

your judgement gets clouded when you clouded

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by [omegashane](#)

Summary

Shane's cheeks burned red and he turned away from him, "sorry that I'm so boring all the time,"

"Mmh, not all the time," Ilya smiled deviously, "sometimes you are very fun,"

The shorter raised an eyebrow at him, "yeah? And what are those times?"

"When we fuck,"

Notes

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

Ilya Rozanov loved his new found boring life. He loved spending boring days kissing his boring husband in their cottage in the middle of nowhere. He was thirty-two, now, so his life was nothing like it had been when he was twenty-one. He didn't expect it to be.

He liked the calm married life and wouldn't ask for anything else, but sometimes, he missed leaving his house at 11:30pm and not getting back till 4 in the morning. He missed being so drunk that he couldn't walk straight and throwing up chunks of whatever burger his friends had made him eat while they were high. Well, he didn't actually miss the throwing up part, just the feeling attached to it. Ilya just craved to be unquestionably young again.

He looked up at where Shane was scrubbing a pot, his butt looking especially grabbable in his shorts. He started tidying up early to keep busy while Ilya finished the rest of dinner. They were trying some of Shane's fear foods today, so he had eaten a considerably smaller portion than Ilya.

"Do you ever get bored?" Ilya asked around a mouthful of lasagna, jaw unhinging to accommodate his final generous forkful.

"Do I get bored of what?" Shane asked, not turning from his task. "I can't understand you when you talk with your mouth full, Ilya, you know that."

He smiled slyly at the nagging; he did know that. He reached for his glass of water and swallowed down a big gulp. "I asked if you get bored."

"I heard that part," his husband was so anal, "I asked what I was supposed to be bored of."

"Of nothing,"

Shane groaned and let his head fall forward, finally looking behind him. "You're so annoying,"

A smile stretched across Ilya's face, and he put his fork down, "and you're so cute."

"Ilya,"

"I didn't say of anything, *moya lyubov*," he teased, getting up to stand beside him. "I just asked if you get bored sometimes,"

"That doesn't make any sense," Shane explained, "people get bored *of* things. Like food, or a game."

"But is not of anything," Ilya explained, "just sometimes bored in the house."

"That is something, Ilya," Shane mumbled as he looked up at him, "and I don't know, do *you* get bored in the house?"

It was a trick question and Ilya knew it, but he'd answer anyway to annoy Shane. He grinned wide, and leaned down to peck a freckled cheek, "sometimes, yeah,"

“Excuse me?”

Ilya laughed at the incredulity in his tone; he wasn't going to take it back. “I like to be in house with you because I love you,” he clarified, wrapping a large hand around Shane's waist. “But, sometimes is boring,”

Shane's cheeks burned red and he turned away from him, “sorry that I'm so boring all the time,”

“Mmh, not all the time,” Ilya smiled deviously, “sometimes you are very fun,”

The shorter raised an eyebrow at him, “yeah? And what are those times?”

“When we fuck,”

Shane ripped his dishwashing gloves off and turned to stomp away, “you are so disgusting sometimes, Ilya,”

“Don't walk away from me, *moy pomidor*, you know I'm only teasing,”

“Teasing me by calling me boring?”

“You used to like it all the time when we were younger, remember?” Ilya trailed after him like an excitable child, moving his own empty dish into the sink. Later, they would argue about Ilya taking so long to do his dishes.

Shane threw him a glare, “I never liked it,”

“Then why you always let me fuck you right after?”

“Because I was very unfortunately in love with you,”

His answer was so earnest that Ilya had to halt his teasing, eyes dancing over Shane's pouting face. He crossed the distance to him in two seconds and squished his cheek in his palm, “you are so beautiful,” he whispered as he tilted Shane's head up to face him, “like baby deer. I want to eat your face,”

“Shut up,” his ears dusted a light pink when he blushed, rolling his eyes but leaning into the soft kisses Ilya peppered on his face. “What do you want?”

“Mm?” Ilya mumbled against his smooth skin, now more fascinated by the feel of Shane's flesh against his mouth. He could kiss him forever if you let him.

“What do you want?” Shane asked again, “you only start to tease me when you want something,”

“Is not true, I tease you sometimes to see you blush,”

“Ilya,”

The blonde sighed and pulled away, "I am feeling old, my lovely,"

"We're thirty-two,"

"And we behave like we are fifty," he mumbled, "we play board games and have bedtime by ten-thirty,"

"You said you liked the board games,"

"And I do," Ilya rushed to correct, "but I miss drinking and going out."

Shane stared at him for a moment, the cogs in his head turning slowly as they held eye contact. He pursed his lips and nodded in understanding, "it's okay if you want to go out," he acquiesced, "I have no problem being home alone,"

"I know," Ilya whined, his heart beginning to race in his chest as he stepped impossibly closer. Shane was everything to him. "The problem isn't you, baby, is me. I don't want to go anywhere if you are not going with me. You are attached to me."

An airy laugh slipped from Shane's lips at that, and Ilya felt his heart explode in his chest. Shane shook his head, "what? Like I'm your familiar or something?"

"I don't know what is mean," Ilya groaned when he pulled Shane into his arms proper, satisfied moan when he melted in his arms. "But, if you said it, I will just agree with you"

"Okay," Shane giggled, snuggling in closer under Ilya's chin. "So, what will you do about your life crisis?"

Ilya shrugged, "I will stay home and kiss my husband," he paused when Shane trilled excitedly in his throat; he had him exactly where he wanted. "Or I will bring him with me to club. Maybe in my pocket, because he is small."

"You'd take me with you to the club?"

"I'd take you with me to shit if I could, Shane,"

"Gross,"

"I'm only expressing my love for you,"

Shane's nose crinkled in disgust and he shook his head with a sigh. He looked up at Ilya, then looked away. Then, he sighed again and nodded. He knew what Ilya was getting at, "I... I'll ask J.J. if he knows anything happening tonight."

Ilya cheered and swung Shane off the ground, kissing his cheek and spinning him. "Tell Boiziau I have a kiss for him too."

They strolled into the bar together, Ilya feeling his shoulders sag at the familiar untz untz of the club music. He drew in a deep breath and smiled. It smelled like alcohol and every flavour of vape in the world. He was home.

“Stop sniffing the air and move, weirdo,” Shane scolded as he pulled him ahead, their hands laced together behind him. He paused and looked around for J.J., waiting for him to either beckon them closer or come over.

“Shane!” he yelled as he waved him over, “over here, *mon bebe*,”

Ilya scowled at the nickname but didn’t say anything. He didn’t know any French, but he knew that word because Jean-Jacques Boiziau would not stop calling *his* husband it. “Get your own, Boiziau,”

“Eat a dick, Rozanov,”

“Maybe later tonight, if you don’t try to take him home with you,”

Shane rolled his eyes and elbowed him, stepping away, “stop posturing,” he stepped closer to J.J. and let him wrap him in a tight hug. “It’s good to see you too, J.J.,” Ilya wasn’t even sure what posturing was.

“It could be more but you never want to go out, *mon cheri*,” he flashed Ilya a slick look and Ilya swore if they switched to French, he’d blow up the whole bar. “What caused your change of mind tonight?”

“I think you know,” Shane mumbled, stepping away from the hug and back to Ilya’s side.

“I do, but I ask because I still have hope.” He rolled his eyes when Ilya stuck his tongue out at him, muttering something under his breath about ‘stupid Russian fucks’ and married life. He sighed, “can I get you something to drink? I have a really sweet Moscato i think you’d like,”

“I’m driving,” Shane politely declined, “Ilya will drink any good vodka though,”

J.J. scowled and turned away, “then he can go get some himself,”

Ilya grinned as he walked off, letting Shane pull him to the bar by his wrist. “Play nice,”

“I did,”

“No, you didn’t,”

Ilya snorted, “What? Should I kiss him too for you to believe me?”

“Shut up,”

Shane slid into a barstool and waited for Ilya to get into the one beside him. The bartender’s eyes turned to them and she pulled on a smile, “what can I get you two?”

"I'll take any good vodka you have. Russian one," he glanced at Shane for a moment and smiled to himself, "he will have dirty Shirley temple,"

Shane's head whipped to him and he frowned, "no, I won't," he insisted through grit teeth, turning to the bartender and throwing on a smile. "I'll have a ginger ale, thank you,"

Ilya groaned and let his forehead fall on the bar, "you said you'd have fun with me,"

"Ilya, I'm driving us home,"

"Is one drink, baby,"

"No,"

"Come on, is *legal*,"

"This is a non-negotiable and you know that."

Ilya knew, but he didn't like it any better. He pouted and accepted his vodka with a nod of his head, taking a sip. "Fine,"

They sat beside each other in a comfortable silence, sharing sly glances between themselves and the occasional wink. Ilya leaned closer to whisper in his ear, "do you want to dance?"

"Not really," Shane shook his head, stopping after a moment and frowning. "Sorry is that boring? You can dance if you want."

"No, is okay," Ilya smiled, patting his thigh and shaking his head, "just a suggestion, sweetheart, we can sit and talk. I don't mind," he frowned when Shane didn't reply, reaching for his chin. "What is it?"

"I just feel like you're not getting the full club experience because you brought me," he lifted his glass of ginger ale, "I'm not even drinking,"

"Doesn't matter," he lied, shrugging and sipping his vodka. He watched Shane beam with a smile, "Every experience is best one with you," that was not a lie.

"Excuse me," a soft voice pulled them out of their bubble, and they both turned to the woman beside Ilya. She was a pretty, petite thing, with bright red hair and soft curves. Very much Ilya's type had he not already found the one for him. She smiled once she had his attention and nodded at his glass, "what's that?"

Ilya spared a glance at Shane and looked at her; there was nothing remotely interesting about the drink in his cup. He smiled nonetheless, "vodka."

"Oh, really? It looks good though,"

He lifted his eyebrows and nodded, laughing, "well, is good vodka,"

She laughed behind her hand and smiled, "you're funny," she rested a hand on his shoulder, and Ilya watched Shane's back pull straight in his seat. He understood now what was happening. "Where are you from?"

"Russia," Ilya answered simply. Shane looked like he was going to murder him for even daring to answer.

She exclaimed a soft sound in her throat and nodded, "that's far, what brought you here?"

Ilya opened his mouth to say something and Shane cut in, "he got married." To anyone else, his tone was flat, but to Ilya, who'd known Shane for fourteen years, he knew what his voice meant. He was annoyed, and it was riling Ilya up in the worst of ways.

"Oh," she gasped, light blush spreading on her cheeks as she looked at two of them. At first glance, it was hard to tell, but when you looked closely, it was obvious. How close they were sitting, where Shane's free hand was resting on his bicep. The matching wedding band. She stepped back and flashed Shane a rueful glance, "I am so sorry, oh my goodness I didn't-

"it's okay," Ilya accepted on his behalf, because he knew Shane didn't want to be talking right now. "Honest mistake,"

She spluttered and apologized again, turning to leave in a hurry. They turned back to their drinks when she was nowhere in their line of sight and Ilya chuckled, "that hasn't happened in a while," he tried not to shiver when Shane glared at him in silence. He wouldn't complain -because their couple's counsellor had told them getting overtly jealous wasn't healthy- but he would pout. And Ilya loved to see him pout.

The second lady who came up to Ilya that night hadn't been flirting with him. She'd genuinely needed help adjusting her necklace, and Ilya was the only person in the whole room who could help her. Shane couldn't get mad if Ilya wasn't actually doing anything, and Ilya would feign ignorance for as long as he had to, to get under Shane's skin.

"Do you want another ginger ale?" Ilya asked, leaning in to peck his cheek once she had sauntered away and they were alone again. The bartender had been kind enough to refill his empty glass, and the alcohol buzzing under his skin was making him brave. He should stop after this one, if not, there was no telling what he'd do.

"I think so," Shane sighed, leg bouncing nervously in his seat.

"A sip of my vodka, maybe?" he asked, and Shane shook his head. A devious smile stretched on his lips, and he leaned in closer, "how about a taste?"

He grunted when Shane pulled him closer by the collar of his V-neck, smashing their lips together in a heated kiss. It was messy, and with far more tongue than Shane usually deemed necessary, but clearly, he needed this like Ilya did. The bartender cleared her throat when she arrived with Shane's refill, and they pulled apart.

"What do you think?" Ilya mumbled against his lips as they separated.

“About the vodka?” Ilya nodded and Shane ran a hand down his face, blushing at his own sudden outburst. He accepted his drink with a polite nod. “It's good.”

“Good,”

They slipped back into their familiar silence as they both nursed their drinks. Shane taking careful breaths to calm himself. Ilya wanted to boo him. The longer they sat quietly, the better grasp Shane would have on his feelings. He didn't want that, he wanted Shane annoyed and impulsive like he'd just been, all over him and staring with the rawest want Ilya had ever seen. He wanted him doing the first things that came into his head. Ilya felt like an addict begging for another hit. Just one more.

The third lady had been all Ilya's doing. She *was* interested in him, don't get him wrong, but he'd made the eyes to beckon her over. He'd waited until the previous crowd had flowed away, anyone who'd just witnessed Shane's attempt to eat his face off at the bar now migrated to the other end. She was already looking when Ilya locked eyes with her, and he couldn't fight the grin that stretched on his face when she stalked closer.

“You're handsome,” she opened, bold and brave and so full of life Ilya had to chuckle. She was young, definitely younger than they were, and she had long, flowy black hair.

Ilya leaned against the counter and smiled at her, and Shane's jaw was on the ground. “Thank you,”

“Do you want to dance with me?” she asked and Ilya appreciated her fire so much. Fire was always good. He was going to say no, because his husband would have said no, but he liked this question so much.

Ilya sighed to nobody in particular and smiled wistfully, “I think I need another drink,”

“Get up, we're going home,”

Ilya looked from where Shane was suddenly standing with his arms folded over his chest to the woman in front of him. He was glaring daggers at anything in his line of sight. Ilya checked his watch, “we've been here forty-five minutes,”

“And I want to go home,” Shane grit out, face set in a hard scowl. “I'm sleepy. You can stay if you want, but I'm leaving.”

Shane knew Ilya didn't want to stay. He knew Ilya would go wherever he went. The blonde bit the inside of his cheek to hold back a smile and got up without a word. He took a hundred-dollar bill from his wallet and slipped it to the bartender- because her service was just that good.

He motioned for Shane to lead the way and spared a backwards glance at the mystery woman who was now frowning at him, “good night,”

“Tonight was fun,” Ilya cheered as he stepped in after Shane, watching the way his shoulders tensed under his shirt. It had been a tense ride home and neither of them had spoken a word. Ilya wanted to rub his hands all over his back, drag them down to his trim waist and squeeze. “J.J. sure knows how to find a party, huh?”

Shane hummed in agreement but didn't turn, taking off his coat and folding it over the arm of the chair. Ilya knew he was rolling his eyes from the tightness in his voice, no doubt looking for something to keep himself preoccupied. “Yeah, so fun,”

“So many women out tonight, no?” Ilya watched with bated breath when Shane froze, tempering down the grin that threatened to stretch on his face. *Any moment now*, he sang in his head, *come on, sweetheart*.

“I mean, I guess,” Shane sighed, “it's a club, so... there were a lot of people in general.”

On any other day, Ilya would be proud of the amount of self-control he was showcasing. Today, though, he needed to see Shane lose it. He bit back a chortle, “I guess I still have it,”

“You are such a dick, Ilya,” he cried as he spun around, freckled face red and scrunched up. His angry huffs sounded like heavenly music to Ilya; he could already feel his cock hardening in his pants. “I fucking hate when you do this,”

“Why am I a dick, Shane? What did I do?”

“You know what you're doing.”

“I really don't know, baby, you have to tell me,”

“I can't stand you sometimes,” Shane confessed, fire behind his eyes. “I-“ he paused and took in Ilya's dazed look, shivering as his eyes ran over his body. His face scrunched up in disgust, “are you actually hard right now?”

Ilya didn't reply because he didn't know what to say to him. Yes, he was hard. He was so fucking hard.

Shane shook his head and turned to leave, “I don't know why I even try. I'm going to bed,”

He grabbed his jacket off the side of the couch and stalked away, only getting a few feet away before Ilya pressed flat against him. He nudged his hardening cock against his lower back and bent down to kiss his neck. “don't go to bed,”

The shorter froze but didn't push him off, “Get. Off. Me.”

“No,” Ilya mumbled, opening his mouth to nibble at the spots where Shane was most sensitive. He humped his cock harder when he felt him shiver, “I want to fuck you,”

“Oh, go fuck yourself, Ilya,” Shane argued as he tried to elbow him off to avail. He turned in his arms when Ilya gave him a little space, pressing his finger into his chest. “Why would I ever want to have sex with you after the shit you just pulled?”

Ilya shrugged, aroused smile on his face languid and sluggish. He rumbled deep in his throat when Shane rolled his eyes, the attitude was really the most enjoyable part of pissing his husband off. "Because I'm hard," he tried again, leaning back to kiss his neck because he knew Shane wouldn't stop him. "Because I really want to fuck you," he wove his hands through his hair and pulled it back, licking a long stripe from his collarbone to his clenched jaw. Shane moaned low in his throat, "because I think you want me to,"

"You're unbelievable," Shane argued, because he was stubborn and never let Ilya get anything easily. Especially not when he'd been bad.

"Come on,"

Shane hummed and let the words float in the air, allowing to Ilya mark up his neck. He swallowed after a moment, "then beg me,"

Ilya froze, his tongue still out of his mouth. Like a dog. He pulled away from his husband, "what?"

"You heard me," Shane continued, voice slightly smug over having caught Ilya by surprise. "If you want to fuck me tonight -or any time this week for that matter- you're going to have to beg me."

"You're joking--"

Shane shrugged and turned to leave, "then you can enjoy your hand for the next seven days,"

Sirens blared in Ilya's head and he stopped him with a firm hand around his wrist. "Wait," he tried, "wait, I'll--"

"You'll what?"

"Beg," he swallowed around the cotton in his throat, crotch of his pants impossibly tight. "If is what you want, I'll do it."

"Right now," he pressed a hand to Ilya's chest and pushed him away. "Get on your knees and do it."

Soft rain pattered against their glass windows and Ilya's flesh pimpled. He felt much like those rain drops as he sunk down to his knees, still looking up at Shane like something reverent. Shane tangled his fingers in his hair, and fuck, Ilya was fucking *preening*. He swallowed.

Shane cocked a dark eyebrow, "Well?"

"Well, what?"

"Beg, Ilya,"

Ilya tried to weigh the pros and cons of sacrificing his pride in this moment, but his brain wouldn't let him. He didn't fucking care if he'd regret it tomorrow, "please, *moya lyubov*,"

“Please, what?”

“Please let me fuck you,”

Shane snarled and rolled his eyes, face scrunching up instantly. Ilya realized, as he made to step back, that Shane fully intended to leave him here. “Suck my dick, Ilya,”

Ilya could do that. He would do that if it meant Shane wouldn’t go to bed. He grabbed his pant leg before he could step away, pulling him closer and fumbling at the fly.

“What’re you-“ Shane started, watching with quickly pinkening cheeks as Ilya pulled his semi-flaccid length from his pants. “Oh.”

Ilya nuzzled against it and looked up at him expectantly. He didn’t say anything, because he couldn’t lower himself any more than this, but Shane knew what he was asking. *Can I?*

The smaller had barely finished nodding when Ilya took his whole length in his mouth, feeling him rapidly swell and drip with precum. Even after all these years, Shane was a quick shot. In a similar vein, it didn’t take much to get him riled up and so unbelievably horny he was quivering where he stood. Ilya pulled off with a gargle and let spit dribble down his chin, licking a long line on the underside of his cock.

He shuffled closer to suck on the fleshy head and Shane tried to push him away by the shoulders. “Can’t,” was all he squeaked and Ilya shook his head. Yes, he could, Shane could take it and he could take it so fucking well.

He went down on his cock again, sinking until he could feel his dribbling cockhead against the back of his throat. Shane’s knees buckled, and Ilya gripped his thighs with both arms to keep him on his feet.

“Get up,” Shane moaned, airy and breathless when Ilya stared up at him. He made a sound of confusion and Shane shook his head. He pulled Ilya to his feet by his hair and pulled him in for a bruising kiss, “fuck me,” he whined against his lips as Ilya slipped his tongue into his mouth, “right now.” They grunted when they stumbled over their feet and onto the couch, lips moving against each other with no rhythm. Ilya ripped Shane’s pants off him and Shane reached up to grab his crotch, “do you have a condom?”

“And lube,” Ilya gruffed, ripping his shirt over his head and pushing Shane down on the couch. “In my wallet, back pocket.”

“Of course,” Shane scowled, “you were really looking forward to this, weren’t you?”

“I’m always looking forward to fucking you,” he pulled out his wallet and patted Shane’s stomach, “flip on your stomach. Will be easier for your back on the couch.”

Shane rolled his eyes but did as he was told, turning over and presenting his ass to Ilya. He shivered when he felt cold lube dribble over his hole, the sound of Ilya’s belt coming undone echoing in the room. The rain outside was louder now, but not enough to mask the squelching

sounds of Ilya's fingers in Shane's hole and his slow strokes on his cock. Shane groaned and pushed back against his fingers, "enough, just fuck me now,"

"Almost," Ilya grunted as he weaselled another finger in, "let me stretch these two then I will."

"Ilya,"

"I'm coming,"

"Just fuck me already," this was never changing in their relationship. This was when Shane was most impatient. He always wanted Ilya so hungrily when he stretched him out, it drove Ilya mad with want.

He pulled his fingers out when he thought Shane was stretched enough and pressed the length of his cock in, inch by inch until he flushed against him at the base. Shane made his familiar wheezing moans and Ilya rubbed a soothing hand down his back, bending to kiss between his shoulder blades. "Breathe, Shane, take a deep breath,"

He did as he was told and Ilya gave him a moment to adjust and regulate. He looked at him when he didn't do so much as twitch for a whole minute, "baby, rela--"

"Fuck me," Ilya made a sound of disbelief and Shane pressed back against him. Only once, but it was enough to get Ilya started. He planted his knees on the couch and sucked in a breath, "right now, or I'm going to bed,"

Ilya did not ever need to be told twice.

He fucked into Shane with newly activated vigour, punched out mewls in his lovers throat, playing like music in his ears. He wasn't sure how Shane was ever jealous- Ilya didn't want anyone but him, ever. He groaned deep in his throat when images of an annoyed Shane played on the back of his eyelids. It was a hassle to get but he loved it when Shane got like that. Sassy, annoyed, bossy. Ilya groaned and bit on his lower lip. He loved it so much when his husband was bossy.

"Ilya," Shane whimpered into the pillow under his chin, the rest of them scattered on the floor from their roughing around.

"Yes?" he grunted

"Harder," he whined, "fuck me harder,"

"I am,"

Shane shook his head, "not hard enough, more," and Ilya had so much more to give him, always.

They moaned like dogs in heat, their sex sweaty, and rough, and so very fucking nasty. Neither of them would last, they'd both gone into it halfway there. And they hadn't fucked in like two weeks.

He reached around to slip his fingers into Shane's mouth and brought them back up to his lips, groaning around them on his tongue. He was losing his mind; he was running crazy. "Tell me what it is that pisses you off,"

Shane's hips stuttered where they were grinding back to match his own careless rhythm, "Ah-fuck nghh... now? really?"

"Fuck, yes, please tell me, *moya lyubov*, I want to hear it,"

"Ily- ah," Shane whined when his cock burrowed against his prostate, "I can't think, I can't think right now. I can't- you're fucking me so- fuck,"

"Try," Ilya begged, because this time it had come easy to him. "For me, baby, for me,"

Shane nodded when he pressed his fingers down in between his shoulder blades, pushing his chest closer against the couch for support. "I hate it when you kiss me after smoking without brushing your teeth,"

Ilya laughed and threw his head back, sweat dripping down the side of his face and into his hair. "Mm, yeah go on, complain more. Nag me,"

"Fuck you," Shane bit back, "I hate it when you use up my body soap and leave me with all your stupid stuff."

The laugh that ripped itself out of Ilya's throat was loud and deep, he snorted and rolled his hips into Shane, "you don't want to smell like me?"

"Not if you're going to smell like old spice's raptor strike."

"That's all?"

"I told you I can't fucking think right now," Shane moaned and clawed at the couch, "I can feel your dick in my throat,"

"One more," Ilya whispered, grabbing his neck and pulling him flush against his front again. He applied a little pressure to his throat and Shane whined, "give me the worst one. One you can't stand most."

"I- fuck--"

"Continue, I will make you cum so hard,"

"I hate it so much when you wear your shoes in the house," Shane whispered. The angle they were at had Ilya's cock stretching him out so well, tears pooling in the side of red rimmed eyes. "we've talked about it tons of times and yet you still- ha- do it. I hate it so much,"

Ilya paused his slow thrusts and swallowed, "It gets you that angry?"

"It gets me so angry I want to hit you every time I see it,"

White noise sizzled in his ears and Ilya thought he was seeing stars. His hard cock was twitching relentlessly inside Shane's warm hole, singing songs of forfeit. He was going to cum; he couldn't hold out anymore. "You want that?" he whispered, swallowing, "Want to smack me around when I make you mad? Is what you like, sweetheart?"

"Maybe," Shane moaned when Ilya started speeding up behind him, "maybe it'll get you to finally fucking listen- ah- right there, right there. Ilya, harder. Fuck me *harder*,"

He sped up without warning, pounding into Shane's hole like he would die if he didn't finish in that very moment. He wished he wasn't wearing a condom so he could paint Shane's soft pink walls with his cum. "I am going to- shit!"

"Me too," Shane whined, "me too, me too. Ilya I ca- ah!" he stiffened against Ilya's chest, pretty cock spurting cum all over the couch cushions as his vision blurred.

He was so stupidly tight, Ilya had to bite his lip to keep from yelling. He felt the wound-up coil in his stomach finally snap, and the strong metallic taste of blood filled his mouth. "Shane, Shane," he cursed in deep Russian, something Shane didn't know because he hadn't taught him that yet. "I'm- fuck fuck fuck,"

His hips stuttered as he emptied into the condom, mouth hanging open, but no sound coming out. Shane slipped from his loosened grip and slumped against the backrest, mewling whenever weak thrusts would hit his oversensitive prostate. He waited for Ilya to ride out his high, the blonde pulling his softened cock out once he was sure he was done cumming and peeling the condom off. Ilya tossed it to the side and collapsed on the couch, ignoring the way Shane stared at him in the corner of his eye, "That was the weirdest foreplay I've ever done in my life,"

"Is not foreplay if we already started fucking, baby," he chuckled after a moment, voice raspy when he pulled him closer by his arm. Ilya's limbs felt like rubber and straw so he knew Shane felt worse. "And you liked it, didn't you?"

"Whatever," Shane mumbled as he snuggled against Ilya's chest. He looked like he didn't have it in him to clean up tonight, even though they were so sweaty. "don't fall asleep, you have to wash that dish you left in the sink before bed,"

Ilya grinned wide and pulled a thick arm over his eyes, grabbing Shane tight with his other hand. If this was what his thirties were like, he wanted to be thirty forever. He chuckled and shook his head, "I don't want to,"

End Notes

ilya rozanov so high off that damn shane hollander anger
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