

Pretty Problem

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Pretty Problem

by [Light22_C](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander wakes up with a pussy.

Notes

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

Chapter 1: Pretty

Shane should've known something was amiss last night when he felt dizzy but in his good defense, he thought he was just missing his boyfriend so hard that his brain wanted to sleep it off so the next day would come sooner and Ilya would be home in his arms once again. Besides, at worst it's a headache, migraine, food poisoning, the cold or any other common problems. Nothing he couldn't handle.

Until he wakes up feeling *weird*, not mentally but physically. He tosses and turns in bed, kicking the sheets and something is definitely wrong. Something feels light or maybe instead of light, it's totally not there. He doesn't blink the sleepiness away, because his eyes shoot wide open and he darts up with his heart racing in his chest.

Staring at his boxer briefs, his mind fights the delusion even when his body feels it. Shane moves his hand slowly to cup what should've been his cock and balls—

Fuck.

He hyperventilates in a panic state; thinking of any possible reasons- there is none because how does one wake up to their dick missing? It doesn't simply fall off and walk its way out the fucking front door. What the fuck is happening?!

-O-O-O-

Of all the days he misses Ilya and wants him home, today is not the fucking day. Shane has paced the entire household and google searched enough for whatever secret FBI agent behind his screen to be very wary of him, at this point, every online article has given up on him. He doesn't know what to do. He's freaking out and Ilya will be home any time—

He hears the sound of the door unlocking, the heavy thud of luggage dropping before Ilya's very happy, very sweet, very missed voice rings loudly "Hollander!!!!!! I am back." He announces, door shut abruptly and heavy fast footsteps approaching.

There is nowhere to run.

Shane's head thinks of a few escape routes; hiding in the closet (he's done that one for many years), jumping out the window, rolling under the bed, pretending to have amnesia, fainting, locking himself in the toilet. So many options that he becomes indecisive because of it. Eventually, Ilya shows up right in front of him with the silliest grin ever while stretching his arms wide, ready for a long warm embrace.

He would love to run up and hug the Russian man with all his might but Shane Hollander is dealing with a real fucking problem here and he can't let Ilya find out.

"W-welcome back." He mutters out coolly, clearing his throat and crossing his arms so he stops fidgeting around and looking even more suspicious.

Ilya doesn't get the hint, he stands there waiting with open arms, "Come here! I'm back!"

"Uh... I'm really... dirty... I worked out and... yeah- maybe later...."

"Hollander, I've sucked your cock and licked your ass, you think sweat is going to stop me?"

The blush creeps up his face and he tries to shrug it off, acting nonchalant and not giving a reply but Ilya stands there waiting until he realizes Shane isn't going to come over. He deflates like a balloon, pouty "Can I at least have kiss?" sounding so sweet, how could Shane deny him or his own heart. He slowly shuffles over, gives a quick peck on the lips and attempts to bolt but Ilya's hands catch him.

One snaking around his waist, the other immediately groping his ass "Missed you." he mutters between hot kisses all over Shane's cheeks, lips, neck, shoulders, about anywhere he can reach. "Two weeks without you is hard. I hate being away. Did you miss me?" Ilya's voice is soft and though Shane wants to get away, he also likes being showered with affection this way.

"Yes." He admits truthfully and it earns him another kiss but this time with tongue and intentions that tells him they'll be on the bed very soon if this keeps up.

Shane musters all his strength to push Ilya away, muttering some half-ass lie about Ilya being tired from travel, something about the laundry and maybe food, whatever to keep the conversation going without losing his clothes. The other man stands there with a bewildered look as if he cannot fathom what just happened.

The love of his life just pushed him away after 2 weeks of not seeing each other.

"...What is wrong...?" He sounds sad and serious this time.

"Nothing."

"No. Do not give me that, Hollander, because something is wrong."

"It's not a big deal—"

"**Shane.** Tell me. If something is wrong we must talk, that is what you said before. Are you angry with me? Unhappy? Uncomfortable? Did I do something wrong?"

"No— it's not you." *Cliché much?* "It's... me."

Ilya gives him a deadpan look before speaking up, "Okay. What is wrong with you?"

Shane contemplates the pros, the cons, and possibility of death. What are the odds the world will crumble by his feet and he'll be swallowed by a black hole? How does he even explain it? He knows Ilya will want to **see** and Shane doesn't think he can live with that.

"I have a problem."

"Clearly." Ilya adds on quickly, still waiting.

“I... don’t have it... anymore.” Shane tries to explain it but the words don’t come out the way he wants it to, “It’s not... **there** anymore.” with his hand he just gestures like he’s showing something but Ilya looks at his empty hands with a raised brow. “I can’t feel...”

And then Ilya’s face drops, and he looks absolutely gutted “You do not have feelings for me anymore?”

“What?! No! That’s not what I said!” Shane shouts back because he will never stop having feelings for Ilya Rozanov.

“You said you don’t have **it** anymore! It is not there! You cannot feel!”

Fuck this misunderstanding! That is not what he meant! They’ve come too far from their hidden feelings and thoughts to mess up now and Shane really hates it when Ilya doubts himself or feels bad about opening up because both of them really really struggled in the beginning of their relationship. In a frenzy to fix things, Shane blurts out “I MEANT MY COCK!”

Ilya goes quiet, stunned for a moment.

“...Hollander.” he starts serious and with a sigh for added effect, “If this is some kind of slang or what do you call it...? Double meaning words. I do not understand.”

“N-no. I mean literally. I woke up and... it’s gone.”

The Russian’s bright eyes immediately dart down and Shane feels conscious enough to yell at his boyfriend “Don’t fucking look!”

“...Your cock is gone? And is it like... small or....?”

“No. Gone. Gone.”

“And..... What is.... There?”

“You know.”

“I don’t know, Hollander.”

“... A not-cock.” Shane vaguely answers and he can see the way Ilya’s eyes darken at the words he’s insinuating.

“A what?”

“Fuck off, asshole. You know what I’m trying to say!”

“A **pussy**?” The word is obscene with Ilya’s thick accent and Shane fights the need to shiver though for some reason it feels weird between his legs. He ignores the feeling for now, in favor of continuing the conversation. He gives a brief nod and that’s when Ilya finally smiles, it’s more of a smirk actually.

“Can I see?” he asks politely, adding a “Please.”

“No.”

“Why not? You wake up with pussy, **we** should **play** with it.”

What does he mean ‘we’? And what ‘play’? Shane cannot believe his boyfriend is horny while he’s having a mental breakdown over his body. He turns away, walks a few steps further for good measures but Ilya moves to crowd his space, blinking his pretty eyes like a good puppy that deserves treats.

“Come on... maybe I can fix. Let me see. Let me help you...”

“It’s embarrassing.”

“Please, Hollander. I will be *so* good.”

“No. It’s weird.”

“It’s pussy, Shane. Not a fucking alien—”

“In case you didn’t know already, I’m not a fan of vaginas!”

“Well, I am fan so I can help—”

Shane sighs loudly, looking at the ground, answer still unyielding and then Ilya watches him for a moment longer before slowly cupping his cheek and tilting his head up to meet his gaze, “What is really wrong, Shane? There is nothing we cannot go through together, yes?”

“...What if you like it more?”

“Hmm?”

“...Sex with pussies. What if you like it more? And I don’t exactly have the parts.”

Shane remembers his past self and past doubts; the jealousy of seeing Ilya with other women, the mere thought of him caressing someone else, kissing, fucking, loving anyone else that isn’t Shane really fucking hurts. He doesn’t entertain that idea, hates it to the core so there’s some form of insecurity even if it is okay to have preferences in these things.

Ilya utters an endearment in Russian, he kisses Shane and smiles into it, “Silly boy. You think I like all ass? **No**. I like yours. Just yours. Because it’s yours. It must be attached to Shane Hollander, otherwise I do not care.”

“I know... I know you’re not some horny shallow prick but... I can’t help but feel weird about it.”

“Okay. How about this? You show me, I check that you are okay and if you don’t want to, I fuck your ass instead. I won’t touch you anywhere else. **Promise**.”

“ ”

-O-O-O-

And that is how Shane Hollander ends up on the bed with his shirt rolled up to his armpits, Ilya laying kisses all over to ease him before he slowly slides the boxer briefs off his hips. Shane's entire body heats up at the notion, he has his arm covering his eyes because he cannot see Ilya staring between his legs even though he knows his hot gaze is on him. A strangled sound escapes a brief moment when Ilya pushes his thighs even wider.

“***Fuck, Hollander.***” His voice drops a lot deeper. “That is a very **pretty** pussy—”

“Don't say that.”

“Why? But it's *pretty. It's fat, plump, pink and juicy—*”

“Fuck off, Ilya!”

“You are **wet**.” He states a fact and Shane attempts to close his legs but Ilya holds them wide open, “Don't. I'm not done looking yet.”

“This is ridiculous, maybe it will disappear tomorrow.”

“Mhm. Maybe.” He sounds distracted, silence follows until Shane moves his arm away to see Ilya just staring at him, cock painful hard in a large tent in front of his pants. “...I know you are thinking of many things. I am only thinking of one. Want to know?”

“What is it...?” Shane asks because curiosity always gets the better of him.

“I am thinking I can have your virginity ***again.***” Ilya's eyes finally dart up to look directly at Shane's and something hot bubbles in him before he feels more sticky wet heat between his legs. Fresh slick dripping out of him just because Ilya mentioned having his virginity again. The thought is tempting, to give the other man everything and just surrender it all.

He didn't like the idea of letting Ilya fuck a pussy just then but the thought of Ilya fucking **his** pussy and taking his virginity like their first time is taking his head and heart into uncharted grounds. He wants that, exactly that.

“We do not have to if you don't want to.” Ilya brings his leg up, lays a soft kiss on his inner thigh, looking like an angel talking about sin, “I am happy with whatever you want, Shane. As long as I am with you, I do not care.”

“You want me?” Shane finds himself bold enough to poke the already very horny dragon slumbering within the Russian man. “Yes. Every day. Every hour. Every second. You. In every form, every way. Any way you will let me, I am yours.”

Chapter 2: Pussy

Chapter Notes

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

“You want me?” Shane finds himself bold enough to poke the already very horny dragon slumbering within the Russian man. “Yes. Every day. Every hour. Every second. You. In every form, every way. Any way you will let me, I am yours.”

“Kiss me.” Because Shane asks, Ilya provides immediately; going in for a sensual and tongue heavy kiss until they are breathless against one another. “Again.” Shane wants and Ilya obliges, spoiling him with more. “...K-kiss me there?” he finally asks and Ilya gives him a moment to change his mind but when Shane remains quiet and firm with his gaze, the Russian man slowly descends between his legs.

What will it feel like? He’s sure it will be different. Ilya is very good at sucking cock, will this feel the same? Shane is not prepared at all. He squeals and gasps loudly when Ilya mouths his pussy. Hungry and starving, his hands tighten around Shane’s hips, dragging him down when he squirms away, giving him no choice but to whimper and moan in place.

“Ilya– fuck, fuck, fuck!” It’s insanely sensitive and every slide of Ilya’s tongue feels wet and soft against skin. The sounds don’t make it any better. Wet squelch and slurps echo in his ears like a hypnotic trance. His boyfriend doesn’t hear his drowned cries, clearly too busy feeding himself on Shane’s slick. “Ilya! Fuck!!! Ilya!!” He continues until his throat feels dry and his back arches off the bed, body shaking and convulsing.

“So good, Hollander. So fucking good.” Ilya straightens his back, tongue darting out to lick his lips, the pupils in his eyes still blown like he’s high off something. “You are so **sensitive.**” emphasizing on the last word like he’s amazed by how heightened Shane’s senses are to the new body part.

“F-feels weird.” Shane keeps trembling because the sensations are all so new and he doesn't know where to place it. His pussy feels like it’s throbbing and it’s so sticky wet, he doesn't know if that’s Ilya’s fault or his own, probably both. It feels cold too, he knows there's a layer of wetness all over from Ilya’s saliva and it being hit with air just adds to the raw feeling. He attempts to close his legs but doesn’t get to because his boyfriend’s hands are on him again with soft mummers of “*no, don’t*” in repetition as if Shane is denying him of something as necessary as air.

“I want to see. Don’t hide. Never from me.” Ilya leans down again, places a very slow kiss right on Shane’s pussy, before his tongue slides over the folds, short side to side movements with his tongue right under the clit until Shane’s hips twitch involuntarily and he’s fisting the sheets. “You are so wet, Hollander. Soaking. The bed is wet.”

“Asshole. Don’t fucking narrate it–” Really, he doesn’t know what is wrong with him or if this body part just produces a lot of slickness because he really can’t control it and it’s embarrassing even if said boyfriend enjoys it.

As expected, the Russian smirks, holding back a chuckle so he doesn't get a kick in the face.

“You still want?” He checks because Ilya always checks no matter how far gone Shane is during sex.

“... Yes.”

“What do you want?”

Fuck, this game again.

“You.”

“Where?”

“There.” The word is punched out but it seems Ilya is not yet satisfied because he asks again like he’s the dumbest fuck in the world, “**Where?**”

“...M-My pussy. I want... your cock in my pussy.” Shane’s voice goes softer with each word, face and ears red from confessing his sins.

“What else do you say?”

“**Please.**” He grits out, desperate and horny because it’s true. He wants Ilya’s mouth on him again, his fingers— definitely his cock. “Please, who?” God, this insufferable possessive asshole!

“Please, Ilya— Fuck me already!”

“Good boy.” Ilya praises, one hand already grabbing the back of his shirt collar, yanking it off, giving Shane a hot view of stripping. The bottoms and boxers get kicked off in a rush and he’s aching hard when he finally wraps a hand around himself, giving a few rough strokes while his eyes are fixed between Shane’s legs.

“Go get the condom.” he orders but the other man just stares at him without moving.

Shane doesn’t want a condom. He wants to feel Ilya raw— desperately wants him to fill him up like a cum dump until he’s leaking it all out. Since he’s giving Ilya his virginity again anyway, might as well go all out.

Understanding where this is going, the Russian’s eyes darken, “No? You want me to get you **pregnant**, Hollander?”

There is no reply to it, Shane gulps a lump in his throat, feels his heart beating out of his chest and a ringing sound in his ears.

“You were so worried just now... and now you just want my cock stuffed in your pussy **raw**? Want me to cum deep inside you. See if your magic pussy comes with a womb too? Hm? Want to have my babies? Tell me, Hollander.” While he coaxes with his words, Ilya moves

his hand to touch Shane again, sliding his fingers against plump folds to wet them before pushing a single digit to stretch his tight walls.

Shane's breathing goes erratic, head in the clouds but he tries his best to answer, "...Want. Want your babies, Ilya— please- please. So bad. It feels so empty, I need— need you so fucking bad. Please fuck me. Please. Please. Please. Need your cum filling me up. Now. Now. Now. Please, Ilya!" he clenches on the digit inside him, reluctant to let it leave.

"Will give you everything. Do not worry." Ilya hums in satisfaction, quickly inserting the second finger and pistoning both at a faster pace making Shane's back arch off the bed, getting louder with each ins and outs. The third one is a stretch but anticipating for what's next drives him to insanity, he starts full on begging; calling Ilya's name, moaning wantonly, explicitly mentioning how much he wants the other, how much he needs Ilya's thick cock inside him.

Eventually prep is done and Ilya ends it by covering his own cock with Shane's slick, sliding his cock between puffy folds so Shane can feel the hot throbbing length against his sex.

When Shane finally feels the head of the large length against the entrance, a sense of anticipation with fear mixes in his gut. There is nothing he wants more but this is his first time and his new part has been very sensitive from the start. At least when he first did anal, he took his time with a dildo before having the real deal. Now, he has no experience, just blind trusting and horny for Ilya.

The stretch makes his hips jerk and the first thought racing in his head is that it won't fit. It's too big. Too fat. Too wide. Too long. He can take it up his ass but not his pussy. He pulls backwards out of instinct until Ilya's large hands tightens around his hips, holding him in place while he thrusts forward. Just a short part of it goes inside him and Shane is melting, eyes wide and breathing erratic.

It feels so different.

"...I-Ilya...."

"Loosen up, Hollander, you're squeezing me."

"I-I'm not. You're just too fucking big-"

An endless blame game but both share a smile on their own and sparks in their eyes. Ilya uses his weight to slowly sink into the tight heat and Shane finds himself unable to do anything else but take it. He thinks it's all the way in when he feels incredibly full, only for his very cocky boyfriend to inform him that he's actually barely halfway done. *Fuck.*

"I don't think it'll...." Shane starts, feeling less and less confident about taking it all.

"Don't think." Ilya cuts him off, digging his blunt nails on his skin, "Just feel." He pulls back a little only to sink further in, making Shane's toes curl and his entire body bloom with pleasure. He holds on, words on the edge of his tongue but his head can't decide if he wants

more or if he wants out. It feels like there's so little space yet something so big is fitting right now.

“Feels so fucking good. I knew your pussy would be perfect for me too. You’re always perfect, Hollander. Always mine. Made just for me.” While he sings his endless praise, the wet sound of their slow love making is sending images to Shane’s head of whatever is happening between them. He can imagine Ilya’s cock just soaked and hard, disappearing inside him with walls gripping on like vice.

He knows it's all in when it aches to move and Ilya is frozen stiff above him, just panting while staring down with his love-stricken gaze. Shane moves his hands to wrap around Ilya's wide shoulders, pulling him down for a slow kiss, wrapping his legs around his waist to drag their bodies even closer.

“Hollander. What the fuck do you do to me?” he sounds intoxicated, clearly high-off the pleasure Shane’s pussy is giving him.

“Want your babies, Ilya...” Shane whispers looking straight into Ilya’s eyes; sure, it’s all play-pretend with his new magic part but he means those words. If he could, he would. A mini Shane Hollander-Ilya Rozanov running around the house... what he would do for a future like it. “Please fuck my pussy harder... get me pregnant... please.” he whimpers, eyes wet with tears, just plain desperate begging for Ilya’s sanity to snap and it does.

Ilya moves fast, hooks his hands behind Shane's knees, bending his body, pushing it down the bed with his weight; holding him open and spread like a whore before pulling out until only the head remains in and slams back down. It's enough to make Shane scream, clenching until slick pools and drools out of the edges. There's no stopping because Ilya repeats the notion again and again and again.

Shane sobs into the pillow, broken noises stuck in his throat when each thrust cuts his train of thoughts until he can't think of anything else. He just feels Ilya fucking him and the Russian man is going faster and harder. Shallow thrusts with speeds, then long slow movements that drags out the feeling of something intruding inside his once virgin walls. A foreign feeling pools in his lower belly, and Shane panics because he doesn't know what it means, "W-wait-Ilya— S-slow ... slow... down!"

His body reacts to say the opposite manner, making Ilya smile, “Fucckkk... Hollander. Your greedy pussy is sucking me like crazy. It doesn’t want to let me go....”

“Something... something feels...”

“Going to cum? Have a female orgasm with your pussy? Squirt all over?”

[illegible]

Shane can see the outline of Ilya's cock on his stomach with every hard thrust, crazier, he feels every inch deep inside him and it feels so fucking good. One of his hands moves lower between them, lazy slow rubs on his sensitive clit, Shane's entire body shakes and he cries out for Ilya between moans. It doesn't take him long to reach the height of climax from there; Shane moans, feels the weight of his lover on him when a particular rough thrusts causes his vision to white out, body literally seizing up before he squirts from pleasure.

Ilya fucks him through it, not giving him a chance to hold back. Every rough slam forces more hot body fluids to push out of him until the bed is wet below and Ilya buries himself deep to cum inside.

He feels all floaty, head buzzing, body tired and filled. When Ilya moves, Shane clamps his legs to stop him, making a sound in his throat that tells his boyfriend he doesn't approve of him pulling out. Ilya dotes on him, immediately kissing his cheek, "You need to be in a more comfortable position..."

"No." Shane whines, pouty even. "I'm comfortable like this." he flat out lies. His legs are sore and he needs to stretch his back but whatever... he can do that later. Priorities.

Thankfully, Ilya understands him without proper words because the Russian coaxes him to relax with some firm massages on his thighs, holding him open again and having some space to slowly pull out. The man below whimpers, biting his bottom lip and clenching hard but it's no use, cum still dribbles out of him the moment Ilya's cock is out. He's disappointed but only for a few moments longer because Ilya turns him on the side, lays closely behind him, pushes one of his legs to bend before slowly inserting his cock in again from behind.

It's slow but goes much smoother now that his pussy has memorized the shape and size of Ilya's length.

"You wanted to cock-warm me. Could have just asked. I would've given it to you."

Shane mumbles, no strength to reply now that he got what he wanted.

"If today you wake up with pussy, tomorrow I hope I wake up with two cocks then I can fuck your ass and your pussy at the same time."

Give it up to Ilya Rozanov for such a horny greedy thought.

Ilya would be too powerful with two cocks, Shane doesn't want that.

"Mhm... let's hope that doesn't happen..." he mumbles back a logical reply, even when his head kinda entertains the idea a little.

"Later we fuck in front of mirror... want you to see your pussy greedily sucking me in."

Shane breathes in deeply, inching back to more warmth until Ilya throws his arm over him to hug him closely.

"Okay." He doesn't know how long this 'problem' will last and frankly right now he doesn't have enough brain cells to care. He's very content to give Ilya his virginity again and now

that he's slotted himself perfectly inside him, Shane will indulge in whatever kink while this lasts and hoping the problem will resolve in a couple of days or two.

Until then...

Ilya can have all the fun with his pretty ~~problem~~ (pussy).

Chapter End Notes

Not very good at smut but at least I tried.

The fic was supposed to be named Pretty Pussy but I thought that might be too vulgar... so I decided with Pretty Problem to do the Double PPs. Lmao.

Thank you for reading :)

End Notes

Thought of this randomly... and decided to write.
I hope it's funny... it's my poor attempt at humor.

If you feel edged or teased, good. That was my intention. See you next chapter which may come soon if I'm feeling motivated enough.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!