

forbidden fruit

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Summary

It truly was a terrible idea, they both knew that, but god was it a hot one. A bluetooth-controlled vibrating buttplug was the last thing Shane expected when Ilya handed him the small gift box.

Notes

I JUST MADE SOME BULLSHITTTTTTTT

I never write fics & don't have a beta so if this sucks just look away

wrote this on my phone so apologies if the spacing is weird

yes there is an em dash, no I did not use chatgpt. I have a soul

“This is a terrible idea.”

Shane stares at the red box in his hand, the interior covered in smooth velvet with a shape cutout to perfectly hold the item inside.

Ilya, unphased, has a shit-eating grin on his face. He was incredibly proud of himself. He had been waiting nearly three weeks to give this gift to Shane. Three agonizing weeks of pent-up frustration, phone sex, and a surprise that he was itching to spoil.

“Is great idea, actually,” Ilya smirks as he plucks the box from Shane’s hand, “and I think it excites you.” It’s hard to miss the flush of Shane’s cheeks and the way he shifts awkwardly on his feet. Ilya knows that he is one flirtatious remark away from convincing him to play along.

It truly was a terrible idea, they both knew that, but *god* was it a hot one. A bluetooth-controlled vibrating buttplug was the last thing Shane expected when Ilya handed him the small gift box.

“For you to wear to NHL Awards,” Ilya had said. Shane thought that maybe he’d been gifted a tie, some cufflinks, literally anything else. Not a fucking erotic toy for Ilya to torture him in public with.

But Ilya was right. It did excite him. The thought of being surrounded by their peers, high-profile athletes, and pretentious millionaires that had no idea of their little arrangement sent a chill through both of them. It was a huge risk with a high reward, at least in Ilya’s mind.

They’re on opposite sides of the banquet hall, but Ilya still manages to spot Shane through the sea of people. He pulls out his phone to send a quick message.

Lily: *Wearing it?*

Jane: *Fuck you.*

Lily: *I will take that as yes.*

Jane: *I still think this is a terrible idea.*

He can see Shane flush from across the room and tries to contain the smile threatening to creep onto his face. He opens the app connected to the toy and looks over the settings, phone brightness as low as possible.

Lily: *Remember to smile.*

As soon as Shane reads the message, Ilya hits the button for the first setting. He can see Shane’s knee jerk slightly, but nobody seems to notice.

They both continue to mingle for a few minutes, Ilya occasionally glancing over at Shane. The moment Shane takes a sip from the champagne flute in his hand, Ilya hits the second setting. Shane sputters, making some excuse about his drink going down the wrong pipe, and shoots him a glare from across the room. It takes everything for Ilya not to burst into laughter, he's got him right where he wants him.

Ilya scans through the app again, deciding his next move with nothing but evil intentions. He wants to see Shane squirm, wants to see how long he can feign normalcy, how long he can teeter on the edge. He's thankful the fabric of his suit is able to hide his aching hard cock. How long until this event is over, again?

Shane visibly relaxes when Ilya decides to give him a break by turning the vibrations off. He lets Shane feel a false sense of security, watches as he floats from table to table, charming every person that he speaks to.

***Jane:** Done already?*

***Lily:** We are just getting started.*

Ilya can see Shane give him a pout from across the room when the vibrations don't immediately return. He pockets his phone and follows the crowd of people spilling into the auditorium for the award ceremony.

"And this year's MVP award goes to... Shane Hollander!"

The crowd erupts in cheers and a standing ovation as Shane makes his way to the stage. Ilya is sure that the hair at the nape of his neck is standing, buzzing with excitement, mixed with a twinge of nervousness. He knows his boy well. He pushes away the slight feeling of jealousy, but lets it show outwardly to keep up the façade of their hatred, stone-faced as he claps.

Shane begins his acceptance speech, beaming with bright eyes and a smile that never fails to take Ilya's breath away. Ilya pulls out his phone.

"I want to thank my teammates, the fans, and most of all-," Shane chokes on his words as Ilya hits the button for medium-intensity pulsating vibrations. He stumbles a bit behind the podium and grips the sides, knuckles turning white as he tries to steady himself and his breathing. He clears his throat, "and most of all, my parents. Sorry, it's hard not to, uh, get emotional when I think about the amount of love and support that I've received since my rookie season."

Smooth recovery. Ilya turns the vibrations off. Shane finishes his speech and returns to his seat, hands stuffed into his pockets to hide the fact that they're shaking.

The after party is torturous for both of them. Ilya keeps flipping the vibrations on and off. Highest setting, then nothing, highest setting, nothing, over and over and over. Shane's pupils

are blown, he blames it on adrenaline and alcohol. While Shane is on the verge of cumming in his pants, Ilya is on the verge of dragging Shane to a secluded room and fucking him senseless. After two agonizingly slow hours, the crowd starts to thin out, giving Ilya the cue that it wouldn't be suspicious if they left.

“Hollander, congratulations.” Ilya approaches Shane with a polite smile and a handshake, subtly giving his hand a squeeze and letting his fingers caress Shane's wrist in a way that sends a shiver down his spine. They exchange niceties, playing their roles accordingly, with boring conversation about other players and teams and whatever the fuck else didn't really matter at all to either of them in this moment. “Enjoy your night, Hollander. Your suit is very nice,” Ilya grins, gliding the palms of his hands down the lapels of Shane's jacket.

To everyone around them, Ilya was just being his usual arrogant, teasing self. What they couldn't see was the sleight of Ilya's hand sliding a spare key to his penthouse into Shane's jacket pocket. Ilya shoots him a wink before sauntering away.

The door to Ilya's penthouse beeps around thirty minutes later. It's a sight that gives Shane déjà vu — Ilya, barefoot with his dress shirt unbuttoned all the way, all too familiar to that night in Vegas a few years ago. Only this time, they were honest about their feelings for each other. This time, Ilya wouldn't hide the fact that he wanted Shane to stay afterwards, they would kiss plenty of times, and Shane wouldn't leave feeling used and defeated.

“Mr. MVP,” Ilya mutters as he takes slow steps toward Shane. Before he can tell him to fuck off, Ilya is crashing into him with a heated kiss that makes Shane's stomach flip. Their hands are flying over each other, quickly discarding their clothes, eager to touch every single part of the other.

“Jealous, Rozanov?” Shane breaks the kiss briefly to breathe into the millimeter of space between their lips. Ilya lets out a small chuckle and kisses him again, much softer this time.

“Proud, actually. You managed to get through the whole thing without making a mess of your pants.”

Of course Ilya is jealous, there would never be a world where he wasn't, no matter how much he loves Shane. Fortunately, his pride for Shane's achievements helps him push that feeling down. He'll win MVP next year, anyway.

“Fuck you. My speech was almost a disaster because of you,” Shane complains, but it's lighthearted. He shoves Ilya's chest lightly and his wrists are immediately grabbed.

Ilya guides Shane to the bed, laying him out and raking his eyes over his body. Shane flushes at how exposed he feels. He'll never get used to the way Ilya looks at him with so much hunger and desire. Despite the years they've spent exploring every part of each other, there is still a vulnerability that settles low in Shane's gut.

Shane shifts in a way that reminds him of the toy nestled inside his hole and lets out a small whine. He'd gotten so wrapped up in the feeling of Ilya's body against his that he forgot

about the blunt object occasionally brushing his prostate.

Ilya kisses Shane deeply, tongue lapping all over his mouth, teeth occasionally scraping. They're both starved for the other, never able to get enough. Ilya's fingers trail down Shane's body, skimming over his cock and heading directly to the plug. He gives it a small twist and tug, Shane's body responds with a high-pitched moan and his back arching off the bed. Shane grips the sheets as Ilya continues to tease him, fucking the toy into him with shallow thrusts, just enough to tug on the ring of muscle holding it in.

"Fuck, look at you," Ilya growls, pushing Shane's knees to his chest and staring down at the silicone plug being swallowed by Shane's hole, "*ty krasivyy*."

You are beautiful.

Shane flushes a deep red. It's one of the phrases Ilya has taught him, Shane practically demanded to learn it due to how often he heard it.

Ilya continues mumbling in Russian between the kisses he trails down Shane's body, a shiver running through him as hot breath ghosts over his balls. A choked moan erupts from Shane as Ilya's tongue laps lazily around the toy, the tip occasionally dipping down to tug at his rim. Wet, lazy kisses are scattered all over the stretched muscle, his perineum, up to the base of his cock. It's too much. Everything is too much.

"How close were you on stage?" Ilya is staring up at him through his lashes. The sloppy kisses continue, Shane barely remembers how to speak. "Tell me." Another tug on the toy.

"I- holy fuck. I was really close. I wanted to hold on for you." Shane's eyes are wrenched shut, his lips red and swollen from how bitten they are. A bead of precum slides down to Ilya's awaiting tongue at the base of his cock. "I wanted to be good," Shane mumbles, much quieter and less confident.

Ilya licks a strip up Shane's cock, gives the flushed head a light suck, then continues the wet trail back down to his hole.

"You were very good. The best." Ilya punctuates each sentence by sucking on the sensitive skin of Shane's inner thighs. "Is why you won MVP."

Shane nearly passes out when their eyes lock and Ilya lowers his mouth back to the toy. Without breaking his gaze, Ilya wraps his mouth around the silicone base and slowly pulls the toy out of Shane's ass. His hole flutters, but he barely has time to whine at the emptiness before Ilya's tongue is shoved as deep as it can reach.

"Jesus. Fuck. Ilya, I-" Shane cuts himself off with a moan, hands flying to grip the curly hair of his boyfriend. All control is lost, Shane can no longer hold himself back from his desires, grinding down onto Ilya's tongue as much as he can. Shane falls closer to the edge, his toes curl so hard that he's on the verge of getting a cramp.

And Ilya pulls away.

Shane lets out a pathetic noise that earns a breathy laugh from Ilya. Sloppy kisses, that are more tongue than lips, ascend from Shane's thighs, up his stomach, until finally landing on his mouth. He savors the taste of himself on Ilya's tongue. It's subtle, but it's there. Shane is so far gone that he can barely tell if he's even kissing Ilya properly. The sensation is addicting, he wishes he could spend his entire day kissing him. The swipe of his tongue, the softness of his lips, fucking everything. He'll never admit it, but he's even developed a tolerance for the faint taste of cigarettes. It's what makes Ilya who he is, the man that Shane desires more than anything in the world.

"You almost came from that, yes?" Ilya asks in a low rasp. Shane responds with a blissed out nod, hoping that he did actually move his head. "What a nice trick. We will have to test it out another time."

Shane blinks up at Ilya, silently mouthing the word *please*. He doesn't know what exactly he's begging for, probably everything. His jaw drops in ecstasy when Ilya shoves two fingers inside of him. He's already stretched from the plug, but Ilya loves to be sure. He never wants to hurt Shane, not unless he begs for it.

When he's satisfied with his work, Ilya reaches for the bottle of lube. He quickly lathers his cock and lines up with Shane's spit-slick entrance. They moan into each other's mouths on the first thrust, Ilya dragging his hips at an agonizing pace.

Missionary was Ilya's favorite. It gave him ample opportunity to watch Shane's face, the way his brows would scrunch when Ilya brushed his prostate, or the way his eyelashes would flutter and cast shadows along his freckled cheeks, all of his beautiful features in full view. All for Ilya.

Shane locks his ankles around Ilya's waist as if he's afraid he'll run away, trying to pull him deeper even when Ilya's hips are flush against his. Ilya slips his arms under Shane, one hand hooking his shoulder while the other grips the hair at the nape of his neck. Their bodies are pressed together tightly, but it doesn't seem to be enough. It was never enough. They would crawl into each other's skin if it was possible.

Ilya pauses his thrusts to grind his hips in slow circles, pressing soft kisses to Shane's cheeks. The kisses are far too sweet for their current position, but Shane's heart melts at the sensation.

"Is okay? Feel good?" Ilya asks against Shane's ear, the response he gets is nothing more than a shaky moan and Shane clenching on his cock. "Good boy."

Ilya lifts his head slightly to look into Shane's glossy eyes. Fuck, he is completely out of it, pupils blown and unfocused. Shane mumbles something unintelligible, at least for Ilya's fuck-drunk brain to translate. He finally manages to choke out two words. "Please. Need."

"Tell me," Ilya growls.

"More."

"You want me to fuck you harder, *lyubov*?"

Shane nods, trying to use his eyes to communicate his needs. *Yes. Please. Fuck me harder. Ruin me. Do whatever you want to me. I am yours.*

Years spent together has given Ilya the ability to read Shane's mind in these moments. He uses the grip he has on Shane's shoulder and neck to pull his body down hard into every thrust, fighting to maintain control of his rhythm.

Ilya holds Shane tighter as he shuffles their bodies down to the foot of the bed until he's able to plant his feet on the floor, careful to stay connected where their bodies meet. This new angle gives him the ability to pound into Shane harder, punching little sobs out of him with each thrust.

Shane's thighs begin to twitch and shake in a way that tells Ilya he's close. He's picked up on these little details over the years, learning how Shane's body communicates when his mouth can't. It feels like a secret language that only they know.

"You are so close, squeezing my cock like crazy. Do you want to cum for me?" Ilya changes his grip so that one hand rests under Shane's head and the other grips his jaw, forcing Shane to look Ilya in the eyes as he speaks. "You feel fucking amazing. My good boy. Want me to fill you up? Take it like the MVP you are?"

And Shane loses it.

His eyes roll to the back of his head, unable to maintain eye contact any longer. His body shudders, sobs echoing off the walls of the penthouse, as he comes undone all over his chest. Ilya follows shortly after, giving one last hard thrust to bury himself as deep as he can inside of Shane and releases, collapsing on top of him.

They lay like that for what feels like forever, a pile of sweaty limbs with cum smearing between their bodies as they both try to catch their breath. Ilya's face is buried in Shane's neck when he feels tears drip onto his skin. He lifts his head to check on him. Shane lets out quiet sniffles, eyes shut softly, lashes soaked, tears dripping slowly from the corners of his eyes. He's coming down from wherever he goes during these intense moments with Ilya.

Ilya peppers his cheeks in soft kisses, wiping away tears with his thumbs. He can feel himself softening inside of Shane, but he doesn't move.

Shane finally takes a deep, shuttering breath through his nose and flutters his eyes open. Of course, it takes Ilya's breath away, those gorgeous eyes always do. They stare at each other in comfortable silence for a few minutes. Slow, languid kisses are exchanged before either of them finally speaks.

"Back with me, yet?" Ilya asks, brushing a few strands of hair from Shane's face. He can't contain himself from kissing his cheeks, then chin, then forehead, and back to his lips with a sweet peck.

"I think you ruined me," Shane mumbles, his fingers tracing random shapes on Ilya's back. Intimate moments like this with Ilya make all the hiding and frustration worth it. Yes, the sex

is hot, but these tender moments in the afterglow of their orgasms, when they're both spent and simply holding each other, are his favorite.

They both make a pathetic noise when Ilya finally pulls out. He gives Shane one last kiss before disappearing into the bathroom. He returns with a warm rag to clean Shane's spent body, wiping gently along the particularly sensitive areas. Shane feels like a ragdoll, he lets Ilya move and shift his body as he pleases while he cleans him up. He barely registers when Ilya picks him up bridal-style and carries him to the sofa.

Shane's head is spinning, he stares up at the ceiling with hooded eyes that still haven't quite focused. He hears shuffling somewhere in the room, but doesn't have the energy to see what it is. Ilya's presence next to him is what finally makes him turn his head.

The sheets on the bed had been changed at some point while he was out of it, a glass of cold water sitting on the nightstand next to his side of the bed. He doesn't have the energy to protest when Ilya picks him up again to carry him back to bed.

Nestled in the clean sheets, Ilya pulls Shane's bare back against his chest and wraps an arm around his waist, kissing along his shoulders and neck.

"I love you," Ilya whispers sleepily into Shane's hair.

"*Ya tebya lyublyu,*" Shane responds. His heart squeezes when Ilya pulls him tighter to his chest.

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