feeling vindicated

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by giirlirdk

Summary

Shane Hollander is gay and at this point the whole world knows this – his husband most of all. This fact was confirmed millenia ago… and yet, the mere mention of that woman causes indescribable jealousy to flare up inside Ilya Rozanov.

It literally has nothing to do with Rose Landry, she is a great friend to Shane and, at this point, she is a great friend to him as well. He loves her as much as Shane loves her.

Why then is the green-eyed monster ever present when they joke about their past relationship? Perhaps he needs to discuss his jealousy issues and possessiveness with his therapist… or he could simply remind his husband who he belongs to.

Ilya prefers the latter, especially when he has things to prove wrong.

Notes

this is the first none academic writing I have done probably ever. This is lowkey (highkey) porn with some plot so if you're not into that, click off. I have done my best with the tags but if you notice anything missing pls pls pls let me know and I will fix it asap (I am very familiar with the tagging system as a reader but, again, this is the first work I am publishing on here so I might have accidentally missed something)

Also, English is not my first language so if you notice any mistakes that's my excuse and I do not apologize - it is a god given right I have earned for learning another language.

Anyways enjoy! Feel free to comment and leave Kudos

ALSO!! IMPORTANT AND QUICK DISCLAIMER: I have not read the books yet so this will not be book cannon compliant, if I mess anything up from that my bad. When I'm done with the books if I notice any blatant mistakes ill come fix them. Maybe. No promises.

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya is absolutely stewing in jealousy right now, and not for the first time either. He is seething in anger and anyone who looks at him for more than a second can probably tell. There's really no reason to be feeling this way and that is a fact he is fully aware of.

He loves all of his husband's friends (except maybe Hayden, but that's really more of a bit than anything.) Shane is surrounded by great people – he may not have many friends, but the few he does have are truly the absolute best and have, throughout the years, also become his good friends. So then, why is it that a silly little joke manages to get under his skin every single time.

It is a joke he hears often. Any time they get together with the wonderful Rose Landry someone has to make mention of it. Really he should be used to it by now, they have been together for years and officially married for a while now. And yet, the mention of Shane and Rose's brief entanglement always ignites in him a small ember of jealousy. Today the jealousy burns brighter than most other nights.

This, he speculates, may be a result of the little unresolved argument they had prior to meeting Rose tonight. It really was nothing major, just a petty little disagreement over who is most possessive of the other.

Individually, they are no strangers to being flirted with, a side effect of both of them being absolutely gorgeous men (it helps that they are also filthy rich). This has led to quite a few situations that call for some possessiveness. Shane argued that Ilya has the more possessive streak going. Ilya argued that he really had no reason to be jealous or possessive because he knows who Shane belongs to. He also argued that, on the contrary, he actually kind of enjoyed seeing his husband get hit on knowing they stood absolutely no chance. He knows his husband is incredibly entrancing and he really doesn't blame anyone for shooting their shot – God knows he's been obsessed with the man for the better part of a decade. But, at the end of the day, he is the only one who can claim him as his own. One could argue this thought process proves Shane's point, but in the end their conversation went unresolved and it was put on hold by their scheduled dinner date with Rose.

"Ugh I love going on dates with my ex-boyfriend and his husband, it almost feels like we never broke up." Rose jokes. Again, a very usual comment between the pair.

"You will always be my favorite girlfriend Rose" Shane responds, as is typical between them.

Perhaps the conversation had lingered in the back of Rozanov's mind for most of the dinner, and so, near the end, when the habitual comment was made, it triggered something in him. Shane is gay, meaning he likes men and exclusively men. There is no reason for Ilya to feel jealous and possessive right now because Rose is a woman. Shane does not like women. He likes dick. Rose is evidently without dick. Evidently though, at some point, Shane liked Rose enough to stick his dick in her. This grates at Ilya's nerves right now to an unhealthy degree (because god forbid a man who was deeply in denial of his sexuality fuck a couple women to confirm.)

Ilya is aware that this is a completely off-base and unfair thought process, but he can't help it at the moment. His brain is consumed with images of Shane in bed with her and that is so not fucking cool right now. He really really does not hold their past relationship against them. His husband is gay. The whole world knows this at this point, a luxury they were not afforded for many years. He is also acutely aware that he is proving Shane's earlier claim but that is the least of his concerns right now.

Thankfully, tonight the comment was made towards the end of the night, when their food had already been eaten, their drinks already drunk, and their dessert already had. This meant that his anger went mostly unnoticed as they said their goodbyes. He was completely normal when parting from Rose, gave her a kiss on the cheek and a hug as is usual, and yet his husband knew something was up.

Nevertheless a gentleman, Ilya opened Shane's passenger side door and waited for him to settle comfortably before shutting it. He rounded the car, got himself settled in the driver's seat and turned on the ignition. He lowered the music to a low hum and began the drive to their house. Perhaps the silence on the drive home also clued him in.

The drive wasn't long and Ilya's hand was on Shane's thigh the entire time. His left hand was on the wheel and his right hand settled on his husband's laps when not needed to change gears. It would periodically travel higher and at the end of the drive he was roughly palming Shane's dick. Shane did not say much, but pathetic little whimpers spilled out of his mouth without shame. His hand was on top of Ilya's as though attempting to stop him but with no actual resistance and his hips were subtly rocking up into his husband's large hand, as though encouraging his partner to continue.

His head was turned towards Ilya, large brown eyes filled with tears of pleasure, but Rozanov's eyes remained firmly on the road. When the car turned into their driveway Ilya chanced a look at Shane.

"Fuck" he softly muttered in Russian.

He puts the car in park and, with the hand previously occupied in Shane's lap, grabs the hand on top of his own and brings it to his lips. He presses a short little kiss on the back of Shane's hand and then just rests his lips there.

" Go inside, take off all of your clothes and go sit down on our bed like a good boy." He says, eyes locked on his husbands' and his lips still resting on his hand. He presses another small kiss on Hollander's hand and then lets go.

Shane scrambles to obey. He loves when his husband gets all demanding and rough like this – his spouse knows exactly how he likes to be treated after all these years.

In the car, Ilya watches Hollander practically sprint inside the house. He takes a minute to compose himself, he's a little too worked up at the moment and he wants this to be a long night. He shuts off the car, his brain still replaying all the thoughts which consumed him earlier and getting progressively more worked up.

He takes his time as he walks inside the cottage, toes off his shoes and heads to the kitchen. He pours himself a glass of vodka, purposely making Shane wait. He places the glass between his teeth while he heads towards the bedroom, using his now free hands to meticulously undo the buttons on his formal shirt and roll up his sleeves. By the time he reaches the bedroom doorway his chest and abs are on display, along with his happy trail. Leaning on the doorframe, he appears outwardly unbothered but the strain on his dress pants suggests otherwise.

Shane is sitting patiently on the edge of the bed, fully on display, his hands folded on his lap.

Ilya slowly approaches and stands directly in front of Hollander. His hand reaches up and caresses the other's cheek. His thumb reaches Hollander's lips and he puts it inside his mouth. He allows him to suck on his finger, a little hum of contentment spilling out while his tongue swirls around it.

"So fucking pretty and all mine huh?"

Shane nods, looking at his husband through his top lashes while still sucking on his thumb.

Ilya slides his finger out with a pop and roughly grabs his face, forcing Shane's lips into a little pout. He bends down and gives him a little peck, unable to resist the urge. As he straightens up he gives Shane two little light slaps on the cheek.

"Face down ass up in the center. I want to see all of you right now." he commands in a rough voice as he looks for the lube in the nightstand drawer.

"Yes Sir" Shane answers, stumbling around to comply. He climbs on the bed and does as told, ass in full view for his husband. Ilya climbs up behind him on his knees and his hands reach up to fondle the ass right in front him.

"You're so easy for me, yeah? All I have to do is tell you what to do and you obey. It's because you belong to me right? This ass is mine." The last four words are emphasized with slaps on one of his asscheeks, four total. Shane lets out a groan after the last one, nodding his head in agreement.

The red hand print left behind does little to appease Ilya right now, he needs to mark his husband up and show everyone who he belongs to. He goes back to a soft caress for now. Shane feels a cold drip of lube at some point but is already too far gone to complain.

"I bet you're still loose from earlier too. I don't even have to stretch you out for my cock, you're already molded to fit me. All 9 inches are gonna go in so easy, you were made to take me. Right lyubimiy?" Shane nods again and receives another spank in response.

"Words." Ilya reminds him.

"Yes, sir" Shane practically whimpers out.

Ilya begins unbuckling his belt, easily slipping it out of the loops. "Oh you like when I treat you like I own you huh? Hands. Now." Shane brings his hands together behind his back,

sinking further into the bed and allowing Ilya to tie them with his belt.

“Is this okay baby?” Ilya asks, “Not too tight?”

“Yes, it’s okay” Shane breathes out.

Ilya hums in confirmation and continues removing his pants, lowering them to his knees along with his briefs. He grabs his already erect cock and pumps it a few times before lining it up with Shane’s hole. He begins to slowly slide in inch by inch, not giving Shane much room to breathe. Once settled fully in he gives him time to adjust, checking in again. The second a response is given, however, he begins moving with so much force Shane slides forward in the bed, nearly reaching the headboard. Ilya grabs hold of his bound hands with one hand, the other resting on his hip, using them to hold him in place. He sets a relentless, punishing pace, leaving Shane completely breathless. All Shane can do is take it, tears beginning to gather in his eyes again. He can barely formulate a thought, mind completely blank because of his husband's dick in him.

Whimpers spill out of Shane to the beat of his husband's thrusts. Little choruses of “Please more, please please.” all he can coherently say. Ilya is spurred on further by the scene in front of him. He uses the hold on his partner's tied hands to pull him up, that hand now settling around his husband's neck. No force is applied, the hand just rests there, functioning as a further claim of ownership.

“Youre so fucking good for me, moya lyubov. Taking it so fucking well. You're mine, right dorogoy? All fucking mine and no one else’s. I’m your favorite, nobody else, hmm?” He spits in his hand and reaches around to roughly fist Shane’s cock, the other remaining around his neck. “Only I can make you feel like this, right?”

No actual words come out of Shane's mouth, only little whimpers in agreement. He’s being fucked stupid, probably couldn’t form a verbal response if his life depended on it.

“What’s wrong baby? Are you not gonna say anything?” Ilya says in a condescending tone. “That’s ok, sir will take care of you while you’re all dumb. You’re being so good for me. Look so so pretty right now. You like that? Like when I call you pretty? Yeah you fucking do, I can tell, you get so tight down there when I praise you for being my little slut. But just mine okay?” The last sentence he says in a whiny mocking tone.

Fuck, Shane thinks, that should not be as hot as it is. He is losing his goddamned mind. He’s so close and Ilya can tell. He speeds up the hand around his cock, tightening the fist around it.

“That’s it, come on, let go sweetheart. You're doing so well, you just have to let go, okay?” He says still driving his dick into Shane at an unrelenting pace. Those words push Shane over the edge, his whole body convulsing with his orgasm and tears streaming down his face.

He falls forwards fully slumped on the bed with his husband still pumping into him. Ilya’s hands go back to his hips holding them up so he can continue his assault on his ass. He’s holding on so tightly there will be bruises in the shape of Rozanov’s hands there later – they are both incredibly satisfied by that.

After what feels like hours to Shane, his husband's thrusts begin to falter, becoming slower but, somehow, harder. With a few more slow deep pumps Ilya is spilling in his husband's ass, slumping forward with a deep groan and letting himself rest his full weight on Shane for a second.

After a few deep breaths he straightens up and begins untying his husband's hands, lovingly caressing the slight marks left behind by the leather belt. He leans forward, bracing himself with one arm near his husbands head, his other hand reaching up to tenderly caress his cheek and wipe away the remaining tears.

“Are you okay, lyubimiy?” he softly asks. Shane responds with a hum, still feeling unable to fully form words.

“Okay, love. I wasn't too rough? Does anything hurt? You were so so perfect for me” He checks in again.

“All good” Shane answers with a shake of his head, sounding a little far away.

“Good, dorogoy. I’m gonna pull out now, okay? I’m gonna go get something to clean us up with.”

Shane makes a noise of complaint. “Noo, stay right here pleaseee” he whines.

“I’ll be quick. You’ll be mad at me later if I leave you all messy, moy lyubimiy.” Ilya tries again.

Shane reluctantly agrees, wincing as his husband pulls out of his ass. A second later he feels a moist wipe cleaning him up. After a couple minutes he feels the bed dip with Ilya’s weight again, feeling an arm surround him and pull him towards a warm nude body. Ilya must have removed all of his clothes at some point and he was too far gone to notice. He gets a tender kiss on the back of his head and a muttered “I love you” in Russian.

“Russian is too hard right now, say it in English” he pleads in a whisper.

“I love you” He gets in immediate response.

Shane sighs in contentment, unknowingly letting out an “Ya tebya lyublyu” as he drifts off into sleep.

The next morning Ilya wakes up in an empty bed. He heads into the kitchen, seeing his husband preparing their morning coffee with his back facing him. He slides in behind him, arms around his waist and face pressed to the back of his neck.

“Good Morning.”

“Morning.” Shane answers with an audible grin on his face.

“Why are you so happy so early in the morning?”

“I’m always happy in the mornings,” he grins, face turned to the side to be able to somewhat see his Ilya, “but also, you proved my point last night so I’m feeling vindicated.”

“Mm too early for big words I don’t know, talk later,” he gets as a response “Ya tebya lyublyu”

End Notes

Translations:
Ya tebya lyublyu: I love you
Dorogoy: Darling
Lyubimiy: My love
These are purely based on google translate, so sorry if they are wrong

My first time writing porn!! Finally putting my years of fic reading and fan girling to good use. Hope you liked it!! If not, don't tell me.

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