**hands to myself**

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# hands to myself

by WeeBeastie

Summary

*can't keep my hands to myself*
*I mean I could, but why would I want to?*

Ilya indulges himself by paying proper attention to one of his favorite parts of Shane's body.

Notes

Me again! I am having so much fun writing about these two. This idea came to me after I saw a gifset pointing out just how often Ilya has his hands/mouth on Shane's titties, and I thought hmm, I could definitely write something about that. So that's what I did! It really is a PWP, like it says in the tags. It's set at the cottage, probably a few days into their stay, but don't worry about the timeline too much.

The title and lyrics in the summary are borrowed by the song of the same name by Selena Gomez.

Thank you as always to my sweet love, whose support means everything to me. <3

If you enjoy this, please consider leaving kudos and/or a comment, and sharing the link with someone you know who might like it. I appreciate it!

Ilya was obsessed with Shane's tits.

No, maybe that wasn't the right word - but 'breasts' sounded too boring, 'boobs' was childish, and 'pecs' was just stupid. English didn't really have exactly the right word for what Shane had, what made Ilya's eyes cross when he looked at them. So, tits, then. Close enough.

Whatever he called them, Ilya couldn't get enough of them. He had always been into them in general, ever since his body sat up and started noticing other people's. Small, big, boy, girl, it didn't matter, he liked them.

But there was just something special about Shane's.

He wanted to bury his face in them, put his mouth on them until Shane's voice went breathless and high-pitched and he called him 'Roz' because that was all he could manage. He wanted to take them in both hands and squeeze (which he did, as much as Shane would let him).

"Ilya?"

He looked up from where he'd been zoning out, staring into the crackling flames of the firepit out behind the cottage. It was dark - wolf bird hours - and close to time for bed. They'd been talking about something, but then Ilya's mind had wandered to bed, and to getting undressed, and seeing Shane undressed…

"Mm?" he replied, blinking.

"I asked if you wanted to head in and you just stared. You okay?" he asked, and the way his eyes anxiously searched Ilya's face made him feel a little bad.

"Yes, yes. I was distracted thinking about what I am about to do to you," Ilya said, standing and stretching. He reached for Shane's hand, helping him to his feet.

"Oh yeah?" Shane asked, his cheeks flushing pink under his freckles. "And what's that?"

Ilya pulled him in close, pressed his lips to his ear, and purred (in Russian, because he knew what that did to Shane): "I am going to make you beg for it, and then beg me not to stop."

"I have no fucking clue what you just said, but sign me up," Shane murmured, practically melting in Ilya's embrace.

An impressively short amount of time later, they were in bed together, both half naked. Ilya had Shane underneath him, holding him down with his body weight. He grabbed both of Shane's wrists in one hand and pinned them over his head so he was free to do what he wanted, which was - obviously - get lost in his tits.

He kissed his way down his neck to his chest, gentlemanly, not even leaving any marks (yet). He went to the left one first, over Shane's heart, licking, sucking, and rapidly giving into the urge to bite (not too hard; he yelped anyway). With his free hand, he reached up to fondle the

right one, fingers digging into his soft skin, palm lovingly cradling his thick muscles. He flicked his thumb over his nipple, working the other with his tongue.

“Ilya,” Shane moaned, shifting underneath him, spreading his thighs until Ilya could feel their hips pressed together, his hard cock rubbing Shane’s through their clothes. Why were they even still wearing clothes?

“Mmm,” he rumbled, and bit him again, sucking his skin hard enough to bruise.

“Ow,” Shane whimpered, and arched up into him, pressing himself against Ilya’s mouth.

“Ow?” he echoed against his skin, then sat up, still holding Shane’s wrists over his head. “Too much?”

“Didn’t say that,” Shane panted, squirming underneath him. His eyes were black with lust. “Please, Ilya.”

“Tell me what you want,” Ilya murmured, looking him up and down, taking in the fresh bruise blooming next to his left nipple, his blown-wide pupils, the way his pants were straining at the crotch. He was so beautiful.

Shane swallowed hard, his chest heaving. “Fuck me,” he said, his voice cracking.

“Ah. Full sentence,” Ilya corrected him, feeling one corner of his mouth pull up into a smirk. He just loved working Shane up this way, making him dizzy with it.

“I want you to fuck me, damn it,” Shane said through gritted teeth, meeting Ilya’s gaze challengingly, his eyes blazing. Doing what he wanted while giving him attitude about it - did he know exactly what that did to Ilya? Did he understand how wild it drove him?

“Better,” Ilya purred, and let go of his wrists so he could finally finish undressing them both.

Moments later and yet still not fast enough, he was buried inside him. Shane was so tight, so hot, it made him question his own stamina - briefly.

“Fuck, Shane,” he groaned, resting his head on his chest as he fucked into him, deep and slow and sweet.

“Ilya,” Shane whined, pulling at his hair. “So good, so fucking good.”

“Do you want it like this, hm? Slow?” he rumbled, punctuating his words with a thrust that made Shane whimper. “Tell me.”

“God,” Shane moaned, “please, just give it to me.”

Ilya chuckled breathlessly and pushed himself up on his palms, looking down into Shane’s face as he started moving faster. Shane’s eyes were half-shut, his expression dazed, looking lost in the thrill of what they were doing.

Ilya slammed into him, feeling the pleasure race up his spine, making him tense up all over. The noises Shane was making were obscene music to his ears.

“Ilya, Ilya, Ilya,” Shane chanted, his chest flushed, his thighs shaking. Oh, he was *close*. “Don’t stop, don’t fucking stop, ah-”

He felt Shane go impossibly tight around him, and then there was a hot, wet rush between their bodies. He groaned as Shane bucked underneath him, riding the waves of his orgasm.

“I didn’t even touch you,” Ilya crooned, delighted, fucking into him in short, sharp thrusts as his own climax crashed over him.

He pitched forward as he came, burying his face in Shane’s chest and mouthing at his skin. He cursed and sighed, overwhelmed, ecstatic.

As he caught his breath, he turned his head, worrying Shane’s nipple gently with his teeth.

“Mmh,” he grunted, squirming under Ilya. “Hey, quit it.”

“You don’t like?” Ilya murmured, and did it again, just because he could. Shane hissed and gave his shoulder a smack.

“Too sensitive,” he said, and Ilya relented, rolling off to lie next to him with a hum of contentment. “What is it with you and, uh, that part of me, anyway?” Shane asked, blinking slowly at him.

Ilya shrugged. “I’m a tits man.”

“Tit man,” Shane corrected. “Singular.”

“What? Why?” Ilya asked, confused. “You have two, yes? And I like both of them.”

“I dunno, it’s just- how you say that. You could say boob man, too. It’s always singular, for whatever reason,” he said, shrugging.

“English is a stupid, stupid language,” Ilya muttered after a moment, shaking his head.

“Not gonna argue with you there,” Shane agreed, and smiled at him, making Ilya feel like he was basking in full sunlight.

They curled up together after and fell asleep like that, Ilya’s head on Shane’s chest, Shane’s fingers gently carding through his hair.

The next morning, he crept carefully out of bed to go start coffee and breakfast while Shane slept in. He had the coffee pot going and was just about to rummage in the fridge for inspiration when he heard footsteps behind him.

“Morning,” Shane said, and when Ilya turned around, he could see a particular gleam in his eyes. He was up to something. He was also shirtless, which made it hard for Ilya to think.

“Good morning,” he replied. “I have made coffee. For breakfast, I was thinking-”

He forgot whatever he was about to say, because Shane pushed him back against the refrigerator doors, then sank to his knees in front of him.

“Shane,” he said hoarsely as he pulled his pants down just enough and braced his hands on his hips, taking Ilya’s cock into his mouth like it was nothing. “Fuck,” he gasped.

Shane closed his eyes and hummed softly in satisfaction, sending a shock of pleasure through Ilya’s body.

“God, Hollander,” Ilya moaned, cradling his head tenderly in one hand.

He watched him through half-closed eyes, reveling in the wet heat of his mouth. His lips were so soft, and his tongue was wicked, swirling here and pressing there. Sometimes, with Shane’s mouth on him, Ilya felt eighteen all over again.

He let himself get lost in it, throwing his head back against the fridge with a hard thunk that he barely felt. He rocked his hips with the bobbing of Shane’s head, stroking his hair, cursing under his breath.

“Fuck, fuck,” he hissed, feeling lightning bolts of pleasure racing through him. He ached, and it was *so* good.

Right as the rhythm was building to its inevitable end, Shane abruptly pulled off him and Ilya was left standing there rock hard and panting, confused.

“Shane, what…?” he asked, looking down at him. He didn’t look upset or overwhelmed; in fact, he was grinning like a- that thing about a cat with a bird. Ilya couldn’t think of the expression.

In response, Shane reached out and started jerking him off, quick and firm, making Ilya’s bare toes curl against the floor.

“Fuck,” Ilya said again, not quite sure what Shane was up to but more than willing to go along with it. He put one hand on his face and the other on the back of his neck, watching Shane watch him.

“You gonna come?” Shane purred, rubbing his thumb over the head of Ilya’s cock.

“You would like that, wouldn’t you?” he growled, struggling to keep his composure.

It didn’t take much; he was already so close. Only as he tipped over the edge did he realize Shane’s truly filthy end goal. He looked down, watching rapturously as his come landed on Shane’s chest, decorating him. He moaned brokenly and sagged back against the fridge, whimpering as he shuddered through the last throes of his orgasm.

“Jesus,” he said when he could speak again. He reached out to pull Shane up to his feet and kissed him hard, body still thrumming with the afterglow of ecstasy. “You are dirty, dirty boy,” he said when he pulled back, grinning at him playfully, teeth bared.

“Yeah, and you like me, so what does that make you?” Shane asked, smirking back at him.

Ilya’s eyes traveled down his neck to his bare chest, drinking in the sight of him - his soft skin and hard muscles, the stiff peaks of his nipples. All overlaid by the mess Ilya had made of him; the evidence of pleasure that Shane had wrung out of him.

He had to touch him, obviously. He put both his hands on Shane’s chest and squeezed, groaning.

Shane laughed and danced backwards just out of his reach, teasing, shaking his head. “You are unbelievable, Rozanov.”

“You believe me, yes?” he murmured after a pause, looking up to meet Shane’s eyes.

“Yeah,” he said softly, and reached for him again. Ilya went eagerly, backing Shane towards the kitchen counter and lifting him up. He leaned in to kiss and nuzzle his neck, inhaling the intoxicating scent of him.

The coffee was cold by the time he finally remembered about it, not that either of them cared.

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