

Teach Me

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Teach Me

by [y0urstruly](#).

Summary

Shane loves the way Ilya gives handjobs. He misses it when they're apart. So, he asks for a lesson.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

been thinking about this one for a HOT SECOND. enjoy <33

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

“You want me to *what*?” Ilya’s mouth gaped slightly open, a look of sheer disbelief on his face.

“I want you to teach me... how to do handjobs like you do.” Shane repeated slowly.

“Why?” The Russian stared at him with a perplexed expression.

“I want to be able to do it to myself, like you do it. When we’re not together.” Shane winced a bit, realizing how pathetic he sounded. Their time spent apart was hard for the both of them, sure. But asking Ilya for handjob tips, so he could recreate the feeling when he was alone, was a little insane.

“Fuck, Shane. That’s *hot*,” Ilya murmured, pulling Shane into a heated kiss. They sat side by side on a plush hotel bed; Ilya took advantage of their seated positions and wrapped his arms around Shane’s waist. Then, he dragged Shane on top of him, allowing him to straddle his thighs. Shane, however, pulled back from the kiss to keep talking.

“Seriously. I want to learn,” he pleaded.

“Okay, I will show.” Ilya nodded in agreement. “Lay down for me, Hollander.”

Shane was all too eager to comply. He scrambled off of Ilya’s lap and lay down on his back up against the pillows. Ilya shuffled back and joined Shane, perching himself up on one arm to face him.

“Give me your hand,” Ilya commanded. Shane put his hand out palm up, but Ilya flipped it over and placed his own hand on top of Shane’s. This way, it was as though he was doing it, but using Shane’s hand. “First, you need to tease yourself,” Ilya told him in a low, sultry voice. He guided Shane’s hand along his chest, slowly getting closer to where Shane was desperately aching.

They had both lost their shirts earlier on, but Shane remained in his boxers. Ilya guided both their hands to the waistband, slipping their fingers in but just barely.

“You need to make yourself *really* want it,” Ilya continued. “Beg, even when I am away.” He leisurely dragged their fingers along the inside of the waistband, making an effort to avoid any contact with Shane’s fully hard dick.

“Ilya, *please*,” Shane panted out, breath shaky.

“Good, just like that,” Ilya had a shit-eating grin on his face that Shane chose to ignore. “Now, start *very* slow. Use twisting motion.”

Hands still overlapped, Ilya brought Shane’s hand to his mouth and spit on it before demonstrating what he was describing. He pulled Shane’s underwear down, and his dick slapped against his stomach. “So hard for me, Hollander. Such a pretty cock.”

Shane moaned softly at the praise.

“I do this, too,” Ilya added, showing Shane how he would drag his thumb over the slit of his dick. “Makes it wet.”

Shane was panting out moans as Ilya increased the speed. The fact that Ilya was guiding his own hand was so hot to him.

“Go faster, and faster,” Ilya told him. “Twist all the way up, grip tighter at tip.” Shane let out a particularly loud moan when Ilya closed his hand tighter around the head. Ilya repeated the motion.

“Fuck, Ilya. Fuck. Don’t stop,” Shane pleaded. He was a mess, breathy moans leaving his mouth one after another.

“I would never, *moya lyubov*. So good for me, trying to learn how to make yourself come like I do,” Ilya praised. He *knew* Shane had a thing for it despite his denial.

“Fuck, Ilya...” Shane trailed off into a moan. “I’m gonna cum.”

“Keep speed same,” Ilya ordered, though at this point he was fully guiding Shane’s hand; it was basically limp. “Up and down, up and down.”

Ilya watched as Shane’s abs tightened and he knew Shane’s orgasm was near.

“So pretty, Shane. Cum for me. You’re so perfect,” Ilya muttered compliment after compliment as Shane spilled over their conjoined hands, hips bucking uncontrollably. Moans flowed from Shane’s mouth, along with strings of curses.

“Keep going slowly,” Ilya instructed. “Don’t stop until you cannot take anymore.”

Shane let out a whine, feeling overly sensitive now. Ilya finally released Shane’s hand from his grasp, and brought his own hand up to his mouth. Making sure Shane’s eyes were on him, Ilya sucked his fingers into his mouth, lapping up the cum that covered them. Ilya didn’t miss the shudder that ran through Shane.

“Goddamn it, Ilya.” Shane was still catching his breath, and this little display was not helping him regain composure.

“I am good teacher, yes?” Ilya asked, but based on his smug grin, Shane figured he knew the answer.

“Yes, asshole, it was good.” Shane replied reluctantly.

“Good. But it will not be as good when I am not here.”

Shane knew he was right but he narrowed his eyes anyway, aiming his glare at Ilya.

“You call me when you do this, okay? I want to watch,” Ilya demanded.

Shane figured it was the least he could do to repay him.

“Okay, fine. I will.”

Chapter End Notes

i want to make like a series of smutty one-shots for these two. PLEASE comment any ideas/requests and i'll do my best! i have some ideas of course but i always love writing for others!

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Shane puts into practice what Ilya taught him.

Chapter Notes

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

Ilya's phone buzzes relentlessly, and he's forced to turn his attention from the TV to the small screen.

Jane

3 missed calls

"*Fuck*," he mutters under his breath. Quickly, he pulls up his phone camera and adjusts his hair, making sure it's how he likes it.

Shane picks up the facetime the second Ilya returns his calls. Ilya is greeted with the sight of Shane shirtless, his cheeks pink and splotchy.

"You look very pretty. How are you?" Ilya greets him.

"Really fucking horny," Shane replies, slightly out of breath.

"Oh?" Ilya questions with a slight smile.

"You told me, you know... to call you. When I wanted to try what you showed me." Shane told him nervously. He fidgeted with a piece of hair that was sticking up awkwardly.

"I did, but I thought you might make it longer than three days... Are you going to show me how good you are? And how much you want to cum?" Ilya teased.

In response, Shane panned the camera down to reveal his erection flat against his stomach. Ilya sucked in a breath and let out a low whistle.

"Set the camera up. *Now*." Ilya demanded. Shane complied quickly. He disappeared from the screen for a moment, but returned after he dragged a chair over and propped his phone up on it. He lay back against his pillows and adjusted so that Ilya had a clear view of his whole body. "*Fuck*, you are so beautiful."

Shane was determined to do *exactly* what Ilya had told him. He started by running his hands all over his body. He caressed his chest, nipples, abs, everything. He scraped his nails down

his stomach, leaving small marks that proved how much he was trying.

Ilya's eyes remained on him the whole time, never leaving his body. Ilya goaded Shane on, telling him how pretty he looked and how good he was at following his directions.

When Shane finally couldn't take it anymore, he lowered his hand to where he wanted it most. He started so slow, just a feather light touch on his length. He didn't take it in his grip just yet, but instead traced up and down it. He swiped his thumb over the precum that was leaking from the tip and smeared it along his dick.

"*Fuck*, Ilya," Shane panted, as though it wasn't his own hand eliciting this reaction. Shane's eyes were closed slightly, though he wished he could watch Ilya's face up close to see how he was reacting.

"Such a good boy, Shane. Pick up the pace," Ilya coached. Shane listened and took himself into his hand fully. He pumped his hand up and down slowly at first, making sure to twist each time, just how Ilya had shown him. Small moans began to escape his lips.

"Faster, Hollander. You deserve it for how good you're being," Ilya said encouragingly. Shane let out a breathy moan at that. He obliged. He was slick with precum at this point, moving his fist up and down quickly. Every time he got closer to the tip, he gripped even tighter, enhancing the sensation. Strings of moans flowed from his mouth, along with the occasional 'fuck' and 'holy shit.'

"Look at me, Shane," Ilya called to him. Shane opened his eyes briefly to see that Ilya had propped his own phone up as well, and was matching Shane's movements. "I want to be fucking you, Hollander, rather than my fist. But this will have to do for now," Ilya panted out.

Shane didn't know how much longer he'd last. The obscene sight of Ilya jerking off, the praise he kept offering, and his own fist pumping up and down was too much.

"Fuck, Ilya, I think I'm going to cum..." Shane gasped. He kept the speed the same, as Ilya had instructed him before.

"That's it, keep going," Ilya ordered. "Just like that. Cum for me."

And Shane did.

He came hard and fast and loud. The thick liquid covered his fist and stomach, cooling quickly.

"Fuck, Hollander, *fuck*," Ilya grunted.

Ilya followed suit, cursing loudly as he came on his own hands.

"God, that was so hot," Shane said once he'd caught his breath.

"Was it as good as my hand?" Ilya inquired. He knew it wasn't, but he asked anyway.

“No,” Shane glared at him through the screen.

“Don’t worry, moya lyubov. Next time I see you, I’ll make you cum as many times as you would like, not just with my hands.”

“I’m counting on it.” Shane replied. He couldn’t wait.

Chapter End Notes

ok i’m lowkey obsessed with this. ngl. expect LOTS more of these two cus i love them so much! that’s all!

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