All mine

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Summary

Shane and Ilya go to a club where Shane gets too friendly with other guys, Ilya isn't too happy about it

Or

Ilya makes sure Shane knows who he belongs to

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It was a cold Saturday night, Ilya had gotten bored of watching a stupid documentary Shane had put on and he practically dragged Shane to go out with him to a club.

The air outside was cold and Shane was regretting stepping foot outside but Ilya insisted.

Once they set foot inside the club they were hit with the sound of loud music and people talking. The smell of Parfume and sweat mixed together and the air felt much warmer than outside.

Shane was regretting this more and more each second, it was too crowded, the music was too loud, the lights were too bright and flickering left and right. This is definitely not how he usually spent his lovely Saturday night.

He would much rather be huddled in bed or on the couch right now reading one of his boring hockey history books or even better, cuddling with Ilya under a blanket playing with each others hair and whispering comforting words to each other.

But no, he was now in a club that didn't even play good music and with lights that would be enough to give someone a seizure.

All those thoughts and overstimulation disappeared once he felt Ilya hold his hand and lead him to a table away from the dance floor.

Once they were settled Ilya went to the bar to order ginger ale for Shane and a shot of vodka for himself.

When he returned to the table with their drinks he saw Shane talking with a guy, he frowned as he stopped and stared at them.

Shane suddenly began looking around him as if he was searching for Ilya, when he spotted him standing there staring at him he gestured to him to come closer. It seems like the guy had asked if he was here with someone and Shane had told him that he was here with Ilya.

Ilya made his way to the table drinks still in hand and a frown still covering his face. He gave Shane his ginger ale and he drank his vodka shot right on spot.

"this is Mike, we were close friends in high school!" Shane shouted through the loud music to Ilya.

Ilya bit his lips in annoyance and nodded once. He then stretched his hand out to shake Mikes hand.

"Hello Shane's close friend." Ilya said making sure to give Mikes hand a hard squeeze.

Mike gave him a tight smile and squeezed his hand back. "Nice to meet you mister Rozanov."

'mister? Does he think I'm 80 years old? what a stupid idiot.' Ilya thought bitterly

An awkward silence fell between the three of them but it was quickly broken.

”I’m gonna leave you two be” Mike laughed softly and rubbed Shane’s arm, giving him a wink before turning away and walking back to his table.

Shane smiled back at him and then turned to look at Ilya once he was gone.

Ilya looked back at him still upset. “What’s wrong? Do you not like your drink?” Shane asked innocently.

”nothing is wrong” Ilya answered and took Shane’s can to give it a shake to see if it was already empty.

”I’m gonna go get more drinks.” Ilya said loudly.

“No it’s okay I’ll go this time, you wait here okay?” Shane said smiling at Ilya. Ilya nodded and turned to look at the people around him.

‘Shane is taking too long, did he go get the drinks from the neighbouring club or something?’ Ilya thought as he started looking in the direction of the bar.

And surprise surprise, there was Shane talking with the handsome, tall and very muscular bartender. He already had their drinks in hand but he was still standing there chatting and laughing with him.

Ilya felt his anger and jealousy rise. Shane didn’t even want to come here and now he’s having the time of his life with some random guys?

He made his way to where Shane was standing. “Another one of your close friends?” Ilya asked in an annoyed tone.

Shane chuckled lightly, “no he was just telling me that he liked my outfit and that he’s a big fan.” Shane said blushing.

“Hmm whatever once you’re done flirting with each other I’ll be waiting outside.” Ilya said as he turned and made his way to the door.

Shane called after him but he didn’t respond, so he apologised to the bartender, thanked him for the drinks and gave him a big tip before he followed Ilya outside.

When he was outside he spotted Ilya standing by the door smoking a cigarette.

“What you don’t wanna keep talking with your new boyfriend?” Ilya said dramatically.

He knew that Shane isn’t the type to flirt with random people and that he was being overdramatic right now but all he wanted was to spend time with Shane tonight and that plan was getting interrupted every single time since they set foot inside the club, which annoyed him a lot.

“come on, it wasn’t even like that!” Shane argued back. He stood in front of Ilya and he moved his hands to cup Ilyas face.

”you know I would never choose someone else over you. He was just a fan okay?” Shane kissed him.

Ilya kissed him back, throwing his cigarette on the ground and stepping on it.

”let’s go home alright? Maybe we can come back another time. And who knows maybe there’s more fun things to do at home” Shane said smirking and holding Ilyas hand.

when they got home Ilya immediately told Shane to take off his clothes and lay on the bed. And Shane obeyed instantly, taking his clothes off and folding them neatly. He then laid on the bed.

“so what are we gonna do? You’re not gonna take your clothes off too?” Shane asked tilting his head slightly.

Ilya sat down on the bed next to where Shane was laying and he started to kiss him hungrily.

”I’m gonna show you who you belong to” Ilya said breaking the kiss on Shane’s lips to move on to his neck.

He kissed his neck and sucked on it until there was a mark that won’t be leaving any time soon. Shane was already whimpering and moving his hands to touch Ilyas head.

”keep your hands still, I didn’t tell you to move them.” Ilya ordered sternly.

Ilya went back to sucking a new place on Shane’s neck while one of his hands moved to tease Shane’s nipple.

Shane was starting to get hard and Ilya immediately noticed.

“turn around, I want your head down and your ass up.” Ilya said tapping Shane’s thigh.

Shane obeyed without second thoughts. He was now completely hard and he felt like he would cum with even a light touch from Ilya.

Ilya took a moment to admire the beautiful sight infront of him. He loved how Shane immediately listened to whatever he asked and he loved Shane’s round, plump ass and how his back arches when he’s in this position.

Ilya took a hold of Shane’s dick and he started stroking it slowly, he made sure to give his tip and slit the most attention and teasing knowing that it would make Shane cum in seconds. But that wasn’t gonna happen easily tonight.

Shane was already an absolute moaning and whining mess, calling Ilyas name out softly which was driving Ilya crazy.

“Ilya, i-im gonna” Shane whimpered.

Ilya smirked as he gave Shane's dick one last stroke before abruptly stopping before Shane could cum.

"what the actual fuck Ilya, I was about to-" Shane said lifting his head up.

"I decide when you cum tonight. So every time you're close you tell me." Ilya said, starting to stroke Shane's dick again.

It didn't take long for Shane to start moaning again. "Please Ilya, I'm close"

Ilya stopped again and Shane twitched in frustration, moving his hips forward to try to thrust into Ilyas hand for some friction.

Ilya brought his hand down hard onto Shane's ass. "Did i ask you to move?" Ilya asked as he rubbed the spot he just smacked.

"no…" Shane whimpered.

Ilya landed another slap onto the other cheek gaining another moan from Shane.

"Right, then I don't expect it will happen again." Ilya said slapping Shane's ass a couple times, alternating between left and right.

"I'm sorry…I won't do it again" Shane whimpered . Ilya had spanked him a couple of time in the past but that had only been one or two slaps when he was riding Ilya or when Ilya was pounding him from the back but never for this long.

"Hmm good boy that's what I want to hear." Rubbing Shane's now pink ass. How did he even get blessed with such a beautiful being.

Shane was constantly learning new things about himself and tonight he found out that he could probably cum only from a couple praise words and his ass getting smacked. Why was he so turned on by that?

Ilya went back to giving his dick attention, this time switching between fast and slow strokes. His other hand still slapping Shane's ass.

Shane felt like he was about to pass out from how good he felt, he wanted to cum so bad. The pleasure of Ilyas hand stroking and teasing him mixed with the heat that was building up on his ass was driving him to the edge just for Ilya to stop right before he could reach it.

"Ilya please just let me…please" Shane was now tearing up, he was so frustrated but it was also so good. Something about Ilya having control over his pleasure is so hot.

"Let you what? Use your words." Ilya said sternly. His other hand still spanking Shane, but occasionally stopping to soothe him.

"…cum, please let me cum Ilya I'll be good I promise." Shane was now crying softly.

Ilya moved his hand to stroke Shane's hair, "you are good Shane, you are always good." He leaned down to kiss Shane's head.

Once he made sure that Shane was okay he went back to what he was doing but this time he moved to sit behind Shane.

His right hand went back to hold Shane's dick, and his left squeezed Shane's ass. "Try not to move suddenly okay?" Ilya said softly as his head moved down and his tongue made contact with Shane's hole.

Shane was absolutely gonna lose it now, this was way too good. His moans got louder, he started mumbling and Ilya couldn't understand a word he was saying. Tears of frustration turned into tears of pleasure and all he could think about right now was Ilya and how good he was making him feel.

Ilyas tongue licked his hole, making it feel so warm and wet. His tongue went in and out in a teasing way making Shane want to move his hips to follow its touch, but Ilya had warned him to stay still and his hand still had a hold on his ass so he knew any movement would just make his ass burn hotter.

Shane was now dangerously close, but yet again Ilya pulled his head away. Shane was about to complain but any word that was about to escape was immediately replaced by a loud moan.

Ilya didn't waste a second once his tongue was back in his mouth, he shoved a finger into Shane's hole to replace it and he was quick to find Shane's prostate. A second finger followed shortly after.

Ilya started stretching Shane out, curling his fingers inside Shane every once in a while.

"not yet sweetheart, I know you want it really bad but I also know you can hold it a little longer." Ilya soothed him softly, assuring Shane that he would get what he wants but he just has to wait a little longer.

Shane was an absolute mess, tears running down his face, eyes rolling to the back of his head, cock leaking precum, mouth drooling, mind blank with nothing but the thought of Ilya fucking him and giving him the best time of his entire life.

"fuck me…please I need you inside me." Shane begged words barely understandable.

He didn't have to ask twice, he couldn't even proces Ilyas fingers leaving his hole before he felt Ilyas dick inside him.

Ilya was rock hard since the start, seeing Shane naked with his head down and his ass up was enough to send his blood rushing to his nine inch cock.

Ilya didn't waste any time, he knew that Shane had already suffered enough tonight and he was determined to make it up to him.

"I'm close…Ilya I'm close" Shane whimpered and moaned loudly.

Ilya put his hands on Shane's hips and he was pounding Shane so hard that the headboard was hitting the wall. He could feel the heat radiating from Shane's now light red ass. "Who do you belong to huh?"

"you, I belong to you Ilya." Shane moaned

"cum for me my love, you've been such a good boy cum for me." Ilya said as he fucked Shane into the bed.

"I'm gonna-" Shane couldn't even finish his sentence before he came so hard. Their black bedsheets now covered in white. He twitched, his mind feeling like static. He felt like he was in heaven.

Ilya kept going until he came inside of Shane. He immediately pulled out and laid on the bed.

Shane was still in the same position. He was way too overwhelmed with pleasure that he couldn't even move.

Ilya got up and he pulled Shane into his arms. "You did so good." Ilya praised, kissing Shane all over his tear streaked face.

Shane looked back at him with sex drunk eyes, lips moving to respond to Ilya but words unable to escape his throat.

Ilya kissed his lips again. "It's okay I take care of you now." Smiling softly at him.

"let's go take a shower and then we go to sleep okay?" Ilya said.

Shane nodded and held onto Ilyas arms as he was led to the bathroom.

They took a quick shower, Ilya doing most of the work scrubbing and shampooing both of them. He also took care of cleaning the bed, taking off the cum covered bedsheets and throwing them in the washing machine before putting new clean sheets.

Once he made sure that Shane was laying comfortably in bed he went to the kitchen to get him a glass of water to keep him hydrated. And when he was absolutely sure that Shane didn't need anything else he crawled in bed next to him and put on one of Shane's comfort shows.

"How are you feeling?" Ilya asked, pulling Shane into his arms.

Shane melted into Ilyas touch. "I'm okay" he said lifting his head to look into Ilyas eyes.

Ilya kissed his forehead before he pushed Shane's head down to rest on his shoulder. He ran his fingers through Shane's hair. "I love you Shane."

"I love you too Ilya." Shane smiled softly, eyes sparkling as he gave Ilya one last kiss on his lips before going back to cuddling him.

Ilya stayed up playing Shane's hair and whispering compliments and words of comfort to him until he fell asleep. He gave Shane one last kiss before he drifted off to sleep as well.

End Notes

Any recommendations or feedback would be appreciated <3

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