

Don't message the weird weed man

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Don't message the weird weed man

by [sn00pyw00py](#)

Summary

There's a beat of silence between them. And then another, and another until it continues on for a solid minute, almost hitting the two minute mark until Hayden speaks again.

"Maybe you just need to get high, y'know. Loosen up a little."

What the fuck?

OR

Shane decides to loosen up a little by smoking weed. Too bad his dealer is really weird. And hot, somehow.

Notes

Baby's first smut!!!! Lowk ts is maybe gonna be cringe as hell idk bro it's like almost 4 am here I always post before going to bed so yeah...not beta'd ...I will fix mistakes in the morning hopefully omg I'm such a chud man I have to study and im here writing fucking weed man Ilya and overworked college student Shane.

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

Shane Hollander has always exceeded expectations. He's the top student of his class, graduated as valedictorian, the captain of his university's hockey team and is pursuing a nursing degree all at the same time. He's dealt with pressure, he somehow *thrives* under pressure and yet, he can't do it. Not anymore.

Everything feels overwhelming. It feels like he can't even keep up anymore. He feels more and more like garbage after each passing day and he isn't sure how long he can handle feeling like that before he seriously does something he can't undo. It's not like he's going to kill himself.

Well, at least not *yet*. That depends on how well he's going to do on his next exam because right now? He's been flunking each and every exam, getting B's and borderline C's sometimes. His GPA went from an astounding 3.8 to a 3.0 all in a few semesters and he feels horrible about it. Mainly because it feels like he's completely wasting his parents money and because it's been affecting other things in his life too. Hockey. It's been affecting how he's been playing a lot and it shows. He can feel everyone staring at him with either concern, pity or irritation and sometimes all three at the same time. He feels pathetic.

He needs, genuinely *needs*, something to get his mind off of how shitty his life has been lately.

Which is why he finds himself in front of Hayden's doorstep. He can count on his best friend to give him some good, solid advice right? A part of him is screaming at him, telling him to turn back and run away as fast as possible because his gut is telling him that some bad advice is coming his way and it's imminent. He swallows a lump in his throat, rocking back and forth on the balls of his feet, the front of his sneakers stretching up and down as he moves. His arms swing by his sides while he stares at the ground, waiting.

"Oh, shit, hey, Shane!" Hayden's voice booms into Shane's ears, he blinks, looking up with a small smile, "Hey, Hayden." He quietly responds, stepping in once the other man moves away.

He doesn't make any eye contact when Hayden looks at him, he almost stares through him and he can see that same expression of concern take its place on Hayden's face. He hates it. He feels pathetic. Weak. *Stupid*. '*Why did I even come here? I'm just embarrassing myself now...*' — he thinks to himself for a moment before letting out a sharp breath.

“Hey, buddy, what’s up?” Hayden asks and Shane swears he’s about to bang his head on a wall when he hears that same fucking tone of worry in his best friends voice. He hates how it makes him feel...like a kid. Like he isn’t someone who’s excelled under pressure before. His hands ball up into fists as his lips purse before pressing them into a thin line. He somehow manages to maintain eye contact for a few seconds and gives a sheepish smile.

“Oh , um, nothing's up. I, uh, I just...needed your advice on something, if that’s fine?” He swears he can see Hayden practically light up at the words that just left his mouth, a smile curling on his lips as he comes to shove his shoulder with a grin, “*Obviously* it’s fine! C’mon, tell me what’s up.”

“Uh, can I sit?”

“Huh? Oh, yeah! Why are you even asking?”

He chooses *not* to respond to that and just sits down on the couch, feeling it dip as Hayden plops down next to him, his posture stiff as he blinks repeatedly, avoiding his friend's expectant gaze with great difficulty. He has no idea how Hayden manages to...be so good at having eyes.

“Uh, okay, fuck. I don’t— I don’t know how to say this but...I’ve honestly been doing really...bad this semester, like, there’s a lot more pressure and I can’t handle it. I don’t know what to do anymore.” He huffs, his arms wrapping around his knees, fingers tapping against the fabric of his jeans as he sneaks a glance up at Hayden, watching him process the information with a focused face.

“Yeah, you haven’t really been...acting all that healthy this season. Your eating's gotten worse, man. All I see you eat is that bird food you always insist on eating even when you don’t have to.” Hayden starts, not realizing how those words strike something in Shane’s chest. ‘*Bird food? It’s not bird food! It’s **good** for me. Great for me. It’s not my fault you don’t like...well...bird food.*’ — he thinks while rolling his eyes, uncomfortably leaning back as he waits for his friend to continue speaking.

“Not only that but you haven’t been sleeping either, yeah? You’re way too hard on yourself, Shane. Your GPA is still good compared to everyone else’s. Hell, I’m sure there are some people at risk of *failing* right now. A 3.0 is fine, man.” Hayden continues and he feels something inside him...snap.

“That’s— no, it’s not. It isn’t fine and that’s okay because, well, usually I’d be able to study and bring it up higher but I can’t and I don’t know why! I can’t focus on anything anymore!” He snaps and then immediately feels guilty about doing so but he doesn’t say anything. It doesn’t seem like Hayden minds. He just looks surprised for a second before speaking again, albeit cautiously.

There’s a beat of silence between them. And then another, and another until it continues on for a solid minute, almost hitting the two minute mark until Hayden speaks again.

“Maybe you just need to get high, y’know. Loosen up a little.”

What the fuck?

“What—? Why would I do that? Hayden, they do drug tests here, if they find me positive for anything, my life is over! Everything is over, everything I worked hard for will be gone—“ he spirals and feels a pair of hands grip at his arms before Hayden cuts him off.

“No! No, I’m not talking about, like, actual drugs or whatever. I’m talking about weed. Everyone on the team...has it, y’know? We’re in college, Shane, I think everyone would be surprised if we *didn’t* have anything in our system.” The other man explains, his hands moving up and down his arms. Shane swallows, his knee bouncing up and down uncontrollably as his thoughts move at a hundred miles per hour.

‘If I do this then I’m risking everything I worked so hard for.’ — he thinks, his gaze glued to the floor. *‘But...I haven’t been able to sleep or eat properly for so long. Just...once? Maybe once? One time and I’ll never try it again.’* He tries to compromise with himself, his fingers twitching as he glances back up at Hayden, his voice quiet, “You’re sure they won’t...do anything about this, right?” He asks.

“No, dude, they won’t. I promise. I have this guy who sells really good quality weed. Everyone buys from him so don’t worry about him being shady or something.”

Just once. One time and he’ll never do it again. He won’t get addicted. He can promise himself that. He won’t get addicted. Hell, he probably won’t even like smoking weed but he *needs* something to help him loosen up a little. He knows he shouldn’t be doing this. He knows that he’s above this, that he should be more opposed to this but he can’t bring himself to go one more day of feeling miserable and being stuck all up in his head.

He sucks his pride up, takes the number from Hayden and leaves with a pit forming in his stomach.

Maybe this was a bad idea but...he isn’t going to back out now. Not when he has a chance of feeling *good* again, being happy again.

Whatever. Just once. *One time.*

He won’t go back for more.

~

He plops down onto his bed the second he enters his room, letting out a sigh as he pulls his phone out, shifting onto his stomach. He stares at the number Hayden wrote down on the piece of paper in his hand. He feels his throat dry up a little.

‘Should I really be doing this? What if they do some sudden doping test and I test positive? What then? Is my whole life over?’ His brain works overtime while he quietly stares at the number, his fingers hovering over the screen of his phone, *so* close to typing the number until he lets out a frustrated sigh and shoves his phone down face first, sliding it away. He smushes his face against the pillow, letting out a frustrated sound, turning onto his side, pulling his knees to his chest as his arms wrap around them.

Why is this so *hard*? Why can't he just be normal? Every other person is doing this— hell, he's sure almost all of his teammates are smoking much worse things than weed. Why— just *why*— is he so worried about some fucking plant that'll get him high and maybe a little woozy at most? It won't ruin his life and it'll probably make his already shitty week a little more better and bearable. He shifts onto his back, his limbs stretching out as he stares at the ceiling and lets out a deep breath before sitting up and pulling his phone close, his brows furrowing as he quickly adds the number from the piece of paper on his phone.

He nervously nips at his lip, each and every nerve in his body feeling more sensitive than ever, tingling as he types out a quick, *'hi'* and sends it without thinking. He squeezes his eyes shut. A small part of him is praying that he doesn't get a response, that small part of him which is filled with fear and doubt. Another part of him, though, hopes he gets a response because maybe getting high will fix all his problems. He *has* heard and learned that weed has helped people focus more. Maybe that'll help him get his GPA up back to the consistent 3.8 he kept up back in his first and second semester.

Each and every thought in his mind flows by at a fast pace, overtaking all the things he's thinking about while he waits for a response. He falls back on the bed, pulling his knees up a little as he lets out shaky breaths, squeezing his eyes shut. *'Please respond.'* — he thinks, *'please let my brain stop working.'*

He blinks when he hears his phone buzz against the covers, he quickly shifts closer to it, staring at it with wide eyes at the response. He actually got a response. *Fuck*. He didn't actually think he would get a response. He did *not* prepare for this at all. He gulps.

?: 🖐️

He purses his lips, his brows furrowing in concentration. *'Okay, how do I ask this random guy to sell weed to me without making this weird?'* — is the first thought that comes into his mind instead of something which would actually help him give a response. He looks back down to the piece of paper Hayden gave him, looking at the stuff he told him to say. Apparently he's just supposed to say some random, shady place's name and has to go there. Cool. Not suspicious at all.

Shane: *Can you come to **** tomorrow at 5:30 PM?*

?: 👍 🍷

His face scrunches up at the message. He genuinely doesn't know what to say so he just reacts to the text with a thumbs up and throws his phone away before curling onto his bed and then flattening himself on his back, staring at the ceiling with wide eyes.

Holy shit.

He's actually going to do this. He's actually going to go to this shady and weird guy to buy drugs from him. This shady and weird guy who fucking communicates with him by using *emoji's*. This is such a weird situation. Genuinely.

What the *fuck* is he getting himself into? What would his parents say if they saw this? They'd probably disown him. Okay, well, maybe not disown but he's sure they'd be really disappointed in him. *Everyone* would be disappointed. He swears that he can hear the voice of his mom, sounding more than disappointed and sad.

Fuck. No, he isn't doing this today. He gets up and just picks up one of his textbooks.

He *definitely* does not think about his new weird drug dealer guy and *definitely* has his full attention on studying.

Definitely.

~

He can barely pay attention in any of his classes. His knee is bouncing relentlessly and his fingers are twitching and trembling. It already feels like he's been keyed up on something even though he hasn't even *seen* the weed he's supposed to buy. Speaking of which, he isn't even sure if he has enough to buy it. He doesn't exactly earn a lot of money from his part time jobs and he isn't sure how much this guy charges for whatever he's selling. He's genuinely praying that whoever the guy is, is nice and decides to give it to him for free after

seeing how bad he looks and feeling pity for him. If not, then he'll just swallow his embarrassment and maybe go walk into the nearest wall there is and slam his head against it.

He sucks in a sharp breath and lets a deep one out, leaning back against his chair as he tunes out whatever his professor is saying, he can hear the taps of his sneakers against the ground, *taptaptap*'s echoing, the sounds bouncing off of the walls of the lecture hall. He checks his phone again one more time, making sure he didn't imagine the weird weed man he talked to yesterday. He wouldn't be surprised if he did. He's been dreaming of a lot of weird things lately but surprisingly, the weed guy is *not* someone he imagined. He is real and is probably going to charge him a hefty amount for his 'good quality' weed.

His phone buzzes the second he places it face down and he almost huffs when he sees who messaged.

??: *still coming?*

Shane: *Yes.*

He presses his lips together, his hands going to rub at his arms as he shivers. He doesn't know if he's shivering because of how cold the hall is or if it's because of this strange guy he's willingly texting. Maybe both because his fingers feel numb and he feels a weird pit in his stomach. Whatever. It's okay. He'll be okay. He won't get kidnapped. Hopefully.

Maybe.

~

Ishouldnotbehereishouldnotbeherewhyamiherewhyamihere—

He swallows a lump in his throat, feeling sweat form on the side of his head as he glances around the shady area *he* chose to meet up in. He rocks back and forth, wringing his hands away and together again and again as he lets out shaky breaths.

Youreokayyoureokayyoureokay. Totally. Everything is fine. Just fine. He definitely doesn't feel like he's about to get murdered on sight here. He *definitely* doesn't see two guys hide behind a dumpster with...heroin, probably. He kicks at a random rock on the sidewalk, standing near the alleyway as he waits for whoever he was talking to, to come meet him. He checks the time, 5:35 PM.

'Maybe he bailed on me.' — he thinks and then raises a brow at how dumb that thought is. Why would someone turn down business? Even though he's more than sure that this guy is making a lot of money, he still wouldn't turn down new customers. Hopefully.

He's almost ready to just leave because he's been waiting here for...five-ish minutes now and there's no sign of the guy anywhere. He's going to assume that the guy just thought he wasn't worth his time and ghosted him. Though, the thought of a dealer ghosting him because he isn't worth the time does hurt a little. No, a lot.

He lets out a breath of frustration, his brows furrowing as he steps away for a second and looks around. Still no sign of anyone coming. Not anytime soon, at least. He turns around, shoving his phone in his pocket. He's about to start walking away until he feels a hand grip at his wrist and pull him into the alleyway.

“What—?!” He yelps, his eyes wide as he's yanked and pushed against a wall (albeit very gently, surprisingly). For a second, he thinks he's about to get murdered or something until he sees the man standing in front of him and...

Fuck. Okay. The weed guy is hot. Big deal. He gulps, taking in the sight of the man staring at him with an unreadable expression. He's...tall. A little bit taller than him by maybe an inch or two. His curls are nice. Dirty Blonde. He also has a mole on his right cheek. He doesn't know why he notices that. He shrinks under the intense stare of those icy blue eyes.

“You are Shane, yes?” The man finally speaks and he nods his head immediately, not even thinking. It feels like his head is completely empty now that he's seen this man. What the fuck is going on. “Uh- yeah, uh, I'm Shane.” He replies breathlessly, his arms swinging by his slides slightly as the man looks at him again with a too serious expression before it changes to a neutral one.

“Hm. Shane. You are very pretty.”

“What?”

He blinks repeatedly, his brows raising at how random that compliment was but he feels his cheeks flush, his face heating up as his hand comes up to rub the back of his neck, staring more at the man’s nose than his eyes. “Oh. Uh. Er, thanks?” He replies. He hears a hum in response before the man continues speaking, “So, what do you want? You came here for a reason, yes?”

“Oh— yeah, uh, what- what do you have?” He asks and genuinely feels like slamming his head against a wall because what kind of question is that. *What do you have?* As if he knows anything about drugs other than what he’s studied. He doesn’t know how to do this. He really doesn’t. He just came here and prayed he’d get some nice guy dealing weed to him but...this man is stupidly hot but does *not* seem nice.

He doesn’t know why he likes that.

“I have weed, like a joint. You want? That is what you came for, yes?”

“I didn’t say I came for weed.”

A beat of silence passes between them. He bites at his lip, nibbling at the skin as the other man raises a brow.

“You don’t seem like the type to be able to handle anything else.”

Oh. Oh wow. That’s...he really does not like this guy but he isn’t wrong. “What? What makes you say that, huh?” He crosses his arms, his brows furrowed. He feels the blush on his face deepen when the man steps closer. He intentionally looks past him, trying his best to not even get a single *glance* at those sharp blue eyes. He almost succeeds. *Almost*. Until he feels a hand gently grab his chin, tilting it up until their eyes meet and he feels his breath catch in his throat.

“What makes me say that, hm? You look so innocent. So pure, you could not even be able to handle weed.” The man says, his voice husky, thick and accented. Shane lets out a shaky breath. His stomach feels weird. So weird.

“I can— I can handle it! I’m not- I can, okay?” He tries to sound assertive, he really does but he can literally hear himself stuttering over half of the words he’s saying and he *swears* he can see the man in front of him smirk at it. *What a dick.*

“Okay, show me. Try.” The man simply says, letting go of his chin and holding out a joint for him. He shakily takes it, trying to get his fingers to stop trembling as he stares at the joint. Okay. Now what? He hasn’t done this...ever and he’s pretty sure it shows. Fuck. So much for acting like he knew how to do this.

He can feel that heavy gaze on him change into something...weirder. More fluttery. He doesn’t know how to explain it. He swallows a lump, his throat feeling drier than ever as he exhales shakily. Okay, he can do this. He can do this. He just— he just has to smoke it. That’s all, right?

“Uh...can I— do you have a lighter?” He asks and the man fucking *snorts* as if that’s the dumbest question anyone has ever asked him. He has the visceral urge to both punch this guy and also get on his kne— no. No, he is NOT thinking like that. Not about this asshole who’s laughing at him.

“Yes, yes, I have a lighter. Take.” He reaches for the lighter, hands shaking as he lights the tip of the joint up, watching smoke slowly come out of it. Just smoke it. He just has to smoke it now. He brings the joint to his lips, trying his best to inhale the smoke but for some reason, he just can’t.

He struggles, almost breaking under the other man’s gaze. He feels every nerve in his body blaze alight, growing more and more sensitive to the point that even a small puff of air hitting him feels like it’s too overwhelming. His fingers tremble as he inhales the smoke and— it has got to be the worst feeling of his entire life. He starts coughing violently, his hand coming on top of his mouth. Almost choking on his own spit. Holy shit. That fucking *sucks*. What the *fuck*.

“I thought you could do it. What happened, hm? Too much for you?” That stupidly deep voice fills his ears again and he shakes his head, squeezing his eyes shut as he breathes heavily. “N-no. Not— I c-can—“

“Sh, sh, you cannot do it on your own. Is okay. I will help.”

“I—“

He feels a hand go to his waist, pulling him close while the other grips his chin, making him look straight into his eyes. He shudders, trying to look away even as the grip on his chin tightens and he hears a ‘tsk’ of disapproval come from the other man.

“Don’t look away.” The man orders and he can’t help but obey. Staring pliantly as the man’s hand leaves his chin, pulling the joint from his fingers and bringing them to own his lips instead. “Open your mouth.” He orders. “Just like that, *da..*” he mutters and Shane feels like he’s about to pass out.

He feels his breath hitch when the man lets out smoke right against his mouth, the hand on his waist gripping him tighter and pulling him closer until the smoke reaches his mouth. It feels like his brain is exploding, it feels like it’s slowly melting and seeping out of his ears. He almost finds himself begging for one more, just *one more*. It doesn’t even register to him that he just had smoke blown into his mouth by some man he doesn’t know because it felt *good*. He’s so close to this man, he can feel his hand flexing on his waist and he almost lets himself melt like a putty in his hands, almost go dumb and let him do whatever he wants.

“Good?” The man asks, his voice rough yet softer than before as his grip on Shane loosens, fingers still somewhat firm around the lean muscle of his waist. He nods his head, not a single thought flowing in his mind as he murmurs, “Yeah, good.”

He hears a hum in response and almost whines when he feels the warmth of the man leave, pulling away from him now that there’s a noticeable distance between them.

“So, you want?”

“Yeah. I-I want. How much?”

He holds his breath, *‘please don’t be short expensive I only have twenty dollars in my wallet right now and that’s supposed to be for groceries please—*’ he thinks as he presses his lips together into a thin line, absentmindedly kicking at his beat up sneakers until he hears a sigh come from the other man.

“Fifty dollars.”

‘Fuck me.’— Shane thinks as he blinks repeatedly, his brows rising until he looks shocked enough that even the man looks at him with a look of confusion. “You did not hear me?” The blonde man asks and he shakes his head.

“Uh, no, I-I heard you. I, uh, I just...I don’t have enough. Not— not right now.” He mumbles, his voice barely above a whisper as he takes in the man’s surprised expression which morphs into one he can’t read. Not that easily.

“Oh. Is fine. We will adjust next time you come.”

He raises a brow, *next time?* There’s definitely not going to be a next time. Not after he just embarrassed himself by almost coughing up a lung after taking one hit from the joint and definitely not after having smoke blown into his mouth by this guy.

“What if I don’t have enough next time?” He somehow manages to say, a bit shocked by how bold he’s acting right now. He’s never been this bold before but it’s okay. He just had this guy take a hit and then exhale it into his mouth, he has the right to be a *little* bit cocky.

“Then you’ll owe me a favor.” The man simply says with a shrug, as if he doesn’t care that he might not get paid for the deals he’s doing with him right now. Shane glances away for a second, curious to know what that favor will even be.

He isn't going to come here again, though. He promised himself that. He doesn't break promises to himself. He's never done that and he never will.

"Alright, okay. We— I'll...go now."

"Yes, okay, bye bye, Shane."

"Bye, wait— what's your name?" He somehow realizes *now* that he doesn't even know this guy's name and he can see the small, smug smirk form on the man's lips, "Ilya."

Ilya.

It's not like he'll remember that name. Definitely not.

He walks away and back to his dorm, trying to get the name *Ilya* out of his head and the thought of maybe, just maybe, going back there one more time to see the man— Ilya— again.

Yeah, no chance he's doing that. Never again.

Never, ever.

~

He didn't plan on going back. He really didn't but he just...he needs to feel like that again. He needs to feel his brain go empty to the point it feels like he can't even *think*. He doesn't want to think and the one person that makes his brain feel like it's melting is *Ilya*. The man he met a week ago and owes a favor to, most probably. He still hasn't paid him for the weed yet and can't pay him now either because he still has only *twenty* dollars to his name.

He stares at his phone. They planned on meeting the same time as last time, 5:30 PM but with Ilya's track record, he's sure they'll end up seeing each other at maybe 5:45 or 5:40, if he's lucky.

He glances around, taking in the dirty and graffiti filled walls of the alleyway and the cracked sidewalk. He kicks at a broken piece near him and it flies away with a '*thunk*' sound. He lets out a sigh, his eyes half lidded as he leans back against the cleanest part he can find on the wall behind him, his arms crossed as he waits (im)patiently.

This time, he's sort of sure he knows what to expect. He'll probably get another joint, maybe, just maybe, get off free again without paying Ilya for it and this time, he'll never come back again. Never. He'll get his shit together after this one. He just—he needs one more hit. Just one more and then he swears he's done. No more. No more weed, no more creepy alleyways and no more Ilya.

He feels a hand grab his wrist again and this time, he doesn't yelp, instead, he sees Ilya looking at him expectantly, his arms crossed.

"You got money this time?" Ilya asks and Shane shakes his head, not even bothering to look ashamed this time as he looks up at the slightly taller man with glistening brown eyes, noting how he softens up for a minute before that smirk reappears.

"Wow. You are very bold, Shane. Coming here twice without any money. You are lucky you're very pretty." Ilya teases, pulling him closer by the waist, his large hands hooking around the flesh as Shane lets out a gasp at the sudden warmth around his middle. He blinks repeatedly, his eyes wide, "I— uh...I'll, um, I'll do the favor. I'll do anything you want, just — *please*. One more." He begs and he knows it sounds pathetic but he sees the look in Ilya's eyes change at his begging. Going from playful to something dark. Something filled with... lust?

He hears a sigh come from the taller man as he's pulling closer, a hand going to his chin as Ilya pouts at him, "So needy...won't bring money but will beg for more. Fine, I will give you what you need but then you will do what I want, okay?"

"Yeah, okay, *please*." He huffs, almost *whining* when he sees Ilya take his sweet time with pulling the joint out and lighting the edge up. He instinctively opens his mouth when Ilya

brings the joint to his own lips, inhaling the smoke before pulling the joint away and exhaling into Shane's mouth, *so* close to each other's lips that they're centimeters away from kissing.

He does it again, and again, and again, until Shane is pliant and happy in his arm, woozy to the point his brain is clear but aware to the point he knows what he's doing and where he is. His hands tremble around Ilya's shoulders when he suddenly feels a pair of lips pressing against his, deep and sure. He tilts his head, letting the other man take the lead as he practically whines into Ilya's mouth, his hands tightening around his shoulders as the hands around his waist yank him closer. The kiss feels sloppy, he can feel himself almost drool at the taste of Ilya— nicotine and booze with something almost cinnamon-like. He can't get enough of it. He gasps when he feels teeth nip at his bottom lip, just painful enough so that the other man's tongue can slip into his mouth.

He can barely breathe, his eyes are glazed over and his brain is hazy and foggy, he isn't even doing anything, he's just letting himself get kissed senseless, feeling saliva dribble down from where their lips are pressed together, Ilya's tongue licks into his mouth, making sure to taste each and every part of his before pulling back. A string of spit still connects their lips together and it's so *filthy* that it turns him on. He can feel his pants feel tighter around him and he bites back a moan when he feels a hand slide down and palm at his crotch, his eyes squeezing shut and head tipping back, his mouth falling open at the sensation.

"Nnh...I-Ilya..." he whimpers and Ilya gently shushes him, dipping down to nip at his neck while slipping his hand down his pants, his fingers teasing at his waistband as he lets out a breathy chuckle when he hears a whine from Shane.

"So needy...perfect.." Ilya muses as he presses another kiss to Shane's mouth, this time pulling back with a loud '*SMACK!*' noise as he pulls his hand out of his pants, going back to holding the shorter man's waist. His breath hits Shane's ear, "You want to continue this in my room?" He whispers and bites back a laugh when he sees an eager nod and an even more eager "*yes please..*" fall from those swollen lips.

He doesn't hesitate for a second before taking Shane to his room nearby.

He has plans.

Shane somehow regains most of his awareness by the time they reach Ilya's room but he lets the man push him back onto the bed, climbing up on top of him as he presses their lips together again. Shane whimpers, his hands shaking as he pulls at Ilya's hair, squirming when he feels a hand go back to palming at the very visible hardness inside his pants, his thighs tremble at the touch, his back arching as he whines breathlessly against the other man's mouth, letting his tongue slip inside again as he feels saliva pool up to the point it connects both of them once they pull away. He breathes heavily, his big brown eyes glazed over as his arms wrap around Ilya's neck while the man looks at him with barely covered desire.

"Up, I want you to wear something." Ilya's voice cracks through the haze in his head as he sits up, panting heavily. He looks at the piece of clothing in Ilya's hand and almost has a whiplash.

A skirt. A short, pleated and red colored skirt.

He is not wearing that. No fucking way.

"I'm not— I'm not gonna wear that! What the fuck, Ilya, I'm not a girl!" He complains, his eyes crinkling and brows furrowing as he crosses his arms, looking offended at the fact that Ilya had even thought of making him wear a skirt. He almost starts arguing again until a pair of hands grab his wrists and pin them down to the bed, he feels his breath catch in his throat as Ilya stares at him with an intense expression. "No? You are not a girl? Why are you acting like one then, hm? You sound just like one. If I did not know any better, I would've thought you were a girl." He sneers and Shane almost comes in his pants right there. He squirms, whimpering as he feels a hand slip back under his pants, this time directly going grab his crotch through his boxers, a thumb rubbing at the tip of his cock peeking out. He gasps, his eyes widening as he mewls, squirming and shaking, "ah- ah, I-Ilya— mnn—!"

"See? I'm right, no? You sound just like a girl. Better you act like one." Ilya continues, not letting up as he continuously rubs the tip of Shane's cock like it's nothing more than a toy for him to play around with and *fuck*, Shane doesn't mind being a toy. He really doesn't. He whines, his hips raising off of the mattress only for the other man to hold them back down, watching as Shane gasps, letting out high pitched '*ah, ngh, aahn..!*'s without any shame.

“W-wai— t-too much..! C-c’nt—“ Shane gasps out and Ilya raises a brow, “You will wear the skirt then?” He simply asks and Shane sobs, nodding his head and babbling out incoherent ‘yesyesyesyes’s.

“Good boy. Come, I will help you wear it.” The words ring in his head as he whines, feeling the fabric of his pants drag across his too sensitive skin, the cold air hitting him immediately. He lets out a shaky breath, his thighs trembling once Ilya pulls his boxers off as well, leaving him bare until he finally slides the skirt on him, quietly asking him to lift his hips. For some reason, the skirt fits perfectly and it does something to him. He whimpers when he hears Ilya mutter something underneath his breath, staring at him with wide eyes.

“Fuck . *Krasivyy*. Shit, Shane, you look so *pretty*.” Ilya groans and Shane whimpers, tears streaming down his cheeks from the previous stimulation, his muscular thighs trembling as he pants heavily. “Nnh— I-Ilya—“ he whines and Ilya shushes him, plopping down onto the bed , unzipping his pants and pulling him onto his lap just so that their cocks are aligned. Shane almost drools at the sight of the other man’s cock. It’s thick. So *thick*. So fucking long.

He wants it inside him so bad.

He gasps when he feels Ilya start to move his hips up, his hand coming to hold both of their cocks as he thrusts up. He squirms, each and every nerve in his body activating in a way that’s designed to make him so sensitive to the point that he can barely breathe even at the slightest touch. “*G-guh — nnh—!*” He pants heavily, his own hips moving up as Ilya’s hand starts to move faster and faster, his hips thrusting up harder. He can hear the other man groan and hiss, cursing under his breath as his hand works up and down both of them. It’s so much. It’s too much. He’s never done anything like this before. His whole body is shaking, almost like a leaf. His tongue feels heavy in his mouth, seeping in saliva as he lets out labored breaths.

He feels a coil form in his stomach and it grows tighter and tighter with each rub of their cocks together. His head is spinning. His toes curl as he lets out a loud ‘*ahn-!*’ when he feels Ilya’s thumb purposefully press against his slit for a second too long. His head feels empty. He feels the coil in his stomach tighten so much to the point that one more stroke from Ilya causes it to snap, pushing him to the edge as he lets out a squeal, his eyes rolling back when his release spills all over his and Ilya’s stomach.

“Shit, *shit*, good, doing so good, Shanya..” Ilya groans, pushing himself to an orgasm as well. He lets out a shaky sigh, his lips swollen as he breathes heavily, staring up at Shane, who’s panting heavily and letting out the cutest sounds he’s ever fucking heard. He can almost feel himself get hard again. He lets out a shaky breath; his hands going back to holding Shane’s waist as the man whimpers at the touch, trembling.

“Have you done...anything like this before?” Ilya manages to ask, swallowing as he watches Shane shake his head, letting out shaky breaths as he nuzzles against his neck. He blinks, caught off guard by that answer. No one has fucked this pretty boy before? *No one*? He’s the first one to get his hands on him? He watches Shane come down from his high slowly, still shaking violently on his lap for a few minutes before calming down.

He’s about to ask Shane if he’s okay until he feels the shorter man grind down against his oversensitive and already hard cock. He groans, his head thrown back as he lets out a sharp breath, his grip on Shane’s waist getting tighter and tighter as the man continues to hump at his cock, he feels like he could genuinely come from this. Both of them probably could. “Fuck— fuck, Shane- wait, nnh—“ he manages to choke out, his grip tightening so much to the point Shane can’t even move, just stares, panting with his eyes half lidded and glazed over. “N-need..need you...inside..” he mewls, trying to move again despite the tight grip on his waist.

Holy fuck. Ilya’s cock feels like it’s about to burst with how close he is despite coming just a few minutes, maybe even seconds ago. He lets out shaky breaths, “I know, I know, *dorogoy*. I need to stretch you out first. You have not done this before.” He tries to reason but Shane just keeps on rutting against him to the point he might just snap and fuck him raw without any lube or prep but he *doesn’t* because he knows that will hurt like hell and he doesn’t want Shane to be in pain. Not when he’s taking his first time. He sucks in a sharp breath before shifting their positions, making it so that Shane is on his stomach, his hips pulled up by his hands and his face smushed against the pillow.

Ilya reaches out for the lube, pouring a generous amount on his fingers before he slowly slides one inside Shane and *fuck*. He is so *tight*. It’s almost hard to get even one finger in. He has no idea how his cock is going to fit in but he’ll do it. He’ll make it happen. He moves his finger in and out, the squelching sounds bouncing across the walls of the room as Shane lets out soft moans and gasps, his hips pushing back against his hand, trying to take more of him. “M-more—“ he whispers.

“Not yet, *malysh*. This is not enough.” Ilya tuts, finally managing to stretch Shane out to the point he can fit two fingers in, he scissors them, curling them inside, hitting something that

makes Shane jolt with an “*Ahn-! Ah!*” He feels a wave of satisfaction hit him at the fact that he found his sweet spot without any difficulty. He curls his fingers against that spot again, his fingers stretching out the sensitive walls.

“Aahn— hah- g-good..” Shane gasps, his eyes half lidded and face flushed as he whimpers, his hand gripping the pillow. He grinds his hips back, trying to get Ilya’s fingers on that one spot again. He feels *good*. He pants heavily, his oversensitive cock rubbing against the sheets with every movement of his hips. “Nhhh—!” He squeaks, feeling the tip of his cock press against the fabric of the skirt for a second too long before *sliding* up. He feels like he’s on fire. *Needneedneed. Moremoremore*. He doesn’t know how long he can wait until Ilya finally fills him. He needs to be filled. He needs that thick, nine inch cock inside him. He needs Ilya to fuck him so hard that he can’t even *think*. He needs it so badly that it hurts.

He pants against the pillow, burying his face against it as he moans and mewls against it with each and every thrust and curl of those long fingers inside him. He feels so *full* when two fingers turn into three, scissoring and stretching out his walls with ease. He whimpers, pushing his hips back impatiently, looking back and glaring at Ilya who’s laughing softly, “so impatient, hm?” He teases, his other hand going to rub Shane’s back, before shifting to his hip and holding him up.

Ilya coats more lube on his cock, almost letting out a breath of relief at the coolness surrounding his cock. He genuinely thought his cock was on fire with how hard he is right now. He lines himself up against Shane’s hold and presses in, both of them gasping at the same time at the sensation.

“F-fuck— b-big— so— so big—” Shane squeaks out breathlessly, his eyes squeezing shut as he whimpers, trying to take all of Ilya in as best as he can. His whole body trembles with the effort as he breathes heavily, his breaths coming out as staccato bursts while Ilya grunts, pushing in one more inch before gasping and stopping for a second.

“S-shit, you are— you are so tight— fuck—” Ilya groans, his grip tightening around Shane’s hips as he thrusts inside once again, so hard that Shane sobs against the pillow, his whole body shaking at the stretch, “ah— ah, I- I can’t— b-big— t-too big!” Shane babbles, his tongue feeling heavy in his mouth as he cries, tears streaming down his cheeks as Ilya takes in deep breaths, “Is okay, is okay, you can do it. Almost done, okay?” He reassures and presses in deeper.

'Just a few more inches and it's done. Fully inside him.' Ilya thinks to himself before rubbing Shane's back again, peppering kisses on the back of his neck until the smaller man mumbles a muffled *"You can keep going."* Against the pillow. He sucks a sharp breath, shifting Shane onto his back before inching his hips back and then slamming forward, sheathing himself inside until the hilt. "Fuck-! Ah— ah-ah!" Shane cries out, his body trembling as it gives out, his cock spurting out stripes of come that stick against the stomach. Ilya stares in genuine awe.

"You jus— you came. You came from being filled." Ilya says, his voice breathless as Shane shakes his head, sobbing at the stretch. His legs trembling violently as he hiccups, panting—"b-big— c-can't—" he whines.

"Sh, sh, no, I am done. All the way in. You can take it." Ilya mutters in a soft voice, waiting for Shane to adjust before pulling his hips back and *slamming* inside once again, watching Shane's back arch with a cry— his whole body trembling.

"Ah— aah- p-please! *Pleasepleaseplease*—! Harder!" Shane sobs and Ilya swears under his breath, gritting his teeth as he slams back inside as hard as he can, taking in the way Shane's body jerks at each thrust, his legs trembling, toes curling so hard that it must hurt at some point. His grip on Shane's waist must be bruising at this point, his thumbs digging into tanned skin as he lets out harsh breaths, pounding into the man again and again, wringing out each and every sound he can out of him.

"Fuck, fuck— Shane, *uhn*, is— is good?" He asks, almost choking on his words as he pants.

"Mmh—! Good-! *Goodgoodgood*, so- *ah*, g-good!" Shane wails, his legs wrapping around Ilya's waist as the man delivers each and every thrust with a punishing pace and force, making sure it leaves him whimpering and squirming against the sheets, begging and...he *is* begging. He's begging so much. He needs more. He needs more or he's going to combust. His brain feels fried, he feels himself going cross eyed. He can feel saliva pool into his mouth, starting to seep out in little streams as he's fucked within an inch of his life. He's never been fucked this hard before— hell, he's never been fucked before at all. He hasn't had Ilya's cock before and now it's all he can think about. All he can want. All he can yearn for.

"Ilya— *Ilya!* m-more— need— n-need more— *nh*, p-please!" He sobs, so loud that his voice cracks. He feels Ilya slam inside him one more time before shifting him onto his stomach *without* pulling out of him. He doesn't even take a second to calm down, he continues

thrusting and slamming into him like there's no tomorrow and he *loves* it. He can feel him in his stomach. His hand goes to the spot where a small outline of Ilya's cock is forming in his stomach and he lets out a soft whimper, his eyes squeezing shut as his face scrunches up in pleasure, toes curling. He can feel his orgasm coming up quickly, and can feel it start to consume him.

He feels one of Ilya's hands fist at his hair before pulling it *hard*, wringing out a moan from him and yanking his head up as a hot breath hits his earlobe, "This— *nh*— this is what you wanted, hm? So— so fucking insatiable. You're dripping all over your skirt like a girl." Ilya sneers into his ear, biting at his delicate earlobe so hard that he jerks with a sob before his face is slammed back down against the pillow, his body shaking at the effort of holding himself up. His fingers grip at the sheets like he's holding on for dear life, each thrust from Ilya wringing each and every drop of precome from his cock. He hasn't even thought of his cock all this time. It feels useless. Heavy and hanging. He feels like he could come untouched again. He drools all over the pillow, his eyes half lidded as his hips are pulled back violently with every harsh thrust, causing him to whine and wail against the pillow.

"Fucking— whore— bet you came without money on purpose, hm? Wanted to pay me back another way?" Ilya groans into his ear. He shakes his head, his lips pressed into a thin line as his head is pulled up from the pillow, his hips grinding back with every thrust, trying to take in more than what he already has. "Look at you. So pretty when you're getting fucked. So pink. Should buy you a pink skirt next time. You want that, huh?"

God, he wants that. He wants that so bad. He wants to be Ilya's toy, he wants to be something he can dress up and play with, he wants to be fucked so hard that he can only think of Ilya and only Ilya. "M—nhh, y-yes—! W-want it!" He weakly cried. "Want it— want it so *bad!* W-wanna...be yours.." he sobs, shrieking when he feels Ilya press against his prostate, not moving.

"Yeah? You wanna be mine, *malysh*? You wanna be my slut? All pretty and dumb for me?" He hisses and Shane nods his head, tears streaming down his cheeks as he pants, his tongue lolling out as Ilya slowly thrusts in and out, pressing against his sweet spot.

"P-ple-please—"

"Please what?"

“H-h’rder—“

Ilya almost stops for a second to catch his breath because *shit*, this boy is more of a freak than he is despite being a virgin. Thinking of that turns him on so much that his cock hurts. He curses under his breath, pulling Shane’s hips up higher, trying his best to go as hard as he can without actually hurting the other man. He grits his teeth, going as fast as possible as he basks in the loud noises coming from Shane. He needs to come— he’s so close. He’s so fucking close. This might be the first time he’s come before the person he’s fucking and he is *not* going to let that happen. He grips at Shane’s cock, stroking it with each thrust as he hears a mix of moans and gasps fall from the smaller man’s lips. His hips thrusting back and forth , as if he’s trying to escape the double stimulation but has nowhere to run. Almost like a bunny. Prey.

“Needy fucking slut— making me do everything for you— *shit*, even helped you smoke weed— can’t do anything on your own, can you?” He huffs, shoving Shane’s face against the pillow without any gentleness. “All that bitching, all that ‘*No, no, I can handle it.*’ for what, huh? You still need me to do everything for you.”

He presses his fingers at the underside of the tip of Shane’s cock, watching him choke on both a sob and a moan at the intensity before he comes, squeezing around Ilya so *tight* that he can barely fucking breathe. His come splatters against the sheets as he cries, wailing and mewling as his back arches, his stomach muscles clenching and whole body shaking, his walls squeezing so tight to the point they’re milking Ilya, getting all the come out of him as he reaches his orgasm, “fuck— fuck, *Shane!*” He thrusts relentlessly against Shane’s ass with a groan sounding more like a whimper.

Ilya collapses on top of Shane, panting heavily as the smaller man falls unconscious, covered in come and filled with Ilya’s.

Holy *fuck*. That was probably the most intense sex he’s ever had and it was with a *virgin*. Fucking hell.

He moves off of Shane, collapsing next to him and holding him close, burying his face into his messy and sweaty hair. He presses a kiss against his temple before drifting off to sleep next to him.

~

“What the fuck!”

A loud noise wakes Ilya up, he blinks, sitting up drowsily with a groan, “What..?” He mutters, sitting up with disinterest until he sees Shane standing there, his bare waist filled with finger prints and bruises, his neck filled with lovebites and his ear a deep purple color from the bite. Ilya feels his cock stand up inside his sweatpants as he gulps.

“I look like I got run over by a train! You couldn’t have been a little more gentler?!” Shane huffs, his arms crossing as he glares at Ilya with furrowed brows.

“You were the one telling me to go harder!” He says with a cocky grin, raising his hands up.

“Not the point!” Shane retorts and Ilya snickers, shifting closer and closer to the smaller man before pulling him back on the bed as he yelps. “Come back to bed. Will figure it out later.” He says with a peaceful sigh before planting a kiss onto Shane’s cheek.

Shane scoffs, rolling his eyes as he lets Ilya snuggle up against him before he squeezes his eyes shut.

So, he, in fact, did not get kidnapped by his drug dealer. Instead, he had sex with him.

He honestly doesn’t mind that.

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed!!! I'm lemonn1e on twt if anyone wants to talk to me about my lovely and cutieful Shane Hollander!!!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!