

professional heartbreaker

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by [yourinsomnia](#)

Summary

Out of all Ilya's terrible vices, repeatedly hiring the same escort might be the stupidest one he's ever picked up.

Notes

inspired by this [gorgeous, gorgeous art](#)

Ilya Rozanov wore a Rolex. Not the cheap, entry-level bullshit, but a Daytona 40 that cost more than his favorite BMW. The gold links were polished to a blinding sheen, each one throwing sparks whenever the hem of his jacket lifted and brought the watch into view.

He also wore two-carat diamonds, inlaid in understated studs that curved delicately along each earlobe, visible whenever he felt like tucking his curls behind his ears.

His suit was custom—of course it was. Ilya had worked with the tailor for an egregious amount of time to ensure it fit like a natural extension of him. The plunge of the v bared a calculated slice of chest; the waist tapered tight, accentuating the slope of his ass; the crease down each pant leg was pressed so sharply you might be tempted to drag your fingers along it just to see if it would pierce skin.

It was made from vicuña. The most expensive fabric in the world. Cut in his preferred shade of black—so deep it seemed to swallow the light before letting it cascade down his frame in liquid rivulets.

And yet, none of it was the flashiest thing he currently possessed.

That distinction belonged to Shane Hollander, draped carelessly over Ilya's arm like a trophy no one else was allowed to touch.

Not that Ilya was doing much of the touching either. He was content to strut Shane around like a pretty prop while he surveyed his domain—the gilded casino ballroom overflowing with patrons and chatter, crowned by sprawling, multi-tiered glass chandeliers that hung low, dangerous as icicles poised on a winter roof. They cast just enough light over the roulette wheels and betting tables to keep the dealers from operating in complete darkness.

And what a pretty prop Shane made.

Especially tonight, his silky black shirt undone at the top, teasing a span of faintly tanned skin; precisely the length Ilya imagined he could cover with his palm placed at the altar of the man's throat. His freckles stood stark even in the low light, scattered across the bridge of his nose like smoke, impossible to pin down. His lips were pink and lush, glossed with something sweet; Ilya swore he could almost taste it when Shane leaned in to murmur against the shell of his ear:

“That man has been staring at you for a while.”

The gloss carried a fruity scent—watermelon, perhaps. Fresh. Bright as lemonade to a parched mouth. Ilya noted it idly as they drifted in tandem along the marble floor, their steps smooth and effortless, closer to flight than walking.

Only after a few leisurely moments did Ilya deign to follow Shane's gaze across the room.

He knew exactly who Shane meant—a bulky man in his forties at one of the roulette tables, turned sideways in his chair, jacket straining at the seams. The man's attention split evenly

between assessing Ilya—and incidentally Shane hanging off his arm—and rolling stray betting chips between his thick fingers.

“Yes, well,” Ilya said with an innocuous smile. “Why wouldn’t he stare at me? I’m hot.”

He didn’t need to see Shane’s face to know he was rolling his eyes. The reply confirmed it, both amusement and exasperation interwoven neatly into his voice.

“Do you just assume everyone’s attracted to you?”

“Yes,” Ilya answered impatiently, guiding them toward the nearest roulette table where a seat had just opened.

Once there, Shane instinctively slipped free of Ilya’s arm at the last second to pull out a chair for him, then wordlessly assumed his position behind Ilya.

“Mr. Rozanov,” the dealer greeted him deferentially, not quite meeting his eyes.

Ilya recognized him as one of the newer hires. The man’s nerves showed when he awkwardly cleared the chips from the previous round of betting.

Not that Ilya was here to supervise his performance. He had an entire fleet of managers for that. Tonight he was simply here to play—to test his luck, see where the boule would take him, whether it would land him on the odds or the evens, the seductive black or the bloody red.

Ilya retrieved a thick stack of bills from his wallet and placed them on the table, putting the dealer at ease. As he waited for his chips, he considered the man across the room who was still stealing glances in their direction. It had been a good call on Shane’s part to bring the attention to him.

Shane had already earned his keep as an aesthetically pleasant distraction, but Ilya appreciated that he was observant as well. Attentive. Attuned to Ilya’s needs in a way that surprised him—though it shouldn’t have.

Svetlana ran an excellent business. Every one of her escorts was well-trained and impeccably mannered, and Ilya had never once walked away from an encounter dissatisfied. But he had never felt compelled to rehire anyone either.

Except Shane, who had quietly become something of a fixture in Ilya’s social life as of late.

It was utterly ill-advised. But, well—Ilya couldn’t help himself. A man needed vices to indulge, addictions to cultivate. Gambling no longer carried the same glittering promise of destruction it had in his youth, back when the possibility of losing everything had meant something, when the risk alone had been enough to send his heart racing.

Barely anything did that anymore. Even vodka had lost its delicious burn. Except, apparently, ill-advised decisions.

Rehiring Shane defeated the very purpose of what Ilya intended to accomplish.

He didn't hire escorts for the sex. Not usually. That he could obtain elsewhere, whenever he wished. Rather, he drew from Svetlana's seemingly endless arsenal of beautiful employees for steadier purposes: elegant arm candy, someone pliant at his side who would follow instructions, remain discreet, and refrain from asking inconvenient questions when Ilya inevitably sent them away at the end of the night with a generous check for their insignificant trouble.

He liked that it was easy, and preferred the transactional nature of it.

And Ilya should have kept it that way—trusted Svetlana to send an appropriate companion for the evening and then never seen them again, just as the arrangement was meant to work.

Except that none of them had made a lasting impression beyond their glitzy outfits and saccharine smiles—Ilya would be hard-pressed to pick them out of a lineup if presented with such a task.

Yet something about Shane, from the very first moment Ilya laid eyes on him, had endured. Even now, Ilya could conjure the exact shape of Shane's lips whenever he closed his eyes—the slight, stubborn pucker of them, as though they were perpetually on the verge of a pout. Damnably irresistible. More damning still was the realization that it worked on him—that if Shane ever asked for something outright, Ilya might very well give it to him.

None of the other escorts had trembled the way Shane had the first time Ilya's hand ghosted over his waist with a single shuddering ripple through his body before he forced himself back into stillness at Ilya's side.

None of them had looked at Ilya the way Shane did when Ilya leaned back and sucked lazily from his cigarette. There had been something in Shane's gaze then—confusion and awe rising together, as though he were witnessing something profound and unprecedented. Something almost holy.

And none of them had looked quite so disappointed when the night ended without anything remotely resembling sex.

Shane had made it all the way to the door that first night before stopping. His shoulders had gone rigid with tension before he turned back around.

“You're not going to fuck me?” he asked casually.

Ilya'd pulled the cigarette from his mouth and chuckled.

Shane, like the others who worked for Sveta, would have been briefed on the assignment, on what was expected of him tonight. He must have known that Ilya didn't fuck his escorts.

Then why the manifest disappointment?

Ilya mused silently, exhaling a lusty puff of smoke.

Did Shane really think himself special? That Ilya would find him so seductive he simply wouldn't be able to help himself?

He could.

And besides, it was far more entertaining to toy with Shane—to see how many tremors he could coax from the man without barely touching him.

Ilya found himself wondering how far he could take it. Whether there was a limit he could push Shane toward, some invisible edge where the tension would finally snap with a thunderous crash.

The thought left a strangely thrilling aftertaste in his mouth.

Back in the present, he flicked chips across the table, landing them successfully—though only just so. He stifled a small shiver when Shane leaned down behind him and poured a warm murmur along the back of his neck.

“Victor approaching. Two o’clock.”

At Shane’s warning, Ilya’s gaze cut up to watch his head of security striding across the floor toward them. Behind him, Shane shifted position slightly to make room.

“I don’t like the way that man has been looking at you,” Victor said in Russian, his voice low but stern, barely audible over the clatter of the roulette wheel. “Pretty sure the passport he showed at the door was fake, too.”

Ilya hummed thoughtfully, pinching a betting chip between his fingers. The dealer had given him pink chips tonight—his lucky color.

“What did the passport say?”

“German. Some funny name,” Victor replied. “Should I take him out?”

The boule finally settled after a prolonged clatter. Ilya frowned at the number. Thirteen. Like many Russians, he carried a healthy amount of superstition and never bet on the devil’s dozen. Which meant he had just lost a few hundred dollars.

Oh well.

He stole a glance toward the man, who now wore a convincing mask of concentration over his own game. Definitely not German, Ilya decided, noting the grim set of his jaw, the sunken eyes, the absence of light in them. Ilya would recognize his own kind anywhere. Probably one of those visiting oligarchs from Moscow trying to keep a low profile. That would explain the pointed interest, likely irritated by the fact that Ilya’s companion was a man.

They could never quite manage to do as the Romans do when visiting the States.

And some small, sadistic part of Ilya took pleasure in choosing male escorts for precisely that reason.

The next round was beginning, and Victor was still waiting for instructions.

“Not German,” Ilya agreed mildly. “But there’s no reason to escalate things yet. What do I always say?”

Victor stared at him blankly.

Ilya clicked his tongue in mock frustration. In fairness, he did say a great many things.

“Violence is the last refuge of the incompetent,” Ilya recited in English. It sounded better that way.

Shane, who had been hovering nearby and had until now looked thoroughly lost in the Russian exchange, suddenly perked up at the familiar language. A faint smirk tugged at his mouth.

Ilya ignored it and turned back to Victor.

“Let the man stay,” he said. “Then bring him to my office later. Perhaps sweeten the deal with a nice, sweaty bottle of Beluga, yes?”

Victor gave a curt nod and disappeared into the crowd.

“If only you would take your own advice,” Shane said, sliding closer. Ilya could feel the heat radiating off him, hissing against his skin like a warm breeze. “I couldn’t get the blood out of my suit last time. I had to throw it away,” he finished petulantly.

Ilya’s hand froze with a chip rolled half-way between two fingers. He had almost put the incident out of his mind.

“Ah, yes,” he conceded solemnly. “That was unfortunate.”

“Unfortunate,” Shane parroted, his jaw ticking, though Ilya couldn’t quite tell whether it was frustration or barely contained amusement. Then he leaned down again, lowering his voice so only the two of them could hear.

“You shot him in front of us. In cold blood.”

Ilya smiled crookedly.

‘Cold blood’. Fucking Americans and their strange idioms. Ilya’s blood ran hot—too hot for his own liking, too quick to kindle.

“He deserved it,” Ilya assured him, catching Shane by the wrist and tugging him down into his lap so he could restrain him before he said anything else capable of setting Ilya aflame.

Shane came down easily, surrendering with nothing more than a soft sigh. One arm looped around Ilya’s neck for balance, most of his weight settling against Ilya’s left side so Ilya could keep a range of motion on his dominant arm.

“Besides,” Ilya continued, satisfied now that Shane was entirely within his grasp, his face just a whisper away from Ilya’s mouth, “if you don’t use it, you lose it.”

He dragged his fingers along the hinge of Shane's jaw, then pressed them under his chin for emphasis.

"Are you talking about your trigger finger?" Shane asked, swallowing thickly. "I don't think that's how it works."

"Sure it does," Ilya countered, crooking his fingers again. He felt the soft give of Shane's throat beneath them and relished the way Shane's hold on his shoulders loosened slightly, the slow flutter of his lashes before his eyes lifted again.

It had always been like this with Shane—

Ilya never taking quite enough, and Shane submitting anyway.

Paired with the physical sensation of Shane currently nestled in his lap, the thought was startlingly arousing. Ilya felt his cock twitch treacherously in his pants. He couldn't spare it another moment's notice or he'd be fully hard, and it would take nothing more than Shane shifting his weight to notice.

Under normal circumstances, Ilya wouldn't care. On the contrary, he would enjoy making the erection obvious, grinding it against Shane's perky ass just to watch the reaction.

He would probably enjoy it a little too much.

Which was precisely why he hadn't done it yet—and had no intention of doing so tonight. It was not a weakness he was willing to reveal.

So, to distract himself, he withdrew his hand from Shane's throat and lowered it to his waist instead, hooking his fingers lazily through the loops of Shane's belt. With his other hand, he swept the remainder of his chips closer.

"Give me a number," Ilya ordered.

"I don't gamble," Shane replied with a small, teasing smile, as if he were perfectly aware he was being difficult and derived immense pleasure from it.

"Don't make me repeat myself," Ilya murmured.

He leaned in suddenly, baring his teeth over the ridge of Shane's throat without quite touching.

"A number," he ordered again, pitching his voice lower.

Shane's thighs flexed involuntarily, a trail of goosebumps unfurling down his neck.

When Ilya finally leaned back and tilted his head to observe him, he noticed the tips of Shane's ears turning bright red.

"Twenty-four," Shane said at last, licking his lips. The moisture left them even pinker than before.

It was a solid number—two dozens. A day. A sunset and a sunrise folded into one spin.

“Good,” Ilya praised.

He stacked a precarious tower of all his remaining chips onto that number, his only regret being that the maximum bet allowed was a mere two and a half thousand.

“Holy fuck,” Shane breathed. “At least do a split.”

Ilya pretended to consider the suggestion.

“No. I believe in you,” he said laconically. “You’ll be my lucky charms tonight.”

“That’s—” Shane started, his breath hitching again as Ilya’s fingers tugged at one of his belt loops, the hem of his shirt coming undone from it. “A cereal.”

Ilya laughed softly against Shane’s skin.

“That’s the joke, baby.”

Shane produced a lighter seemingly out of nowhere the moment the filter of Ilya’s cigarette touched his lips, watching with understated devotion as the flame took. His gaze stayed fixed on Ilya’s mouth parting around the smoke, his eyes dark and smoldering behind the temporary veil.

Oh, he was good at this—at anticipating Ilya’s every need and making it look like he enjoyed fulfilling it.

Almost too good for someone who only worked this job part-time.

Svetlana would never disclose personal information about her escorts, but Ilya was perfectly capable of conducting his own research. Unfortunately, his curiosity about the man in front of him had been piqued further when he discovered that Shane was a graduate student at NYU who did this only some nights for extra money.

Ilya had half a mind to tell him that he could probably make a fortune wrapping oligarchs around his finger with nothing more than the flutter of those beautiful lashes and retire early, sparing himself the exhausting career of electrical engineering.

But that would require admitting he had looked Shane up.

So the thought stayed cinched behind his teeth, along with the smoke he refused to exhale directly into Shane’s face, now that the man was hovering barely an inch away.

Ilya didn’t know how that had happened. How Shane had ended up in his lap again. He was certain they had separated after the casino. They must have, in order to make it to the quiet reprieve of Ilya’s office, so much calmer than the ballroom they’d escaped. The walls soothing in their deep midnight hues, the leather couch cool beneath them, the sequence of events falling out of order around them.

Had Shane climbed into his lap himself, or had Ilya pulled him there again? Was it before or after Shane tipped a vodka shot into Ilya's mouth using only his teeth? Before or after Shane flicked his tongue out to catch the stray drops of alcohol that had landed on the smooth lapel of Ilya's jacket?

Ilya had stared down at him, blinking hazily, feeling far more drunk than he ought to be by then.

The air between them felt strangely buoyant, as if they stood on the precipice of something momentous. Their breaths came together and apart, Shane never drifting far from Ilya's reach, as though some invisible current kept washing him back into Ilya's arms.

"My clothes always smell like smoke when I get home," Shane said now, claiming Ilya's attention. The complaint lacked the bite, missing its mark slightly. He sounded almost wistful.

"Sorry," Ilya said, craning his neck past him to blow the smoke away.

Against him, Shane's body rippled with quiet laughter.

"No, you're not," Shane murmured.

A beat later, Ilya felt the straight slope of Shane's nose brush against his neck.

"Fuck, you smell so good."

The words came in a soft, halting whisper, layered over the steady staccato of rain against the tall glass windows.

But Ilya caught the words anyway. And the smoke caught in his throat in return.

Somewhere in the faulty passage of time leading up to this moment, one of Ilya's hands had settled at the base of Shane's ass. Now he found his grip tightening, squeezing the muscle, searching for some release for the restless energy inside him, the maddening urge to sink his teeth into Shane and tear him open.

Shane sucked in a sharp breath and, on the exhale, moved suddenly. One leg swung over the other side of Ilya's lap as he straddled him, trapping him between the spread of his strong thighs.

"Ilya, can you—"

Shane's voice shook, but whatever he had meant to ask—whatever Ilya might have been tempted to give—never came to pass.

A firm, insistent knock interrupted them.

Shane groaned but didn't slide off. Didn't go far at all when Ilya called out, annoyed "Come in."

Victor slipped inside without a trace of surprise crossing his face at the sight of his boss pinned against the back of the couch by another man.

“I have the guy with me,” Victor said evenly.

Ilya’s brows furrowed. “Who?”

At last, Victor’s mouth twitched with what might have been emotion.

“The one with the fake passport,” he clarified. “He was grateful for the bottle of vodka. Less grateful when we searched him and found the real one. His Russian passport.”

“Shocking,” Ilya said flatly.

He nudged Shane slightly to the side, propping him against one of his legs so he could lean forward and grind his cigarette out in the ashtray on the coffee table.

“Bring him in.”

Once Victor stepped back out of the room, Ilya took the brief moment of privacy to adjust himself with one hand, the other still firmly cupping the curve of Shane’s ass. His cock had been hard for God knew how long. Even that minor friction nearly dragged a moan from his throat.

Shane acted as if he heard it anyway, biting down on a smirk.

Then he mirrored the motion, adjusting himself through his pants, the fabric stretched indecently tight around the clear bulge of his erection.

He looked like he was about to say something as well, but whatever it was died unspoken when the door opened again and Victor returned with reluctant company in tow.

Irritated, Ilya slapped Shane’s ass lightly. The startled yelp he earned sounded almost like the cry of a scolded kitten.

Then he forced his attention back to the matter at hand.

So Shane had won this round. He’d managed to get Ilya to admit—if only silently—how badly Ilya wanted him. But was it really surprising, with Shane draped over his lap like this? Presenting himself so shamelessly. Mouth always within kissing distance. Skin so smooth it practically glowed, calling to Ilya’s hands, begging to be bruised.

It was a miracle Ilya had held out this long.

He waved Victor over and took the passport from him, the cover vivid red even in the low light. Ilya skimmed the contents, committing the key details to memory before tossing it aside and beckoning Victor closer with another irritated snap of his fingers.

Once Victor handed over what Ilya actually wanted—his pristine, fully loaded gun—Ilya lifted it and aimed it at the man.

Shane sighed against him as if deeply inconvenienced and shifted slightly so the barrel wouldn't be pointed directly past him.

"Now, there is no need for that," the man protested in Russian, his eyes darting toward the door and then the windows, calculating the slim chances of escape.

Victor had already lowered himself into an armchair, occupying himself with a glass of vodka left unattended on the coffee table. Two of Ilya's other men stood behind the visitor, effectively blocking any exit.

"I disagree, Grigoriy," Ilya said, pronouncing the name sweetly, keeping the gun trained steadily on the man's head. "Fake passports. All that staring. I don't like it."

Not to mention the interruption to his evening, though Ilya kept that particular grievance to himself.

"I work for your brother," Grigoriy said.

Ilya whistled softly.

"Well," he said, tilting his head, "that just makes me want to shoot you more."

"Alexei doesn't know," Grigoriy tried again after clearing his throat. "I come to you in good faith and simply ask that you hear me out."

At that, Victor winced as if he'd just swallowed far more than his allotted hundred grams of vodka. He clearly didn't think the man was worth their time.

Ilya wasn't entirely convinced either. But the alternative was pulling the trigger and dealing with another mess in his office. And Ilya had only just begun to grow fond of the Cubanist pattern in the new carpet.

"Go on," he told Grigoriy, clicking the safety back onto the gun.

The man obliged, launching into a heartfelt account of how terrible Alexei's leadership had become: how he was running their father's legacy into the ground, how certain factions were forming in opposition, how several of Alexei's recent decisions had been...questionable.

In short, everything Ilya already knew.

And everything he could barely force himself to listen to while he idly toyed with the gun in his hand. He was still hard. And Shane was still squirming in his lap. He seemed to reflect all of Ilya's own impatience tenfold, beginning to grind against him—almost imperceptibly at first, then with growing urgency. Short bursts of movement that pressed his clothed cock against Ilya's stomach while his quickening breaths ghosted across the sensitive skin of Ilya's neck.

Ilya's jaw tightened so hard he thought it might unhinge from the bone.

He brought the barrel of the gun to Shane's throat in an attempt to still him—or at the very least make him look at Ilya so he could transmit a command through nothing more than his gaze.

But Shane didn't even flinch when the metal kissed his skin. If anything, it seemed to encourage him. Intrigued by the reaction he was provoking, Ilya traced the tender blue vein that ran down Shane's neck, pulsing vividly beneath the surface. He followed it lower until the line vanished into the open collar of Shane's shirt, then used the gun to push the fabric aside a little farther.

Ilya imagined it was his mouth doing the work instead—his teeth grazing the curve of Shane's collarbone, his lips leaving a bright constellation of bruises in their wake.

Maybe Shane was imagining the very same thing, because he let out a low keening sound meant only for Ilya.

He already looked thoroughly debauched, and Ilya had barely touched him yet. The flush on his cheeks climbed higher, his eyes fluttering closed.

It was so arresting that a breathless “fuck” slipped from Ilya before he could stop himself. The word seemed to ripple outward. His ears rang in the aftermath from what he realized was an acute silence that had suddenly blanketed the room.

All eyes were on him and Shane. Even Grigoriy had stopped talking—he must have for a while now.

Ilya regarded them with as much heated spite as he could pour into a single look, daring any of them to say something. He gave it a few charged moments.

In that span of time, Shane only thrust harder against him, as if trying to encourage Ilya to touch him again with the gun.

Just as Ilya expected, no one had anything of value to contribute. Except Shane.

He surged forward, his breath unraveling rapidly against Ilya as he pleaded, “Please—I need ___”

Ilya lowered the gun slightly, letting the barrel drift downward.

“What do you need?” he coaxed, huskily.

“I need you to touch me,” Shane whimpered.

Ilya nodded, setting the gun beside him.

“Was that so hard?” he murmured, voice rumbling low. “All you had to do was ask.”

“What are you doing?” Grigoriy finally asked, incredulous.

“What does it look like I’m doing?” Ilya shot back. “I’m touching this pretty boy’s dick,” he added unnecessarily, even as he was currently experiencing some technical difficulties on that front—the fit was impossibly tight, leaving little room for him to maneuver.

Shane was not helping by moving endlessly, cupping Ilya’s cheek, brushing his thumb across Ilya’s mouth, threading his fingers through his curls, never quite committing to any one motion, treating Ilya as though he were something fragile rather than a man who could handle him.

Ilya liked it.

He liked that Shane was a wild, frenzied thing in his arms. It answered something inside him that was just as viciously uncontrollable and ravenous, dissolving the last remnants of restraint.

He withdrew his hand abruptly, popped open the button at the top of Shane’s pants, then pushed his hand back down again, less encumbered this time.

And he was delighted to discover just how soaked Shane already was.

“Yes, fuck,” he breathed, his agitation quelled at last as Ilya slid lower and closed his fist around his length.

“I heard you were a reasonable man,” Grigoriy said with a weary sigh. “That you would listen if I came to you.”

“I did,” Ilya assured him as he moved his hand up and down Shane’s slick cock with rough, stuttering strokes. “But you didn’t tell me anything new,” he countered over the sound of Shane’s moans picking up in volume, his lips tortured raw between his own teeth as he tried—and failed—to keep the words contained.

“Fuck...feels so good...please— Ilya.”

“Shhh, sweetheart,” Ilya soothed, pressing his forefinger against Shane’s lips, then hissing softly when Shane’s eager tongue flicked hotly over his skin.

Ilya was perfectly aware what a bad idea it was—how much worse it would make his arousal—but Shane was already parting his lips for him, ready to swallow the intrusion, and Ilya gave that to him too, pushing his finger in and out in a steady rhythm. Waves of sensation surged through him, leaving no part of him untouched, every inch of his skin alight with need and craving more.

Inconveniently, Grigoriy spoke again.

“There are a lot of people who would like Alexei’s reign to end. People who could help you facilitate it.”

“So you’ve come here to ask me to do the dirty work for you?” Ilya asked, his mouth twisting bitterly around the words, though perhaps more at how breathless they came out.

Ilya had already said his goodbyes to the motherland. He had no intention of setting foot there again, and he could think of few propositions more loathsome. Instinctively, he pulled his fingers from Shane's mouth as his hand twitched toward the gun again.

Maybe he should shoot Grigoriy after all.

He was so tempted by the thought that he didn't immediately realize his other hand had stopped moving.

Shane moaned in protest, fingers tugging helplessly in Ilya's curls. His eyes snapped into focus on him, the arousal in them now edged with a dark, beautiful fury.

"Fuck you," he murmured. "I was going to come."

When that failed to provoke the desired reaction, Shane began rutting up against Ilya again, murmuring hoarsely, "Please. Please, please."

The sound of it was pure music to Ilya's ears. It went straight to his cock, straining achingly against his boxers, already damp in a way that was frankly humiliating.

He needed Shane to stop moving, or he was going to come himself.

Ilya squeezed his eyes shut, convinced he might spill right then and there into his pants—and that would never do. Not before Shane did. Preferably in a way that only Ilya could hear.

He jerked his head toward Victor, then toward Grigoriy in obvious dismissal.

"No," Grigoriy tried to protest, but he had already lost Ilya's attention irrevocably. "I was offering collaboration—what are you doing? Get your hands off me—"

His voice rose into panicked shouting before fading into the distance as Victor and the others removed him from the room.

Shane, meanwhile, seemed entirely indifferent to his fate, still panting against Ilya, melting into him, slowly dismantling whatever control Ilya believed he still possessed.

The moment the door shut, Ilya's hand resumed stroking him, slipping lower to cup Shane's balls, intoxicated by their heavy weight, the coarse texture of his pubes, the silky glide of Shane's cock, so petite and uniform in his hand.

"Right there, sweetheart...that's it," he murmured, praise spilling from him like wildfire he could no longer contain. "Want to feel you come in my hand—"

Though what Ilya truly wanted, but couldn't say, was more.

He wanted Shane to come down his throat. He wanted Shane to come with his cock buried deep inside him. He wanted Shane to come again and again, with Ilya's fingers or even the barrel of his gun shoved into Shane's mouth, until they both lost count and neither of them could take it anymore.

“I think—” Shane said afterward, bonelessly slumped against Ilya, his chest still heaving against him. “You’re determined to ruin every single one of my suits.”

He glanced down, wrinkling his nose at the mess they’d made.

Ilya felt a brief twinge of guilt for wiping his hand on the waistband of Shane’s pants. It was the only recourse available to him, aside from pulling himself out and using Shane’s cum to ease the way to his own orgasm.

He was still close—mind cloudy with arousal, teetering right on the edge.

“Have you heard of dry cleaning?” he said, just to be contrary.

“Asshole,” Shane scoffed.

“Fine. I’ll buy you a new suit,” Ilya amended. “Thousands of them.”

Shane’s brows lifted, the corners of his mouth curling slowly.

“What if I want this one?” he asked, sliding his hand down Ilya’s chest.

“You can have it,” Ilya replied, far too quickly.

Shane’s hand continued its taunting descent, his smile blooming into something wicked.

“What if I want to see you without it?”

Anything you want, Ilya thought.

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