

High At The Cottage

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High At The Cottage

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Summary

Ilya brings weed to the cottage one summer, gets Shane really high and they have stoned, sweet, lazy, and indulgent sex

Notes

Hey hey! First Heated Rivalry fic, kinda nervous 🙌🙌 this is a prompt from the Fulfill A Crave-ing collection, I stumbled upon it a little too late so I wasn't able to post this in there in time, but I loved this fic too much not to post it lol. As soon as I saw this prompt I knew I needed to make it happen. It was posted by anonymous, so hopefully whoever you are you see this lol! This was all I had to go off of so to whoever submitted this request, thank you and I hope I captured what you wanted! No timeline, though I imagine this is their second trip to the cottage.

Happy New Years, everyone! <3

Prompt:

Ilya brings weed to the cottage one summer, gets Shane really high and they have stoned, sweet, lazy, and indulgent sex

Shane watches Ilya by the bonfire as he gathers up the rest of their supplies for their late night stargazing. He's got their cozy blanket neatly folded over his arm, and a few snacks in hand as he quietly studies his boyfriend from afar. The sun has already set, moonlight streaming in through the huge glass windows, Ilya's shape outlined by the warm glow of the firepit he sits in front of. It's serene, the man before him the picturesque of calm, not a tense muscle in sight as he gazes up at the slightly cloudy sky, bright stars already beginning to populate.

He looks beautiful—absolutely breathtaking when Ilya's unguarded like this. Just happy and safe within the confines of the cottage. It was only their second night there, but being back and truly feeling like they were at home again was a feeling Shane hoped would never go away—for him or Ilya.

From the patio couch, Shane sees Ilya raise what looks to be a cigarette up to his lips, but instead of putting it in his mouth, he looks to be almost inspecting it? Not like he's never seen one before, but more like checking out its quality—not that a cigarette had much. Maybe he was feeling hesitant to smoke it, hence the heavy stare down with it.

Shane decides to make his way outside, ready to tell his boyfriend that *yes*, actually, he *should* put down that cancer stick, but when he steps out on the patio, he's instead hit by the very distinct smell of marijuana.

Oh...

Well it was obvious now that he wasn't inspecting a cig, but rather a joint.

"You brought weed?" it's not really a question, it's obvious what it is.

Ilya turns his head, a wide grin splitting his face. "Make Canada more fun, yes?"

"Shut up." Shane says, making his way over to the pit. He drops down next to Ilya, setting down their snacks and wrapping the warm blanket around the two of them. "You love Canada,"

"There are things I love more,"

Shane can't help a smile at that, settling down next to his boyfriend as he soaks up the warmth from the fire. He reaches out, running a hand through Ilya's shaggy hair, still a little damp from their swim in the lake earlier. "You're gonna smoke right now?"

"Should I wait five minutes?"

Shane rolls his eyes. "You do what you want."

"You've smoked, yes?"

The blank stare Shane gives him in return indicates that no, in fact, he never has.

“Oh my god Hollander, you are still *so* boring!”

“Fuck off! You know how I am about my training!”

“It’s summer! It is one night, we are alone in nature. Who is going to tell? Who will ever know?”

Shane huffed, crossing his arms, and pouting.

“You’ve seriously never smoked with Hayden?”

Shane scoffs. “No.”

“Okay, so first time with me,” Ilya says with a shrug. “I’ve helped you through plenty of other firsts.”

“Will you fuck off?”

“Come on, Hayden will be so jealous of me, we have to!”

Shane rolls his eyes, but he doesn’t say no. Instead, he watches Ilya intently as he brings the joint up to his lips, before sliding a lighter from out of his pocket and lighting the end of it. Shane studies him closely, the way his lips wrap around the end, how his cheeks hollow as he sucks, how when he removes the joint from his lips he doesn’t immediately exhale, instead holding it in, almost savoring it, before blowing it back out. As he goes for a second pull, Shane speaks up.

“Is it like smoking a cigarette?”

“Mm, yes and no,” Ilya replies, blowing smoke away from Shane. “Hard to explain. Same, um, mechanics I guess,”

“What’s it like? Being high I mean.”

“Seen you high on hospital drugs. Fun time. Makes you extra clingy,”

“Fuck off!”

Instead, Ilya gives him a sloppy kiss on the cheek. “Makes you all blushy too. Really highlights your beautiful freckles.”

So do his compliments, making Shane pretend to scowl as his cheeks begin to warm. “You’re such an asshole,”

Ilya takes one more inhale, before passing the joint to Shane. “Giving boyfriend compliments makes me asshole?”

“No,” Shane says, taking it into his hands. “Of course not.”

Ilya wraps his arm around Shane, tucking him underneath him as he brings the joint up to his lips. He tries not to overthink what he's doing as he places the tip into his mouth and begins to slowly suck in smoke. The taste is foreign, and he's really not sure if he's doing it right. He can feel Ilya's gaze on him, only adding to the burning sensation in his chest as he pulls the joint away, not really sure of what to do now.

"Inhale a little bit," Ilya instructs. "Then blow it out."

Shane does, but it's more of a gasp than an inhale, which sends him into an immediate coughing fit.

"I said inhale, not swallow whole! Jesus Hollander, breathe!" Ilya says, taking the joint from him and patting his back.

Shane eventually manages to catch his breath, panting into Ilya's shoulder. "That hurt."

"Edibles for you next time,"

"Fuck you, let me try again,"

Ilya makes sure he's actually breathing again, before passing it back to him. This time Shane takes his time, breathing in the flower, holding it for just a moment or two, then *slowly* pushing back out again.

"There, better," Ilya says, taking back the pre roll and taking another hit.

The two do this in silence for a bit, the clouds opening up to a clear starry sky as Shane begins to melt into Ilya's side. He's right, the drugs do make him feel a little clingy. He just loves Ilya so much, it was hard to contain it sometimes, especially with them still keeping this whole thing a secret. But this was nice, out here at the cottage, no worries, no wandering eyes. Just the two of them alone and at peace.

"I'm so glad you're here with me,"

"Ah. So the drugs are working,"

"Shut up!" Shane says, but with a giggle as he nuzzles his head against Ilya's bicep. "You're so mean to me," he adds on, gazing up at him with a little pout.

To his glee, Ilya kisses his pouty lips. "Only because I like you,"

"I thought I was boring,"

"Maybe I like boring,"

"Oh,"

Ilya rolls his eyes. "You just like hearing me compliment you,"

"Well yes..."

Ilya takes another pull before passing it back to Shane. "You are very cute."

Shane's cheeks are absolutely on fire as he takes another drag. He can feel his body relaxing even further, his mind loosening up as he begins to practically melt into the couch. The stars above look even more radiant than usual, and Shane is suddenly struck by the beauty of them. It's almost hard to decide what he wants to look at more, the sky or Ilya's beautiful face. Shane turns his head towards Ilya, trying to gauge his reaction to the stars above, but it's clear which view the Russian prefers. "You done?"

"Huh? Oh," Shane passes back the joint he'd nearly forgotten about. "Guess so,"

"Hm, I think you've reached limit," Ilya says with a chuckle, though he takes another puff himself.

"Maybe,"

"Tis not a competition," he says, breathing out more smoke.

"Isn't everything between us?"

Ilya shakes his head, finishing the joint and flicking the butt into the firepit. "Not everything. Come here."

Shane does with ease, climbing into Ilya's lap as he wraps the blanket more securely around them. The nighttime air feels nice and cool against their heated skin, Shane feeling happily buzzed and floaty. He felt so warm and loved in Ilya's embrace, and he truly wished to be no other place. This was one of those rare times where he got to keep Ilya all to himself, and Shane didn't want to waste a second of it.

Ilya kisses his forehead. "How are you feeling?"

"Warm. Happy. Lil hungry,"

Ilya laughs, reaching down and grabbing one of the snack bags Shane had brought out. "Here, your healthy kettle chips,"

"They're good!"

"They have no salt,"

"They're delicious,"

"Flavorless, you mean?"

"Fuck off!" Shane laughs as Ilya opens the bag for him. "Hey, no, you can't have one now!"

"Must make sure it is as flavorless as I remember."

"Dick,"

“If you want some,”

That earns a surprised laugh from Shane. “Ilya!”

“What?”

“That was meant as an insult!”

“And this is a promise,”

Shane knew his cheeks were as red as tomatoes. “You’re such a flirt,”

“I know. It’s working, yes?”

Shane rolls his eyes, but his smile as always gives him away. “Maybe…”

Ilya throws him a crooked smile, chips forgotten as his hands slowly begin to caress Shane’s sides as he holds him in his lap. He places a kiss against Shane’s forehead, then cheek, before dipping down and nibbling on Shane’s ear. “What if we made love underneath the stars?”

Shane shivers, Ilya’s low, seductive voice sending all of his drugged up senses into overdrive. His body feels electrified laying against the alluring man before him. Ilya leans back, his eyes dark and searching, their noses brushing, lips just barely grazing. Shane’s own eyes dart from Ilya’s lustful gaze, down to his awaiting lips, and then back up again. Then he licks his own dry ones. “Seems sexier in practice than in theory,”

Ilya laughs soft and light, and Shane thinks it’s the most beautiful sound he’s ever heard. “Doesn’t have to be outside. Could fuck you nice and slow against window,” A needy moan escapes Shane’s lips, making Ilya’s smile widen, one of his hands coming up to rest against Shane’s face, his thumb caressing his cheek. “On the grass or against tree works too,”

Shane giggles, closing his eyes and rubbing their noses together. “I think I’d much prefer the bed,”

“So boring,” Ilya murmurs, slowly sliding his thumb into Shane’s mouth, loving how he immediately begins sucking on it. “What if I blow you here, fuck you in there?” Ilya says, indicating back towards the cottage.

Shane moans nodding his head. “Yes,” he mumbles around Ilya’s thumb before releasing it. “You first though,”

Shane kisses Ilya’s lips, loving the velvety feel of them against his own. They’re so soft and warm, and for a moment they get wrapped up in it, limbs tangling as Shane’s hands sink deeper into Ilya’s hair. He repositions himself to where he’s straddling his lap, Ilya’s own hands now traveling up Shane’s shirt.

When they eventually break for air, Shane continues his rain of kisses, pressing his lips against both of Ilya’s cheeks, his forehead, and down his neck, his own hands now reaching and lifting Ilya’s shirt over his head, their blanket forgotten as it falls behind them on the couch.

“So fucking sexy,” Shane whispers, pressing kisses across his collarbone, down his pecs and over his stomach.

Shane maneuvers to the ground on his knees, tugging down Ilya’s sweats and underwear down with him as he goes. The cool breeze on his bare skin makes Ilya shiver, but Shane pays it no mind, wrapping his fist around the base of Ilya’s achingly hard cock, stroking him at a leisurely pace. Ilya’s hands now slide into Shane’s hair, tugging lightly. Shane hums, leaning forward and peppering kisses up and down Ilya’s shaft.

“So beautiful for me,” Ilya moans, head leaning on the back of the couch. His hand curls tighter in Shane’s hair. “Now suck me,” Shane happily obliges, leaning forward and swallowing him down whole. “*Oh fuck...*”

Shane locks in, the drugs easily loosening him up as he gets to work sucking Ilya’s cock like he’s vying for the title of *Best Blowjob of the Year*. He takes him to the back of his throat, and a little further still, one hand squeezing Ilya’s thigh, the other playing with his heavy balls. Honestly, Shane can’t get enough of him, from the hair on his thighs, to his musky scent, the deep guttural moans spewing out of his mouth, or the tight hold Ilya has on his hair, clearly fighting the urge to thrust up into Shane’s mouth with abandon.

“So good, Shane, *fuck*, so good for me,”

That only spurs him on more, pulling out all his little tricks. Sucking on the head, flicking his tongue along the prominent vein on the underside of Ilya’s cock, hollowing his cheeks and sucking hard at the base. The noises he was making were obscene, his eyes were beginning to tear, and spit was dribbling down his chin, but he didn’t care. Not when Ilya was looking at him like he wanted to devour him. And *god* did he want to be devoured.

“Can I fuck your face?” Ilya pants.

Shane honestly wanted to cry with relief, his jaw going slack in response to the question. Ilya releases a lower, more needier “*Fuck*” before placing both his hands in Shane’s hair and taking reign of him. Shane closes his eyes and takes it, letting Ilya fuck his face hard and fast. More tears and spit begin to pour down Shane’s face, but he still can’t find it in him to care. Instead, he continues flexing his tongue and working his balls, pushing Ilya closer and closer to his release.

“Look at me, sweetheart,” Ilya grunts. “Wanna watch your pretty eyes when I come,”

Shane whimpers, doing as told as his gaze locks onto Ilya’s. He wonders if his own eyes portray even a fraction of what Ilya’s do, because his whole face is alight with pleasure, awe, love, and plenty of other adjectives that Shane could go on about. The look is striking, and it makes Shane shiver, but he never breaks away.

“You’re so good for me,” Ilya starts to mumble. “Want me to cum like this?”

Shane gives him a slow blink, and that’s all it takes for Ilya to blow his load down Shane’s throat. He swallows every drop Ilya gives him, sucking on his spent cock until Ilya’s thighs

begin to shake, and he has to slide Shane off his dick with a soft ‘pop’. He’s still panting heavily on the couch as he pulls Shane up for a kiss.

Shane happily indulges him, moving to straddle Ilya once more as their tongues battle against each other, swallowing each other's moans. Ilya gives Shane’s ass a smack. “Pants off. Lay down,”

“Yes, sir,” Shane says playfully, standing up to rid himself of the rest of his clothing, before laying down in position on the couch.

Ilya maneuvers himself in between Shane’s legs, resting on his knees as he places his hands on Shane’s bent knees. “Still okay?” he asks, giving them a soft squeeze.

Shane realizes kneeling on the hard patio surface maybe wasn’t his best idea, but he really couldn’t be bothered with that right now. “Fine. I’ve blown you in worse positions,”

Ilya laughs, shaking his head as he bends to leave his own map of kisses across Shane’s body. “Funnier when high too,”

“Shut up!”

“Working on it,” he says, indicating towards Shane’s hard dick. “Give me a minute,”

Shane fully relaxes into the soft cushions beneath him as Ilya kisses down his body, moving to lay down in between Shane’s legs as he pushes one off entirely to make room for his frame. Truly, this wasn’t the most comfortable, considering the couch wasn’t all that big, but the two were making due. Besides, Shane was way too far gone to be concerned about the logistics, as long as Ilya was comfortable, he was fine too. Though he imagined they must be a sight, Ilya’s own legs were surely hanging off the couch as well. The thought almost made him laugh, but then Ilya was kissing up the length of his leaky cock, and it didn’t seem so funny anymore.

“Yes, please,” Shane whimpers, now doing his best to keep his hips in place.

“So polite,” Ilya praises, kissing Shane’s tip, before sucking on the head.

Shane throws his head back on a moan, feeling even more sensitive than usual. Ilya’s mouth is hot, wet, and *skilled*, slowly taking Shane down like he’s a meal he’s trying to savor. Shane blinks a few times, the stars above him unfocused, just a bright blur, but he couldn’t care less about the constellations right now. Earlier he’d wished he’d thought of bringing a telescope, but now all he cared about was *‘dear God, please don’t let it randomly start raining...’*

Unlike Shane, Ilya takes his time slowly breaking Shane apart. He sets a steady rhythm, his strokes slow and tongue calculating. Shane is a whiny mess in no time, body trembling as his begs for release start to tumble out from his swollen lips. Ilya doesn’t give in though, clearly trying to earn his *Killed My Boyfriend Via Blowjob* badge.

“Is this supposed to be torturous?”

Ilya chuckles around Shane's dick, and *fuck* even that feels sinfully good. Ilya starts bobbing his head faster, one hand now moving to play with his balls, the other sneaking past and tracing little circles over Shane's entrance. That *really* gets Shane going, and it's not long before tears are brimming in his eyes again.

"Fuck, Ilya, *please!*" The look Ilya gives him says '*Come on, Hollander, do better*', which makes Shane groan with even more frustration. "I want to cum! Please let me cum, I've been so good for you," he bites his lip, gaze still locked onto Ilya's as he adds "I'm so fucking hard for you. Need you to let me cum now so we can do it again together,"

Ilya groans, closing his eyes for a brief second, before they're locked back on Shane's, his mouth picking up speed once more. He can read Ilya's silent plea for more, and Shane is sure once he's sober again he'll deny ever saying any of this, but right now he was high and fucking horny, and *very* desperate to cum.

"Wanna cum down your throat and taste it on your tongue. Need you to fuck me so long and good after this that I forget my name. Fuck, Ilya, want you to mark every part of me. Make me cum, make me yours,"

Shane is positive he feels Ilya *growl*, the sensation heightening his pleasure to new levels. He's sure his own eyes are about to roll right out of his head, because his orgasm rips through him so hard and fast by Ilya's renewed efforts, he's sure that it's going to rip him right in half. For a moment, his vision is white, there's no noise, he's not even sure if he exists. But then he starts to float back down, his senses each coming back to him one by one.

The smell of the outdoors. The sound of Ilya's hard breathing. The taste of sweat on his upper lip. No wait, the sweat on *Ilya's* upper lip. See his blurry face, and feel the press of his swollen lips as he kisses him again.

"Still with me?"

Shane nods, sure his smile will crack his face in two at any given moment.

Ilya brushes the hairs on Shane's face back, before giving him a warm smile, and a quicker, softer kiss. "Bedroom now, yes?"

"Yes, immediately, fuck, I need you in me,"

Ilya's warm grin turns sensuous as he steadies himself on the ground, before wrapping his arms firmly around Shane's middle. Shane giggles loud and happy as Ilya then proceeds to effortlessly pick him up. He's quick to wrap his arms around Ilya's neck, his lips already landing on Ilya's as he wraps his legs around his waist.

They kiss the whole way to the bedroom, Ilya at one point stopping to fully make out with Shane against one of the many cottage walls, before continuing on their way to the bedroom. Once inside the room, Ilya plops Shane down on the bed, watching him intently as he crawls backwards, laying amongst all the fluffy pillows at the top. Shane is sure his cheeks are stuck in a permanent blush, Ilya's heated gaze never ceasing to light him aflame.

Ilya tilts his head to the side, giving Shane a cheery grin. “Drugs make whole body blush,”

“Oh my god, *shut up, Rozanov!*”

“No, it’s very cute,” he says, his eyes shining with pure glee. “Makes all your freckles glow,”

Shane whines, hands gripping the bedsheets. “Will you just come here?”

Ilya’s smile easily morphs into a smirk. “So bossy,” but he obliges, slowly making his way up onto the bed. He starts with Shane’s feet, kissing toes and ankles, making his way up his calves and spreading kisses over his knees. He kisses, licks and bites along both of Shane’s thighs, his cock not quite ready for more yet, but Ilya places a soft kiss on the twitching head anyways. He kisses and nibbles across Shane’s waist, hips, and stomach, up to his chest and spends some time giving each of his sensitive nipples some attention. Swirling his tongue, flicking them over the pebbled skin, lightly sinking his teeth into one, using his hand to pinch the other, before switching sides.

Shane’s hot, needy moans fill the bedroom. He’s trying to control his body from squirming too much underneath Ilya’s weight, but finding it hard to stay still when Ilya is quite literally making him lose his mind. His arms are wrapped around Ilya’s back, his hands clawing at the strong muscles. He continues to squirm beneath him, pressed chest to chest as Ilya starts kissing up Shane’s neck, sucking on the spots he knows to be super sensitive, and not caring if he leaves a mark later. Honestly, Shane hoped he did leave a few behind, moaning at the feeling of Ilya’s sharp teeth sinking into his skin. Little whimpers start to pour out of Shane as Ilya then uses his tongue to soothe the ache from the bite.

When Ilya is done mapping Shane’s neck with hickies, he finally leans down over him, pressing their foreheads together, Shane eagerly meeting him halfway as they kiss each other passionately. They both moan into it, one of Ilya’s hands sliding into Shane’s hair as he slides his warm tongue into his mouth. Shane lets out a gasp, but Ilya swallows that too, kissing him fervently, almost desperately, their teeth knocking together as they try to devour the other. It’s hot and sloppy, and Shane is sure he’s drooling, but Ilya is honestly *just that hot*.

The slide of their naked bodies together sends Shane’s mind into a spiral. He just can’t get enough of Ilya, no matter how many different ways they do this dance, he always ends up needing more. The two roll their bodies together in a slow rhythm, their moans amplifying, heat and pleasure crashing over their bodies in waves. It was like they were trying to mold themselves into one, which Shane figured was a little bit true. He was desperate for Ilya to be inside of him anyways. Shane whines at the thought, rutting up against Ilya and groaning as he feels Ilya’s hard cock against his thigh, causing Shane’s own dick to plump up more.

“Yes, get hard for me,” Ilya grumbles into Shane’s mouth. “Show me how good I make you feel,”

“*So good,*” Shane immediately responds. “Only you can make me feel this good,”

Ilya moans, kissing him again, before pulling back just enough to whisper against Shane’s lips. “First I will eat you,” another kiss, “then I will fuck you,”

Shane moans, nodding his head enthusiastically. "Please, yes,"

Ilya gives him one last kiss. "Hands and knees, beautiful,"

Shane quickly gets into position, Ilya kissing down the back on his neck and along his spine as he helps Shane get into a comfortable position. Once settled, Ilya once again settles himself between Shane's muscular legs, each of his hands gripping his cheeks and spreading them wide. Ilya wastes no time leaning forward and pressing his tongue against his tight heat. Shane lets out a needy moan, immediately trying to rock back into his touch, but Ilya keeps him in place. He swipes his tongue over the tight ring of muscle, before swirling the tip of his tongue around the perimeter, Shane's knees already beginning to shake at the lovely tingles racing down his spine.

"Yes, more please,"

Ilya does as told, using one of his fingers to lightly press at his hole, his tongue still lapping at him, slowly loosening Shane up. He swirls his tongue around before slowly pushing it forward, Shane's moans turning filthy as his back arches, allowing Ilya more access to him. Ilya begins to thrust his tongue back and forth, still keeping Shane's hips steady with one hand, the other wrapping around to check on Shane's progress in the front.

"Yes," Ilya moans into his tight heat. "That's it Hollander," he coos, slowly stroking Shane's fully erect cock. He presses a kiss to one of his ass cheeks. "Hard only for me," he ends with a little bite to his ass cheek.

"Ilya, please," Shane whines into his pillow. "I need..."

"Yes?" Ilya urges, removing his hand from Shane's dick in order to press his finger against Shane's hole again. "What is it you need?"

Shane grunts. "You. In me. *now*,"

"So hot when you are like this," Ilya purrs, his finger still circling, still teasing. "So bossy. So needy,"

"*Rozanov*,"

Ilya slowly presses his finger inside, his tongue aiding in the process. "All soft and relaxed for me,"

"Come on, *please*,"

"What is it you want from me?" Ilya asks, as if they're discussing the weather, now easily thrusting his index finger back and forth. "Another finger, my cock, my autograph, more boring kettle chips maybe?"

"Fuck you,"

Ilya can't help his laugh. "That is not what you want,"

“So you *do* know, then?”

“Yes, of course,” Ilya says, kissing his tailbone. “But want to hear you say it. You make it sound so pretty,”

Shane groans, his achingly hard cock leaking precum into the sheets. “Please fuck me,”

“Ask me nicely. Like how I did earlier,”

Shane groans, happy Ilya can’t see the bright smile splitting his face. “Please make love to me. All night long, preferably,”

Ilya moans, rewarding Shane with a second finger. “I accept that challenge,”

Ilya continues working Shane up, alternating between his fingers and his tongue, until Shane is relaxed and loose, no resistance as Ilya fucks him with three fingers. He gives Shane a few more thrusts of his tongue, swirling it around and kissing his hole, before leaning back and playfully slapping his ass. Ilya then presses a kiss to one of his favorite freckles in the middle of Shane’s back, hovering over him and kissing his ear. “You ready for me?”

Shane nods enthusiastically, managing to fumble in the nightstand for a condom, tossing it back to Ilya, who quickly pulls it on, before lining himself up and *finally* pressing in. He takes his time pressing forward until he’s buried to the hilt inside Shane. They both take in a deep breath, trying to regulate their heart rates.

“Please move,” Shane pleads into his pillow.

Ilya grunts, covering Shane’s body with his own as he finds one of his hands and interlinks them. He presses a kiss against another one of his favorite freckles against the back of Shane’s neck, drawing his hips back before thrusting back in. Shane gasps, followed by a long string of moans as Ilya begins to slowly fuck into him. It’s torturous—deliciously so, Ilya’s rhythm smooth and steady, his lips peppering over every inch of skin he can find as he rocks his body into Shane’s.

Shane moans beneath him, turning his head to kiss and lick along Ilya’s arm, wishing in this position he could reach more of him. He wanted to see his face, watch his eyes, kiss his lips. Not that this didn’t feel incredible, but once again, Shane was craving more, more, *more*.

“Wanna kiss you,”

Ilya ducks his head down, using his other hand to tilt Shane’s face up as he gives him the best kiss he can. It’s at a weird angle, and it’s mostly tongue more than anything, but it still makes Shane moan needily into Ilya’s mouth. They keep at it for as long as they can, but then Ilya strikes his prostate, the shock of pleasure breaking their kiss as Shane drops his head back down to the pillow. He moans brokenly, starting to thrust his hips back in tandem with Ilya’s own thrusts.

“*Fuck, yes, more!*”

Ilya obliges, but Shane doesn't think it's enough for him either. The way the hand not holding his own is gripping his hip tight, his desperate moans filling Shane's ears, the way he bites down into Shane's shoulder, causing extra waves of heat and pleasure to soar through his body. Ilya is still just as pent up as he is, can feel it in how his thrusts turn rougher, less succinct.

Shane moans, turning his head the best he can to gaze up at Ilya. The words almost get caught in his mouth, seeing how breathtaking he looks with sweat running down his face, his chest heaving hard, the sway of his Cross just as mesmerizing as the heat in his eyes.

"Need more," Shane pleads.

"Da?" Ilya pants, slapping Shane's thigh. "Me too. Roll over,"

Shane happily does, hissing slightly as Ilya pulls out, missing his warmth, but tugging him back in all the same. His arms wrap around Ilya's neck, their lips crashing together in an actual kiss as Ilya easily slides back home. Shane breaks the kiss, moaning in Ilya's ear as he bottoms out once more. Ilya presses their foreheads together, peppering Shane's entire face with kisses.

"You okay?" Ilya murmurs against his lips.

Shane giggles, nodding affirmatively as he kisses him again and again. "Yes. More than. *Very* okay,"

Ilya's smile is honestly blinding. Shane can tell Ilya is just as high as he is, the way his pupils are blown—and not just from the lust pooling in them. Ilya's expression is relaxed, soft, but also intense, like the affection he has for Shane is radiating off of him in waves. It honestly feels like he's pulling Shane into a trance, the way one of his hands comes up to caress his face, the other grazing and squeezing his hip, his soft lips peppering light kisses across the expanse of Shane's freckles.

Ilya's thrusts start up again, slow and calculating as their lips brush over and over again. Shane matches every one of his strokes, their rhythm like a love language of their own. Ilya slides his hand off of Shane's face in order to hold his hand again, squeezing his palm. Shane smiles, turning his head to kiss their joint hands. Moonlight was drifting in through the huge wall to floor windows, bathing the bed in a heavenly glow, Ilya looking somewhat unreal, his beauty almost too much to handle.

"So beautiful..." Ilya murmurs, speaking Shane's quiet thoughts aloud.

"No you," Shane teases with a dopey smile. He reaches up kissing Ilya's nose, each of his eyelids, his flushed cheeks and perfect chin.

Ilya gives a soft chuckle. "You never let me win. Why now?"

"I thought not everything was a competition?"

"Is not. But maybe we get plaque. It say '*Rozanov Most Beautiful Man Alive*',"

Shane laughs fully. “Shut up! You’re so full of yourself,”

“You are,” Ilya emphasizes with a deeper thrust.

Shane gasps, his hand squeezing Ilya’s. “Touche. Do that again,”

There isn’t much talking after that, just their moans, sloppy kisses, and the sounds of their bodies rocking together filling the space around them. Shane and Ilya hold each other close, eyes still locked on one another, unable to stop themselves from kissing over and over again as they both work each other towards the finish line.

“Fuck, Shane, so close,” Ilya pants.

“Me too, fuck, me too,” Shane kisses him again. “Yours,”

Ilya fucks into Shane harder, his moans turning to gasps and incomprehensible word garbles. “*Mine*,” Ilya growls, kissing him hard as he fucks Shane into the mattress. All he can do is hold on tight, chanting a mantra of Ilya’s name as he fucks him so good and deep, his brain nearly short-circuits.

The look on Ilya’s face is euphoric. Shane can tell he’s right on the edge. He tangles his free hand in Ilya’s hair, holding him there as he licks his lips before biting down on his plush bottom one. “Claim me,”

Ilya whimpers, crashing their lips together as he slams into Shane’s prostate repeatedly. He cums hard inside of him, his hard length twitching and throbbing, sending Shane right over the edge with him in a daze. Shane’s orgasm is long, loud, and explosive. He’s sure for a moment there he blacked out, but Shane feels nothing but pure bliss and ecstasy. He feels all warm and floaty, just laying in Ilya’s arms in the aftermath.

The two lay their panting, holding each other close as they try to collect themselves. Ilya eventually finds the strength to slowly pull out of Shane, his little whine of protest making him smile. Shane doesn’t let him go far though, pulling him down for a kiss as soon as he’s tossed the used condom and is back on the bed with him.

“*I love you*,” Shane finally manages to murmur against Ilya’s lips, though he refuses to stop kissing him.

Ilya’s smile alone could light up the whole room, his answering kiss so soft and sweet, Shane briefly wonders if he’s imagining it. “*I love you so much*,” Ilya murmurs back in Russian. Shane’s heart flutters, hearing Ilya say it in his native tongue never ceasing to amaze him. “How are you feeling?”

Shane blinks up at him, his smile soft and content. “Hm, *definitely* still up there,”

Ilya laughs, kissing his nose. “Me too,”

“And *insanely* hungry! I didn’t realize you could get the munchies this bad,”

“Whatever will you eat?”

“Shut up, Rozanov!”

He chuckles, unable to resist kissing Shane again. “Come on, I will make us something,”

It takes them some time before they manage to pull themselves out of bed and clean themselves up. Ilya tries to remain on task, heading into the kitchen to prepare food, though the sight of seeing Shane in only his glasses and one of Ilya’s sweatpants is actually quite distracting. “How do pizza rolls sound?”

Shane opens his mouth to reply, but is instead distracted by the mess they left outside. “Shit, we left all our clothes outside,”

“Was busy,” Ilya supplies.

“Well we can’t just leave them there!”

“Oh my god, Hollander, even high, you are so boring!”

Shane turns back to him with a scowl—or as much of one as he can, what with the huge smile on his face. “I thought you loved boring,”

Ilya sighs, shaking his head. “Can’t get enough of it,”

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