

from so high

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by [machentrails](#)

Summary

Ilya is, for all intents and purposes, a perfect sexual partner.

Sometimes, Shane mused, too perfect.

OR: Shane wants Ilya to be a bit rougher in the bedroom. Ilya complies.

Notes

hi hello! ok so i honestly wanted to write angst but ended up writing smut that still managed to be angst because i'm me. i honestly don't think there are any warnings needed because it's just them trying (and kinda failing?) to figure out how to get into a dynamic that works for them, but idk more specific stuff will be in the end notes just in case i guess idk

ok love ya!

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

He was face down in the mattress - one of his favorite places to be - when the thought popped into his head.

He was close to the edge after what must have been *hours* of Ilya relentlessly teasing him, and he just needed a little push to get him there. He didn't want to touch himself. He would never admit it - not that he needed to, because he was fairly certain that Ilya could tell - but he loved when Ilya made him reach his peak without ever laying a finger on him. It made him feel electric. *Buzzy*, as they had both dubbed it. He could get there, he could feel it building in his core, but the thought wouldn't leave his head. It acted as a roadblock to his own orgasm.

Ilya's thrusts began to slow down, and Shane knew it wasn't because he had come because they weren't using a condom. Shane huffed and let the arch in his back relax a little. They were going to *talk*. God forbid.

"Something is wrong." Ilya stated. He didn't pull out which Shane was grateful for. He didn't want to feel empty just yet. Ilya placed a kiss between Shane's sweat soaked shoulder blades and ran a hand down the expanse of his smooth skin.

Shane shook his head against the mattress - not yet having the strength to lift it up. "No, please..." He groaned before attempting to shift his hips back. He wanted some friction, some movement, *something* to make him feel that buzzy feeling he was chasing. "Fuck me, please."

Ilya laughed, low and rumble. Shane could practically see the half formed smile on his face. "I am." He stated, placing a playful slap on Shane's ass. Shane moaned at the contact. Ilya must have known what Shane was asking for - he *had* to by this point - and yet he was opting to do nothing about it. "But you are thinking so loudly, I cannot focus."

"It's nothing." Shane mumbled, beginning to grow frustrated. He loved Ilya's attentiveness in everyday encounters, and so naturally, it extended into the bedroom. Ilya would constantly check in with Shane throughout the entire duration of their sexual encounters: from discussing what they liked, to whether or not he wanted to keep going, to if he needed any

food or water when all was said and done. This part was perfect. Ilya was, for all intents and purposes, a *perfect* sexual partner.

Sometimes, Shane mused, *too* perfect.

He would check in *so* often that occasionally Shane found himself pulled out of his buzzy head state. He would be right on the edge only to have the rhythm slowed down so that Ilya could ask if everything "is okay" - and suddenly Shane felt himself having to build up momentum all over again. It was a very, very good problem to have. Shane would be foolish, and a liar, to say he would prefer the opposite. He *liked* how worried Ilya was about pleasing and taking care of him.

But sometimes, when Ilya was asleep and Shane allowed his mind to wander, he wondered what it would be like for Ilya to... take.

To take what he wanted and not worry about Shane not being able to handle it. Not violently, of course, and not that Shane thought that Ilya would ever be capable of that to begin with. More-so, Shane fantasized about the idea of rough hands pulling at his hair and holding him down as Ilya released the pleasure that Shane roused inside of him. *I did that to him*, he would think, *and I made him do this to me*. Ilya's hands would wander roughly, kneading at his skin like dough, and leave marks that Ilya would later kiss and dote on. The thought of it sent a shiver of desire down Shane's spine.

Would Ilya ever want something so carnal? So disgusting?

Truth be told, Shane could barely understand the desire himself. All he knew was that he wanted Ilya to have him wholly, and he wanted to experience what it would be like to be on the receiving end of Ilya's unbridled lust - no limits.

He wanted to be consumed. Contorted. *Owned*.

But Ilya was not the type of person to go around leaving bruises in his wake unless they were on the ice. Ilya, despite his reputation, had a much softer heart than he would ever let on. If Shane told him about his desire to be hit and bruised and treated with disrespect, Ilya would

look at him with shaky eyes and pepper his skin with all-too-sweet kisses. He would tell him that he could never treat him like anything less than precious.

It made Shane want to scream.

Apparently, Shane *had* started screaming - or something close to that effect.

“Did I hurt you?” Ilya was suddenly panicking and pulling out of Shane, which made Shane’s scream even louder, missing the feeling of Ilya inside of him. He hadn’t realized he was making noise until Ilya was crowding him and brushing damp strands of hair out of his face.

He was frustrated and overstimulated, but at the same time, *painfully* under-stimulated. He wanted more. He *needed* more from Ilya. He wanted his hands and teeth and tongue all over him. He wanted Ilya to hold his head down into the mattress and fuck him until Shane couldn’t do more than drool and cry. He wanted to come over and over again until it began to hurt. He didn’t want to have to think about his pleasure anymore. He wanted Ilya to take and take and take.

He was feeling frantic now. He wanted to come, but more than that, he wanted to make Ilya come. He *needed* to feel him again - to know that he was real. To feel skin against skin. He leaned up and placed a kiss on Ilya that didn’t quite land. Ilya kissed him back and Shane took the opportunity to slip his tongue inside. He explored and Ilya sucked on it gently. It was all so soft. Shane shook his head before disconnecting the kiss.

“Fuck,” He muttered. “I need...” He trailed off before tapping Ilya’s side and shoving him a little. Ilya quickly got the hint and flipped them over so that Shane could rest comfortably on top. This was better, Shane noted, although still not what he truly craved. He didn’t want to *pull* pleasure from Ilya - he wanted it fed to him.

“Shane, baby, what is it?” Ilya strained as Shane quickly lined himself up with Ilya’s erect cock. He wasted no time in sinking down on it and letting out a filthily loud moan. Ilya bit his lip and his face twisted up in that way that Shane knew meant he was probably already close to the edge. *Good*, Shane thought to himself. If he could work Ilya up enough, maybe he could get Ilya to let go of his inhibitions.

“I need...” Shane began before letting out a high pitched squeak as Ilya thrust his hips up to meet Shane slamming down on his cock. It all felt so good, but it wasn’t enough. He bounced harder and faster, and Ilya was grunting underneath of him with an iron grip on his waist. Shane let his hands travel to where Ilya’s fingers were digging into the soft flesh of his thighs and encouraged him to squeeze harder - hoping to leave a bruise.

“Need what?” Ilya asked breathily.

Shane opened his eyes and made eye contact with his now boyfriend. He leaned down to place a sloppy kiss on Ilya’s chest before leaning into his ear. “I need more. Fuck me so hard I can’t practice tomorrow. Please.” He punctuated his confession with a bite to Ilya’s ear.

He leaned back not sure what he was going to be met with. What he found was a darkness in Ilya’s eyes that he wasn’t sure if he had seen before, and it lit a fire inside of him that made him wonder if perhaps he had asked for too much of a good thing. Ilya smiled, a little crookedly, and squeezed playfully on Shane’s thighs once more. They were a bit sore from before, which Ilya seemed to notice. He squeezed *harder*.

Ilya sat up slowly until Shane was practically sitting in his lap - cock still nestled inside of him. Shane’s eyes were droopy as Ilya’s hands wandered and squeezed all over his chest. “You know saying ‘careful what you wish for?’”

Shane nodded.

Ilya carefully turned them back over until Shane was lying on his back with Ilya hovering above him. Ilya didn’t say anything else for a while. He simply let his breath trace over Shane’s skin in small huffs, taking his nipple between his teeth and lightly biting down. Shane winced but leaned into the touch. One of Ilya’s hands snuck its way down until it was wrapped around Shane’s leaking cock. It lazily pumped once, then twice, before finding a steady rhythm. Shane began to squirm. It was so much - all of his senses were beginning to come alive.

Ilya kissed underneath of his ear. “I will remind you whose cock you come on every night, and when I am done, you will thank me. Understood?”

Shane nodded. Ilya tightened the grip around his cock to a painful degree. Shane cried out.

“Speak.”

Shane croaked. “Yes, yes, I understand.”

Ilya loosened his grip and rewarded Shane with a gentle kiss on the lips before moving down to kiss his chest, each nipple, his stomach - and finally the sensitive tip of his cock. Shane bucked and thrust into the air. Ilya *laughed*, and Shane would have been humiliated if he weren't so turned on. Much to Shane's surprise, Ilya bypassed his cock altogether.

Oh.

“You will enjoy. You always do. Legs up, любимый.” Shane complied and brought his legs up, holding them with his hands until they were framing his face. Ilya wasted no time and landed a warm, flat tongue against Shane's entrance.

“Holy shit.” The feeling never quite went away - the initial shock followed by a string of immeasurable pleasure. Ilya licked in long, stroking laps - moaning unabashedly as he occasionally placed small kisses in between. “Fuck, Ilya, it's so good.” He felt a prodding at his entrance and soon felt Ilya's tongue working quickly. Shane's back shot up off the bed. His hands flew down to tangle themselves in Ilya's hair, but Ilya pinned them to the side of the bed without his tongue breaking contact with Shane's hole. Now, with Ilya's hands on his wrists, Shane wanted to buck against the restriction - but he didn't. He let himself melt into the feeling as Ilya's tongue worked wonders between his thighs.

All too soon, though, Ilya was coming back up and pumping his own erection. Shane couldn't help but lick his lips at the sight, which made Ilya scoff.

“You want a taste?” He didn't wait for a reply before moving himself up on the bed to hover over Shane's face and slap him on the cheek twice with his cock. “Go ahead.”

Shane blinked for a few seconds, shocked at the action before relenting and sticking his tongue out to lick up some of the precum that had begun leaking. On his second attempt to dart his tongue out, however, Ilya shoved his cock into Shane's mouth without warning. Shane gasped at the intrusion but quickly adjusted and began breathing through his nose. Ilya looked pleased.

"You like taking my cock?" Ilya asked without expecting a response. He began moving his hips and feeding his cock into Shane's mouth. Shane had no choice but to take whatever Ilya gave him. He could feel the head of Ilya's cock reaching the back of his throat, and he fought the urge to gag around it. Tears began welling up in his eyes. Ilya continued shoving his cock into Shane's mouth for what felt like a lifetime. Finally he told Shane to "say ah" before pulling his cock back out. Shane coughed - not realizing how deprived of air he had been.

Shane felt so much, but at the same time, he felt nothing at all in the *best* way possible. He had finally achieved that buzzy state he had been dying for. His head was blissfully empty as Ilya shoved and bent in whatever manner seemed to please him best. All Shane had to do was meet his rhythm and feel good - no more and no less. He could tell that Ilya was getting ready to fuck him - he could feel the head of his cock beginning to push through his entrance - but suddenly it came to a stop. Ilya was kissing his cheek and whispering something in his ear. He couldn't quite hear him.

"Mmm," Shane managed to get out, hoping it would satisfy whatever it was that Ilya was asking of him.

"I said 'speak', yes? You cannot even do this?" Ilya said with a surprising bite behind his voice. It made Shane shiver when Ilya got like this - intimidating. It reminded him of just how *intense* Ilya Rozanov truly was. There was a gentle slap to his face - something new but certainly not unwelcome - before Ilya's voice finally became clearer.

Ilya spoke. "Are you ready?"

Shane smiled lazily up at Ilya as he nodded all too frantically. Ilya, as usual, was finding a way to check in - albeit without ruining whatever 'scene' they were currently in. He loved it. He loved *him*.

Ilya immediately set a brutal pace - fucking into Shane with little regard for Shane's time needed to adjust. Shane cried out in pleasure as his hands flew to grip Ilya's biceps. Ilya was folding him in half as Shane's legs flew up and over Ilya's shoulders. Skin slapped roughly against skin as Ilya pounded Shane into the bed.

"Fuck, fuck, wait..." Shane was making little punched out noises, not able to catch his breath as Ilya licked and bit on his neck. "It's too much. Shit, Ilya, I'm going to come." Shane warned but Ilya was relentless. He adjusted his angle and hit a spot inside of Shane that made him *scream* out. Ilya growled and soaked up the sound with a hot kiss.

"You make me like this, you know." Ilya grunted into Shane's neck. Shane's eyes were rolling back into his head as he attempted to hold off his orgasm. "Who do you belong to?"

Shane was crying now - his body limp as Ilya continued driving into him. "You. I'm yours." He babbled. "Yours, fuck. I- I can't..." Ilya licked a freshly fallen tear off of Shane's cheek.

"You're going to come already?" Ilya smirked against his neck. He brought his lips down to suck a nipple into his mouth. Shane's hands clutched his hair. He was making filthy sounds, but he couldn't be bothered to be ashamed. Not when he couldn't feel any part of his body. All he could feel was all encompassing pleasure.

"Yes, baby, please. Can I come? I- I'm..." His neck was red hot as the build up intensified.

"Come for me, baby. Show me how much you love this cock."

"Thank you, fuck. I love you." Was all Shane said, remembering the promise he made at the beginning, before pleasure took over him completely.

Shane's vision went white. He could feel his orgasm landing on both his and Ilya's chest, and he could feel Ilya grunting as his hips stuttered and he spilled deep into Shane's ass. He just didn't register any of it. Not when his mind was somewhere else entirely. He was... floating, he thought. It felt soft all around him - like a cloud. He wondered for a moment if he was sleeping, but then he began to feel the ghosts of fingertips trailing up and down his arm. He

wanted to stay in this cloud-like state forever, but the fingertips now became gentle massages and kisses on his shoulder.

“Shane?” A voice called out. He recognized it. It was low and heavily accented. It felt comforting. He tried to close his eyes again. “Baby, come back to me.”

“Mmm.” Shane moaned. His tongue felt heavy in his mouth. The clouds were beginning to part and the massaging hands were now gently scratching his scalp. It felt peaceful. When his eyes finally decided to open, they were met with stormy blue ones staring back at him. The bedding was different - no longer damp and sticky with release. Shane, too, was no longer damp or sticky.

Ilya had Shane’s head resting on his chest, listening to his heartbeat like a soundtrack. He thought it might be the most beautiful sound he’d ever heard. Knowing that Ilya was alive and real and *there*.

“You are with me?” Ilya asked, his voice also somewhat croaky and tired. Shane nodded before pressing a kiss to Ilya’s bare chest.

“How long was I out?”

Ilya shrugged. “Couple of minutes. I cleaned us up and changed the bedding. Got you some water for when you wake up.” He finished his sentence with a kiss to Shane’s forehead. Shane ignored the water for now and tucked himself further into Ilya. He inhaled his scent - warm and comforting. When Shane looked up at Ilya, he recognized that far off look that his boyfriend sometimes sported when his mind was somewhere else. Unlike Shane, however, he wasn’t traveling to a cloud-like land where everything felt kind and inviting.

Wherever Ilya went was unknown.

“Penny for your thoughts?” Shane offered. Ilya smiled. It didn’t quite reach his eyes. Something sat uncomfortably in Shane’s stomach. They had just experienced the most intense ‘scene’ they’d ever done together and Shane felt like a million bucks - so why didn’t Ilya seem to feel the same?

Ilya sighed. "Is nothing." He said before seemingly changing his mind and adding, "You were okay during that, right? It wasn't... too much?"

Shane wanted to laugh. He wanted to shout at Ilya that he could do pretty much *anything* and it would never be too much, but the look in Ilya's eyes had Shane taking pause. He looked shaky. Shane turned a little so that he could hold Ilya's face in between his hands and force them to make eye contact.

"I loved it. Every bit of it was perfect. I'd been wanting to ask you to be a bit rougher with me, actually." He said before feeling his face start to heat up. "I just wasn't sure how. So no, it wasn't too much. I promise."

Ilya nodded - face still in Shane's hands - but still seemed unconvinced. "Okay."

"No, it's still bothering you." Shane said, determined to help Ilya understand that he did nothing wrong. "What can I do to help?"

Ilya looked off to the side before removing Shane's hands from his face and roughly wiping at the back of his eyes. Was he going to cry? Surely the sex couldn't have upset him *that* much, Shane wondered.

Instead, Ilya seemed to just be tired. "I don't know. Maybe I'm thinking too much." He said before giving Shane one last unconvincing smile. "I'm glad it was good for you. I was worried it would be too much and you would be upset with me."

Shane smiled but couldn't help but notice he seemed to purposefully say "good for you" - he wondered if now *he* was thinking too much.

"I loved it. I love you. You know I love you, right?"

Ilya blinked, smiled, and then spoke. “Я тоже тебя люблю. Просто мне не нравится причинять тебе боль.”

Ilya knew that Shane couldn't understand him, which made Shane grow angry. Whenever Ilya did this - spoke in Russian when they were discussing something serious - it was always with the intention of hiding something that he didn't feel comfortable sharing yet. Shane wanted to argue. To tell him that something as serious as sex isn't the time to hide your feelings.

But all too quickly, Ilya was saying good night and dimming the lights.

Shane wanted to reach out and *touch*. He wanted to comfort Ilya the way he had been comforted when he was coming down from a particularly good high. He wanted to wrap Ilya up and tell him that he wasn't evil or dirty or abusive for doing what Shane wanted.

But he didn't do any of those things.

Instead, he turned around and went to sleep.

End Notes

ok so basically Shane wants Ilya to be rougher and Ilya DOES but he's like very... idk, on the fence about it? and afterwards he experiences Domdrop (neither of them have a fuckin clue) and feels very guilty about what just happened. Shane doesn't know any better so they kinda just call it a night. womp womp!

ok hope you maybe sorta liked it? idk :\

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