ass again.

“So good, Shane,” Ilya murmured against his lips. “*Lyubimyy*.”

Shane whimpered, nails scraping down Ilya’s back, tugging him closer like he might disappear otherwise. It would have been awkward for anyone else, the angle brutal, but Shane fit like he was made for it. Ilya could fold him in half and Shane would still look at him like he was the best thing in the world. He would still look at him with... heart eyes.

“Ilya, please,” Shane begged, arms locking around him, trying to move with him.

Ilya bit at his jaw, soft and possessive, then pulled back and picked up the pace.

Shane’s moan broke something loose in the room—too loud, too raw. Gone. Completely gone. Ilya loved that part most. Loved knowing he could do this to him, that Shane trusted him enough to let go entirely.

“Yes, yes, yes,” Shane babbled, reaching for his own cock.

There it was. The moment Shane stopped pretending.

Ilya pinned Shane’s wrist down without thinking, earning a sharp, needy whine.

Like a dog denied a treat.

Oh, fuck.

Ilya stopped again, because he was dangerously close himself, and he refused to lose control first. He couldn’t torture Shane without torturing himself, after all.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Shane muttered, breathless. His eyes were shining with unshed tears now.

Ilya tugged at Shane's nipple, arching him off the bed, and Shane glared at him with what passed for a Hollander threatening look. Tears clung to his lashes.

"You're so pretty," Ilya said, brushing his thumb over Shane's cheek.

"Ilya," Shane panted. "Please... *Pozhaluysta*."

That did it. Shane *knew* what that word did to him.

Something in Ilya cracked, sharp and immediate. Shane like this—red-mouthed, glassy-eyed, hands scrambling for sanity, openly begging in Russian like it meant something sacred—was unfair. It was obscene.

Ilya shifted Shane's legs, hauled him halfway off the bed, left him balanced and open, then braced himself properly. Only Shane's upper back and his head were still planted on the bed. Ilya placed his own feet on the bed, making their position even more insane.

"Yes, yes, oh fuck, yes, thank you."

Ilya drove into him, feeling the edge rise fast and inevitable. "Come for me, Shane."

"Yes—*yes*—fuck, Ilya, please don't stop." Shane shut his eyes forcefully. "'M so close. Ilya. Please." A tear slipped free, trailing down his temple and Ilya didn't stop.

He didn't stop when Shane cried out, didn't stop when he came hard, messy, cum spurting into his own face. Ilya knew Shane hated it, but that was so fucking hot.

Hot enough for Ilya to give in to that feeling. Shane clenched around him and Ilya came with a broken sound, biting his lip hard enough to sting.

“*Daaa*,” he groaned, breath shuddering, looking down at Shane—wrecked, panting, smiling shyly like he hadn’t just been completely obscene.

Ridiculous man. With his adorable little smile as if he wasn’t the freakiest bedpartner Ilya had ever had.

Ilya pulled out slowly, eyes catching on the mess Shane would complain about any moment now. He kissed him quickly. “I’ll be right back, *moy slavnny kotyonok*.”

Shane hummed, already boneless. He pulled a face at the state he was in.

Ilya made quick work of wetting a hand cloth, the water cool against his fingers, grounding him again. He cleaned Shane’s face first—gentle, careful—then his ass, methodical and familiar. This part mattered. He kissed Shane again, hauling him farther up the bed so they could lay back against the pillows together.

“That was so fucking hot,” Shane murmured, smiling like he was pleased with himself.

“Hmm,” Ilya said. “You like cum in your face?”

Shane made a face. “Fuck you, asshole.” He stretched a little, moaning obnoxiously. “Fuck. My soul left my dick.”

Ilya laughed quietly, unable to look away from him. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

“Ah,” Ilya said, making a negative sound in the back of his throat. “In Russian, *moy rodnoy*.”

“My brain is off,” Shane grumbled. “You made sure of that.”

Ilya caught Shane’s face, his thumb pressing into the hinge of his jaw. He turned him back to face him, locking their eyes. “Tell me.”

Shane looked into his eyes, holding his breath for a moment. “*Ya tebya lyublyu.*”

Ilya kissed him, humming against his lips. “Good boy.”

Shane snorted. “Asshole. I need a shower.”

“*Da.*” Ilya grinned, throwing his legs off the bed. “Let’s go. You can suck my dick as thank you.”

Shane grumbled something under his breath, and Ilya looked at him over his shoulder, still grinning—only to find Shane grinning back at him too, soft and real and entirely his.

Fuck.

He really loved him.

End Notes

my first hollanov fic, hope y'all liked it :) bc there probably will be more :3

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