Butter soft in the moonlight

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Butter soft in the moonlight

by eatmyass

Summary

Ilya smirks. “What am I doing?” His thumb drags over Shane’s mouth more roughly this time, making his lips part in an unflattering way.

There’s something about the way Ilya’s holding him, butter-soft leather digging into his skin. Something about the way Ilya looks in the dim lighting, dark clothes blending into the shadows.

Maybe it’s Ilya, tall and imposing, standing in the dark with his gloved hands gripping Shane hard enough to hurt.

“Hurting me,” Shane whispers.

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Shane buys Ilya a pair of leather driving gloves, and then gets so worked up seeing him wear them that he spontaneously invents consensual noncon.

Notes

Please heed the tags!

Ilya loves to complain. Never about the big things. He'll never say his ribs hurt every time he breathes after a rough game, or tell Shane how he can't stand to be apart from him even for a day, or that his heart pangs whenever he sees teammates with their children knowing that's not something they can have anytime soon.

But he will complain about the cold weather, despite growing up in Moscow. He'll moan about having to drive them around all the time, after snatching the car keys out of Shane's hands every time they're about to step out. He'll complain to Shane's parents about how much their son nags him, even though they all know he loves it.

Shane indulges him. Lets him fuss and whine about the superficial things and keeps an eye out for the things Ilya will never say. He's gotten better at picking up on it over time. He grabs the bags before Ilya can get to them and ignores Ilya's exclamations of being a big, strong man who can carry his own luggage. He stands in their open doorway and hugs Ilya for a ridiculously long time after time apart and doesn't even complain about the cold air they're letting in. He takes Ilya's big hand into his as they wave at the neighbour's kids and kisses his sturdy knuckles.

"Your hands are cold," he mumbles into the skin.

"Yes, because we live in stupid fucking Canada with stupid fucking weather," Ilya says with a grin that belies his words.

Shane rolls his eyes. "And you're used to Mediterranean weather, aren't you?" He reaches into his back pocket to pull out a pair of leather gloves.

"What's this?"

"Gloves, for when you're driving." He helps Ilya put them on one at a time, sliding the soft leather onto his long fingers and buttoning them closed. They're a perfect fit. "Maybe you'll stop complaining about *stupid fucking Canada* now," he repeats the words in Ilya's accent.

"Mm, no. Never. Stupid country." He gives Shane a short kiss. "Stupid weather." Another kiss. "Stupid fucking people." And another, this one deeper. When he pulls away his hands are still around Shane's face. "They feel expensive."

They were, but Shane won't admit that. Instead he kisses Ilya's gloved palm. "They look good on you."

"Yeah?" Ilya brushes his thumb over Shane's lips. Shane's lips automatically part and his breath stutters. The rich leather is such an unfamiliar feeling on his skin. "How did you know my size?"

Shane is tempted to make a dirty joke. He knows Ilya certainly wouldn't let the opportunity pass, but Shane's breath is still caught. "I know your hands."

"Yes, you like my hands." Ilya brushes Shane's hair away from his face and tucks it behind his ear.

Shane chases his hand in a bit of a daze, wanting it back on his lips. “I like *you,”* he breathes.

Ilya’s eyes are warm. He holds Shane firmly by the nape of his neck, his other hand tracing lightly down the side of Shane’s face, over his cheekbone, the shell of his ear, his jaw. It comes to a stop at his lower lip. Shane’s tongue darts out, wanting to take the leather-clad fingers into his mouth, but Ilya takes him by the chin and forces his mouth closed. “Don’t ruin my gloves. My husband bought them for me.”

It aches to push his mouth open enough to speak, “Does your husband know what you’re doing?”

Ilya smirks. “What am I doing?” His thumb drags over Shane’s mouth more roughly this time, making his lips part in an unflattering way.

Touching me, is the obvious answer, but it’s not just that. There’s something else that’s really doing it for Shane right now. Something about the way Ilya’s holding him, butter-soft leather digging into his skin. Something about the way Ilya looks in the dim lighting, dark clothes blending into the shadows.

“What am I doing?” Ilya repeats, jostling Shane.

Maybe it’s Ilya, tall and imposing, standing in the dark with his gloved hands gripping Shane hard enough to hurt.

“Hurting me,” Shane whispers. Ilya’s grip immediately loosens, a worried look on his face, but Shane grabs him by the wrist, scrambling to hold him in place. “No! No, Ilya— Please…” He takes Ilya’s hand and moves it to cover his mouth entirely.

Ilya still looks concerned. “Are you sure?”

When Shane tries to reply it comes out as a muffled hum against the leather. *Fuck.* He nods eagerly.

The hand over his mouth tightens and Ilya watches him closely. Shane stares up at him unblinking, hoping Ilya can see in his eyes just how much he wants this.

Then Ilya turns them both around and suddenly Shane can see them both reflected in the big hallway mirror. His knees straight up buckle at the sight. Ilya has to hold him up, a strong arm around Shane’s chest, trapping him in place.

“Look at you,” he murmurs into the skin of Shane’s neck. “Trapped. беспомощный.” Shane breathes heavily through his nose. His reflection is pink and glassy-eyed. They look like a scene from a horror movie; an intruder breaking in in the dark of the night and the poor, hapless victim, about to be murdered. *Or worse.* “Nowhere to run.” Ilya licks a stripe up his neck, making him shiver. “I could do anything to you.”

Shane moans, pawing aimlessly at Ilya’s arm. Ilya pushes forward until Shane’s hips hit the dresser under the mirror. His cock is already hard and he grinds helplessly against the wood

for a moment before Ilya pulls his hips back. “Bend over.” When Shane resists, Ilya shoves him down by the nape of his neck, then grabs a fist full of Shane’s hair to yank his head up. “Look,” he instructs. “Look at you.”

Shane does as told and sees the gloved fingers tight in his hair, Ilya’s other hand still around his mouth. He looks completely and utterly helpless, nowhere for him to go. His cock throbs and his back arches.

But where’s the fun if he doesn’t put up a fight? He elbows Ilya in the ribs and Ilya’s hold slackens with a grunt. Shane seizes the opportunity and shoves Ilya away from him and runs as fast as he can. He hears Ilya’s laughter echo in the dark hallway behind him as he sprints up the stairs, slipping and stumbling around corners until he reaches their room. Shane slams the door shut behind him and throws his whole weight against the door to keep it closed.

Ilya’s footsteps are loud but unhurried as he takes his sweet time to make his way upstairs. Shane’s heartbeat thunders in time with each step as they get closer and closer. He holds his breath as Ilya reaches the door to the bedroom, praying he won’t be heard. There is silence for several long moments during which Shane braces himself for Ilya to try to force his way in. Into the room, that is.

But nothing happens, and then his footsteps walk away. Shane frowns. He wonders if Ilya thinks Shane might be hiding somewhere else, or has given up looking for him entirely. He pushes the rising feeling of disappointment down and slowly cracks the door open just a sliver to check if the coast is clear.

At first he sees nothing outside except an empty hallway. He breathes out a sigh of relief, but before he can even inhale to refill his lungs, the door is pushed open with such a strong force that it sends Shane flying onto the ground.

In the doorway stands Ilya, limned by the silver moonlight. He looks terrifying and *so fucking beautiful.* Shane scrambles backwards across the floor as Ilya strides into the room, kicking the door shut behind him. He tries to get up and run but before he’s even made it off the floor, Ilya grabs him by the leg and drags him back across the floor.

“Not so fast, pretty boy.” His accent makes the words sound so good, even as he pins Shane down with his entire weight. “Where do you think you are going?”

Now Shane genuinely struggles, facedown on the floor under Ilya’s significantly heavier weight. He tries to reach behind him and bat at Ilya but ends up with both wrists pinned down beside his head by strong, gloved hands. His legs are useless at this angle and when he tries to hit back with his head, Ilya takes his ear between his teeth and renders the rest of Shane useless too.

“Please— please don’t hurt me,” he pleads. “I’ll give you anything.” Ilya grinds the bones of Shane’s wrists, causing him to cry out. “Please!” His fingers spasm under Ilya’s dark-leathered grip. “I’ll do anything you want, just please don’t hurt me!”

Ilya pauses. “Anything?”

“Yeah, yeah, anything,” Shane rushes to agree. “Anything at all.” He can’t help but squirm underneath Ilya. “I’ll do whatever you want. Just don’t hurt me, please.”

“Anything…” Ilya says again. It’s not a question this time. He lets go of one of Shane’s wrists and trails his hand down his arm, his side, over his hip and then further still, down between his cheeks.

“What— what are you doing?” Shane thrashes a little as Ilya’s fingers trace his crack through his sweatpants. “No, you can’t— *fuck!”* His fingers find Shane’s hole and press inwards. “Please, no…” His legs begin to part against his will.

Ilya disregards his words and yanks down his sweatpants. He gropes at one ass cheek and Shane revels in the foreign feeling of the leather against his heated skin, letting Ilya pinch and smack at him. Then something gets tossed near his face and Shane has to squint in the dark to see that it’s one of Ilya’s gloves. Shane buries his face into the still warm material just as Ilya pulls his cheeks apart and spits directly onto his hole.

“What are you doing?” The words come out in a shameful whine. Ilya’s now bare fingers play with his rim, making him squirm. “Fuck, don’t touch me— don’t touch me *there…”*

“You said anything at all,” Ilya reminds him, and then pushes a finger inside.

Shane yelps, expecting it to burn, but quickly realises Ilya’s fingers are lubed. When he would’ve had the chance to grab lube without Shane noticing, he has no idea. He’s grateful though as Ilya pushes in all the way to his last knuckle, not giving Shane any time to adjust.

“So easy,” Ilya remarks, moving his finger inside Shane. “Didn’t even put up a fight.”

“Fuck you!” Shane cries, spreading his legs further as a second finger enters him. “Fuck you, you fucking—!”

He’s cut off by Ilya once again covering his mouth shut with his gloved hand. “Shut your mouth and take it, pretty boy.” He has to breathe through his nose, panting hard as Ilya opens him up. *“Or else.”*

The next thing he feels is Ilya’s thick cock breaching his hole. He’s not gentle about it at all, making Shane wordlessly whimper as he slides in the whole way.

“Fuck,” Ilya groans. He bites into Shane’s shoulder through the material of his t-shirt and begins to fuck him at a brutal pace.

Shane whines into the tight leather grip around his mouth, clawing fruitlessly at the ground with his freed hands. Every thrust has him sliding just a little on the polished wooden floor and there’s barely any friction on his aching cock. His body feels raw, overwhelmed with pleasure even when Ilya is just using him, using his body to chase his own climax. In the dark, quiet night, all that can be heard is the sharp slap of skin against skin and Shane’s muffled moans. Ilya has him pinned to the ground, helpless and at his mercy, getting fucked open by his massive cock whether he wants it or not.

And fuck does he want it. He wants it so fucking bad, his hips are moving of their own accord to meet each of Ilya's brutal thrusts. He can feel himself drooling over Ilya's hand, saliva gathering between the fingers of the glove. Even like this, even on the cold, hard floor, lying prone under Ilya's solid weight with nowhere to go, Ilya knows exactly how to fuck him. In a way that has him forgetting how to speak, how to breathe, even his own fucking name.

"—thing," Ilya pants. It takes considerable effort for Shane to get his brain to start working enough to understand. "Anything," Ilya repeats. "You'd let me do anything to you. Fuck!"

It's not even a question, Ilya already knows he would, but Shane still feels the need to answer. He nods vigorously as Ilya's thrusts speed up. "Anything," he says from behind Ilya's hand, although it comes out all muffled and garbled. Ilya gets his other hand on Shane's weeping cock and Shane trembles against him, around him, and comes all over Ilya's hand and the floor.

Ilya's grip over his mouth finally relaxes and Shane gasps in lungfuls of cool air. "Anything," clenching hard around Ilya's cock he sobs, "Fuck, Ilya… You can do anything to me. *Anything."* Ilya spills inside him with a long groan and collapses onto him fully.

After a while Ilya pulls out and rolls over onto his back beside Shane. Shane's limbs feel too numb for him to move just yet. They look at each other with two matching dumb grins spreading over their faces.

"Was good?" Ilya asks.

"Was good," Shane agrees, and then leans forward to finally kiss him.

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