

Peachy Treat

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Peachy Treat

by [freakshaped](#)

Summary

Ilya pulled back, gasping. His lower face was glistening wet in the dim light. He stared at the pulsing source between Shane's legs with utter rapture.

"You squirt," he breathed, awestruck. "I did not even finger you yet, and you squirt for me." He gave a breathless, giddy laugh.

(or, Shane gets cursed with a pussy)

Tag to be covered: Shane Hollander Has a Vagina

Notes

Don't ask me how every chapter this list of tags is increasing.....

- ✓ Ilya Rozanov Has a Thigh Kink
- ✓ Shane Hollander Likes To Be Called "Good Boy"
- ✓ Shane Hollander Has a Vagina
- ☐ Shane Hollander Has a Strength Kink
- ☐ Shane Hollander Likes Being Manhandled
- ☐ Ilya Rozanov Likes To Bite
- ☐ Shane Hollander Likes It Rough
- ☐ Ilya Rozanov Has a Creampie Kink
- ☐ Shane Hollander Has a Uniform Kink
- ☐ Ilya Rozanov Has a Breeding Kink
- ☐ Ilya Rozanov Is A Panty Sniffer
- ☐ Shane Hollander Has a Thigh Kink
- ☐ Ilya Rozanov Has a Shane Hollander Kink
- ☐ Shane Hollander Walks Ilya Rozanov Like a Dog
- ☐ Ilya Rozanov Has an Oral Fixation

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

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

The thing about curses in professional hockey was that they were, frankly, kind of basic. A twisted ankle before a big game, a sudden flu, a mysterious slump—it was almost tradition. Someone’s girlfriend’s cousin knew a witch, you paid your money, you inconvenienced your rival. It was petty, but it was part of the game’s underground economy.

What was not part of the game was waking up in your king-sized bed in your penthouse, your husband’s heavy arm slung over your waist, with a strange, hollow ache between your legs that was decidedly... new.

Shane Hollander froze, the early morning light slicing through the blinds. He didn’t need to look. The sensation was alien and unmistakable. A softness. A fold where there should be not. His heart hammered against his ribs.

A curse. A really, *really* specific and fucked-up curse. He carefully, so carefully, slid out from under Ilya Rozanov’s arm. His husband made a soft, grumbling noise, nuzzling into Shane’s abandoned pillow, his sleep-tousled brown hair catching the light. Shane’s husband, his beautiful, ridiculous, endlessly hungry husband, who loved Shane’s body with a single-minded devotion that bordered on obsessive.

“No,” Shane whispered to himself, padding silently to the ensuite bathroom. He locked the door and braced himself against the sink before looking down.

Yep.

A neat, pretty little pussy, brown lips flushed a soft pink, nestled in his dark curls. He prodded it with a trembling finger, and a jolt of electric sensation shot up his spine, making his knees buckle. He caught himself on the counter, breathing hard. Okay. *Okay*. This is a problem. A huge, screaming, what-the-fuck problem. But the bigger, more immediate problem was Ilya.

Ilya, who thought Shane hung the moon and stars. Ilya, whose hands were on Shane every chance he got—a casual grope in the kitchen, a possessive palm on his thigh during team meetings, a hungry mouth on him before the morning coffee was even brewed. Ilya was a lover in the truest sense (as much as Shane hated that word): utterly, gloriously devoted, a big, talented, fierce puppy who lived for Shane’s smiles and Shane’s sighs. Hiding this from him felt impossible.

But Shane had to, at least until he figured it out. The party tonight was mandatory. Media would be there. Teammates. The world. He couldn’t have Ilya knowing, because if Ilya knew, he’d want to... investigate. Immediately. And thoroughly. And Shane wasn’t ready for that investigation.

He dressed with military precision that morning: boxer briefs, then a pair of compression shorts over them, then his jeans. Layers. Armor. At breakfast, Ilya, already bright-eyed and buzzing, tried to pull Shane into his lap.

“Ten more minutes, *solnyshko*,” Ilya murmured, nuzzling into Shane’s neck, his hands sliding down to cup Shane’s ass.

Shane stiffened and wriggled away, a forced laugh on his lips. “We’re gonna be late.”

Ilya’s hazel eyes clouded with instant, puppy-dog confusion. “Shane? What is wrong?”

“Nothing! Just... pre-party jitters. Don’t wanna be sore.” The excuse was weak, and Ilya’s frown said he knew it.

All day, Shane kept up the barrier. A deflection here, a sidestep there. Every time Ilya reached for him, Shane found a reason to move away. By the time they were dressed for the party—Shane in dark, tailored slacks and a crisp shirt, Ilya in a suit that looked painted on—the air between them was thick with a confused tension. Ilya looked like a kicked puppy, his usual vibrant energy dimmed.

“You are mad at me,” Ilya stated softly as they navigated the winding lakeside drive, his hands clenched tight on the steering wheel.

“I’m not,” Shane said, but he couldn’t meet his husband’s eyes. He felt the new part of him, a constant, throbbing awareness under all his layers. It felt hot. Swollen. *Waiting*.

The party was a roar of noise, laughter, and clinking glasses. Shane stuck to Ilya’s side like glue, using his husband as a human shield against any accidental bumps or grabs. He drank water. He made small talk. He felt Ilya’s concerned gaze on him the entire time.

Eventually, they found a semi-secluded corner near a floor-to-ceiling window overlooking the dark lake, a small high-top table littered with empty plates. They were supposedly eating mini quiches, but Shane was just pushing his around.

Ilya leaned in close, his voice a low rumble in Shane’s ear. “You have not touched me all day.” It wasn’t an accusation; it was a heartbroken observation. “Did I do something?”

“No, Ilya, you didn’t—”

“Then let me,” Ilya whispered, and his hand, warm and large, dropped below the table. It was his classic move. A little possessive tease in a crowded room, his way of saying you’re mine. His fingers sought the familiar plane of Shane’s inner thigh.

Panic, white and hot, shot through Shane. He clamped his legs shut, a rigid wall of muscle. “Ilya, don’t,” he hissed.

But Ilya was already confused and needy. The rejection all day had wound him up like a spring. With a soft, stubborn grunt, he pushed his hand harder, using his strength to wedge his fingers between Shane’s tightly clenched thighs. “Shane, please, just let me—”

His words died. His fingers, having fought past the initial resistance, didn’t find the bulging muscle he expected. They sank into a shocking, impossible softness. A damp, heated softness separated only by the thin layers of Shane’s clothing.

Ilya's entire body went rigid. His eyes, wide and stunned, locked onto Shane's. Shane saw the journey in them: confusion, disbelief, dawning, earth-shattering comprehension. And then, blazing through it all, a heat so intense it stole the air from Shane's lungs.

"Shto eto?" Ilya breathed, fingers flexing in disbelief and awe. *What is this?*

Before Shane could utter a word of explanation, Ilya's shock morphed into something else entirely. His fingers, still trapped between Shane's thighs, curled. He didn't pull away. He cupped him. A full, possessive palm cradling the entirely new shape of his husband.

A broken sound escaped Shane's lips. It was supposed to be a protest, but it came out a moan. The sensitivity was unreal. It was like every nerve he'd ever had down there had been condensed and rewired to this one hyper-reactive spot. Ilya's thumb brushed over the fabric, seeking and finding a nub that made Shane see stars.

"Ilya... people..." Shane gasped, his head falling forward, trying to hide the rising flush on his cheeks. The party blurred into a meaningless buzz of color and sound.

"No one sees," Ilya murmured, his voice thick with awe and a hunger that was rapidly swallowing his initial shock. He began to move his hand, a slow, relentless rub over the layers of fabric. The pressure was perfect, maddening. "My Shane... my beautiful Shane... what did they do to you?"

Shane was beyond answering. His hips gave a tiny, involuntary jerk against Ilya's hand. The friction was too much, not enough, everything. The coil in his belly tightened with terrifying speed. This wasn't like any orgasm he'd ever had. It was a wave building from that one electrifying point, spreading through his gut, his thighs, making his toes curl in his shoes.

"Ilya... I'm gonna..." he choked out, a warning he didn't even understand.

Ilya's eyes darkened, his breath hitching. He pressed the heel of his hand down harder. "Yes," he urged, a fervent whisper. "Show me. Show me what you do now."

Shane's back arched clear off the stool. A silent scream ripped through him as the wave crashed, flooding out of him. A hot, soaking rush that saturated his compression shorts, his boxers, his slacks instantly. He shuddered violently, clinging to the table edge, utterly wrecked by the intensity and the sheer public indecency of it.

Ilya's hand was wet even through the many layers. He slowly withdrew it, bringing his fingers to his nose first, inhaling like he had been suffocated for hours, and then his tongue. The taste made his eyes roll back slightly. "*Bozhe moi*," he whispered reverently. *My God*.

Then he moved. The sadness was gone, replaced by the focused intensity of a predator who'd found the scent of heaven. He stood, smoothly pulling Shane up with him. Shane's legs were jelly.

"We are leaving. Now," Ilya said, his arm a steel band around Shane's waist, supporting him completely.

"Ilya... my... I'm all wet..." Shane stammered, humiliated.

"I know," Ilya said, and the grin that spread across his face was pure, unadulterated joy. "Is perfect."

He navigated them through the crowd with expert ease, offering quick smiles and "he is not feeling well" excuses. In minutes, they were in the cool night air, then stumbling towards their parked car. Ilya didn't go for the passenger door. He wrenched the back door open and literally pushed Shane inside.

"Ilya, wait—!"

But Ilya was already climbing in after him, slamming the door shut, plunging them into shadowy silence broken only by the distant bass from the house. His hands were on Shane's belt, then his zipper.

“These are in my way,” Ilya growled, and with a brutal tear, he ripped the soaked fabric of Shane’s slacks and underwear open from seam to seam.

The night air hit Shane’s exposed, sensitive pussy, making him gasp. Before he could even process the shock of the ruin of his clothes, Ilya was pushing his thighs apart and lowering his face.

“No, it’s... it’s dirty, I just...” Shane babbled, trying to squirm away.

Ilya looked up, his face hovering inches from Shane’s new reality. In the dim light from the security lamp, his eyes were black with want, shining with a kind of reverent madness. “Is you,” he said simply, as if that explained everything. “All I ever want to taste.”

Then he dove in.

There was no finesse. This wasn’t practiced seduction. It was worship of the messiest, most desperate kind. Ilya ate him out like a starving man at his first feast, with loud, sloppy, greedy noises. His tongue was flat and broad, licking up the evidence of Shane’s orgasm before spearing deep inside him, fucking him open with it.

Shane’s fist flew to his mouth. He bit down on his knuckles to stifle the scream that tore from his throat. The sensation was obliterating. The wet heat of Ilya’s mouth, the rough scrape of his stubble on his inner thighs, the obscene, filthy sounds—it was too much. He was so sensitive, every lick a lightning strike.

“So sweet,” Ilya moaned against him, his words muffled by Shane’s flesh. “So perfect for me. All this for me.” He sucked hard on Shane’s clit, and Shane’s hips jackknifed off the leather seat.

The pressure built again, even faster this time, a frantic crescendo born of overstimulation and profound shock. “Ilya... I can’t... it’s too...!” Shane sobbed around his fist.

Ilya just redoubled his efforts, his hands gripping Shane's hips hard enough to bruise, holding him down as he devoured him. Shane's body bowed, tension snapping like a wire.

He came again, but this was different. A gushing, uncontrollable surge of fluid that wasn't just dampness—it was a shower. It hit Ilya's chin, his throat, soaked the front of his dress shirt.

Ilya pulled back, gasping. He looked drunk, absolutely wrecked. His lower face was glistening wet in the dim light. He stared at the pulsing source between Shane's legs with utter rapture.

"You squirt," he breathed, awestruck. "I did not even finger you yet, and you squirt for me." He gave a breathless, giddy laugh. "My sensitive boy."

Shane whimpered, covering his face with his hands in utter embarrassment. But Ilya loved it. He adored it. He lowered his face again, not to lick, but to rub his cheeks and chin in the mess Shane had made, bathing himself in it. Then he brought his wet fingers up and slicked them through his own hair.

"Ilya, stop, that's... that's dirty," Shane whispered weakly, peeking through his fingers.

Ilya leaned over him, smelling like sex and Shane and pure bliss. "I need to smell like you," he said, as if it was the most obvious truth in the world. "Always."

Then his fingers, still soaked with wet, sticky juices, found their target. One, then two pushed inside Shane without warning. Shane cried out, the stretch intense and overwhelming.

"So tight," Ilya groaned, curling his fingers. "So hot and soft inside. *Moy.*" *Mine.* He set a brutal pace, finger-fucking him deep and hard right there in the backseat. The squelching sounds were lewd and undeniable. Every drag of his fingers against that new, shocking inner spot made Shane see white behind his eyelids.

"Please... no more... I can't..." Shane begged, but his body was arching into every thrust.

“You can,” Ilya insisted, kissing his thigh. “For me. Come again. Soak my hand. Be *good*.”

It was a command Shane’s traitorous body couldn’t disobey. The third orgasm ripped through his already spasming body, another gush of fluid that soaked Ilya’s wrist and pooled on the leather seat beneath them. Shane screamed into the night, the sound barely swallowed by the car’s interior.

For a long moment, there was only the sound of their ragged breathing. Shane was boneless, trembling, completely spent.

Ilya carefully extracted his fingers and wiped them tenderly on Shane’s torn shirt. He then gently carried his husband out and maneuvered Shane’s limp body into the passenger seat. Shane tried to pull the ruined flaps of his slacks together to hide himself with little success.

“Do not,” Ilya said softly, buckling Shane’s seatbelt for him. He leaned in and placed a kiss, surprisingly chaste, on Shane’s sweaty forehead. “Is beautiful.”

He got into the driver’s seat, started the car, and pulled out onto the dark road. The car smelled of Shane’s release, *Ilya* smelled of Shane’s release, and Shane couldn’t help but whine softly at that. His husband reached over and took Shane’s limp hand, intertwining their fingers. His grip was possessive, grounding.

“You sleep now, *solnyshko*,” Ilya murmured, his thumb stroking Shane’s palm. His voice was thick with satisfaction and a simmering promise. “The night is still young for us.”

Shane didn’t have the strength to argue or even wonder what that meant. His head lolled against the window, his body humming with exhaustion and the ghost of three shattering releases. As the city lights blurred past, darkness finally pulled him under completely.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

“Take it.”

Ilya went very still. “Take what, solnyshko?”

Shane’s face burned, but he forced the words out. “My... my virginity. The... the pussy one. Before it’s gone.”

Chapter Notes

Ok so listen.... there's piss in this. Not piss drinking cause I don't fuck with it but I love the Overstimulation to Pissing pipeline so I wrote it. It's pretty short but its there.

Is this my poorly disguised fetish? Yes. Is this my proudly displayed fetish? Also yes.

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

Consciousness returned to Shane in slow, syrupy waves. There was no jarring wakefulness, just a gradual ascent from a deep, boneless void into a world of sensation. He was still in the car, the leather seat cool against his back. A low, contented moan vibrated in his throat before he even opened his eyes. Every muscle was lax, humming with a deep, satiated glow. He felt good. Used, wrecked, but gloriously, profoundly good.

Then he registered the other sensations. The warm, wet pressure between his legs. The rhythmic, hungry sounds. The gentle, firm grip holding his thighs impossibly wide open.

His eyelids fluttered open. The world was a blur of soft light and familiar shapes. They were in their own private, underground garage. The car’s interior dome light was on, casting a dim, intimate glow over the scene.

The *scene* which had Shane cursing in his head.

Ilya was bent over in the space between the driver and passenger seats, his broad shoulders straining the seams of his ruined dress shirt. His face was buried, utterly buried, between Shane's splayed thighs. Shane could see the intense focus in the line of his back, the desperate movement of his head as he licked and sucked with a fervor that bordered on religious. Shane's own legs were hooked over Ilya's shoulders, held open with an ease that made Shane wetter, if that was even possible.

A hot blush swept from Shane's chest to his hairline. Even here, in their own private space, the obscenity of it was staggering. He was spread out in the passenger seat of their car, pants torn open, being devoured like a meal after his husband had already had three helpings.

"I-Ilya..." Shane's voice was a sleep-rough croak.

Ilya didn't stop. If anything, the sound of Shane's voice spurred him on. He groaned against Shane's flesh, the vibration shooting straight to Shane's core, making his hips give a tiny, involuntary jerk. Ilya's tongue delved deeper, lapping at him with a thoroughness that made Shane's toes curl and stomach clench.

"Ilya, baby, wait..." Shane gasped, his hands coming up to weakly push at Ilya's head. "The... the car... you'll get it dirty..."

Ilya finally pulled back, just enough to look up. His face was a mess. Glossy with Shane's slick, chin dripping, lips swollen and dark. His hazel eyes were glassy, pupils blown wide with a hunger that seemed to have only grown. He grinned, a wild, beautiful, unhinged thing.

"Yes... good," he panted, his voice gravelly. "I want it dirty. I want it to smell like you every time I drive." He said it with the excitement of a child given the best gift imaginable. "My car. Smelling like my Shane's perfect little *kiska*. Is dream."

He dove back in before Shane could process the sheer depravity of that statement. But a treacherous, exhausted part of Shane thrilled at it. At Ilya's insane, all-consuming want. The tongue found his clit again, circling it with a precision that was devastating, and the coil in Shane's belly, which he'd thought was completely spent, gave a feeble, insistent pulse.

“Oh, god... not again... I can't...” Shane whimpered, but his body was betraying him, softening, opening up, seeking more of that maddening friction.

“You can,” Ilya murmured against him, his breath hot. “For me. One more. Let me taste.”

It wasn't the powerful, gushing surge from before. This was a slower, sweeter unraveling. A warm, steady trickle that Ilya chased with his tongue, sucking gently at the source as if trying to draw out every last drop. He drank it down with soft, satisfied sounds, licking his lips clean after, like he'd just finished the finest champagne.

Shane lay there, groggy and trembling, a fine sheen of sweat cooling on his skin. His vision was swimming, his pussy felt numb and burning at the same time, his tongue was sticking to the roof of his mouth and drool was dripping down the side of his parted lips.

Ilya had never seen anything more beautiful. He just... stared at Shane for a few heavy seconds, drinking in the sight of his wreckage, inhaling the scent of his release, feeling the fast pulse on the swollen ruin of his pussy lips.

He was surrounded by Shane, his sight, his smell, his *taste* which sat warm in Ilya's stomach.

Ilya wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, his eyes never leaving Shane's beautiful form. He unbuckled his husband's seatbelt with gentle hands, then carefully extricated him from the car, cradling him against his chest as if Shane were made of spun glass. Shane buried his face in Ilya's neck, inhaling the scent of himself mingled with Ilya's cologne and sweat.

Inside their penthouse, Ilya was a man on a mission. He carried Shane straight to their bedroom, laying him down on the duvet with infinite care. He fetched a glass of cold water, holding it to Shane's lips, making him take small sips.

“Good boy,” Ilya murmured, stroking his hair. The words, so simple, so filthy in context, made a fresh shiver run through Shane.

Then Ilya began to undress them both. He peeled the torn, damp remnants of Shane's clothing away, his touches tender. He removed his own soiled shirt and pants, tossing them aside without a glance. Naked, he was a magnificent sight—all hard planes and coiled power, his cock still thick and interested. But his focus wasn't on that. It was entirely on Shane.

Once Shane was naked and had drunk his water, Ilya moved to their massive walk-in closet. Shane watched, confused and boneless, as Ilya began pulling armfuls of clothing from the shelves and racks—his own expensive dress shirts, soft cotton t-shirts, sweatpants, even a few of his favorite tailored suits. He brought them all out and threw them in a great, soft heap on the floor directly in front of the bed.

“Ilya... what are you doing?” Shane's voice was small.

Ilya just smiled, that soft, lovely smile that made Shane feel like the luckiest man on the face of this planet. He climbed onto the bed, caging Shane beneath him, and began to kiss him. They weren't the hungry, carnal kisses from the garage. These were slow, deep, loving kisses. He kissed Shane's mouth, his jaw, his throat, his collarbones, murmuring between each one.

“My beautiful, sweet boy... I cannot believe you are mine... So pretty when you come for me...”

His hand slid down Shane's stomach, through the damp curls, and found him again. Shane whined, a high, pathetic sound, and tried to twist away. He was so sensitive, so overstimulated, the mere touch was almost painful.

“Shhh, *solnyshko*,” Ilya soothed, nuzzling his ear. “Just one more. For me. I need it.” His fingers, slick from Shane's own wetness, began to move. Not the frantic fucking from the car, but a slow, relentless, circling pressure right on his clit. “You are so good for me. My good boy. My perfect, sensitive good boy. Let me see you shine.”

The praise, combined with the unbearable, exquisite stimulation, broke Shane. He sobbed, tears leaking from the corners of his eyes as his body, against all logic, began to climb again. “Ilya, please... I can't...”

“You can. You are.” Ilya kissed his tears away. “Now, my love. For my clothes. Mark them for me.”

With a broken cry, Shane came. It started as a weak pulse, then grew, a hot stream pouring out of him, splashing down onto the pile of Ilya’s clothes on the floor below. Ilya moaned in encouragement, never stopping his fingers.

“Yes! Just like that! So beautiful, my Shane. More, give me more!”

Spurred by the filthy encouragement, Shane’s body convulsed, and he sprayed harder, the stream arcing, thoroughly drenching the fabrics—darkening the light gray of a cashmere sweater, spotting the navy of a suit jacket, soaking into a pile of white t-shirts.

Ilya watched, mesmerized, until Shane finally went limp, his cries subsiding into ragged hiccups. He was completely, utterly wrung out, a hollowed-out shell of bliss.

Ilya gently withdrew his fingers and gathered Shane against him, stroking his back. “So perfect,” he whispered, his voice thick with emotion. He looked at the soaked pile of clothing with profound pride. “Now, they will all smell like you. Like my Shane. I will wear your scent every day.”

He patted Shane’s mound, his touch now playful, curious. He traced the swollen lips, puffy and sensitive from use, with a kind of cute fascination. “So pretty. Like a little flower. A very wet, well-loved flower.”

Shane managed a weak, shuddering breath. The world was hazy at the edges. He felt Ilya’s hard length pressed against his thigh, a persistent, heated brand. The thought formed slowly, through the fog of exhaustion and satiation. This curse... this insane night... it might end. Witches’ curses had durations. He might wake up tomorrow and this... this profound, terrifying, incredible sensitivity... might be gone.

The idea filled him with a sudden, sharp sense of loss. He hadn't felt Ilya. Not really. Not in him.

He turned his head, nuzzling into his husband's warm chest. "Ilya?" he whispered.

"Mmm?"

"Take it."

Ilya went very still. "Take what, *solnyshko*?"

Shane's face burned, but he forced the words out. "My... my virginity. The... the pussy one. Before it's gone."

Ilya's breath hitched. He pulled back to look into Shane's eyes, and what Shane saw there was a beautiful kind of madness. Awe, lust, and a love so deep it was dizzying. "You want this?"

Shane nodded, shy. "I want to feel you. In there. Before... before maybe it disappears."

Ilya made a sound like he'd been punched. He scrambled off the bed, fumbling in the nightstand drawer for a condom.

"No," Shane said softly.

Ilya froze, the foil packet in his hand. "Shane, we do not know—"

"The curse," Shane interrupted, his voice gaining a little strength. "It's not... real. Not like that. People who do these things, they don't make a working womb. It's just... a fake one."

For... for fun. Or torture. No babies. No... complications. Just... anatomy.” He was parrothing things he’d vaguely heard, but he believed it. This was magic meant to humiliate, not to create life.

Ilya’s eyes darkened. A slow, wicked smirk spread across his face. He dropped the condom. “So,” he breathed, crawling back over Shane. “My Shane is just hungry for my cum in his new little pussy? Is that it?”

Shane whined, hiding his face. “Don’t say it like that.”

“But is true,” Ilya said, kissing his shoulder. He maneuvered them, sitting up against the headboard, pulling Shane into his lap, facing him. His cock, thick and flushed, stood straight up between them. “You will take me, *solnyshko*. Slowly.”

He parted Shane’s folds with his fingers, guiding the head of his cock to the entrance. Shane gasped at the contact, the blunt pressure so different from fingers. Ilya’s hands settled on his waist, holding him with a firm gentleness.

“Now,” Ilya whispered, his eyes locked on Shane’s. “Take me. Make yourself mine in this way, too.”

Shane, with trembling thighs, began to sink down. The stretch was immense, burning, overwhelming. He cried out, tears springing to his eyes instantly. “Ilya... it’s too much...”

“Shhh, breathe, my love. Just breathe. You are taking me so well.” Ilya’s thumbs stroked his hip bones. He didn’t rush, letting Shane adjust at his own agonizing pace.

When Shane was fully seated, sheathed completely, they both groaned. Ilya’s head fell back against the headboard. “*Bozhe*... Shane, you are... so tight... so hot...” He was trembling with the effort of staying still.

And Shane, so impossibly full, so sensitive, felt the orgasm hit him immediately. It was a sharp, shocking crest that tore through him without warning. He sobbed through it, his inner walls fluttering wildly around Ilya's cock, his body going rigid.

Ilya soothed him, peppering his face with kisses. "So sensitive. My perfect, sensitive boy. It is okay. Let it feel good." He began to move, lifting Shane's hips gently and guiding him back down. He set a slow, deep, rolling rhythm, using his hands on Shane's waist to move him like a doll.

Shane cried steadily, overwhelmed by the fullness, the friction, the emotional enormity of it. Ilya was mesmerized. He touched everywhere—the dip of Shane's waist, the swell of his chest, thumbing his nipples until they were pebbled tight, stroking his trembling thighs. "You are so beautiful like this. Your freckles... your pout... your eyes, so brown and deep... I am gone for you, Shane. Completely gone."

Feeling a surge of love and want, Shane tried to clench around him, to give him more. The effect was instantaneous.

Ilya's control shattered. "Fuck!" he roared, and his hands tightened, his hips driving up to meet Shane's downward strokes. The pace became harder, faster, piston-like.

"Ilya! Wait! It feels... it feels weird!" Shane squeaked, the new, deep stimulation hitting places that made his vision blur. He babbled, begging him to stop, to slow down.

"I know, *solnyshko*, I know," Ilya gasped, but he didn't stop. He was too far gone, chasing his peak. "Just a little more... come with me... be good..."

With a final, brutal thrust, Ilya buried himself to the hilt and came with a guttural shout. Shane felt the hot, sudden rush of it filling him, a strange, intimate warmth that triggered one last, helpless release from his own body. But this time, it wasn't slick or squirt. Under the intense pressure, his bladder gave way, and a hot stream of piss rushed out, soaking Ilya's stomach and chest where they were pressed together.

Ilya's eyes flew open. He looked down at the warm liquid spreading between them, and a look of such profound, ecstatic devotion crossed his face that it stole Shane's breath.

"You mark me," Ilya breathed, in absolute awe. "In every way. You give me everything." He pulled Shane close, not caring about the mess, rocking him gently as he softened inside him. "My Shane. My perfect, perfect boy."

He stayed there, holding Shane through the aftershocks, until Shane's sobs subsided into sniffles and his body went completely lax. Then slowly, ever so carefully, he pulled out, watching his own spend mixed with Shane's fluids leak out. He gathered some on his fingers and gently rubbed it over Shane's swollen, puffy lips, marking him there too.

"Come," Ilya whispered. He scooped Shane up again and carried him to the massive en-suite bathroom. He started the water in their deep soaking tub, testing the temperature until it was perfectly warm. He lowered them both in, settling Shane between his legs, his back to Ilya's chest.

Ilya washed him with a soft cloth and lavender-scented soap, cleaning every inch of him with a tenderness that brought fresh, quiet tears to Shane's eyes. He washed Shane's hair, massaging his scalp. He kissed his shoulders, his neck, whispering a constant stream of praise.

"You were so good for me. So brave. So beautiful. My strong, perfect boy. I love you more than anything. My heart, it lives in your hands." He rinsed him, wrapped him in a huge, fluffy towel, dried him with the same meticulous care.

He carried Shane back to a bed with fresh sheets, tucking him in before climbing in beside him and pulling him into his arms, skin to skin. Shane was already half-asleep, sinking into a safe, warm darkness where the only constants were Ilya's heartbeat and his voice.

"Sleep, *solnyshko*," Ilya murmured, his lips against Shane's hair. "My good boy. My love."

As Shane finally surrendered to sleep, a last, fuzzy thought drifted through his mind. Tomorrow, he'd probably wake up with his dick back. And he loved his dick. It was familiar,

it was *his*. But as he felt Ilya's possessive, worshipping arms around him, he knew, with a curious certainty, that he wouldn't mind having a pussy every now and then. If only to feel Ilya love him in this wild, all-consuming, utterly filthy new way all over again.

Chapter End Notes

I might be a little obsessed with Shane's pussy. Just a tiny bit.

Also, Crying Shane Hollander is not a tag?! Crime, I've added it in this fic but I'm adding it to the list as well and making a separate fic for it. My boy looks so pretty crying how could it not have a tag.

End Notes

I'm not really happy with this but I've edited it too many times and this is the best its gonna get so... also next chapter is already written, I just gotta edit it (again).

Can you tell that I'm obsessed with Ilya being obsessed with Shane? Because I am.

I'm [freakshaped](#) on twitter ~

- lisa

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