

needy boy

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by [urfavrussianbisexual](#)

Summary

ilya's been away for a week with no one to toy with... he comes home to find shane has been feeling equally desperate and happily joins in on the fun

Notes

hii this is my first time writing something like this.. i swear this show has turned me into a monster😭 anyways, i hope you enjoyyy :)

The night was still early, but Ilya couldn't slow down on the backroads to Shane's secluded cottage. Ilya had been away on some horrible team bonding retreat, spending his days hiking with his fellow players and his nights cramped up in a barely 6x8 foot tent with Cliff Marleau. He was dying to get back to the warmth of a house, the comfort of a bed, and most importantly the presence of his boyfriend. Although right now, his mind was racing with thoughts of doing a lot more than just 'spending time' with Shane. Not only had he not seen him in a week, but the campsite wasn't exactly productive to do any sort of solo pleasure, leaving Ilya pent up and orgasmless for six days. Six. Whole. Days. He couldn't believe he had gotten himself roped into this stupid trip when he could've been spending each of those six days and nights tearing into his beautiful boyfriend. One night he got so riled up he texted Shane, begging him to come out there so he could fuck him right there in that tiny ass tent, rough against the ground, letting the entire team hear their noises as they reached climax. Ilya's cock twitched at the thought. I need to get home now.

As he pulled up to the gravel driveway, Ilya cut the lights on his Beamer. He told Shane he wouldn't be home until tomorrow night, which was technically true, but he made some stupid excuse to his teammates about a business meeting he had set up with Shane to start planning their charity, so he left a day early. Well, he hadn't exactly lied. He was meeting with Shane, just under different, hornier circumstances. Ilya couldn't bear going another night without seeing his lover steal glances up at him through thick lashes with those beautiful, dark doe-eyes while he got his pretty little mouth fucked, refusing to break eye contact through the rough movement. Ilya pulled the key out of the ignition in one swift movement and made his way up the path.

Using his key to open the back door, Ilya quietly crept through the house. He didn't want to scare the living daylights out of Shane, but he did want to get a rise out of him. Even with the long time frame to work them both up, Ilya wanted tonight to be special. Different. He wasn't quite sure how yet, but he was getting there. All of the sudden, he heard light, familiar panting coming from the next room over. Shane's bedroom. Holy shit. He's jerking off. Ilya smirked, glad that he wasn't the only one who felt so desperate recently. Shane was so easy, Ilya thought he might get alarmed and cum right at the sight of his unexpected lover. The thought made him giggle under his breath. Ilya walked to the doorway, peering in to behold tanned, thick muscles lying in Shane's bed. Ilya's breath hitched in his throat. The sight shouldn't have surprised him that much- I mean, Ilya had seen him splayed and spread out every which way, explored every inch of his body, learned every curve and divot in his skin. But this felt so... personal. Seeing the way Shane touched himself when no one was around, when he didn't have an audience. The way his fist pumped furiously over his throbbing cock. God, had his dick always been this big? It looked massive, even trapped behind his large hands. His hands. Ilya's cock ached at the sight of Shane's hands, jealous over the attention his length was receiving. He almost didn't even want to ruin the moment by entering the room, it was so gorgeous. Almost.

Next thing he knew, Ilya was standing at the foot of the bed, staring at Shane who was now less than a foot away from his grasp. Shane's eyes were closed in frustration, not seeming to be able to hit the rhythm he needed to finish himself off. For a moment, Ilya felt sorry for him. Sorry that he didn't work as hard for himself as he worked for Ilya.

“You going to cum without me?” Ilya’s voice broke the silence(besides Shane’s desperate breathing and wet noises), filling the room. Shane’s eyes flew open, wild with a mixture of lust, fear, and something else Ilya couldn’t quite place.

“What the fuck??? I thought you weren’t coming home until tomorrow?!” Shane spit out, still slightly dazed by the situation. Ilya grinned, knowing he got exactly the rise out of Shane that he was looking for. This was definitely different.

“I wanted to come tonight,” Ilya emphasized the dirty word. “I got bored of eating lukewarm hot dogs with stupid hockey players. Wanted something better in my mouth from different stupid hockey player.” Shane’s face flushed before regaining composure and remembering that he was mad over the intrusion.

“I’m home by myself and you take it upon yourself to just barge in unannounced? What if I was in the shower or something?” Shane stammered.

“What, you mean something embarrassing? Something other than you clenching your dick in such an adorably determined way?” Ilya chuckled at the irony of Shane’s statement. Once again, the naked man’s face flushed in embarrassment. He slumped over and covered his face with his hands, whining about how humiliated he felt. “Noooo, come on. Was hot.” Ilya inched closer, closing the space between them and lifted his chin, forcing him to look at him. Shane finally locked eye contact, timid.

“Really?” he managed to get out.

“No. Am disgusted by your naked body and hard dick. Yes, of course it was hot.” Shane relaxed at the comfortability of being with his boyfriend. “I am mad that you got head start though. Not fair.” Shane sat up, encouraged by his playfulness.

“Oh, not fair?” he asked slyly as he pulled Ilya down into the bed, hauling his legs over to straddle him.

“No, not fair. You are naked and beautiful and I am fully clothed and sweaty. Not fair.”

“If it makes you feel any better, I’m pretty sweaty, too.” They laughed together, and then Shane’s tongue was in Ilya’s mouth. “God, I missed you so fucking much,” he whined against Ilya’s lips.

“Yeah? I can tell.” Ilya brought his face away to make eyes at Shane’s swelling cock.

“Shut up.” Shane muttered. He grinded his hips down, creating friction between Ilya’s member and Shane’s big ass, his cock twitching in excitement as he bucked up. “There. Now we’re even.”

“Not quite.” Ilya peeled his shirt off as Shane helped undo the tight knot tied to keep his joggers in place.

“Jesus, what were you doing out there that you needed these tied this tight?” Shane muttered, fumbling with the laces.

“Wanted to make sure I didn’t cheat on the way home.” Ilya breathed out as he resumed kissing. “Couldn’t have any distractions. Wanted to save my big load completely for you.” Fuck. Shane moaned his appreciation into Ilya’s neck as he finally got the knot untied.

“Yeah? You save your big hot load for me, Rozanov?” Shane almost cringed at his words, not used to responding that way in bed, but Ilya seemed into it.

“Yes, is only for you Hollander. Always for you.” The pace quickened as they adjusted to pull Ilya’s pants off, taking his boxers with. The contact of their bare skin was enough to send waves through both of their bodies. They simply embraced and touched for a minute, feeling each other, taking in the moment. The sweet moment was interrupted by Ilya’s hand creeping to Shane’s lower back and finding the entrance of his hole. Shane arched his back in response, grinding himself further down into Ilya’s lap. He could be living inside his skin and still not feel close enough to him.

“I need you ... inside ... me,” Shane managed to get out between moans.

“Did you get yourself ready for me?” Ilya asked as he slipped another finger in, his voice dripping in sex. “Or just go right for your cock like the needy boy you are?”

“I haven’t touched myself there since- Oh, god, Ilya ... I wanted to wait- oh fuck... for you to come home.” Shane was panting at this point, completely a mess for Ilya. Ilya loved it.

“That’s my good boy,” he rasped out. Ilya’s voice now catching as Shane’s pace on top of him quickened.

Ilya reached over to the bottle of lube that was already on the nightstand, a reminder that Shane was playing with himself just minutes ago. God, they moved fast.

“Were you thinking about me, Hollander?” Ilya’s accent had completely taken over like it always did when he was overwhelmed, and Shane knew he had him right where he wanted him. “Thinking about this moment? Thinking about me filling you up?” He poured the oil directly onto his cock and began stroking himself, two fingers still moving in Shane.

“Is that what you want, Rozanov?” he cooed in his ear. “You want me to belong to you? Touch myself to only you?” Ilya’s pace with both hands quickened as he thought about Shane being completely and totally his, everyone else off limits. “I was watching porn before you showed up.” Shane whispered in his ear. A bold faced lie, of course. Obviously Shane had been rubbing himself to the thought of Ilya, but he didn’t need to know that. Even though there were quite literally someone else’s fingers up his asshole, Shane still had some control over the situation. And suddenly, there weren’t fingers in him anymore. Ilya had pulled out rapidly, and Shane whined at the emptiness.

“You little fucking brat,” Ilya sneered. He shouldn’t have been jealous- he watched porn every once in a while, himself- but a feeling of control and dominance took over. He shoved Shane over, his face now planted against the mattress and his ass in the air. Ilya pulled him to the edge of the bed with brute strength, refusing to let up even a little bit. Shane was going to regret making that stupid fucking comment.

Shane did not regret making that comment. He was exactly where he wanted to be, pushing Ilya to his limit, forcing him to be rough.

“Whose cock were you thinking about?” Ilya asked, tracing the tip of his wet member around Shane’s entrance, who whined at the teasing. “Some dirty slut in some stupid fucking porn?”

Shane knew Ilya would keep at this slow fucking game if he didn’t let up and beg. But he wasn’t above begging. Not now. Not for Ilya.

“No, Rozanov. Ugh. Please. I was- thinking of you.” Shane felt like he was on the verge of screaming, the anticipation so overstimulating. He bucked back, attempting to get some sort of penetration, but Ilya kept his hand pressed down, Shane’s head steady in place on the bed along with the rest of his body.

“Was his cock as pretty as mine, Hollander?” This was maddening, even for Ilya. But he was going to make Shane wait until he deemed it was okay. “Could you imagine him everywhere, like you feel me now?”

“No, Ilya, your cock is the only one I want,” Shane belted out, desperate to say whatever Ilya wanted to hear if it meant he would just hurry up and fuck him. “Poj-ahla-sta, ser.” Shane knew he had butchered the hell out of that pronunciation, ‘please, sir,’ but it got him exactly what he wanted. Ilya finally fucked into him, pushing himself all the way until his thighs met Shane’s ass, then quickly pulling out again. They cried out in harmony, Ilya now muttering profanities in Russian as he continued thrusting in and out, completely welcome to the language switch. Shane loved when Ilya spoke Russian, and it was the main reason he used the phrase he was taught ‘as a joke.’ He had secretly been waiting to use this newfound information, and now seemed as good a time as ever to spring it on Ilya.

“Oh, you speak Russian now, yes?” Ilya groaned.

“I’d speak any language for you. Be anything for you, Ilya.” Ilya’s hips moved faster, and he knew he was on the edge. He leaned down and grabbed Shane’s dick, spurting with pre-cum that would very quickly turn to an eruption of cum. Shane literally yelled at the contact. The slick movement in his hand drove Ilya crazy, knowing the effect he was having on Shane. The way he had him right now. Bent over and being fucked in every way possible, making pretty noises that only Ilya got to hear. If he could grow a second cock, he was sure Shane would somehow find a way to wrap his greedy little mouth around that, too. “I-I’m gonna... fuck, keep going- like that Rozanov,” Shane’s voice picked up in desperation, his entire body shaking from the overwhelming pleasure racing through (and in) his body.

“Yes, Shane. So good for me. I want to hear it. Cum for me,” Ilya whimpered.

For once, Ilya came before Shane did, crying out as his body jerked and stilled inside him. The feeling of heat inside him urged Shane on, who had to pick up where Ilya left off with his cock, stroking until he spurted hot white, too. Shane had never felt anything like it- the feeling of Ilya coming inside him while he was still built up. It was marvelous.

“You should do that more often,” Shane teased as Ilya pulled out and flopped onto the bed next to him. “It felt really good.”

“Shut up.” Ilya muttered, embarrassed by his own quickness. He always made it a point to tease Shane about his fast-moving antics. The roles were not supposed to be reversed. But in that moment Ilya didn’t care. He was overjoyed to be back where he belonged- naked and sweating next to the person he loved most in the world. He curled up next to Shane, kissing his neck in tender movements, now whispering praises in Russian. There was one phrase that Shane could translate.

“I love you too,” he whispered into Ilya’s beautiful blonde curls, which he now realized were actually disgusting and smelled of dirt and sweat. Shane didn’t care. He breathed in the entirety of Ilya’s presence- the good, the bad, the tender and the rough.

“So, you didn’t get up to anything dirty with Marleau this week?” Shane broke the silence. At this, Ilya sat up and pinned Shane down.

“The only thing dirty I got up to was smelling his disgusting rotted clothes each night.” Ilya planted playful kisses and nipped at his neck. Shane laughed.

“Seriously, he should get that checked out.”

“Yes, I will take him to doctor right away,” Ilya said, collapsing on top of his boyfriend. “For now, I will cover Shane Hollander with the sweet musk of the outdoors.” He rubbed his body over him, knowing Shane was already worrying about the mess they made of his bedsheets.

“I just washed these,” Shane muttered.

“Ah, you should’ve known I was coming. Clearly, you knew you were coming,” Ilya teased, finally giving up on the banter and just soaking in his boyfriend.

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