

## Your Boyfriend is Here

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# **Your Boyfriend is Here**

by [danglingraspberries](#)

## Summary

Shane is NOT having a good day, or a good game, but he eventually has a good night...

## Notes

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

A bad day?

Horrid?

By far one of the worst in Shane's existence?

Probably, because not only could he not sleep last night for some odd reason, this morning his hair isn't cooperating with him, he has a splitting headache, he's running excruciatingly late (by his standards), and now he couldn't find his skates. The ones he remembers quite literally stuffing in his duffel three days ago.

"Fuck!" He whisper-shouts, hoping the objects magically appear before his eyes. Of course, no such thing happens, leaving the poor man in a state of distress.

"Yo," Hayden calls from the hall, having returned to the room to see if Shane is finished. "C'mon man, bus is leaving."

Shane exhales a sharp breath, the action an attempt at blowing away the agitation that clouds him. "I-I know," he calls back, trying to sound calmer than he feels, "I'm coming, sorry."

He quickly packs all his stuff back into the bag, cringing at how disorganized everything is but knowing there's no time to fix it. He allows this nag him as he goes to the door, closing it behind him as Hayden watches in concern.

"You feelin' alright?" Hayden tilts his head slightly, a pout tugging at his lips, "You look... perturbed."

Shane nods his head, then hesitates as he turns to his teammate, "Per...perturbed? Really, dude?" He can't help the light chuckle that leaves him.

Hayden smiles in kind, wrapping an arm around Shane's shoulders as he leads them to the elevator, "What? You do! That's the right word right?" He turns back to his captain after pressing the down button, making a thoughtful face for a moment, "Yeah, yeah, it is!"

The elevator dings, then the doors open, allowing the two to step in. "Look, it's my job to make sure you're good, alright?"

Shane presses the ground level button, unable to suppress his smile this time, "It's literally not."

"Ok, well," Hayden rolls his eyes playfully, "A simple 'Thank you; I appreciate you so much, Hayden' would suffice." The man then crosses his arms in faux disappointment.

Shane releases a breathy laugh, mood seeming to lift slightly—which Hayden internally fist pumps at, after all he'd noticed Shane's irritated expression and knew he could at least *try* to make it better.

Whats got you all bent out of shape though?” Hayden asks carefully, “I don’t think I’ve ever seen you look so tense.”

Shane feels the panic well in his chest again, unwilling to let it show, but allowing it to fester into a nasty feeling in his chest.

“Um, I-I,” he takes a deep breath, exhaling as he speaks, “I lost my skates. Thought I packed them...”

Hayden makes an unexpected face, one between a grimace and a smirk, “Oh, damn.” He wants to laugh so bad, but he can tell that it’ll just make Shane feel worse. “I’m sure we’ll find you some; you’re gonna be alright.”

It’s a decent way of consolidation, but as the doors open, and the two step out, Shane truly hopes Hayden is right.

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“Look,” J.J. exclaims, “Perfect fit!”

Shane does his best to seem appreciative—he really does, honest—but his face is so blank, anyone could mistake it as disdain.

“Thanks,” he gratefully replies, trying not to sound so polite and distant, all the while trying to ignore the sheer amount of wiggle room his toes have. He sits on the bench, surrounded by pre-game hype and nerves, and tightens the skates as tight as possible.

It’s not like he hasn’t had a skate size too big before, it’s just...the size was usually *one* too big not *three*.

J.J. simply smiles and claps Shane on the shoulder, “All that worrying,” he huffs out as he turns around, “and for what!?” The man genuinely seems happy to have helped out his friend, and Shane doesn’t have the strength to admit the skates are way too big. Then again, having some skates instead of none took a bit of pressure off his shoulders, which he is entirely grateful for.

Shane sucks it up and offers a smile, willing himself into focus. It also helps that his headache has subsided; after taking a decent nap on the bus, he can confidently say he’s feeling a little better now.

“See?” Hayden chirps up from behind, closing his locker, “Told ya.”

Shane surrenders with a shy smile, refusing to see Hayden’s ‘I told you so’ face, “Okay, okay, you were right. I’m gonna be fine.”

Shane is *not* fine.

Not even close.

Somehow his team is down zero to three, and every time he thinks they've finally got a chance to score—or at least defend properly—it's violently ripped away from their hands. At this point, after nearly forty-five minutes of straight belt to ass, Shane feels the confidence draining from his body and his will to live being drained with it.

A tad bit dramatic, maybe, but combined with how his skates were fucking up his movement, he felt like simply giving up. It wasn't just trouble stopping or slowing down, he was literally slamming into the walls, his teammates—basically anything on the ice, and each time he made contact, a hurried “sorry” was tumbling from his lips.

The worst part about everything so far?

They were losing to the Raiders.

The Boston fucking Raiders.

He wasn't just getting beat by any other team, no, he was getting beat by *Ilya's* team, and it felt like he could do nothing about it.

He hasn't seen Ilya in *months*—texts and calls between practice and events—but of course the first time they're seeing each other in person again it's Shane getting his ass handed to him by Ilya.

And not in the way he'd prefer.

Shane's hockey stick felt like sand between his fingers the longer he held it, and when he glanced over to the bench from where he loitered on defense, he could've sworn he saw Ilya wink at him.

“Asshole,” he mutters under his breath, way too stressed to admit that the action has his dick stirring awake in his pants.

He busies himself with getting in position, watching as the puck is passed between his team and the opponent.

He notices an opening at one point, and can't stop himself from going for it. It'd be foolish to let that opportunity pass. He quickly rushes over, trying his best to avoid being too obvious with his plan.

Shane then sees that Hayden has possession, and just as he sets himself up for a pass, the world is suddenly flipped and his helmet is hitting the ice.

He goes down with a harsh thud, back flat and eyes wide open as the bright lights nearly blind him. Shane also notes that he hasn't been sacked in any way, he feels no pain in his side

or arms, just a slight discomfort where he's fallen on his back.

A whistle is swiftly blown, and all movement stops accordingly.

"It seems Montreal's one and only has lost a skate!" An announcer chuckles, "I don't think he's realized—wait, no, he has! Hahaha!"

Shane goes upright, attempting to compose himself so he can stand again, only to then fall to his knees and wince at the impact. He looks down for a moment, realizing his skate blade has come clean off—of fucking course. His eyes flicker to Ilya, who seems to feel Shane's embarrassment before he can even see it, and he's cursing softly under his breath.

At this point, he wonders if he should just lay on the ice and dissociate until reality rips him back.

Hearing the small chortles and giggles of spectators, and despite watching Shane put on a fake smile to make fun of the situation, Ilya can tell his boyfriend is two seconds from having a breakdown.

Before he knows it, he's gliding over, helping Shane to his feet in the most sportsmanlike manner possible, trying his best to appear like a good sport rather than a concerned lover.

"What're you doing?" Shane's voice sounds tight, like he's on the verge of tears, "There's people—"

"Hush." Ilya answers curtly, helping his helpless man up and slowly guiding him to his teammates, where one of them takes the reins and takes Shane to the bench.

An applause had started once Ilya helped Shane up, it wasn't often they got to see two opponents, let alone 'rivals', be so cordial and friendly, so the crowd was eating it up.

From the bench, Shane starts to fiddle with his skates, taking them off and trying his damndest to keep his composure.

Truly, all he wants to do is crawl into his bed and hide from the world. It helps that he knows he won't be going back in at all—there's nearly five minutes left, there'd be no point—so there's less of a chance to embarrass himself again.

Quietly, Shane watches, twiddling his stick in hand and watching his team continue to be borderline assaulted by the Raiders. He watches Ilya, specifically, score another goal, and despite wanting to lament about it, he has to admit how good winning looks on the Russian.

"Another goal from Ilya Rozanov!" The announcer—the one who had been laughing at Shane—cheers on.

Shane huffs out a breath, his emotions plain on his face even though he tries to hide it; he couldn't even tell you how he's feeling, just that he wishes it would go away.

Like now: he wishes this looming aura of failure surrounding him would go away. He wishes he had his damn skates and that he'd gotten enough sleep and that he'd taken some pain meds

for the headache he thought was gone but was actually just waiting for him to have a moment of peace to attack again.

Most of all, he hates how he doesn't mind losing to Ilya; how, despite how much he loves to win—how much hockey means to him—he doesn't care about that right now.

He simply wants to go home, because right now, he needs comfort not competition.

The game comes to an end with the sound of the buzzer, Boston fans cheering and chanting 'Rozanov! Rozanov! Rozanov!' until the goddamn cows come home.

"Hollander," Hayden is suddenly in front of Shane, the latter having dissociated so hard, he didn't even notice the former approaching. "You alright?" Hayden doesn't sound playfully or joking this time around, and genuinely looks worried for his friend.

Shane blinks back to reality, eyes drifting to Ilya then back to Hayden before he's nodding and quietly saying, "Yeah...m'good." The man is standing and shuffling awkwardly to the locker room, not even bothering to look fans in the eye as he passes.

He needn't see the disappointment in their eyes, his own was evident and enough to fill the rink ten times over.

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Ilya had been...perturbed.

Shane hadn't texted him since last night, and even during the game he had noticed his energy was all off.

He wasn't floating on the ice like he usually did—like Ilya always loved to see.

"*You look beautiful*," he'd whispered during the Olympics last year, when they were on the same team and he was able to touch him intentionally without raising suspicions. At the time, Shane had simply blushed and turned away, but even Ilya could tell he played a little better that day.

Today, however, Shane had been all out of whack, which was definitely a call for concern.

As he carefully weaves through late night traffic and pedestrians, Ilya resists the urge to text and drive, or to even consider grabbing his phone because he knows he won't be able to stop himself from asking questions.

So, he contains himself, taking a turn and pulling into the parking garage. He goes a few floors up before finding a parking space, cutting off his car and getting out.

He saunters over to the elevator, remembering which number to press when the machine finally comes.

In his pocket, his phone buzzes, a text. At first, Ilya expects it to be Shane, but as Ilya fishes out the device and opens it, his eyebrows shoot to his forehead when he sees the ‘Mrs. Hollander’ contact name.

The ding of the elevator alerts him to step out, his eyes scanning over the message, not yet opening it.

*Can you check on Shane, please? I’m worried about him.* Yuna’s motherly nature could be felt through the screen, and as Ilya walks down the hall, grabbing his key and unlocking the door, he quietly smiles to himself.

When he enters the apartment he’s toeing off his shoes and placing his phone on the table next to the door. He turns it off, places his notifications on silent and heads to the bedroom.

The sound of running water points him in the right direction, and as he gets closer, the gentle sound of sniffles gets louder and louder.

“Shane?” The Russian speaks aloud, slowly moving his way into the ensuite bathroom.

Lo and behold, none other than Shane Hollander himself is at the bathroom sink, patting his face dry.

The sound of Ilya’s voice has him startling slightly, but calming down once he realizes who the voice belongs to. His eyes, once distant, are softening and releasing the tension that’s been building in his lids.

Ilya walks over, noting how comfortable Shane looks—a robe and wet hair, most likely having just finished his shower. Ilya himself is in nothing but loungewear, but he’s nowhere near as comfortable as his counterpart.

“Hey.” Shane whispers softly, then he’s turning his head quickly, hoping Ilya hadn’t seen his cried out eyes.

Ilya does in fact see it, but he doesn’t comment on it, not wanting to overwhelm. Instead, he comes behind Shane, presses a light kiss to his shoulder and hugs him around the middle.

Shane’s head moves lower, his eyes averted from the mirror as he feels his throat begin to tighten again.

He’s not sad or angry at Ilya in any way, but for some reason, his touch alone is enough to open the floodgates Shane had kept locked all day.

He breaks down before he can stop himself, tears rolling down freckled cheeks and shaky breaths taken from parted, wobbling lips.

Ilya doesn’t question it, just swiftly turns Shane around so he can hold him properly, cradling his head in his arms and rocking him gently. He hasn’t a clue what’s going on, but he’s found

that allowing Shane to just be for a moment is better than trying to fix whatever is wrong. As much as he would like to do whatever it takes to stop Shane's apparent pain, he does what he's supposed to and simply holds him.

Shane's face is perched perfectly in the crook of Ilya's neck, and Ilya can feel the tears burning his skin like a brand. It hurts him to a degree—seeing Shane cry in genuine distress—but, again, all he knows to do is let his boyfriend feel the comfort of his touch.

It's important to understand that Ilya doesn't shush Shane or repeatedly whisper "it's okay" while petting his head like some kind of pet. Instead, Ilya is placing soft kisses on the crown of Shane's head, allowing himself to smell the shampoo that still clings to dark hair. He rubs at his back, knowing there has to be some type of pain after his fall, fingers skimming gently over what he assumes to be bruised skin.

Ilya, feeling Shane pull away, allows the man to, watching as Shane's tear streaked face contorts as he snuffles. His eyes are closed, refusing to open just yet for the sight of Ilya alone is too much to bear despite it being exactly what he's been needing.

However, unexpectedly, Shane is whispering into the silent room, voice trembling slightly with residual emotion.

"You played good tonight," it's then that he finally opens his eyes, catching Ilya's for only a moment before he's avoiding them again. "Whooped our asses."

Ilya pouts at that, how Shane completely skims over his breakdown in return for praising Ilya instead. "Shane..." he moves his head, trying to catch Shane's eyes as Shane continues to avoid them. As much as he desperately wants to ask what's wrong, how he can fix it, he knows that's not what Shane needs right now.

What Shane needs, even if he won't admit it, is an escape from his own mind. He doesn't need to be questioned or poked until he coughs up what's wrong, he needs to be free of all control so he can finally *breathe*.

Shane still avoids Ilya's eyes, so much so that the latter gives up on trying to catch his eyes and moves without words.

Shane yelps slightly when he's picked up by Ilya, trembles in his hold as his body is maneuvered into a bridal carry. "Ilya—" he chokes his boyfriend's name as he is swiftly taken to his bed.

"Hush," a repeat of not too long ago as Ilya gently places Shane on the bed, wasting no time to strip himself of his clothes as Shane stares at him, the glaze in his eyes the first indication of how quickly Shane's mind is going, the very thing Ilya is counting on.

Shane continues to watch as Ilya strips down to his boxers, watching the bulky expanse of his body become revealed as each layer of clothing is removed. "Ilya..." he tries again, only for his ankles to be grasped, dragging him down closer to where Ilya stands at the foot of the bed.

“Hollander.” A warning from Ilya; either Shane allows him to take care of him or Ilya waits for Shane to finally cede himself to him and he takes much longer to deliver pleasure.

Shane seems to understand the warning, a quick glance to Ilya is all he needs to know that he isn't continuing until Shane relinquishes control, which is usually terribly easy when under Ilya, but for some reason, he can't seem to. As much as he wants to—and he really, *really* wants to—his brain won't kindly shut the fuck up, which is making him terribly frustrated; so much so that he's turning his head away when his eyes began to sting with tears again.

Nothing had been going his way all day, and here he is, with the opportunity to finally get some relief only for him to be accidentally self-sabotaging with no ability to stop it. He can feel tears springing forth, and as he tries to quickly recover, he has Ilya grasping his cheek and thumbing away a tear that's slipped down.

Ilya whispers, bending over to kiss Shane sweetly on the lips, “I make it better; can I make it better?” Ilya's heart breaks a bit seeing Shane so frustrated, but he breathes easier watching him quietly nod, as Shane plants a wet kiss to Ilya's palm.

Ilya nods a little at that, content with how Shane has finally managed to allow himself some relief. The man slowly unties the robe's belt, gently pulling the fabric apart when the knot comes loose. He watches his own hands as he reveals Shane's bare body, reveals the softness and hidden strength beneath it. He sees that Shane is wearing boxers underneath, but uncharacteristically, he doesn't rush to shuck those just yet.

Ilya glances at Shane for a moment, making sure his man isn't wearing a face of discomfort or hesitation. He's happy to see Shane is calm, eyes closed but not because he's not enjoying himself, rather because he's *allowing* himself to enjoy; allowing Ilya to piece back together the mess he's made of himself over the last twenty-four hours.

Before he knows it, Ilya is leaning down again, this time to press soft kisses to Shane's abs, trailing his way up to his chest, until finally reaching his neck. It's here where he lingers, sucking small hickies into tender flesh as his hands explore the places his mouth hasn't touched.

Strong fingers are rubbing at Shane's hips, playing with the hem of boxers as if in limbo. As if he's still deciding whether to take them off or not. Above, he feels Shane stir and make small sounds, and suddenly Ilya's hands are drifting to his nipples, playing with the buds as his hardening cock rubs slowly against Shane's hip.

Shane whimpers at the sensations, his own hips twitch as his dick fills out in between them, begging to be touched even if it's just a brush of a hand or leg.

Ilya pulls away, admiring his work, admiring the slight flush adorning Shane's chest, how it spreads to his neck and face, how it sits on his freckles. He smirks to himself, searing the image into his mind for when he's alone in Russia; for when he's had a hard day and needs a little inkling from the past to keep him from losing his goddamn mind.

He then shifts down, attaching his lips around an erect nipple, feeling Shane shudder beneath him as his tongue rolls over it repeatedly, not stopping even when Shane tries to pull his head

off.

Shane's sounds have gotten headier, more needy as he tries to grind against the thigh between his legs, whining when his hips don't quite reach it. He can already feel pre pearling on his tip and smearing itself in his boxers, which is making him grow impatient.

It's this impatience that has his hands finding the hem of Ilya's boxers and trying to pull them down, trying to give indication that he needs to be stuffed full *immediately*.

Ilya, however, doesn't rush, he simply switches to the other nipple and continues his assault as Shane groans above him. He can feel how hard Shane is already, which only makes him want to take his time even more.

Although, he must admit, his own arousal is causing his own slow demise, which, as much as he hates to admit, is incredibly hot at the moment. If he could, he'd get off just by lazily grinding against Shane's leg, paint his boxers as he makes Shane do the same just from sucking his nipples. *Hmm*, he thinks, stashing his idea away for when they have more time, when they can do what they wish without the pressure of hockey on their minds.

Above him, again, Shane whines, already feeling too good despite how slow Ilya is taking everything tonight. Embarrassingly, he can feel the impressive tent that's pitched in his boxers, and nearly begs Ilya to just get on with it. He only stops himself when Ilya pulls away, finally opening his eyes to see the man above him with puffy lips and tousled curls from where he's pulled. Shane's own expression reveals he's at his wits end, but Ilya's screams that he's only just getting started.

"You need me?" Ilya teases, watching the flush on Shane's cheeks go a shade darker.

As much as Shane wants to be defiant and call him an asshole for asking such an obvious question, he can't bring himself to get the words out, quietly humming an affirmation instead.

Ilya tilts his head, content with the admission and begins to strip Shane all the way; removing both his robe and boxers with ease.

Shane nearly covers himself, as aching and needy as he is, he still becomes a bit shy in these moments, unable to simply spread himself out for Ilya to see despite how deeply he craves to do so.

Ilya, however, allows for no doubt, running his hands up Shane's thighs, dangerously close to his dick, before skipping it entirely and caressing his torso instead.

Shane throws his head back, nearly brought to tears with how bad he needs relief. He nearly demands Ilya to strip and take him, but has enough sense to mind his mouth, knowing he'd get what he needs soon enough.

At the sight, Ilya is smiling, not because he likes torturing Shane (well, he does, truth be told) but because he can tell Shane is no longer bothered by whatever had him sobbing in the bathroom earlier and is entirely focused on what Ilya is about to provide him.

Therefore, proudly, Ilya considers his actions as a major success, now willing to ravish Shane whole now that he's out of his pretty little head.

Ilya, smile still evident on his lips, leans down once more and kisses Shane. He's then slipping his tongue in after the man gasps from the sudden feel of fingers wrapped around his aching shaft, bucking up into the embrace for more attention.

For a moment, he takes his hand off Shane's dick, chuckling when he whines at the loss of stimulation. Instead of teasing, Ilya pushes Shane's legs up, "Hold." he instructs softly, his smile growing when Shane does as he asks with no hesitation.

After shucking his own boxers, Ilya fumbles into the nightstand, finding the lube with ease before he thumbs the cap open. Ilya squirts some on two fingers, throwing the bottle somewhere as his now free hand holds an asscheek to the side so he can slip a thick finger inside Shane's pliant rim.

When the intrusion first comes, Shane is exhaling quietly, clutching the backs of his thighs as Ilya expertly works him open. He whimpers quietly when Ilya slips the other finger inside, scissoring Shane as he watches him writhe in pleasure.

"Rozy..." Shane whispers, a rather loud groan escaping him when Ilya finds his prostate. The hold on one of his thighs fails, but before his leg can fall, Ilya is swiftly holding it up, pushing it even farther as he continues to prep. "...ple—please..." Shane doesn't even care that he hiccups as he pleads, only that Ilya has heard him and knows he'd say it again if he didn't.

Ilya, graciously, crooks his fingers harder, watching as Shane cries out when he applies a heavy pressure on that soft spot inside. Ilya rubs it a few times, regarding Shane with a transfixed gaze as his legs shake violently. The pressure is too much but not enough, and before he can stop it, Shane is fisting the sheets below him, his dick oozing pre from how perfectly Ilya is touching him.

Ilya catches both his thighs this time, keeping them in place as Shane remains pliant and needy.

He won't admit it, but Shane can already feel his orgasm cresting rapidly. Between not seeing Ilya for months and his body already in a deep need for attention, he was doomed the moment Ilya had first touched him. He starts to pant, an all too familiar sign for Ilya to either speed up or slow down. Shane wonders which he will choose, but curses internally when Ilya is removing his fingers altogether.

Shane groans, eyes still squeezed shut as he trembles from the aftershocks of his would-be orgasmic bliss. He isn't given much time to complain though, because before he knows it, Ilya's tip is poking at his hole, begging to breach it and finally, *finally*, provide salvation.

"Shane," Ilya tries gently, "breathe, okay?" He thumbs soothingly at Shane's hip, an attempt to ground him before he tears him apart.

Shane is whimpering out a quiet, "Uh-huh..." as he tries to obey.

He takes a deep breath, but it's quickly punched out of him when the first inch slips in. He throws his head back, moaning without shame as Ilya stretches him perfectly. "Fuck!" is all he can say, because as Ilya pushes in some inches more, Shane is clawing at anything he can.

Ilya, noticing, leans down, folds himself over Shane until they're chest to chest. He lets Shane's legs fall around his hips, swallowing the moan that pours out when he slips the last few inches in before he's stilling and groaning from the feel of Shane pulsing and hot around him. He feels, as he lets Shane adjust, that blunt nails have dug into his back, which, despite trying to keep his composure, causes a little sound to slip from him.

Shane's eyes have been closed for a while now, and Ilya, although he knows he's enjoying himself, can't help but feel a little worried. So, gently, careful not to knock his walls too hard, Ilya leans down and kisses Shane's eyes, a silent ask for them to open. A silent ask to see the softest, prettiest set of eyes Ilya has ever had the pleasure of seeing.

Shane, understanding the small gesture, slowly peeks his eyes open, immediately attaching themselves to Ilya without hesitation. When he's greeted with blue irises, he can't stop the small smile forming, then he's nosing up, wordlessly asking for a kiss.

Ilya happily obliges, kissing Shane tenderly as a smile forms on his lips as well. When he pulls away, he begins to rock his hips slowly, which has Shane baring his throat when his head falls back, his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat as he swallows a moan.

Ilya sets a tender pace, knowing Shane was already so close to finishing, but wanting him to hang on just a bit longer—long enough to feel every thick inch of Ilya explore his insides.

Luckily, Shane is whining again before Ilya could expect, indicating that he, in fact, is feeling all of what Ilya gives him. His hands scramble to pull Ilya closer, to rub his face on his neck as his legs lock around his hips. Ilya follows the motions without hesitation, the new angle allowing him to hit even deeper than before.

Fingers are soon gripping at his curls again, not tugging, but pulling him closer and closer until it feels like Shane wants to fuse his very being with him.

Ilya is relishing in all of Shane's touches and grasps, loving how soft his hands feel on his skin; how Shane can't decide what to do with his hands but does anything and everything with them anyway. The feel of such hands on his body is a factor in the way his orgasm begins to crest, and as he pulls away and looks down, he sees that Shane is on the edge again, mouth agape in silent moans as his face scrunches in pleasure.

"Sh—Shane," Ilya grunts out, "look at—look at me." His pace falters when Shane listens, the way his eyes immediately find his own has his balls tightening up.

Shane wants Ilya to speed up, or go harder because he's so close to finishing he practically taste it, and if it's taken from him again, he thinks he might actually implode this time.

Their gazes lock as Ilya continues to thrust, but it falters slightly when Shane hushes out a small, "More..." which he's sure is all he needs to spill shamelessly against his stomach.

Ilya attaches his lips to his neck, trailing kisses up to his ear, “More?” he echoes, already maneuvering their bodies to his liking so he can provide what's been asked of him.

Shane nods, watching as his legs are pushed up higher around Ilya's hips, feeling how his hips are dragged down and held up higher, hearing how Ilya plants a foot on the sheets as he positions himself accordingly.

Without warning, Ilya is drilling into Shane with no remorse, which has high moans and keens of pleasure falling from his lips as he's taken apart with a different kind of vigor from before.

All he can say, rather incoherent, is Ilya's name, accompanied by pleas and praise. Shane is sure he's forgotten his own name at this point, brain working over time to keep him conscious as his he gets his literal brains fucked out of him.

His orgasm, as he's slowly becoming aware of it, is on the horizon and approaching with no plans to slow. He desperately needs it, too, he's been denied for too long and doesn't want to be denied any longer.

“F-fuck...!” Shane cries out, placing a hand behind him to stop how aggressively the headboard is slamming against the walls, “...fuck...!” He doesn't even sound like himself anymore, his voice is high and whiny, his face flushed crimson, his abs flexing as his dick prepares to finally be relieved.

Ilya watches from his position, nearly blowing his load at the sight alone. Truth be told, he feels like he's floating like this, but he can only imagine how high Shane must feel in his own predicament.

“Please—Ilya, *please*.” Shane chokes out, another tear falling down his face, but Ilya doesn't wipe this one away. If anything, he watches how the room's lights make it sparkle on Shane's face, watching as another follows in its footsteps.

“I'm here.” Ilya grunts out, staving off his own bliss until Shane is granted his first.

Like clockwork, Shane is shaking violently and pulling Ilya closer to him, gasping and crying as euphoria finally reaches its peak. He's sobbing and moaning into Ilya's shoulder as he paints their stomachs in his seed, thick spurts of cream shooting from his dick as he clings even closer to his boyfriend.

The tears that stain Ilya's shoulder don't burn this time, instead, he welcomes them, knowing what they represent, knowing he's done all he could and has been rewarded in kind.

Evidently, the feel of said tears rolling down his skin is what pushes Ilya to his own release, hips stilling and grunting aloud as he fills Shane to the brim, his hands cradling Shane's head as his body releases the tension that's been building for so long.

He feels Shane's dick twitch between them, oozing residual cum as he holds him in place. He doesn't mind the feel of Shane's spend on his stomach, and frankly, if he wasn't busy

admiring the man, he would've swiped some on his fingers, maybe gather it on his tongue and kiss Shane with it.

*Hmmm*, another thought stashed away for a more ravenous time...

For now, as he feels Shane's breathing slow, Ilya kisses his temple, letting his lips linger for a moment before pulling away. When he looks down, he notices how lax Shane is, how his eyes aren't clamped shut, but rather closed gently as if he's sleeping.

Ilya stares for a while longer and realizes that, yes, Shane is actually asleep; little snores are coming from him with no care in the world.

Ilya smiles a soft, silly smile at the sight, laughing lightly when Shane doesn't even stir when he pulls out, as if he's already too deep in the throes of sleep to even feel what's happening. He wonders if he should wake him, but he shoos that idea away, deciding to clean them up in an hour or so.

Quietly, Ilya turns to his side, dragging Shane into his arms as makes himself comfortable. He knows that when they wake they're gonna be tacky and gross from all the cum, but he decides that's a problem for future Ilya and allows himself to be lulled to sleep by the feel of soft skin against his own.

## End Notes

Shane, my poor baby 🥺

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