

## Smoking Hot

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| Rating:          | <a href="#">Explicit</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
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| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Fandom:          | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Top Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Bottom Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Idiots in Love</a> , <a href="#">Oral Fixation</a> , <a href="#">Smoking</a> , <a href="#">Hand Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Blow Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Oral Sex</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Smut</a> , <a href="#">Canon Autistic Character</a> , <a href="#">Ruined Orgasms</a> , <a href="#">Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot</a> , <a href="#">Dirty Talk</a> , <a href="#">Praise Kink</a> , <a href="#">Good Boy Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Dom/sub Undertones</a> , <a href="#">Established Relationship</a> , <a href="#">but like, you know</a> , <a href="#">situationship - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">Hair-pulling</a> , <a href="#">Boys Kissing</a> , <a href="#">Explicit Consent</a> , <a href="#">Cuddling &amp; Snuggling</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| Stats:           | Published: 2025-12-29 Words: 4,316 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |

# Smoking Hot

by [sunonwire](#)

## Summary

Ilya annoys Shane by smoking after one of their late night hotel meet-ups (before The Cottage), and Shane finds out that he actually doesn't hate smoking as much.

## Notes

-I plead guilty for my greed for blond asshole athletes with sharp cheekbones; it has just reached the levels written about in the Bible.

-Let's just get this horny hyperfixation out of my system so I can go back to the sfw teenage shenanigans and continue healing my inner child lol <3

(-sorry if you got excited about a Spiders Crawling update, I'm working on it - pinky promise)

(-hopefully the 4k of smut compensates for the emotional damage I've been inflicting on you for two years. See? I can be nice)

(-please tell me I'm nice, please, I'm not any better than our Good Boy Shane, please, I need praise.)

The high subsides in uneven waves while the orgasm's still humming under Shane's skin; nerves fried and overbright, muscles going loose all at once, bones turning to jelly, as that hollowed-out fullness settles in behind his freckled ribs. For a few seconds, maybe longer, he can stay there, just floating. His breath's coming back in shallow pulls, chest rising and falling against Ilya's. The world has reduced down to Ilya's warmth and weight, and the dull, pleasant throb still echoing through Shane's spine.

Then the rest starts creeping in. *Of course it does, it always does.*

The endorphin veil is slipping down, and the afterglow dims. The weighted blanket of Ilya's body lifts away, and Shane is suddenly hyper-aware of his own skin. He realises how sticky and unpleasant everything has gotten: the air feels thick and damp, his skin is slick with sweat, stuff sticking where it shouldn't, sheets twisted and moist. Shane shudders. The pleasant haze fractured, all that is left is the crawling bone-deep itch, the urge *to fix it, to clean it, to get dry, to get space, to get the fuck out of Rozanov's hotel room.*

He swallows, jaw tightening slightly as he shifts, careful not to make his exit too obvious or too rushed. He peels himself up enough to reach for the water on the nightstand, but not enough to end up touching anything icky by accident. His fingers are clumsy, and his mouth is parched. He drinks too fast, regardless of his jaw and throat straining with a dull ache. The room temp tap tastes surprisingly great under these circumstances: refreshing, neutral, and grounding.

Beside him, Ilya exhales slowly, sprawled with an easy, unselfconscious comfort that Shane both envies and resents a little. Sweat glistens on his skin, catching the low, warm light from the hotel lamp, chest rising steady now.

Then he moves. While it seemed like he was going to reach for Shane, pull him into a hug or something else, similarly silly, his hand continued past Shane, and his fingers are now blindly dipping into the nightstand. He kisses Shane's clammy shoulder, and Shane can't help but grimace at that. *Nasty.* Maybe he would tell Ilya off if the soft rattle of cardboard, *a god damned pack of cigarettes*, didn't immediately steal his attention.

Shane lowers the glass and turns his head, already knowing what he's going to see.

Ilya glances over, catching the disapproving look, mouth quirking faintly with a cigarette caught between those unfairly full lips.

"You cannot be real," Shane scoffs, voice hoarse. Ilya's eyebrows rise slightly, and Shane chuckles with equal amounts of disbelief and irritation, "You're actually going to smoke. Here. In the fucking Marriott."

"Is okay," he says without a single concern behind those blue eyes, "I'll open window in a minute."

"That's not the point," Shane mutters, dropping back against the pillows, eyes tracking Ilya's long, slender fingers and the cigarette rolling in between them with delicate crunching

sounds. He doesn't reach out. Doesn't stop him. Just watches, annoyed and resigned all at once. "What do you even see in inching yourself closer to death this often?"

Ilya laughs softly, "No. With a cigarette? I am fine." He shrugs, "Statistically, I'm doing very good."

Shane huffs. "That's not as comforting as you think it is."

"I mean it," Ilya insists, using the cigarette to punctuate his sentences, "Is more likely I die in a car crash. Or something else dumb."

"Mm. Love that for you," Shane says dryly, rolling his eyes. "Really living on the edge."

Ilya scoffs, "You worry too much."

"I do not," Shane says automatically, then sighs, "okay, I do. But only about you smoking yourself to death and haunting me."

Ilya lifts the cigarette, inspecting it like he's considering Shane's point. "If I haunt you," he says thoughtfully, "I do it naked, promise."

Shane groans, long-suffering and very unimpressed, but as he shoves at Ilya's stupid head, the itch under his skin dulls from a scream to a murmur, his brain latches onto the rhythm of the familiar back-and-forth, the comforting predictability of Ilya's bullshit. It keeps him there, in the bed, in the moment, comfortable.

Ilya laughs, letting his head roll back toward Shane again, leaning into the tingling pull of Shane's fingers in his hair for a moment longer than necessary. He smirks as he finally lights up the cigarette (with an additional dose of spite and purpose). And despite himself, Shane's eyes are glued to the flickering flame like an actual moth.

There's something about it, Shane's gotta admit as much. The cigarette looks infuriatingly good in Ilya's mouth. The way his gorgeous lips close around it as he positions it, how his cheeks are hollowing just enough to make him look like a CQ model. And don't let him even start about the grunge of it all! The bad-boy aesthetic, which Shane pretends he's immune to. Although Ilya was smoking the first time they met, *leaning against the wall like all trouble incarnate*. The visual has definitely shifted Shane's brain chemistry forever.

Ilya catches him staring, "What?" Smoke curls from the corner of his mouth as he watches Shane watch him. Stubbornly, Shane looks away (only briefly). Ilya uses that moment to get up and crack the window open, as promised. And Shane is a weak, weak man; once he feels the mattress shift, he turns his head begrudgingly back to catch a glimpse of Ilya's scrumptious ass adorned with cute moles.

Shane would feel ashamed that he's ogling Ilya like that. Still, he is more embarrassed that once Ilya turns back towards the bed, his eyes go immediately back to tracking the cigarette... *the way Rozanov's lips rest around it, even when he's not drawing*. Shane almost shudders.

“What,” Ilya says again as he crawls back underneath the warm, filthy sheets, closer to Shane than he rested before, his thick thigh touching Shane’s casually, “You are curious, yes?”

Shane scoffs defensively, “About lung cancer? Hard pass.” And he forces his eyes to lock in on the lamp like it’s the most interesting piece of hotel decor he has ever seen.

Ilya hums, unbothered, gaze dipping briefly to Shane’s mouth, before coming back up. He taps the cigarette against an empty shot glass and angles it toward Shane without quite offering it - but close enough to smell.

“Not what I mean,” he says. “You ever actually try?”

Shane shakes his head, irritation flaring, but it doesn’t burn clean anymore. Quite contrary, there’s molten lava pooling in his stomach, dissolving the sensory load of having just been fucked. The edge blunts as the feeling spreads, heat sinking lower instead of spiking outward, like his blood has been rerouted elsewhere from his overthinking brain. He fights off the urge to look at Ilya, barely. “No. And I’m not starting now.”

“Mm.” Ilya exhales, close enough that Shane can feel his breath, a faint smoke. Ilya’s other hand rests on Shane’s thigh, stroking mindless circles. “I think you would like it.”

Shane’s jaw tightens. “Yeah?” he shoots back. “Based on what, exactly?”

Ilya’s smile shifts as he leans closer, determined to get Shane to look at him again, and he doesn’t play fair. He kisses Shane’s cheek and noses at the wet spot before moving closer to his ear.

“You like using your mouth,” he says lightly, like it’s an observation he’s made over the years, not a line he’s tossing out as a tease. “And you are so very good with it.” His eyes linger shamelessly on Shane’s parted lips again. “Smoking... is not much different.”

Shane’s breath stutters involuntarily as the praise lands and turns into a treacherous twitch in his cock. His cheeks flush coral and bothered, and his brain short-circuits around the phrasing with the memory of Ilya’s weight and taste still fresh on his tongue.

Ilya waits until he has Shane’s eyes again: not by asking, not by turning his head himself, just by holding the moment open long enough that Shane’s resolve caves under its own weight. When Shane finally looks back, blushing and undeniably keyed up, Ilya’s mouth curves into a grin, pleased, like he’s won the Cup.

The room feels too hot. Or maybe that’s just Shane. Shane’s Adam’s apple bops, his throat is dry again, and no amount of water can save him from the thirst he feels. Plus, he hasn’t blinked in a while, so his eyes have gone blurry and glassy, but they are still deadset on Ilya’s damn cigarette.

Ilya brings the cigarette back to his lips with the utmost care. He draws in slowly and deeply. His chest expands with the breath, utterly comfortable in this bed, basking in Shane’s eager attention, *rubbing his weakness with an absolute delight*. The smoke spills from Ilya’s mouth

in a controlled stream, and he shapes it into circles that drift and dissolve in the air above them.

“You look,” Ilya says quietly, almost fondly. “Like you are already half convinced.”

Shane’s pulse is loud in his ears, they must be screaming red. The smoke is everywhere, in his nose, his eyes, clinging to the moment, wrapping around his neck like a stern hand. It shouldn’t be this captivating. *And it’s stupid that it is!*

Ilya’s thigh presses more firmly against Shane’s, and his hand rests higher on it too, basically cupping Shane’s groin. Shane bites down on his bottom lip, breath hitching on the dying moan. Ilya tempts Shane’s spent dick with featherlight touches. *When..?* Shane feels dizzy, but not in a bad way. Ilya exhales again, and being the little shit he is, deliberately towards Shane.

“You imagine,” Ilya murmurs. “How it feels. How it tastes. I can feel-”

Ilya almost chokes on the smoke himself, as he sees Shane’s chest rise with intention. Mr Lung Cancer breathes it in on purpose, lips parting just slightly as he draws in Ilya’s smoke.

“Пиздец блядь.” *Fucking hell.* Ilya has expected Shane to snap by this time already, steal his cigarette, tell him to fuck off, and storm off for the next couple of months. He had been pushing for an angry kitten Hollander™ reaction, for a worthy, juicy goodbye drama to sustain him until the next time they meet. Whatever this turn out of the events is must be a blessing from the God himself.

Shane exhales softly through his nose with his eyes almost closed but never leaving Ilya. He’s weirdly focused, like he’s testing the sensation, judging the way it layers over his arousal and cataloguing the feeling instead of rejecting it as resolutely as he probably should.

“You just breathed that in,” Ilya says, completely transfixed. *He’s never going to unsee this for the rest of his life, is he?* It’s already playing on a loop in his head; his jaw goes slack in awe, cigarette dangling in the corner of his mouth.

Shane huffs, the otherworldly glaze lifting from his eyes just long enough for embarrassment to creep in, “It’s literally everywhere,” he mutters. “I didn’t-” but he gives up on that sentence and on justifying himself in general, letting his pouty lips and furrowed brows do the talking while the red is blooming higher on his cheeks and his chest unabashedly.

There’s a painfully insistent throbbing in Ilya’s body despite having just cum on Shane’s back like fifteen minutes ago. His dick begs for mercy and for more in the same breath, laying limp in the crease of Ilya’s thigh and twitching pathetically. But regardless, Ilya closes the gap between them with a kiss. It’s quick and shallow, barely more than a brush of mouths. Just a fleeting press meant to catch the taste of his smoke on Shane’s lips, no matter how fleeting or otherwise unnoticeable it may be. Ilya wants to savour every trace of it. He gently strokes Shane’s semi, fondling the glistening head in his palm.

Shane makes a desperate sound against Ilya’s mouth. A breathy little whimper that slips out instead of the complaint he meant to make. He pulls back slightly, startled by his own

reaction. Ilya, quietly pleased, smiles. Shane blinks rapidly, clearly processing the fact that he did not just cuss at Ilya for blowing smoke in his face, and instead melted into a chaste kiss like a damn ice cream on a summer day.

Ilya's hand comes up covered in the dew of Shane's arousal, fingers immediately spreading along his jaw. Ilya's thumb presses into one cheek, fingers into the other, smushing Shane's soft skin just enough to keep his attention where Ilya wants it. The hand on his face steadies Shane, anchors him, makes the room stop spinning quite so much. *He will for sure be angry when his brain properly processes what that filthy Russian has done*, but for now, he falls so easily into the hold, his lips are soft, and his eyes pleading. It makes Ilya's grip firm just a little, fingers sliding higher, cradling Shane's face.

He kisses Shane again, this time deeper, and at first also slower - that is, until his hunger inevitably comes on top of the holy awe, his tongue sweeping and licking into Shane's hot mouth, chasing the ghost of smoke and warmth and even himself, determined to claim every last nicotine molecule Shane inhaled. When Ilya finally pulls back, it's just enough to breathe, keeping their foreheads touching. His thumb pauses at the corner of Shane's mouth before it swipes across his glistening bottom lip, dragging it down with its weight. Shane shivers at the contact; he's so eager to close the thumb in his mouth, all Ilya has to do is push it in. And it takes everything in him not to do just that.

"Tell me," he murmurs instead. "You like this, yes?"

"Mm," Shane breaths rather than says while trying to formulate a better answer, but he only ends up half-moaning: "I do."

"We can stop, you know." A real edge of concern seeps through Ilya's desire. "I don't want-" He exhales on empty, cigarette burning away in his other hand, "push you into something you don't really want."

It takes Shane a second to gather himself enough to really hear what Ilya is saying, separate the urge to please and be good for Ilya humming through his body from the actual words. He reaches up, fingers wrapping around Ilya's wrist, not to remove his hand, but to hold it there. "I'm not... just saying that because you're hot and asking."

Ilya chuckles as he mumbles, "but I am very hot," against Shane's freckles. Shane's other hand knots in the soft golden curls at Ilya's nape and pulls, just a little tug that draws Ilya's head back a fraction to hold space between them for this conversation.

"It's not just the cigarette. Or smoking. Which, for the record, I still don't endorse. It's you doing it, how naughty it feels," his fingers tighten slightly in Ilya's hair. "I want it."

"I like that, naughty.." Ilya wraps the word in the blanket of his accent. But when he brings the cigarette back up into the picture, a slight worry still creases in between his brows.

"If it stops being fun," Shane adds, releasing Ilya's hair in favour of smoothing the line with his finger, "I'll tell you. Or smack you. Or-" a small, crooked smile tugs at his mouth, "I'll steal your dumb cigarette and throw it out the window."

“Deal,” Ilya smiles. He lifts the cigarette back to his mouth and takes a slow drag, eyes locked on Shane’s face. He holds the smoke behind his lips as he leans in to take another kiss from Shane’s mouth, letting the faint taste of smoke linger on his tongue as something to be shared without being fully given away. The taste is subtle, but it makes Shane’s head tip back just a little, his mouth parts wider into the kiss, asking for more. Ilya exhales softly through his nose, and the smoke drifts around them, not into Shane’s mouth, but still all-consuming.

“Good,” Ilya murmurs low and breathless. He takes another small drag between the kisses and exhales into Shane’s next breath, noses brushing, close enough that there’s no space for the air to belong to either of them alone. The smoke flows between them gently, mingling. Shane takes it in eagerly, lips quivering, eyes tightly closed. His shoulders relax instead of tensing, and a quiet sound catches in his chest.

“That’s it,” Ilya whispers against Shane’s lips, releasing his jaw to take a hold of his cock again, his fingers forming a loose circle around it. Ilya’s grin widens as he feels how hard and wet Shane has gotten - just from smoking and kissing. He gives it a few easy strokes that have Shane moaning into his mouth, “Good, so good for me.”

“Oh fuck,” Shane breathes. “It’s... Jesus Christ. I want-” He blabbers. Ilya holds him close, breathing with him for a moment longer, letting the smoke thin and fade.

Ilya then takes one last drag, deeper this time, filling his lungs fully before dropping the cigarette butt into his shot glass. Next, his mouth seals over Shane’s until there’s nowhere else for the smoke to go, until Ilya’s breath replaces Shane’s own. Smoke pours between them, warm and bitter and overwhelming, flooding Shane’s senses all at once on purpose while Ilya strokes his weeping cock.

Shane gasps. He whimpers into the deep, suffocating kiss, his hips bucking weakly to meet Ilya’s hand and gain more friction. Ilya keeps the kiss close and demanding while he holds Shane on the edge of orgasm with his fist. The smoke starts to settle, and the world narrows to heat and pressure and the unfamiliar fullness of it. Shane’s breath hiccups, succumbing to the dizzying, heady rush of nicotine and Ilya’s presence.

When Ilya finally pulls back, it’s only because Shane desperately needs air (even if he would be content to drown in Ilya’s mouth by the looks of it). Shane drags it in weakly, chest heaving, eyes glassy and unfocused. His hands cling to Ilya, lips swollen and panting, brows furrowed as he feels the onset of his third orgasm within the past hour. It’s intense, cutting sharply through the lingering sensitivity of the first two releases, but Shane wants it so bad despite it all, or maybe because of it. *Who knows*. The lines of pleasure have blurred too much for him to tell anymore, and his head feels like a bloon, floating away from any reason. He only cares about bucking into Ilya’s fist like a rabid coyote in heat.

“Just like that,” Ilya hums into Shane’s hair, short of breath himself, but the rhythm of his fist stutters, it’s too slow and too loose to help Shane over the edge in any meaningful way. Shane whines, trying even harder to chase the release with his hips, tears welling in his waterline.

A mischievous glimmer sparks in Ilya’s eye. He stills Shane with a quiet sound, not a word, but enough to make Shane stop his desperate efforts and look at him. His hand leaves Shane’s

cock, firming at his waist instead. Shane could actually cry; he's literally seconds from begging for it, when Ilya says, "I'll make you cum, if I get to smoke one in peace, yes?"

"Rozanov!" Shane heaves. "You're such-" he shudders with effort not to strangle Ilya right there, "such an asshole!" One moment, everything in him was tight and bright, pushing towards that razor-thin line, and almost finding his release, but now Ilya's hand is gone, replaced by a mean, deliberate absence. All that buildup's gone wasted on Ilya's nonsense games. Shane's shoulders tremble and a wrecked sound tears out of him before he can stop it. He follows it with a whimper, "you absolute.. fucking.. " It burns and fizzles at the same time, pleasure collapsing and making him dizzy and aching in a way that blurs his vision with angry tears, but that doesn't provide any sense of satisfaction, "asshole!" A tear track glitters across his freckles.

Ilya casually reaches for another cigarette, ignoring the tantrum, even if it's hard not to cave into Shane's demands immediately, especially as Shane's nails rake down his shoulder, "Can you light it for me?"

Ilya gently places the cigarette between Shane's lips just as he's about to cuss at Ilya again. He wonders if Shane's going to bite his fingers clean off, judging by the furious expression on his beautiful, flushed face. However, the risk is rewarded by Shane's frustration morphing into the most heart-clenching, teeth-rotting vision of trust the second Ilya says: "Be a good boy, hold it." Shane relaxes into it and closes his mouth around the filter. His eyes stay on Ilya's face, wide and dreamy, every ounce of him tuned to the sound and cadence of Ilya's voice. *Such a surreal view*, Ilya almost feels unworthy of it; he's probably the only person who gets to ever see Shane Hollander like this, and he can't even paint it, or write it into poetry as it deserves. But regardless, he never wants to stop looking.

Ilya brings the lighter up slowly, letting Shane see the flame before it ever touches the cigarette. The pause stretches long enough to make Shane's pulse jump in anticipation.

"When I say," Ilya continues. "You breathe in. Slow. Not greedy, yes?"

Shane nods faintly as Ilya strikes the lighter again, flame steady, hovering just in front of Shane's mouth, licking at the tip of the cigarette. "Now."

Shane inhales. The cigarette catches, ember glowing as smoke blooms for the first time.

"Fuck," Ilya mouths, the flame gets shaky in his hand. He watches Shane closely, holding his own breath. "Good," he adds with a little delay, "Hold."

Shane holds it, chest tight, the world tilting just a little as the sensation spreads through his throat and chest, crawling across his tongue and setting his insides on fire. His brows knit, but he doesn't panic; his eyes find Ilya's

"And out," Ilya murmurs against Shane's chest, already moving down the line of his body to give him his reward, kicking the sheets off the bed.

Shane exhales, smoke spilling free in a slow, trembling stream. Ilya waits it out, watches the last of it leave Shane's mouth before he reaches up. His fingers brush Shane's lips as he takes

the cigarette from between them. He takes a one, delicious drag and then swallows Shane down in one go. White spots shatter behind Shane's eyes, and his hands tangle into Ilya's hair by instinct, unsure if to pull him off or push him even closer. The heat of Ilya's talented mouth is a scorching, maddening trap, and the sight of him blowing smoke between Shane's legs is a pure sin.

Ilya decides for Shane, he draws back just enough to kiss the tip of Shane's cock and dig a tongue at the slit before taking him all the way down his throat once again. He buries his nose in the dark hair of Shane's pubes on every trip down his length, setting a quick and greedy pace that only has one goal: to make Shane cum quick and crashing. Shane throws back his head, unable to look at Ilya devouring him with so much gusto without exploding immediately.

Tears prickle in Ilya's eyes, and he groans, when Shane starts thrusting up into his mouth. God knows if on purpose, because Shane is far beyond coherent at this point. Ilya groans as he fights not to choke too much, his cheeks are getting wet. Ilya's muffled sounds send vibrations up Shane's entire nervous system, tremors take over his body, and his grip tightens until the roots of Ilya's hair burn. The next deep whimper from Ilya makes Shane see stars, and he comes down Ilya's throat, shivering.

Ilya stays down there, his head greedily bobbing through all the intense waves of Shane's third orgasm of the night until the last one passes, and is replaced by an uncomfortable feeling of oversensitivity. Ilya places a soft kiss on Shane's hipbone, his tensing stomach, and also his chest and neck, the joint of Shane's slack jaw, and his ear. He only tears his mouth away from Shane's skin to take one last quick drag from the cigarette, facing away from Shane because this time, it's only for him. And Shane can't muster any complaints through the bone-deep exhaustion taking over him anyway. Still, Ilya tosses the mostly full cigarette to the shot glass without a second thought right after.

He needs both of his hands free to gather Shane close and hold him tight against his own body until both of their heart rates drop to normal values. "Come here," Ilya murmurs unnecessarily into Shane's neck, soft and tender. He adjusts his hold so Shane is fully pressed against him: arm snug around his shoulders, hand warm and steady between his shoulder blades, where he rubs slow circles.

"You are okay?" Ilya asks quietly, fingers idly combing through Shane's sweaty hair.

Shane hums, content and sleepy against his better judgment. *He could actually stay the night*, God, he wants to stay so bad. "M'perfect," he mumbles. Then, breathlessly, he adds: "T'was insane, you're insane... I hate you so much."

"Liar," Ilya chuckles, really proud of himself, he bends to press a kiss into Shane's hair. Then another. Then one at his temple. None of them lingering or claiming, just there - sweet and present. Shane tilts his head up to catch one of those butterfly kisses with his mouth, so insatiable. It's slow and lazy, tasting faintly of smoke and Shane's cum. Disgusting by any usual optics, but Shane sighs into it regardless, without even thinking of flinching. He doesn't pull away when Ilya kisses him again. Or again.



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