

Princess Jane

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Princess Jane

by [Beeslouissee](#)

Summary

‘You are so greedy for me, princess.’

Shane’s eyes flicked open immediately.

‘What?’ he asked, shock clear in his voice.

Or—

Ilya wants to make Shane blush.

Notes

It’s my lovely friend’s birthday, and I decided the only appropriate gift was a smutty one-shot about her second-favourite boys.

Sorry this is late my dear Freckles, but I love you and thank you for being such a great friend.

Hello HR fans... It's my first time posting here and I am nervous so please be gentle. 😊 I only discovered Fanfic existed last year, it's been a roller coaster. I feel very out of my comfort zone!

Heartstopper people - This is NOT about Jane Spring. 😊

*I'm unwell at the moment. Any mistakes I will fix when I feel better. 💕

There were many things that Ilya loved about Shane.

The freckles scattered across his cheeks—cascading down his body, waiting to be discovered in hidden places, known only to Ilya—had always ranked at the very top.

But lately, something new had begun to edge its way in. Something recently discovered that Ilya had taken a particular liking to.

Shane *blushing*.

It wasn't hard, not really. Shane had always been a natural blusher, forever finding himself embarrassed over something or other. But Ilya's *new* favourite thing was being the reason for it—deliberately coaxing that flush into existence.

He'd managed it effortlessly in their early days, when Shane was still easy to fluster, still caught off guard by Ilya's teasing and dirty talk. Back then, embarrassment came quick and easy. As did *many* things.

These days, though, it was harder. A challenge.

Shane was far too accustomed to Ilya now—his mouth, his hands, and most importantly, his words—very little seemed to faze him anymore, at least not the way it used to.

And Ilya was determined to change that.

Ilya was feeling particularly mischievous this evening. He had Shane mewling beneath him, fingers moving with practiced ease as Shane writhed and clutched at the sheets, sweat-slick and undone. Ilya watched him throw his head back in bliss, and he savoured every second of it.

He loved having Shane like this—so carefree, so open, so utterly gone.

Sex had always been an important part of their relationship, but as their feelings deepened, so did their need for each other. The desire to be intimate, to be physical, only grew stronger with time. Now, they were comfortable in everything—especially in their dynamic.

Shane liked being cared for by Ilya. In the throes of passion, he handed himself over completely, trusting Ilya with every breath and sound, and Ilya treated that trust like something precious. A gift, freely given and never taken lightly.

But sometimes—on the rare occasion—Ilya would throw a little something out there for his perfectly boring boyfriend, just to *see* how he'd respond. And Shane, being the needy bottom that he was, lapped it up every. Single. Time.

Ilya knew by now what worked for them. In fact, he'd never missed. Which only fuelled his confidence that this—what he was about to try—would be something they'd *both* enjoy.

Shane was open and ready. As Ilya reached for the lube, he couldn't help but look at his boyfriend in quiet awe. He would never get used to his beauty—sweat-slicked hair, freckled cheeks. Perfection.

Ilya was the luckiest man in the world.

So when he pushed Shane's legs up to his chest—his hole greedily waiting to be filled—Ilya smiled, his cock twitching in anticipation of Shane's reaction.

The head of his cock pressed against Shane's entrance, as English words danced at the front of his mind. He took a moment to line them up, to land the perfect hit.

'You are so greedy for me, *princess*.'

Shane's eyes flicked open immediately.

'What?' he asked, shock clear in his voice.

Ilya chuckled. He loved having fun.

'I said, *princess* is greedy for me,' Ilya repeated bluntly.

'I heard what you said. *Don't* call me princess,' Shane replied through gritted teeth—typical Shane.

And Ilya loved it.

'You do not like it?' Ilya asked, voice dripping with nonchalance.

'No,' Shane huffed in faux annoyance. He was so easy to read.

'You know,' Ilya said, pressing more firmly against his hole—deliberate, but teasing—'you should tell your dick you do not like it.'

'Fuck you,' Shane shot back, but Ilya didn't miss the way he rutted down, searching for more.

'I will fuck my princess now,' Ilya said, voice firm. 'And she will enjoy it.'

Shane's cock bobbed, and that familiar blush bloomed across the apples of his cheeks, speckling his skin.

He bit his lip, eyes fluttering shut as the flush crept down his neck and chest.

Ilya couldn't wait much longer—his body aching, his resolve thinning. Shane was so fucking pretty. Pink, flushed, and gorgeous.

He had to take him *now*.

Ilya took his time—partly because he liked caring for his boyfriend and would never want to hurt him, unless Shane asked for that, of course—but also because he loved it when Shane begged.

‘Wow,’ Ilya gasped as the head of his cock finally pressed in. His eyes stayed fixed on Shane’s face as he entered him achingly slow, savouring every reaction. He was grateful for the control they’d learned over the years, for the way it let him truly enjoy moments like this.

‘Can you hurry the fuck up?’ Shane panted, writhing with need.

That was it. Ilya knew it would come eventually—it always did.

‘Princesses shouldn’t speak those words,’ Ilya replied, stilling deliberately in retaliation.

Shane huffed, well aware he didn’t have much leverage in the matter, that Ilya had the control—but the quirk of his lips, the flicker of pleasure, couldn’t be missed.

Ilya smiled back. Their eyes met for a brief moment, all the confirmation they needed that they were both very much into this.

‘You’re so tight, princess,’ Ilya murmured. He meant it lightly, almost joking—but even as he said it, he found himself thinking that maybe Shane really could be his princess after all.

‘Please,’ Shane whispered, breathing carefully through the movements.

When Ilya was fully seated, he gave Shane a few moments to adjust. He admired the contrast between the chiselled lines of Shane’s abs and the soft blush colouring his cheeks.

He revelled in the way Shane’s body slowly relaxed, muscles loosening as he settled into the familiar sensation of being filled by his boyfriend.

As Ilya began to move, he found himself with a newfound appreciation for the man beneath him. He kept his pace slow and careful, doing his best to ignore the tightening pull in his groin, the ache in his cock.

Shane’s pleasure always came before his own.

‘Faster,’ Shane panted. In response, Ilya pushed his legs a little further to his chest.

‘I’ll go slow. You are so delicate...’ Ilya said matter-of-factly, knowing exactly how it would get under Shane’s skin. He searched briefly for the word he wanted. ‘Like teacup.’

Shane groaned. ‘Teacup?’ he huffed, irritation colouring his voice.

‘Yes. Easy to break. Small?’

‘Fuck off, Rozanov.’ Shane was bringing out the big guns, using his surname. Ilya liked it. It felt like a competition—who would give in to pleasure first.

‘But then you wouldn’t have this,’ Ilya replied, pushing in harder, faster.

Shane whimpered beneath him.

That did it. Ilya broke, thrusting in a deep, steady rhythm. They were both slick with sweat now, breaths coming short and uneven.

Shane jolted beneath him, clenched and pulling Ilya in greedily.

‘Fuck. Princess. *Jane*. You feel so fucking good around me,’ Ilya said, his mouth running away with him.

Shane was groaning now, his cock leaking.

He didn’t touch himself. He never did—always waiting to be told.

‘Your cock is so pretty, my sweetness.’

Shane was gone, eyes clenched shut, holding on.

‘I want to see you touch yourself.’

Shane did, his hand flying to his cock, stroking himself fast.

Ilya was frantic now, words spilling out of him. ‘So tight. *So wet*. Oh my god—your pussy is so wet, Jane.’ He shifted his angle, chasing the reaction he knew Shane needed most.

Shane jolted in pleasure, a broken groan tearing from his throat—and that was it.

He came in thick ropes, spilling over himself, white against flushed freckled skin. It was beautiful.

‘So fucking pretty,’ Ilya huffed, beside himself.

A few deep, meaningful thrusts later, he followed, voice breaking as pleasure overtook him.

‘Fuck—love filling you like this.’

‘Mine,’ he growled, seeing himself through his orgasm, Shane hissing beneath him—oversensitive and spent.

They collapsed into a sweaty pile, grabbing at moist skin as they both came back to themselves.

Neither of them dared to move, both sticky and exhausted, focused solely on catching their breath.

‘That was good,’ Shane said casually—though Ilya could hear the begrudging edge to it, and it made him want to laugh.

‘Very sexy,’ was all Ilya managed.

‘Where did that come from?’ Shane asked, fingers idly threading through Ilya’s damp curls.

‘I wanted to make you blush like girl,’ Ilya replied, lips quirking.

Shane huffed a laugh before sitting up and grabbing a pillow from behind him.

‘And that,’ he said, smacking Ilya with it—hard—‘is for calling me *Jane*, you asshole.’

‘I do not know the problem. You liked being Jane for many years,’ Ilya said, raising an eyebrow.

Shane rolled his eyes playfully before leaning forward, his lips ghosting over Ilya’s.

‘True,’ he murmured, kissing him—already blushing again. Ilya smiled into it. Mission accomplished.

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