

caught you looking back

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caught you looking back

by [rinpanna](#)

Summary

"I want to eat you out."

Shane's gaze narrows in confusion. "But ... I don't have..."

Ilya's thumb brushes over his hole. Once. Twice.

When it clicks, Shane groans. "Ilya, that's gross," he says, hand coming up to cover his blush.

Ilya grabs his arm, wrenches it away from his face. "No, you just showered. You are telling me you don't wash your ass? Shane Hollander doesn't wash his ass?"

Notes

outlined this idea saturday before bed, wrote it in my pockets of free time on sunday, edited it monday before work. brainrot is BACK IN BUSINESS BABY 100 100 100

the idea, however, originated from the ep 6 watch party i went to solo on Friday, where i met two girls who matched my freak. we named our groupchat "praying for rimjob" and the rest is history. after turning it over in my head though, i was like wait this could slap actually. as much as i love love LOVE ep 6 and am glad it primarily focused on their emotions, i am a whore first, human second. so i decided to be the change i wanted to see in the world, etc

something i really like about the show is how freakin HANDSY they are with each other like they are constantly wandering, feeling, cupping, searching, so I tried to capture some of that energy with this fic. keeping track of limbs is hard but we have #prevailed

title is from Cailin Russo's [Bad Things](#), which is the song that played at the end of ep 6. i've listened to it 35 times since friday 😊

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

Five days left. Yes, Shane is counting.

Otherwise, though, everything about being here has distorted his sense of time. Between the scare with his parents, the unstructured days with Ilya, and the long nights of mapping out what their future could bring, so much and so little is happening at once.

But there are gaps where he fully loses track, not thinking about much anything at all. And one of those moments is now—with Ilya's body pressing his into the mattress, hands on his ribs, lips on his neck. Ilya rolls his hips, and Shane groans. They're both hard in their briefs, have been for a few minutes, and if Ilya doesn't escalate things quickly, Shane is going to come in his pants.

As if reading his mind, Ilya gives Shane a final, filthy kiss on the lips before shuffling lower on the bed. Shane's eyes flick down to watch him. His ass looks especially incredible right now, the supple curve rimmed by the light of golden hour. Shane wants to grab it, but Ilya's too far down now, rubbing his cheek against Shane's bulge.

He takes Shane out of his briefs, grip firm as he strokes base to tip. The coil of heat in Shane's gut lurches at the touch, the warmth of Ilya's calloused hand familiar and welcome.

Shane tilts up his hips so that Ilya can strip off his briefs; Ilya folds them in half before tossing them to the edge of the bed, essentially undoing his handiwork. Shane starts to grin, but it's cut off as Ilya grabs his cock again, pumps him a few more times before licking the tip. Eye shutting, Shane braces himself for the wet heat of his mouth.

It never comes.

Confused, Shane blinks open his eyes. Cheek pressed against Shane's lower abs, Ilya is looking back, big, blue doe-eyes gleaming in the sunlight. Shane's heart jumps into his throat—both because of how cute Ilya looks like this, but also because he knows that face. That's Ilya's "I'm going to stir the pot" face.

"Spit it out," Shane prompts.

So, of course, Ilya does not spit it out. Slowly, his hand travels from Shane's dick to his inner thigh. His fingers dig into the plush skin, and Shane's legs spread wider. The tip of Ilya's thumb skims against Shane's rim. "I want to try something new. Can I?"

Shane huffs out an exasperated laugh. As if he's ever denied Ilya. "What do you want to try?"

"I want to eat you out."

Shane's gaze narrows in confusion. "But ... I don't have..."

Ilya's thumb brushes over his hole. Once. Twice.

When it clicks, Shane groans. "Ilya, that's gross," he says, hand coming up to cover his blush.

Ilya grabs his arm, wrenches it away from his face. "No, you just showered. You are telling me you don't wash your ass? Shane Hollander doesn't wash his ass?"

"*Of course* I wash my ass," Shane says, flush deepening. The sentences this man makes him say sometimes...

"Then it is clean. Not gross." Ilya sticks out his lip, pouty and pleading. His thick lashes flutter at the same moment. Shane *knows* it's a trap. Has always known that Ilya Rozanov is a manipulative fucker that can bend just about anything (or *anyone*) in his favor. Unfortunately, Shane is a sucker for him as much as everyone else.

To add insult to injury, Ilya's fingers travel down from Shane's forearm to his hand, giving it a squeeze. Shane, overwhelmed with irritation, arousal, and affection, lets out a long breath. His head flops back onto the pillows in defeat.

He gives Ilya's hand a quick squeeze back. Ilya grins and gives Shane's cock a long kiss, popping off with a smack. Shane rolls his eyes as Ilya reaches up, grabbing a pillow from the headboard. He gets Shane up onto his heels, tucking the pillow under his sacrum. When Shane relaxes back down, Ilya asks, "Good?"

Shane shifts a bit before nodding. Ilya settles back on the bed, grabbing Shane's dick as he kisses his inner thigh. Anticipation hums in Shane's veins, growing stronger with each press of Ilya's lips. Shane obviously knows about rimming conceptually, but he's never considered it personally. It doesn't seem like his cup of tea, but Ilya has always been good at making him re-evaluate his preconceptions.

Shane's cock jumps as Ilya nips at a patch of skin. Ilya lets out a hum, gives it a long stroke as if to say *I felt that*. Face burning, Shane places a hand on Ilya's head. He curls his fingers into his hair, hard enough to hurt. Ilya grunts and sucks at the skin he nipped. The sting shoots directly to Shane's cock.

"Ilya," Shane groans, his patience running thin. "Please."

Luckily, just as Shane isn't immune to Ilya's charm, Ilya isn't immune to Shane's desperation. Ilya's hands squeeze the backs of Shane's thighs, urging them to spread wider. He pushes them until Shane's pelvis is tilted as much as it can tilt, until Shane's backside is essentially on display for him. Shane bites his lip, shuts his eyes. He's been in many compromising positions with Ilya, but few of them have felt as vulnerable as this. It's as mortifying as it is hot.

Ilya's hands slide down even lower—until his thumbs frame Shane's rim. After a long moment, he tugs it lightly apart.

"Even after two weeks of straight fucking, you're still so tight," Ilya murmurs.

"It hasn't been two weeks yet," Shane can't help but correct, then feels a pang of sadness. "Five more days."

"Five more days..." Ilya repeats, his tone much less somber than Shane's. "Plenty of time to loosen up. Oh, we could put a plug up there for the rest of the time. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

Shane shakes his head, his cock giving a traitorous twitch. "No, that's gross, Ilya."

Ilya grumbles. "Gross, gross, you are always saying gross. You will not find it so gross when I can bend you over and fuck you wherever—whenever—you like."

Shane's face bursts into flames. Ilya's right—there's a lot of potential. Sitting in Ilya's lap while he plays Chel, Shane's rough breaths throwing off his game. After they work out, adrenaline already pumping, going at it like animals on the sweaty floor. On the deck, after dinner—Ilya's voice in his ear sweet like victory.

Ilya presses a thumb down in the center, bringing Shane out of his fantasy. "But that is for later. Need to focus on task under hand."

"...At hand?" Shane suggests, finally opening his eyes.

Ilya shakes his head, grip tightening on Shane's thighs. "No."

He bows his head between Shane's legs and breathes out a puff of cold air. Shane jolts, his heart kicking with it. When Ilya looks back up, the burning intensity in his eyes sends another shiver up Shane's spine.

With his mouth open, Ilya leans in even closer. He lets out another breath, but this one is warm, slow, lingering. The contrast unlocks something inside of Shane, all of his nerve endings going haywire.

After an agonizing moment, Ilya's tongue finally touches down, hot and wet and smooth. Shane's muscles jump involuntarily, but it's not as jarring as he was expecting. Ilya's next pass is slower and firmer, as if trying to map each dip and curve.

Then Ilya pulls away to spit on his hole, and Shane's arousal skyrockets. Ilya licks at him again, and, fuck, yes, that's better. *Much* better.

Ilya's hand slips up to Shane's cock, thumbing over the head as he laps at him. Shane bites back a groan, but it slips through his lips anyways. His hands fly to Ilya's hair, scrambling for purchase at the unfamiliar pleasure.

"Ooh, fuck, *fuck*—" Shane moans, his body a live wire.

As Shane settles into it, Ilya sets a steady pace—fast and rough, just like how Shane likes being fucked. Ilya's fingers dig into Shane's lower back, hard enough to bruise, raising Shane's hips to meet his mouth rather than the other way around.

When he drops Shane back down, his hand moves to his hip. "Turn over," Ilya says.

Shane is on his stomach before he processes it, arms squeezing around a pillow from the headboard as Ilya's tongue marks him like a brand. Ilya's hands grip his ass to drag his cheeks

apart, and Shane arches deeper into the touch. His hips move in time with Ilya's rhythm, the pillow that was originally supporting his lower back smooth but dry against his cock.

Ilya's right hand disappears for a second before he smacks Shane on the ass. The sting ripples through Shane's entire body as he moans, his muscles tensing.

"Don't move too much," Ilya says. "Too fast and you will break my nose."

Shane hears him. Opens his mouth to communicate this understanding. But, instead, what slips out is, "Again."

Ilya pauses a beat. "Not very effective if you like it so much," he teases. "So how about now, if you listen, I'll keep going." He hits Shane harder this time. Shane yelps and jolts, but manages to keep his lower half still. For a second, Ilya's grip molds to the curve of Shane's ass—right over the stinging hand print—as his mouth begins working mercilessly again. Then he slaps Shane over and over again until the pain and bliss dissolve into one.

"*Ilya*," Shane whimpers. Ilya sucks on his rim then, the suction pushing Shane to the razor-sharp edge. He wills himself not to grind down as he topples over, pleasure spiking impossibly higher as Ilya's slaps him again.

"Aah, fuck, *fuck*—" Stars pop behind Shane's eyelids as he comes all over the pillow, a wet spot forming under his abs. Despite the lack of friction, Ilya's tongue keeps the high from plateauing. He continues relentlessly until Shane lets out a long sigh, his lower half relaxing.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya says, pressing a kiss to Shane's sore ass. "You are so hot. I want to fuck you."

Shane looks over his shoulder. Even through his unfocused gaze, he can sense Ilya's hunger. "I never said you couldn't," he mumbles, shoving his face back into his pillow.

Ilya whoops like he just won the Cup. His tongue is instantly replaced by his finger, pushing into Shane with even greater insistence. He eventually reaches for lube, making the process smoother. But after his orgasm, Shane couldn't even resist if he tried, sinking deeper into the hazy, liminal space of his afterglow.

One finger quickly becomes two, three, four. Ilya curls them up, and Shane feels his dick stir. A weight drapes over his back, Ilya suddenly pressing wet kisses against his neck. He mutters something in Russian. The ruthless attention, from all sides, in all forms, is doing something to Shane. He's never been turned on again so quickly.

"Ready?" Ilya asks in English. Shane nods, not sure that he remembers how to speak.

When Ilya pulls his fingers out, he flips Shane onto his back. Shane's hand grips Ilya's jaw as he lines himself up, and Ilya kisses his palm as he slides home.

"*Ah—fuck*—give me a second," Shane manages. He's not ready. It's weird—feeling spent while also craving more.

Ilya's lips find his palm again, kissing up Shane's fingers. But when Ilya takes one into his mouth and *sucks*, that's when Shane realizes: it doesn't matter that his body isn't quite ready—Ilya will *make* it ready, goddammit. Shane has no choice.

Ilya urges in another finger, tongue lapping over and between the digits until there's spit running down Shane's palm. Shane doesn't hook them around his cheek or tease them further back. He couldn't if he tried; Ilya's piercing gaze shoots through him like a lance, leaving him pinned and disarmed.

"Move," Shane whispers, and Ilya doesn't need to be told twice. He thrusts into Shane, to the point that Shane's skull almost smacks against the headboard. His free hand shoots up, bracing himself against it as Ilya's thrusts grow in speed and power.

Shane acknowledges that, somewhere in his brain, he's in pain, that fucking during what should be his refractory period feels unnatural. But that part is heavily shrouded by the ecstasy of it all: seeing, *being*, with Ilya like this, fully at his mercy, there to say and do what he pleases. He'd suffer lifetimes of agony to come back to this very moment.

As tears well up in Shane's eyes, Ilya squeezes his hand, still in his after he stopped sucking on his fingers. He lets go to wrap it around Shane's cock, red and weeping against his stomach. Ilya thrusts in time with his strokes, smattering kisses along Shane's collarbones and neck. Shane's free hand wraps around his back, nails digging into his traps. Ilya groans, his forehead falling to Shane's.

"Fuck, Hollander—*Shane*..."

Shane feels when Ilya comes—his body tensing, his thrusts intensifying. Shane's hand comes to Ilya's jaw, thumb toying at his cupid's bow, and Ilya's entire body shutters. He moans something indistinguishable as he lurches up to suck on it.

Ilya's orgasm stretches out, breaths harsh and choppy through his nose as he fucks Shane through it. Shane's other hand presses up against Ilya's chest, wanting to feel the rapid thrum of his heartbeat. After an eternity, he starts coming down, pressing his forehead against Shane's. The change in angle makes Shane's grip shift, palm cupping Ilya's cheek.

After a few long moments of Ilya lazily tonguing at his thumb, he bites down—gently, but Shane gets the message. He slips it out, and Ilya collapses on top of him. The both take a moment to breathe, the sweat of their bodies burning against Shane's skin.

It's barely been a minute when Ilya starts shifting again, his lips pressing against Shane's throat. He travels lower, pecking over Shane's collarbone, his chest, his abs, before his mouth lines up with Shane's ass.

"What are you doing?" Shane asks, dubious.

"What do you think?" Ilya replies, kissing just to the right of his hole.

"You just came. Relax," Shane says. He's already had one orgasm, he doesn't need another.

"Hah. No. You think wrong."

Ilya licks the traces of come off his rim, tongue slow and content. He grabs Shane's chest, squeezing until Shane clenches, lapping up what comes out like an addict.

His other hand finds Shane's cock, stroking lazily as his attention stays on Shane's hole. Eventually, it's not enough, and Ilya shoves a finger into him. Shane barely has time to process the intrusion before Ilya is pulling out, finger coated in his own come. He locks eyes with Shane as his tongue circles the tip, sinking down until the whole finger is in his mouth.

Groaning, Shane tips his head back as his cock throbs. Everyday, he feels like he could not be more attracted to Ilya, and everyday, Ilya proves him wrong.

Ilya doesn't stop, alternating between pressing up against his prostate and licking the come off his fingers, until Shane tips over the edge again. Ilya's strokes speed up as Shane's come smooths the glide of his hand.

Once Shane is well and truly spent, he just about manages to tilt his head up to look at Ilya. "You," he says, hand coming to Ilya's jaw, "are vile."

Ilya leans into his touch, nipping at his palm. "It's from my own body. Will it hurt me?" He pulls the defiled pillow out from underneath Shane, flinging it to the side. Then he climbs on top of him, his descent a threat. Shane reaches up to cover the lower half of his face.

"And you're *not* allowed to kiss my lips after licking my asshole," Shane whispers, both chiding and affectionate.

Ilya shakes his head. "It's your ass. Are you afraid of your own germs?"

Shane snorts out a laugh, his hand unmoving. "All ass germs are gross."

Ilya sighs, pout evident against Shane's palm, but relents. He drops his weight onto Shane's body, tucking his head into the crook of Shane's neck.

Shane hugs him closer, a grin blooming on his lips. He drifts for a moment before his brain catches up to *just* how good that was. It sobers him, and his gaze focuses again. "Do you... Have you done that often?" he asks, the words feeling awkward even on his own tongue.

"No one eats ass on the first date, Shane." Ilya chuckles; Shane waits. His patience pays off when, after a long beat of silence, Ilya continues, his tone losing its flippant edge, "And while I've been with many people, I've been on very few dates."

He reaches up, carding a hand through Shane's hair. His touch, as always, is grounding, pulling Shane out of his head. After a few strokes, Shane isn't even sure why his anxiety flared. Ilya, notoriously, has slept around. What he did or didn't do with others isn't Shane's business. What matters is that he's here, he's *Shane's*, now.

"If you think about it, this"—Shane gestures around the cabin—"is our first date."

"Well, impossible to resist with you. You have a very good ass," Ilya says, patting Shane on the side of his butt. "And I like you a lot."

After everything that's happened today, that's what breaks Shane. It's not even *the* L word, which they've said to each other more than once since the first confession. But how else is Shane supposed to react to something so beautifully silly and devastatingly earnest?

Shane's eyes fill with tears for the second time tonight, his nose burning in tandem. He tries to will them away, but with each blink of his eyelashes, they further threaten to spill over. His overwhelming feelings for Ilya are a lot harder to process when there's no physical outlet for them. He eventually settles on staring at Ilya, content to drown in the ocean-blue gaze that swallows his thoughts and fears.

"You are the first to ever cry over rimjob. Emotionally," Ilya whispers, thumb running just under Shane's wet lashes. "This, I am sure."

Shane lets out an incredulous laugh. *It's not just the rimjob*, he wants to say, but the words get caught in his throat as he looks up at Ilya's tender gaze. He knows. Shane doesn't have to say it.

Unable to contain himself any longer, Shane shoves at Ilya's shoulders, emotion bubbling into action. Ilya grips his bicep to keep from toppling over, and, with a laugh, he starts kissing down Shane's body again. He licks a stripe up his abs, kisses down his thighs, noses at his knee. Sitting up on his heels, Ilya slings Shane's leg over his shoulder as he bites his calf.

"If you go any lower, Rozanov, I'm going to think you have a *thing*," Shane says, kicking playfully at Ilya's head. "I'm sure the MHL would love to learn all about it."

"Oh, Hollander, do not threaten me with a good time." Ilya pinches Shane's big toe before sliding up to toy with the hem of his sock.

"Nooo, gross," Shane laughs.

"Grosser than asshole?" Ilya asks.

"You're the grossest asshole," Shane counters, kicking Ilya harder. Ilya's grip goes ironclad around Shane's ankle.

"Oh, very clever. Your word play is better than your playing on the ice, you know? You should consider retiring early, start a career in comedy."

That fucking smirk. Shane wants to kiss him so badly. He gives a final, half-hearted kick at Ilya's temple. "Go brush your teeth," he says.

"Go wash your asshole," Ilya counters. He nips at Shane's ankle before dropping it back to the bed. Shane watches him pull on his briefs before heading out into the hallway.

Shane reaches for the bedside table, plucks a few tissues out of the box to wipe himself down. Once he's done, he crosses his arms behind his head, relaxing into his locked hands. He closes his eyes, listens to the sound of running water as Ilya brushes his teeth.

Without distractions, Shane's mind starts whirring again. And maybe it's just his afterglow, but things feel less bleak than before.

Yes, it sucks that there are only five more days. But, as they've done with the rest, Shane knows they'll make every moment count.

End Notes

yes shane would wear socks during sex this is my truth

Edit 12/30: omg I'm rewatching EP 1 with a friend and I forgoT HE CANONICALLY DOES
#OURTRUTH

also just a reminder that i have not read the books so 1. sorry if a scene like this already exists
in canon aksdkf and 2. please no spoilers for TLG in the comments :)

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