

the dirtiest clean I know

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by [leaveanote](#)

Summary

Immediately after talking to Shane's parents, after putting the pasta leftovers in the fridge, Shane asks to be fucked without a condom.

Ilya's his boyfriend now. Suddenly, messy sheets don't seem like such a bad thing.

Back in the cottage, after putting the pasta leftovers in the fridge

Shane's giddy. He's never felt like this before, like something's unclenched its jaws from his heart. The world feels raw in the best way. His house feels different, the sun brighter, warmer. The scent of summer foliage, and *him*.

They've been back in the cottage for all of two minutes, but Shane honestly can't believe they still have clothes on.

"Harder," he tells Ilya, who whimpers and sucks at Shane's throat, understanding Shane's asking to be marked. For the first time, for what's left of these two weeks, they don't have to hide.

Ilya runs his tongue over the bruise-tender skin and Shane's eyes roll back, his entire body frissoning.

"Oh my fucking God," Shane says, face crumpling. He's rock hard, rutting helplessly against Ilya's thick, stupidly sexy thigh.

"You like that?" Ilya murmurs, sucking hickey after hickey into Shane's throat. Shane can only whimper brokenly in response. Ilya chuckles, and spans him. A glut of precum pulses from Shane's dick, soaking immediately through his briefs, damp against Ilya's thigh.

Ilya hisses a soft curse.

"So pretty," he bites out. "I love how wet you get for me."

Shane's brain goes buzzy in the way only Ilya can make it. Ilya cups Shane's ass in his hands and lifts him. Shane wraps his arms around his boyfriend—*his boyfriend!*—and lets himself be carried to bed.

"Ilya," Shane breathes. He presses his palm to Ilya's cheek. "God, you're so handsome."

Ilya smiles and almost *blushes*.

Shane tugs him into a kiss. It's hot but terribly tender, tears gathering in both their eyes, each soothing the other in turn. They take each other's clothes off, hardly breaking the connection of their gaze.

"I love you," Shane says softly. The soft twitch of Ilya's mouth, the brightness in his eyes as Shane says it. It's everything. "I didn't know...anything could feel this good."

"Me neither," Ilya says, shaking his head. He looks like he might cry properly again, and like he doesn't want to, so Shane pulls him into a filthier kiss. He hitches his foot around Ilya's waist, dragging their hips together. Ilya throbs against him, the anxiety in his body ebbing easily into the heat Shane hoped for.

“I was thinking,” Shane says. “You said you haven’t been with anyone in a while, and neither have I.”

“Mm.”

“Do—do you wanna, um. Without a condom?” Shane tries not to think about how red his ears have gone. “It’s not like you can get me pregnant.”

Ilya groans low in his throat, rolling promisingly into Shane.

”Mmm. Let me try.”

Shane snorts and swats at him, but presses the lube into Ilya’s palm and nothing else. Ilya looks at him, making sure it’s not just sexy talk.

“You’re sure?” Ilya asks, pupils blown. His voice is like crushed velvet pressed to Shane’s cheek, and Shane can’t bear being empty a moment longer. He drags Ilya into a kiss he hopes is needy enough to convey that.

“Make a mess out of me,” he whispers. “Please.”

Ilya’s expression goes dark with lust, and Shane nearly cums on the spot.

“Oh my God.”

“You feel so good.”

“*Ilya.*”

Shane feels like Ilya’s fucking him for the first time all over again. Probably not least because Ilya’s eased him into a vulnerable missionary, which is not how they’d been fucking in the cottage before now.

Ilya feels bigger like this. The hot skin of his thick, gently curved, perfect cock drags against Shane’s walls, nothing between them but the slide of lube to ease the way. Shane’s blushing, watching Ilya’s face twitch as he takes his pleasure in Shane’s ass. Shane can feel the wet drag of his thick head, the sweet skin of Ilya’s shaft Shane loves so much sliding deep inside him over and over. The obscene smack of his heavy balls against Shane’s cleft.

Ilya cups his jaw. Shane opens on instinct, sucking Ilya’s fingers into his mouth, taking him in everywhere he can.

“*Fuck*, Shane. You make me crazy,” Ilya says, his voice cracked straight through.

“I love you,” Shane says, and Ilya groans softly, quickening his thrusts. “I love you, fuck, Ilya. I love you so much. I love feeling you like this. I never want you to wear a condom again.”

Ilya rocks forward to kiss him, and the angle makes Shane cry out.

“You want to feel me cum inside you?” Ilya says, voice rough, and that’s enough for Shane.

“*Please!*” he gasps, the word punching out of him at the same time as his orgasm. “So bad, please,” he murmurs, half out of his mind from his pleasure peaking at the mere thought of Ilya spilling inside him, “I want your cum, Ilya, please—*please*—”

Ilya swears colorfully, and then Shane’s ass is hot with pulse after pulse of Ilya’s cum. So deep, and so full, and so fucking perfect. They ride it out together, rocking helplessly in wet, fitful pleasure.

Shane chuckles, when Ilya slows at last. His eyes are damp but he feels *amazing*. Ilya kisses away the tears.

And then he’s kissing his way down Shane’s chest. His gaze meets Shane’s as he drags his tongue over Shane’s chest, lapping up Shane’s own cum. Cleaning him.

Shane shivers, squirming. He twines his hands in Ilya’s hair, trembling at the obscene, torturous pleasure of Ilya’s mouth on his too-sensitive body.

“Fuck,” Shane says weakly.

“Turn over,” Ilya murmurs. “I want to see.”

Shane didn’t know he had blood left in his face to blush even more, but he does. And then he does what Ilya says, even though it sort of mortifies him, because Ilya’s never, not ever, led him wrong here.

He settles on all fours, arching, displaying his dripping, fucked-open hole.

Ilya hisses in appreciation, his warm hands roving Shane’s body. Shane expects Ilya to say something filthy and then get something to wipe him up.

Instead, Ilya kisses him, low on his spine. Two fingers prod at Shane’s messy, tender entrance, spreading him open. Ilya’s cum leaks a thick trickle out of him and over his balls. Shane buries his face in his hands, breathing deep.

Ilya leans forward and twists his face into a kiss, keeping one hand on Shane’s ass, keeping him steady.

“This is...maybe the hottest thing I’ve ever seen,” Ilya whispers. He glances back, thumbing Shane’s hole, brow furrowing. “No. No maybe. Definitely the hottest.”

Shane whimpers, nuzzling into him. Any lingering embarrassment shifts sharply into the familiar mind-numbing pleasure Ilya always fills him with.

“Yours,” Shane manages to say. “All yours.”

Ilya hums, low and warm like a cat. His perfect mouth is on Shane’s shoulder, then kissing its way down his back again.

And then he’s spreading Shane’s dripping hole. Ilya whines, once and plaintively. He kisses the round cheek of Shane’s ass.

“Can I?” he asks. His fingers brush Shane’s rim, hungry tongue obvious, and filthy.

“Jesus,” Shane breathes. He grips the sheets fitfully, his refractory period and prickle of embarrassment warring with the blinding fact of his desire.

“Want you,” Ilya says. Shane can tell his voice has come undone, all hot, single-minded focus. “Want to taste what I’ve done to you.”

And at that, Shane can’t do anything but arch helplessly, and nod.

Ilya groans and drags the flat of his tongue over Shane’s fucked-out hole.

Shane cries out, squirming into him.

It’s different like this, fuck—filthy, *messy*, messier than Shane’s ever let himself get, even with Ilya. His chest is fresh sweat and dried cum and spit, his ass sloppy and stretched, squeezing on Ilya’s thick tongue. Shane feels out of his mind, his dick hardening almost despite itself—he feels like a bowstring left out on the ice, pulled taut and brittle. He feels like snow melting in the sun, an unkempt wreck in the face of an unstoppable element.

“I love your hole,” Ilya mutters, quiet but unmistakable. Shane whimpers, burying his face in his hands. He feels half out of his mind. The other half has never been so glad to be alive. “I want to spoil this sweet little asshole forever. Fuck.” He flutters his tongue against it, lapping Shane clean of himself. “I always like kissing you here. But I think I like it best like this.” Shane can fucking *feel* him grinning. “When you taste like me.”

Shane can’t take it anymore. He never wants Ilya to stop. He also needs Ilya *now*.

“Can you fuck me again?” Shane asks, brokenly.

Ilya growls. Drills his tongue deep into Shane again, licking hard into him—and then he pulls back and spits heavily on Shane’s hole.

“Please,” Shane can’t help but say, even as he hears Ilya slicking himself with fresh lube, “please, please—”

“I’m here,” Ilya says, kissing his shoulder. He settles on top of Shane, and Shane cums almost immediately when he sinks in. “That’s it. So good, baby. I’ve got you.”

Shane cries out. Pleasure takes the reins of his mind and body, stringing him up into something exquisite, and then flooding him into hot, glorious release. The sheets beneath him

go hot and wet, and Ilya's murmuring praise, steady hands on his body, dragging Shane back on his perfect dick as he fucks Shane through it.

There's no hotel staff to worry about, Shane realizes. They will do their own laundry. And for once, Shane won't have to scrub Ilya from his clothes and body with pent-up longing.

"Ilya," Shane says, still hazy from his own pleasure, "I want you to cum on me."

"What?"

Ilya bends close, trying to make sure he's heard right as he rocks needfully into Shane's fucked-out body.

Shane grits his teeth, overcome by the sudden force of his wanting.

"On me. My chest, my f-face. Wanna feel your cum. All over me."

"Fuck."

Shane rolls over, sparing a moment to mourn the perfect pressure of Ilya's cock.

But then he's bracing himself on his elbows, watching Ilya stroke himself in feverish pleasure—muscles flexing, face crumpled, one hand braced on Shane's thigh.

Shane smiles at him, opens his mouth, and sticks out his tongue in invitation.

Ilya chokes out Shane's name when he cums and it sounds like a prayer.

For the first time, he spills in hot, long spurts over Shane's chest and cheeks.

It feels like a fucking baptism.

I love this, actually, Shane thinks, and he knows it shows on his face, the way Ilya hurries to kiss him even before he's finished.

"So fucking hot," Ilya pants, sounding almost distraught about it. *"Shane."*

Shane drags two fingers through Ilya's cum on his chest and sucks them into his mouth, eyes fluttering shut at the taste.

"I want everything," Shane whispers, "that you'll give me."

Ilya nods feverishly.

"Same."

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