

I've been so good

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I've been so good

by [northrow](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya have gone 20 days without, and Shane, along with his new battery-operated friend, is going to show Ilya just how much he missed him.

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"Open."

Shane opened his mouth and Ilya fed his cock back in, not gentle this time. He thrust forward and Shane gagged, eyes watering, but he didn't pull back. He breathed through his nose and relaxed his throat and took it, took everything Ilya gave him.

"That's it," Ilya growled, fucking into his mouth with short, brutal strokes. "That's my good boy. Taking my cock so fucking well. Always take me exactly how I like it."

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# Chapter 1: Do Not Cum

♥Ilya 😊: I left you something on the bed.

Shane's blood flow had picked up when he'd read the text message as he got off the plane an hour and a half prior. And now he stood in Ilya's bedroom staring at a black box tied with a black ribbon sitting on the foot of the bed. He dropped his duffel to the floor and made his way forward.

He didn't know why he felt nervous but he carefully pulled the ribbon loose and lifted the lid. In a bed of white tissue paper laid an envelope, black silicone visible beneath it. Shane's heart skipped as he opened the envelope, reading 'I want you to get that perfect ass ready for me. Do not cum.' His cheeks flushed.

The vibrator was heavier than Shane expected but the curve of it made his body react. He could imagine the girth stretching him just enough and the curve being just right to find his prostate immediately. He powered it on, feeling the low, slow, soft vibration against his palm. He pressed the button on the base, feeling the vibration speed increase. He cycled through the speeds, 6 in total, and knew that #4 would be his favorite.

Shane glanced at the time on his phone. He had about 30-45 minutes until Ilya got home so he had time to shower the airport off of him before Ilya's plan for him went into play.

He peeled off his travel clothes as he walked to the bathroom, leaving a trail of fabric behind him. The water was hot within seconds - Ilya's place always had perfect water pressure - and Shane stepped under the spray with a groan. He tipped his head back, letting the heat work into his shoulders as the tension from the flight melted away.

They'd spent 20 days apart, the longest they'd gone since they'd left the cottage and it had been hell. Shane didn't know how he'd used to go months at a time without even seeing Ilya, let alone without touching him. *He's ruined you.*

His mind kept drifting to the vibrator on the bed. To Ilya's words. His cock stirred against his thigh and he wrapped a hand around himself almost absently, stroking slowly as the water cascaded down his chest. He braced his other hand against the cool tile, watching the steam curl around him.

"Fuck," he breathed, thumb circling his head. He was already half-hard just thinking about what was coming. He let himself enjoy a few more lazy strokes, feeling his body wake up, before forcing himself to stop. Ilya's voice echoed in his head. Do not cum.

He grabbed the body wash, the one that Ilya loved so much he'd had a bottle shipped to Shane's house. It smelled like sandalwood and something darker, something that made Shane's knees weak anytime he had the chance to run his nose along Ilya's skin. He worked it over his skin, enveloping himself in a cloud of Ilya. He took extra time between his legs, fingers slipping back to tease his hole, getting himself clean and ready. His breath hitched when he pressed one soapy finger inside, just to the first knuckle. His cock jumped.

Shane pulled his hand away with a shaky exhale. If he kept this up, he'd never make it. He rinsed off quickly, shut off the water, and grabbed a towel. His reflection in the foggy mirror showed flushed cheeks and dark eyes. He looked wrecked already and Ilya wasn't even home yet.

He dried off just enough to not drip on the hardwood, then made his way back to the bedroom, skin still damp and warm.

He crawled up onto the bed, the soft mattress jolting the touch of exhaustion he'd been pushing down. He always slept like a fucking baby in this bed. 'But first I need to get railed in this bed.' He thought, reaching for the vibrator.

Shane propped his phone against the pillows and settled back on his knees, checking the angle. The screen showed him from mid-thigh up, his cock already half-hard against his stomach, the cut of his hips, abs tensing as he adjusted. He ran a hand down his chest, watching himself in the preview. *Yeah, that's the one.*

He palmed his cock slowly, letting it fill out in his grip as he snapped the first picture. The next one he took with his hand wrapped around his shaft, thumb pressing just under the head. He bit his lip, knowing how much Ilya liked that.

He grabbed the vibrator and pressed it to his inner thigh, the buzz making his muscles twitch. Another picture, this one showing the toy traveling up toward his hip. His cock was now fully hard and leaking against his stomach. His eyes fluttered when he dragged the tip across his balls, up the underside of his shaft.

"Shit," he breathed, upping the speed. He had to brace himself with one hand on the headboard as he pressed the vibe to the base of his cock, then higher, teasing the sensitive spot just under the head. He switched to video, capturing five seconds of himself stroking with one hand while the vibrator worked him over, his soft moans filling the quiet room.

Shane felt the orgasm building low in his belly and moved the vibrator to the highest setting, pressing it against his taint. His nails dug into the duvet as that pressure built higher and higher, his cock throbbing, precum dripping onto his abs. Ilya's rough voice filled his mind. 'Do not cum.' He heard him so clearly, his eyes snapped open expecting to see the Russian standing there but he was disappointed to just see his reflection in the mirror across from the bed.

He pulled the vibe away and took another picture, not surprised to see his precum shining on his chest. He sat back on the bed, scrolling through the photos and after a brief listen to the video, he sent the full batch to Ilya. He dropped the phone back to the bed and laid back into the mound of pillows, hand reaching for the vibe again.

Shane ran his fingers over the skin of his stomach down between his legs. He gasped at how hard he already was, wrapping his hand loosely around his shaft. He flipped the vibe back on and traced the path his fingers had made with the head. He inhaled sharply when it pressed against his balls, then lower.

"Oh fuck!" He breathed, eyes rolling back in his head. He teased himself, feeling the orgasm he'd cut off starting to build again. He circled the head of the vibe around his hole before pressing it against his taint, the vibrations radiating through him. His breath caught in his throat as he turned up the intensity. "Fuck!"

He teased the vibe around his entrance, then slowly pressed it inside. His back arched as his body rushed towards the ledge of orgasm. Again, he heard Ilya's voice in his head and pulled the vibrator out, his breath coming in gasps as the orgasm dissipated. 'God where the fuck is he?' He thought, hand sliding over the duvet searching for his phone.

He had a missed call from Ilya and two texts. *How did I not hear or feel that?* He thought as he opened their thread.

♥Ilya 😊: Sweet fucking God.

♥Ilya 😊: Answer your Goddamn phone.

He chuckled and texted back, 'You're not supposed to look at your phone while you're driving, baby. It's dangerous.'

Shane hesitated only a minute before taking another picture. This time on his back, thighs spread, the vibrator pressed against his hole, his cock hard and leaking against his stomach. He sent it when he saw the three bouncing dots. The dots disappeared when the picture went through. He couldn't help but laugh at the image of Ilya cussing in his car, dodging traffic.

The buzz of a text coming through pulled his attention back to the screen.

♥Ilya 😊: Five minutes.

Adrenaline flooded his body and the vibe was suddenly even more intense. It would only take a single touch from Ilya to send him into oblivion. He turned off the vibe and carefully climbed to his feet. He stretched, his body thrumming with anticipation, and made his way out of the bedroom.

Shane six years ago, four years ago, *Hell even one year ago*, would never have the confidence to waltz through his own home, let alone Ilya Rozanov's home, naked. He walked from the bedroom, down to the living room. *Would Ilya six years ago have even considered me standing waiting at the door for him naked?*

Shane's heart and stomach fought for a spot in his throat when he registered the sound of the garage door opening. He moved towards the sound and heard the car engine switch off a second before the keypad beeped. The door swung open in the kitchen and he met Ilya's nearly black eyes.

Ilya's gaze scanned up and down his frame as he stalked forward. "Hi baby." Shane greeted, his voice sounding breathy to his own ears.

Ilya closed the space between them in long strides. His hand curled around Shane's throat, pulling him forward until he collided with Ilya's chest. His mouth slotted over Shane's, the

kiss all tongue and teeth and Shane grasped at his shirt as his fingers tightened at his neck. His other hand skimmed down Shane's chest, over his stomach to wrap around his cock. He tore his mouth from his but tightened his fingers even more, Shane's oxygen suddenly controlled by his hand.

"You're so fucking hard, Shane." he rasped. Shane could only stare up at him. "Did you cum playing with your new toy?"

"No." He croaked out when Ilya released his grip just enough to let Shane speak.

"No?" he repeated, his thumb circling the head of his cock. Shane could feel his precum slicking Ilya's grip. "Do you want to cum?"

"Please!" Shane couldn't believe how needy he already sounded. Ilya's fingers tightened again on his throat.

"You deserve to cum?" Shane nodded quickly. "Get on your knees like a good slut."

He dropped to his knees embarrassingly fast. Shane stared up into Ilya's eyes, his hands finding his knees as he dropped his weight onto his feet. Ilya's fingers skimmed along his cheek as he cupped Shane's face. Shane leaned into his touch, turning his face just enough to press a kiss to Ilya's palm. The Russian's eyes narrowed and his feet shifted closer to him.

His thumb swiped over his cheekbone. "My baby is so good for me," Ilya muttered. "Take my cock out." he ordered, his voice suddenly tinged with darkness.

Shane couldn't keep the smile off his face as he slid his hands up Ilya's legs to his belt. He worked as fast as he could to yank the belt open, his mouth practically watering. He pushed the button through the loop and then yanked the zipper with one hand while the other found the waistband of his boxers. He tugged the material out of the way until he finally wrapped his hand around the base of Ilya's already hard cock. It throbbed in his hand, heavy and hot, and Shane had to swallow hard against the surge of want that flooded through him.

Twenty days. Twenty fucking days since he'd touched Ilya, tasted him, had him all to himself. Twenty days of his own hand and toys that weren't enough and phone sex that just left him aching. His body felt like a live wire, already so keyed up from edging himself that he wasn't sure how long he'd last.

"Missed this," Shane murmured, almost to himself. He stroked slowly, watching precum bead at the tip. "Missed you so fucking much."

"Yeah?" Ilya's voice was tight. "Show me how much."

Shane leaned in and pressed his lips to the base, breathing him in. He dragged his open mouth up the length, not sucking, just relearning him. Ilya's thighs tensed.

"Shane." A warning.

Shane smiled against his cock. "You don't like it, baby?"

Ilya's hand found his hair, gripping but not pulling. "You're such a fucking tease. Twenty days of those pictures you sent me, those filthy texts, and now you want to make me wait?"

"Maybe I want to savor it." Shane tongued at the slit, tasting him, and Ilya's breath caught. He licked a slow stripe from base to tip, then another, painting him with spit until Ilya's cock was shining and twitching against his lips. "Maybe I've been thinking about this cock every night for three weeks and I want to take my time."

"You can take your time later." Ilya's grip tightened. "Right now I need that mouth."

Ilya's thumb swept over Shane's lower lip, smearing the spit that had gathered there. Shane ducked his head just enough for Ilya's thumb to slip into his mouth. He swirled his tongue around the digit before sucking it deeper, hollowing his cheeks the way he knew drove Ilya crazy. Ilya groaned low in his throat, the sound going straight to Shane's cock, and his other hand fisted in Shane's hair. One more swirl of his tongue and Ilya was wrenching Shane's head backward, his thumb popping free with an obscene wet sound.

"Show me how far down that pretty throat you can take my cock." Ilya's voice was wrecked already, rough and commanding in a way that made Shane's thighs clench.

Shane didn't need to be told twice. He wrapped his lips around the head and sank down, not stopping until he felt Ilya hit the back of his throat. Ilya's moan was guttural, punched out of him. Shane cut his eyes up to see Ilya's head thrown back, the cords of his neck straining, lips parted around a curse. Shane sucked hard enough to make his cheeks ache and Ilya's head snapped back down, eyes blazing.

"Fuck, you're so pretty like that." He hissed through his teeth. "Prettiest fucking thing I've ever seen with my cock in your mouth."

Shane pulled off with a slick sound. He looked up through his lashes, hand working Ilya's shaft in slow, twisting strokes. "Fuck my face, Ilya."

It wasn't a request.

Ilya's jaw tightened. "You trying to make me cum down that throat?"

"Always." Shane breathed the word against his cock, letting his lips drag over the head. His tongue flicked out to catch the precum beading at the slit, salt and musk and Ilya. "Wanna taste you. Wanna choke on it. Been too fucking long. Need it."

The last two words came out broken, desperate in a way that surprised even Shane. But it was true. He *needed* this - needed Ilya to use him, to take control, to give him something to hold onto after twenty days of nothing but his own imagination and the memory Ilya had seared in his brain.

Ilya's pupils blew out, only a thin blue ring visible. His hand shot back into Shane's hair and gripped hard enough to sting. "Open."

Shane opened his mouth and Ilya fed his cock back in, not gentle this time. He thrust forward and Shane gagged, eyes watering, but he didn't pull back. He breathed through his nose and relaxed his throat and took it, took everything Ilya gave him.

"That's it," Ilya growled, fucking into his mouth with short, brutal strokes. "That's my good boy. Taking my cock so fucking well. Always take me exactly how I like it."

Shane moaned around him, the vibration making Ilya's hips stutter. Tears leaked from his eyes. His jaw ached. His own cock was leaking against his thigh and he was so hard it hurt, but he didn't dare touch himself. Not without permission.

Ilya thrust deep and held, cutting off Shane's air. Shane's throat spasmed around him, eyes going wide, but he didn't struggle. He stared up at Ilya, trusting, even as his lungs started to burn.

"Look at you," Ilya murmured, watching Shane's face. "So desperate for it you'll let me choke you. Missed this that much, baby?"

Shane couldn't answer, couldn't breathe, but he tried to nod. Spots were starting to dance at the edges of his vision.

Ilya pulled back and Shane gasped, sucking in air, spit dripping down his chin. Before he could fully recover, Ilya thrust back in, setting a punishing pace that had Shane gagging with every stroke. His head was starting to feel light, the edges of the world going soft.

Again Ilya held deep, longer this time. Shane's hands flew to his thighs, not pushing away, just grounding himself. His vision tunneled. Everything narrowed to the weight on his tongue, the burn in his chest, Ilya's eyes locked on his.

When Ilya finally pulled back, Shane's gasp was almost a sob. Drool poured down his chin, pooling on the tile beneath him. He was shaking.

"Talk to me." Ilya's voice was different. Still hard, still thick with desire but different.

*He's checking in.* Shane realized and smiled up at him. "M'okay." he replied. "Give it back. Give me your cock."

Something flickered in Ilya's eyes - pride, maybe, or something darker. "That's my baby. Knew you could take it." His hand cracked across Shane's cheek, just hard enough to sting, and Shane moaned like he'd been touched somewhere else entirely.

"Again," Shane heard himself beg. "Please-"

Ilya slapped him again, harder, and Shane's cock jerked, a fresh bead of precum dripping to the floor. His face burned, his eyes watered, and he felt himself slipping further into a hazy space where nothing existed except Ilya and whatever Ilya wanted from him.

"Fucking perfect," Ilya breathed. "Cock so hard from getting your face slapped. Such a desperate little slut for me." He grabbed Shane's jaw, fingers digging in. "You want to touch yourself?"

"Yes." Shane's voice barely recognizable. "Please. Please, I need-"

"Need what?" Ilya's thumb pressed against his swollen lower lip. "Tell me what you need."

"Need to cum. Need you to let me cum. I've been so good, I didn't cum when you told me not to, I waited, I-" Shane was babbling now, all pride gone, nothing left but raw need. "Please, Ilya. It's been so long, baby. Please!"

Ilya's expression could only be described as 'fuck drunk.' "You think you deserve it?"

"Yes!" Tears slid down Shane's burning cheeks. "I've been so good for you, so good. Haven't I? Please!."

For a long moment, Ilya just looked at him. Shane knelt there, shaking, cock dripping, face wet with tears and spit, and waited. He'd do anything. He'd say anything.

"Hands behind your back," Ilya ordered.

Shane obeyed instantly, clasping his wrists at the small of his back even though his shoulders screamed in protest. The position arched his spine, made him feel obscenely exposed, naked and hard and drooling while Ilya stood above him fully clothed. He'd never felt more desperate in his life.

Ilya slid his cock back into Shane's mouth, slow this time, savoring it. "You're going to keep your hands there. You're not going to touch yourself until I say. And when I cum down your throat, you're going to swallow every drop and thank me for it. Understand?"

Shane moaned his agreement, already sinking deeper into that floaty space. His shoulders ached. His jaw ached. His cock ached. Everything ached and it was *perfect*.

Ilya started fucking his mouth again, slower now but deeper, hitting the back of his throat on every stroke. Shane's eyes rolled back. He could hear the wet, obscene sounds of it, could feel himself dripping onto the floor, and he didn't care. Nothing existed except the weight on his tongue and the hands in his hair and Ilya's voice, low and constant.

"So good for me. Taking it so well. That's my perfect baby. Missed this mouth so fucking much. Missed you. Thought about this every fucking night-"

Shane whimpered around him, the words landing somewhere deep in his chest. He wanted to be good. He wanted to be perfect. He wanted to be everything Ilya needed. And he was.

Ilya held deep again, cutting off Shane's oxygen. Shane never panicked. He just floated, peaceful, trusting completely. The world went soft and dark at the edges. His hands stayed clasped behind his back even though every instinct should have been screaming at him to push away.

When Ilya pulled back this time, Shane swayed on his knees. The world had gone soft at the edges, and he had to blink a few times to see Ilya clearly. Still present enough to feel the aches, the throb of his neglected cock, the desperate need for more.

"Color?" Ilya's thumb stroked over his cheekbone.

"Green." The word came out rough but clear. Shane blinked up at him, licking his swollen lips. "So fucking green. Don't stop."

Ilya searched his face for a moment, and Shane met his gaze steadily. Hazy, yes. Desperate, yes. But *there*.

"Almost there, baby." Ilya's voice was rough with want. "You're doing so well. Just a little more."

"Give it to me." Shane's hands flexed behind his back, shoulders burning, and he didn't care. "Want all of it."

Hunger burned hot in Ilya's eyes. He leaned down and pressed a kiss to Shane's forehead, brief but tender. "My good boy," he murmured against his skin.

Then he straightened up, fisted his hand in Shane's hair, and his cock was back into Shane's mouth.

Ilya fucked into him hard and fast now, chasing his own release, and Shane took it all. His world had narrowed to this, the rhythm, the fullness, the sounds Ilya was making above him. He felt high, electric, every nerve in his body singing. His cock throbbed between his legs, ignored and aching, and he wanted to touch himself so badly he could scream.

"Touch yourself," Ilya ordered, as if being able to read his mind. "Now."

Shane's hands flew to his cock before the words had fully registered, and the first touch punched a sob out of him. He stroked himself fast, desperate, twenty days of need crashing over him all at once. His hips jerked into his fist and he moaned around Ilya's length, loud and shameless.

"That's it," Ilya panted above him. "Fuck, so desperate for it. So fucking beautiful. You gonna cum, baby? Gonna cum while I use this throat?"

Shane whined, his hand speeding up. He was already close, embarrassingly close, the edge rushing up to meet him.

"Not yet." Ilya's voice was steel. "You hold it. You don't cum until I tell you."

Shane's hand slowed, a broken sound escaping his throat. Every nerve in his body screamed for release. He was so close. So fucking close. His balls ached with it. His thighs were trembling.

"Please," he tried to say around Ilya's cock, but it came out garbled, desperate.

Ilya groaned. "Fuck, you beg so pretty. Look at me."

Shane dragged his eyes up. He knew he must look wrecked. Tear-streaked and drooling and desperate. But Ilya was looking at him like he was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

"I'm going to cum down your throat," Ilya said, his rhythm stuttering. "And when you feel it, you let go. Not before. You hear me?"

"Yes," Shane managed, the word muffled but clear. "Yes. Please. *Please*."

"Good boy. Such a good fucking boy." Ilya's grip in Shane's hair turned painful, his hips losing their rhythm. "Fuck - *cum*, Shane, cum with me-

The first pulse of Ilya's release hit Shane's tongue and Shane shattered.

His orgasm tore through him, violent and all-consuming, ripping a sound from his throat that he'd never heard himself make. His cock jerked in his hand, cum hitting the tile, his thighs, everywhere. He swallowed around Ilya on instinct, greedy for every drop, his whole body shaking as wave after wave crashed over him.

It was too much. It was everything. It was twenty days of need compressed into a single endless moment.

And then it was over, and Shane was falling.

Not physically, he was still upright, still on his knees, but something inside him just let go. The tension he'd been holding for weeks, the desperation, the need. All of it drained out of him at once and left nothing behind but warm, quiet static.

Ilya pulled slowly, carefully from his mouth, and Shane sat back on his heels and stared at nothing.

Shane blinked slowly, his vision soft at the edges. The tile was cold under his knees but he couldn't quite remember why that mattered. Everything felt far away, the ache in his jaw, the mess on his hand, the cooling slick on his thighs. He was aware of Ilya's voice somewhere above him but the words weren't landing, just washing over him like water.

He felt good. Floaty. Safe.

Ilya crouched down in front of him, his beautiful face swimming into focus. His lips were moving. Shane watched them, fascinated by the shape of the words even though he couldn't understand their meaning.

"-hear me? Shane. Baby, look at me."

Shane smiled dreamily. "Hi."

## Chapter 2: I've Got You

### Chapter Summary

Little subspace never hurt anybody when your boyfriend is Ilya Rozanov

### Chapter Notes

No fear, more smut is coming but sometimes you need a sec

"Hi."

Ilya's face softened and even through the post-orgasm haze, Shane could see a bite of concern. Ilya cupped Shane's face, tilting it up, searching. "There you are. You with me?"

Shane leaned into his hand, nuzzling his nose along the side of his hand to press a kiss to his palm. "Mm. Yeah. 'M here."

Ilya's thumb stroked his cheekbone. "You sure about that?" His voice was gentle, teasing, but there was an edge of worry underneath. He glanced down and Shane followed his gaze without really understanding what he was seeing.

Oh. He was kneeling in a puddle. Spit and cum, smeared across the tile, glistening on his thighs. His own hand slick and mess between his legs. He should probably care about that.

He didn't.

"Made a mess," Shane mumbled, still smiling.

"Yeah, we did." Ilya's voice was filled with an impossible amount of adoration. He brushed Shane's sweaty hair back from his forehead. "Can you stand for me?"

Shane considered the question seriously. His legs felt like they belonged to someone else. "Maybe?"

"Okay. That's okay." Ilya pressed a kiss to his forehead, lingering. "I've got you. Arms around my neck."

Shane obeyed on autopilot, looping his arms over Ilya's shoulders. Ilya's hands slid under his thighs and then the world tilted as he was lifted, his legs wrapping instinctively around Ilya's

waist. He tucked his face into the curve of Ilya's neck and breathed him in, sweat and cologne and that smell that was just *Ilya*.

"Good boy," Ilya murmured against his temple. "I've got you. Just hold on."

Shane made a soft sound of acknowledgment, his eyes slipping closed. He was vaguely aware of movement, of Ilya carrying him through the house, up the stairs, the shift of muscles under Shane's cheek. The world rocked gently, like being on a boat. He felt drunk. Happy drunk. Fuck drunk.

Then softness. The bed. Ilya was laying him down, and Shane made a small noise of protest when Ilya tried to pull away.

"Shh, I'm not going anywhere." Ilya's voice was close. "Just getting something to clean you up. Two seconds."

Shane let his arms fall to his sides, staring up at the ceiling. He breathed twice before his eyes started to feel too heavy.

A warm, damp cloth pressed against his stomach and Shane flinched, then relaxed. Ilya was wiping him down with slow, careful strokes.

"There we go," Ilya said quietly, more to himself than to Shane. "That's better. You hate the mess."

The touch of cloth disappeared and then Ilya was climbing onto the bed beside him, gathering Shane against his chest. Shane went willingly, boneless, pressing his face into the hollow of Ilya's throat.

"You're still floating, aren't you?" Ilya's hand stroked down his spine, slow and soothing.

"Mm." Shane wasn't sure he could form more words than that. He felt like he was made of cotton.

"That's okay. Take your time." Ilya pressed a kiss into his hair. "Staying right here."

Shane lost track of time. It could have been minutes, could have been longer. Ilya's hand never stopped moving, tracing patterns on his back, grounding him. Occasionally he'd press a kiss to Shane's forehead or murmur something soft in Russian that Shane didn't understand but loved anyway.

Slowly, slowly, the world started to sharpen again. Shane became aware of his own heartbeat, steady now. The weight of his limbs. The ache in his knees where he'd been kneeling on the hard floor.

He took a deeper breath, his chest expanding against Ilya's.

"Ilya," he said, and his voice sounded more like his own.

Ilya's hand paused on his back. "Hey you. You coming back to me?"

"Yeah." Shane pulled back just enough to look at him. Ilya's face was soft, open in a way that used to scare him. "Sorry, I, I went pretty far."

"Don't apologize." Ilya's thumb traced his jaw. "You needed it. And I've got you." His eyes searched Shane's face. "How do you feel?"

Shane took stock. His jaw ached, but pleasantly. His knees would probably bruise. He felt wrung out, emptied, but in a good way.

"Good," he said finally. "Really good. Just... floaty for a minute there."

"More than a minute." Ilya's mouth twitched into a smile. "You were pretty gone, baby. Like talking to blowup doll out there."

Shane laughed, a blush coloring his cheeks. Ilya's thumb swiped again across his freckles in response. "Yeah, I... that's a blur, honestly. I remember you asking if I could stand?"

"The answer you should have said was 'barely,'" Ilya confirmed. "Your legs were shaking."

"Hmm." Shane sounded, nuzzling into Ilya's chest. "I don't usually go that deep."

Ilya tensed and he tipped Shane's head back towards his. "I know." He pressed their foreheads together. "You scared me a little."

"I'm sorry-"

"I said no apologize." Ilya kissed him, soft and brief. "It was hot as fuck watching you let go. I just need to know you're okay after."

"I'm okay." Shane curled closer, tangling their legs together. "Better than okay. That was..." He searched for the word. "Intense."

"Yeah." Ilya's hand resumed its path up and down his spine. "Twenty days is too fucking long."

"Never again," Shane agreed. "Five days. Max."

Ilya huffed a laugh against his hair. "We'll have to figure out how to do that. Logistics."

"Logistics." Shane chuckled. "Your English is too good for me to have just sucked your dick."

"Oh it was bad for the first half hour, no worries there."

"Half hour?"

"You were gone a long time."

"Oh."

They lapsed into comfortable silence. Shane felt his body come back online - the pleasant heaviness of satisfaction, the warmth of Ilya wrapped around him. And underneath that, slowly building: want.

He shifted, pressing closer, and felt Ilya's cock twitch against his thigh. Still half-hard. Or maybe hard again.

"Mm." Shane smiled against Ilya's chest. "Someone's recovering fast."

Ilya's fingers dug into Shane's back. "Can you blame me? Got a gorgeous naked man in my bed."

"Flirt." Shane tilted his head up, finding Ilya's eyes. His body was starting to hum again, that low buzz of want building under his skin. "I want more."

Ilya's eyebrow arched. "More? You just came so hard you forgot how to count."

"And I want to do it again." Shane stretched against him, cat-like, letting Ilya feel every inch of skin. "I've had twenty days of wanting you and one orgasm isn't enough."

"Greedy." But Ilya's hand was already sliding down his back, over the curve of his ass. "What happened to being floaty?"

"I came back." Shane pressed a kiss to his jaw. "And now I want you to make me go away again."

Ilya's grip tightened on his ass, fingers digging in. "You sure? You were pretty far away from me, baby."

"I'm sure." Shane pulled back to look at him. "I want you to take me apart again. Slower this time. I want to feel everything."

The lazy, satisfied look on Ilya's face sharpened into something more predatory. "Everything, huh?"

"Everything."

# Chapter 3: Everything, Everything

## Chapter Summary

Shane wants everything when it comes to Ilya, everything all the time

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Everything."

Ilya studied him for a long moment, his thumb tracing idle circles on Shane's hip. Shane held still under his gaze, letting him look, letting him see that he was present and aware and absolutely certain about what he was asking for.

"It gets too much, you tell me?"

"I'll tell you."

Something shifted in Ilya's expression, that mix of hunger and tenderness that always made Shane's chest ache. His hands moved up Shane's frame, cupping the back of Shane's neck. Ilya pulled him into a deeper kiss, slow and thorough and maddening.

When they broke apart, Ilya's eyes had gone dark. "Flip," he murmured against Shane's lips. "On your stomach."

Shane's heart nearly shoved through his ribs. He obeyed, rolling onto his stomach, settling into the pillows with a shaky exhale. He felt the mattress shift as Ilya moved behind him and groaned at the sensation of Ilya's hands leaving a trail of warmth up his thighs.

"Missed this," Ilya said softly, his palms smoothing over Shane's ass, spreading him open. "Missed seeing you like this. All spread out for me."

Shane buried his face in the pillow, heat flooding his cheeks.

The first press of Ilya's mouth against him made Shane's whole body jolt.

"Oh fuck!" The word punched out of him as Ilya's tongue dragged hot and wet over his hole. His fingers dug into the sheets, back arching. "Ilya..."

Ilya hummed against him, the vibration making Shane's thighs shake. He licked again, slow and deliberate, tracing the rim before pressing his tongue inside. Shane keened into the pillow, his cock already hard and pressing against the mattress.

"Taste so good," Ilya murmured, pulling back just enough to speak. His thumbs spread Shane wider. "Could do this for hours."

"Please don't," Shane gasped. "I'll die."

Ilya laughed, *pure sex in that laugh*, and then his mouth was back. His tongue worked in and out, fucking Shane open, wet and filthy and perfect. Shane could hear himself making sounds from whimpers and moans to desperate pleas. He couldn't stop. His hips rocked back, chasing the sensation, grinding against Ilya's face.

"That's it," Ilya growled against him. "Fuck yourself on my tongue. Show me how much you need it."

Shane sobbed. His cock was leaking onto the sheets, his whole body trembling. Ilya's tongue pressed deeper and Shane's vision went white.

"More," he begged. "Please, I need, I need your fingers, please!"

Ilya pulled back, pressing a kiss to the base of Shane's spine. "Where's the lube?"

"Nightstand. I prepped earlier, I just..." Shane was rambling. "I need to feel you stretch me."

He heard the drawer open, the click of a cap. Then Ilya's slick finger was circling his hole, teasing where he was already wet and open from his tongue.

"Look at you," Ilya said softly. "So ready for me."

He pressed one finger in and Shane groaned, pushing back into it. He could take more, didn't need this gentleness between the vibrator and Ilya's fingers.

"More," he demanded. "I can take it."

"I know you can." Ilya slid a second finger in alongside the first, and Shane's breath caught. "But I want to feel you. Want to feel how tight you still are even after playing with that toy."

Ilya's fingers curled, searching. Shane's mouth dropped open, his eyes rolling back when Ilya found what he was looking for.

"There, fuck, right there!"

Ilya pressed against that spot again, rubbing slow circles, and Shane's whole body shook. Precum dripped onto the sheets beneath him, he could feel the growing wet spot against his knee now. He was already so close, the earlier orgasm doing nothing to take the edge off his desperation.

"Ilya, please," Shane's voice cracked. "I need more. Need you inside me. It's been so long, please!"

"Patience." Ilya's fingers withdrew and Shane whined at the loss. But then he heard a soft buzzing and his stomach dropped when he recognized the sound of the vibrator.

"Ilya..."

"You only got to use your gift for a little while." Ilya's voice was dark with amusement. Shane felt the cool silicone press against his hole, slick with fresh lube. "Seemed a shame not to use it properly."

The vibrator pushed inside him and Shane's back arched deeper. Ilya's free hand traced up his spine, then back down again. His nails dug into Shane's back at the same moment the curve of the toy found his prostate and the vibrations radiated through his entire body.

"Fuck! Oh fuck, oh god..."

"That's setting two." Ilya sounded entirely too composed. "Which one was your favorite, baby?"

Shane couldn't answer. Couldn't do anything but grip the sheets and try to breathe as Ilya fucked him slowly with the toy, dragging it out and pushing it back in, letting the curved head rub against that spot over and over.

"I asked you a question." Ilya's free hand cracked against Shane's ass and he yelped, clenching around the vibrator.

"Huh? Oh yes, four, I liked four."

"Let's see."

The vibration intensity jumped and Shane shouted into the pillow. His hips bucked, fucking himself back onto the toy, chasing the sensation even as it threatened to overwhelm him. His cock was dripping steadily now, a wet spot forming beneath him on the sheets.

"My pretty fucking baby," Ilya murmured. "So desperate. Could make you cum just like this, couldn't I?"

"Please!" Shane didn't even know what he was begging for. More? Less? Ilya's cock? All of it? "Please, Ilya, I can't..."

"You can." Ilya thrust the vibrator deeper, grinding it against Shane's prostate, and held it there. "You can take whatever I give you."

Shane was shaking, tears leaking from the corners of his eyes. The pleasure was too much, building and building with nowhere to go. He was going to cum, he was going to cum so hard.

"Don't you dare." Ilya's voice cut through the haze. "You don't cum until I'm inside you."

Shane sobbed. "Then get inside me. Please. I need your cock, I need...I can't..." He couldn't get the words out.

The vibrator clicked off and slid out of him, leaving him empty and clenching around nothing. Shane heard it drop to the mattress and then Ilya's hands were on his hips, pulling

him up onto his knees.

"Hands and knees," Ilya ordered. "Want to watch you take me."

Shane scrambled to comply, arms shaking as he braced himself. He could feel how ready he was. His hole fluttered, desperate to be filled again.

"Look at me."

Shane turned his head, craning to look back over his shoulder. Ilya was kneeling behind him, one hand wrapped around his cock, stroking slowly. His eyes were nearly black with want, his jaw tight with desire and restraint.

"Tell me what you want," Ilya said.

"You." Shane's voice broke. "I want you. Please. Fill me up."

Ilya guided himself forward, the blunt head of his cock pressing against Shane's hole. "Better than the toy?"

"So much better. Please, Ilya! Make me take it."

Ilya pushed in.

The stretch punched the air out of Shane's lungs. Even prepped, even after the vibrator, Ilya was bigger. Hotter, harder. He'd taken the vibrator, Ilya's fingers, and still his body needed a moment to adjust. Shane had to breathe through it, letting his body remember how to open for him.

"Fuck, yes. Take every single inch." Ilya groaned when he bottomed out, his hips flush against Shane's ass. "Fuck, nothing compares to how you feel around me. Nothing."

"Move," Shane gasped. "Please, I need you to move."

Ilya pulled back and thrust in, and Shane's eyes rolled back in his head. *There*. That was what he'd been missing. That full, perfect stretch, Ilya so deep inside him he could feel it in his chest. He braced himself on his forearms and pushed back to meet every thrust.

"That's it," Ilya growled. "Take it. Take all of me."

The pace picked up, Ilya fucking into him hard enough that Shane could hear the slap of skin on skin. Every thrust dragged over his prostate and Shane was making broken and pathetic sounds he'd be embarrassed about if he wasn't so mindless for Ilya's cock.

"So good for me," Ilya panted. "So tight. Missed this so much. Missed you."

Shane moaned, clenching around him. "Yours. All yours."

"Yeah you are." Ilya's hand found Shane's hip, gripping hard enough to bruise. "This ass is mine. This hole is mine. You're mine."

"Yes, yes, yes, please..." The pleasure building in his belly took his ability to speak, that familiar pressure coiling tighter with every thrust.

Ilya's rhythm turned relentless, each thrust driving Shane further into the mattress. The headboard knocked against the wall, a steady beat that seemed to sync with the racing of Shane's heart.

"Touch yourself," Ilya commanded, his voice cracking. "Want to feel you cum on my cock."

Shane dropped to one shoulder and got his hand around his dick, stroking fast. Too fast, too much. He was so hard it hurt, his cock slick with precum, and the first touch had him seeing stars.

"That's it." Ilya's grip on his hips tightened, pulling Shane back to meet every thrust. "Let me feel it. Let me feel you fall apart."

"I'm close!" Shane's voice caught in his throat. "Ilya, I'm so close, please, I need you."

"I know, baby." Ilya draped himself over Shane's back, his chest hot and sweat-slick against Shane's skin. His mouth found Shane's ear, breath ragged. "I can feel you squeezing me. You're right there, aren't you?"

Shane nodded frantically, unable to form words. His hand was a blur on his cock, his whole body wound tight as a spring.

"Cum for me." Ilya's teeth grazed his earlobe. "Cum on my cock like a good boy. Show me how much you missed me."

The words shattered something inside him. Shane's orgasm crashed over him, tearing a broken cry from his throat. His cock pulsed in his hand, painting the sheets beneath him, his hole clenching rhythmically around Ilya's length. The pleasure whited out his vision, stole his breath, left him shaking and sobbing into the pillow.

"Fuck!" Ilya's hips stuttered, his rhythm faltering. "Fuck, Shane, you're so tight when you cum, I can't last, fuck I gotta cum."

He buried himself deep and stilled, a guttural groan rumbling against Shane's back. Shane felt the first pulse of Ilya's cum inside him, hot and wet, and moaned at the sensation. Ilya's hips jerked through it, grinding deep, filling him up until Shane could feel it leaking out around his cock.

"God," Ilya breathed against his shoulder. "God, Shane."

They stayed like that for a long moment, both of them trembling, trying to catch their breath. Shane's knees gave out and he collapsed onto the mattress, taking Ilya with him. Ilya's weight settled over him, heavy and warm and Shane never wanted him to move.

"Don't pull out yet," Shane mumbled into the pillow. "Want to feel you."

Ilya huffed a laugh against his neck. "Wasn't planning on it."

Shane felt Ilya's body tense and turned his head to look over his shoulder. "What's wrong?"

Ilya pressed a kiss to his jaw. "You with me here, baby? Or floating?"

"Both." Shane admitted with a shaky smile.

"But happy?" The softness in Ilya's voice nearly made Shane turn over but the thought of losing Ilya's thickness inside of him kept Shane where he was. He did manage to reach a hand up, waving his fingers at Ilya. His warm hand locked their fingers together.

"So happy. Too small a word."

He could feel Ilya smile against his shoulder. "Moy dusha."

They lay there tangled together, heartbeats slowly returning to normal. Ilya pressed lazy kisses to Shane's shoulder, his neck, the hinge of his jaw. Shane floated in the aftermath, body buzzing with satisfaction.

Eventually Ilya slipped out, and Shane whimpered at the loss. He could feel Ilya's cum leaking out of him, trailing down his thigh, and he should have been grossed out by the stickiness but all he felt was claimed. Marked.

"Made a mess of you," Ilya murmured, fingers trailing between Shane's legs.

Shane shivered. "Like it. Like being full of you."

"Jesus." Ilya's voice was rough. "You can't say things like that. I'll get hard again."

"Promise?" Shane turned his head just enough to grin at him.

Ilya groaned and dropped his forehead to Shane's shoulder. "You're going to kill me. So long apart and you turn into a sex menace who wants to kill me."

"Best way to go."

Ilya laughed, the sound sending Shane's heart into overdrive. He rolled to the side, gathering Shane against his chest, and Shane went willingly, tucking himself into Ilya's arms like he was made to fit there.

"I love you," Ilya said quietly. His hand traced slow patterns on Shane's back. "You know that, right?"

Shane's heart squeezed. He didn't think he'd ever get tired of hearing Ilya say those words.

"I know." He pressed a kiss to Ilya's collarbone. "I love you too."

"Go to sleep, Shane. You haven't been sleeping enough."

"Haven't had my man to fuck me to sleep." Shane teased, burying his face against the curve of Ilya's neck. He nudged Ilya to his back, the Russian's arms coming up to rest behind his

head. “You’re so hot. It’s not fucking fair.”

“Shut up.”

Shane tilted his head to see Ilya watching him closely. “What?”

“I can’t do another twenty days without you. It might actually kill me.” Ilya’s voice was suddenly too serious. “We have to figure something out.”

“We will. Tomorrow morning, we’ll look at our calendars.”

“I want a joint calendar. We share. We add games, travel, whatever and we don’t stay apart for longer than a week.”

“Then we’ll have a joint calendar.”

Ilya bit at his bottom lip, “You’re ok with it?”

Shane leaned up to kiss his chin and then his mouth. “More than ok. You know I love a schedule.”

He chuckled with a roll of his eyes. “You do.”

Shane tossed his leg over Ilya’s legs and crawled on top of him. “Mm, put your arms around me.”

Ilya chuckled but did just that. He mumbled something in Russian before saying, “Sleep moy lyubimyy.”

“Your heart is beating fast.” Shane said, sweet exhaustion seeping into his limbs.

Ilya’s body shook beneath him as he laughed quietly. “Yeah well you fucked me within an inch of life and now you’re draped on me all soft and sweet and sexy and needy.”

“Smell good too.” Shane mumbled, inhaling the sandalwood lingering on Ilya’s skin. “Home. You smell like home now.” Ilya’s body tightened at his words, Shane could feel it but couldn’t get his brain to focus on it. “Homw.” he mumbled again, words jumbled and then he was asleep.

## Chapter End Notes

Maybe I'll throw some daddy kink in the next one. Daddy Ilya? 😊

## End Notes

I'm baaackk, one whole day of not writing these two was a day too much. Tags will be updated as Chapters continue to be add.

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