

Doin' Time (Among Other Things)

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Doin' Time (Among Other Things)

by [heauregard](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander writes to an inmate, at first intending to do nothing other than quell his lonely curiosity.

Somehow, they end up meeting...in the woods...at Shane's perverted request.

Notes

Prompt:

Due: Monday, July 6th

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

- Inspired by [WriteAPrisoner.com](#) by [l0ucifer](#)

Shane's eyes are locked on his folded hands in his lap. He has his white sweatshirt folded in his lap, having discarded it from his body the second the guard had sat him down in this chair, nerves too wiry to maintain the heat building in his body.

He's been corresponding with Ilya now for over a year via emails and the occasional hand-written letter. It was a pathetic and lonely outreach originally - seeking some form of human contact that didn't involve being face-to-face with someone. There was no eye-contact to be made in swapping emails back and forth and talking about hockey or what kind of shows they played in the common room of the prison block day to day. It was easy, he found, to talk to Ilya.

Ilya, who Shane had shamefully chosen to correspond with over email based on an even balance between the mention of hockey in the inmate's profile and the baseline attractiveness of him. Curly, dirty blond hair and lazy pale eyes, warm-toned skin kissed by the sun overhead the prison yard, moles littered over his neck and arms. Heart-shaped lips holding a bit of humor in them in the mugshot, especially. Something in Shane's chest clenched at that, specifically.

Inmates to the left and right of him speak with their loved ones through glass and phones. He fiddles with his thumbs, the heavy door to his left opening. A guard barks an order of '*move it, Rozanov*' and in through that threshold walks the criminally attractive man dressed in a traffic cone shade jumpsuit. Pale eyes search, then land on Shane and connect for the briefest second with persimmon bark irises. Shane quickly looks back down at his hands, adjusting in his seat and willing his nerves to calm.

Ilya flops down into the chair and grabs the phone, pressing the receiver to his ear while he regards Shane with a careful, analytical gaze. Shane mimics the action, hears the faintest breathing through the line.

"You are my pen-pal?"

Shane nods, lips pressed into a line. His gaze drops to Ilya's chin, enough of a degree difference to just barely be noticeable.

"Hello to you too," Shane mutters, eyes darting in tiny increments over the column of the other man's neck.

He feels predatory - funny, given the circumstances.

There's a tattoo on the side of Ilya's neck, something spelled in another language.

"Yes, hello," Ilya concedes, some twinge in his voice akin to fascination.

As if he's studying an easily-startled creature.

"Not what you expected?" Shane asks, lets his eyes flicker up just once, just for half a second.

Ilya's lips tug into a smirk at their brief eye contact, shrugging one shoulder.

"No. But better."

Shane furrows his eyebrows, his grip tightening on the phone pressed to his ear. Ilya continues.

"Something nice to picture the next time I write to you."

Pink flushes behind freckles and Shane looks down at the table, suppressing a smile all too giddy. He cracks one knuckle and clears his throat, then finds the will to raise his gaze once again.

"What does your tattoo say?"

He's grasping at straws in search of some semblance of casualty in the conversation.

"What, this?" he tilts his head to show off the Cyrillic etched into the side of his throat. "Or the one you cannot see?"

"Obviously the one I can see," Shane quips all too quick.

Amused, Ilya leans forward, elbows on the desk in front of him while his face inches closer to the glass - closer to Shane behind it.

"Irina."



The wall of glass is gone this time.

They're in the visitors center, sitting across from one another at one of the many small tables. It's midday. Shane brushes his glasses up the bridge of his nose, smiles bashfully at the brisk huff through nostrils it earns him.

"You wear glasses today?"

Shane shrugs one shoulder.

"Usually, I only wear them when I read."

"But you wear them today."

Ilya taps his fingertips on the table, leaned back in the chair with his knees spread underneath the tabletop. Shane, in contrast, sits upright with his hands in his lap while he fiddles with the skin around his nails. He resists the urge to put one finger up to his mouth and chew.

"I was reading. They made me wait while they went to find you to bring you here."

Ilya hums, lips quirked into a knowing grin. He knocks at the table - pink knuckles split and scabbed over from a recent fight.

“What did you read?”

“Lots of questions today.”

“Hmm. I think you do not wear them to read. Maybe you think I will like them.”

Shane’s face heats. It’s a playful, semi-flirty banter they’d built up over time. Ilya’s natural tendency for it seeping through in their letters and emails. Their glass pane phone calls offering visuals to match their words, their personalities. Their few in person meetings in the visiting room providing proximity and just a tad bit more privacy.

“I do.”

Shane’s eyes snap up from the table. He nudges the bridge of the glasses up again and nods once, curt. There’s a sense of pride in the fact that he’d set out on this mission and predicted the correct outcome - not having to run home with his tail between his legs. He likes then things go his way like this.

“You get out soon,” he says after a while. “Any idea what you’ll do first?”

Ilya rolls his eyes a little at the change in topic, but complies. The last thing he’d want to do is scare off the human-incarnate of grace and beauty sitting before him. Big doe-eyes magnified by the glasses framed over them study his face - having gotten much better at staying high and meeting pale blue in time.

“McDonald's.”

Shane deflates.

“McDonald’s?”

“Yes. McRib is back I think. Have you had this?”

Shane shifts slightly, glances at the guard a good few feet away not paying attention to them.

“No, I haven't.”

“Very good.”

“What about after?”

Ilya scrubs at his nose with the back of his hand boyishly - unintentionally charming Shane with the display.

“Weed. I have not had in so long. Only shitty prison cigarettes. A cigarette too.”

Shane nods, purses his lips and nibbles at the inside corner of his mouth. There's a beat of silence, then he speaks again, voice hushed.

"You wouldn't like...find some girl? Or...y'know?"

Ilya's eyebrows shoot up not at the nature of the question itself, but rather the boldness in Shane's asking of it - rather in the subtext of *why* he's asking it.

Ilya teases him, as he often does.

"Hm, yes, maybe."

Shane nods, jaw tensing.

"Or maybe a boy," he says, watching the freckled man's eyebrows twitch. "A pretty boy, with pretty freckles."

Shane's face feels hot. He picks at his blunt fingernail below the table and hums a response, turning Ilya's words over in his head.

His lips twitch into a small, knowing smile for himself.

"What would you do?"

Ilya leans in at the question, crosses his thick, muscled arms on the table and studies Shane's averted gaze with one eyebrow cocked.

"What would I do? I think maybe...maybe I would tell him he is so pretty in his glasses," he says, tone lower, away from prying ears. "I would fix them for him when they get fucked up."

Shane's body trembles all the way down to his toes in his sneakers. He nods, chewing at the inside of his cheek and chancing a sly glance up at Ilya.

"Why would they get fucked up?"

Ilya makes a motion with his wrist as if the answer is so obvious.

"Because I am kissing him so hard, of course. Touching him all over, pulling his hair. But I would fix for him, be so nice and polite to him."

Shane hums, content and inappropriately turned on in this semi-public space they're in. He digs his thumb into his fist, squeezes.

"Would fuck him, definitely."

"What if..." he starts, seemingly losing his nerve and shaking his head as if to expel the thought.

"What if what?"

He sighs, meets Ilya's eyes searching for him briefly and holds it there as he rushes the question out like it's searing inside his mouth.

"What if he doesn't want it, though? Like...fucking? What if he never...y'know? Did that...before?"

Ilya's eyes flicker between both of Shane's, the glass panes between their gazes not stopping him from studying the pools of soul in the slightest. He feels the corner of his mouth tug skyward and he shrugs one shoulder, nonchalant in his response.

"Hm?"

"Nevermind."

"Is not his choice."

Shane huffs out something between a cough and a laugh.

"Oh my god."

Ilya grins at him, canines glistening under the fluorescent light above them that irritates Shane's senses.

"Would make him, has been so long since I fucked someone so pretty. Maybe I cannot control myself. Maybe I see him on his morning run, cover his mouth so he can't scream."

"Yeah," Shane is breathless, squirming a bit in his seat.

It spurs Ilya on.

"Shove his face in the dirt, let him squirm and cry."

"Wh-what if he doesn't want-"

"I don't care what he wants."

Shane swallows, eyes stuck on Ilya's now. It's impossible to look away, even with the growing shame in his lap. He scoots closer to the table to hide it.

"Fuck."

"I care what I want. I would fuck him up, I think. Make him take it. Make him clean my dick off with his loud fucking mouth after I finish with his ass. Cum all over his face, smack him around."

Shane drags his plump bottom lip into his mouth to suck on, teeth pressing white into the tissue.

"And..." he starts, watches Ilya's expression darken in anticipation. "And hit...him?"

Ilya chuckles, shoulders bouncing.

“If he fights too hard, yes. Would have to.”

“Yeah...yeah, he would...I bet. Probably. I don’t know.”

“Yeah.”



One, two, three, four in.

One, two, three, four, five, six out.

Shane makes a sharp turn around a tree trunk, beat up little path he’d found deserted at this hour apart from the sound of his patterned breathing and rhythmic footsteps on dirt. He checks his watch, checks his heart rate before the inevitable spike. A gentle bend with a thick tree marking it comes up and he slows his pace as he takes it, finding it hard to maintain focus on the run as anticipation eats at him.

Footsteps surge behind him and a hand clasps over his mouth from behind, opposing arm snaking around his biceps and shoulders to render him immobile. He kicks one leg out, eyes wide and panicked as he’s dragged backwards behind the tree. He plants his heels in the dirt and makes marks along the drag path, dirtying up the backs of his shoes in the process.

The broad chest he’s pinned to heaves with his assailant’s breathing, gruff and searing against his ear. Shane wriggles in the grasp, drives his elbow back into the man’s ribs with little conviction to it. There’s a chuckle in his ear, taunting and mean. He stumbles as he’s thrown to the dirt a few feet off of the path, landing on his side and catching himself on his palms that will ache in the morning.

“Poor stupid thing,” the man says finally, grabbing Shane’s attention.

How silly he must look, six feet tall and adorned with capable muscle but reduced to something helpless on the ground. The thought makes a tremble wrack through his body.

“You think I would not come find you after I get out?”

Ilya cracks his knuckles, surveying Shane with a glower - eyes trained on him like a predator’s would be on prey, on a meal.

“What?” Shane pants, scrambles to stand only to have the brunt bottom of Ilya’s shoe press into his hip and shove him off balance.

He falls onto his hip and quickly shifts to sit on his ass, clambering in the space behind him.

“No? You think you can write to someone in prison and they will never come to get you? Are you stupid? Hm?”

Shane feels his eyes sting with tears of shame, the cruel words sending shocks of electricity throughout his nervous system and straight down to his cock. He shifts slightly, the tighter,

thin fabric of his athletic shorts unable to hide anything once he starts filling out between the thighs.

“Listen, I-”

“Shut up bitch,” Ilya barks, lunging forward at where Shane sits in the dirt.

He quickly turns and digs one foot into the dirt beneath him, pushing up onto two legs and managing to take maybe a half step in the direction he intends to run when Ilya - in his depraved genius - kicks at his ass and sends him tumbling back into the dirt. The blond laughs behind him when he whimpers and falls to the ground, the dirt and leaves beneath his feet crunching as he steps closer. He reaches down and threads one strong hand into onyx strands, vice-like as he yanks Shane's head back and listens to the cry it elicits.

“Could not wait to get you like this,” he muses, swinging one leg over Shane and planting his heel in the ground before lowering to one knee behind him. “So sweet, sending me pictures and letters, putting money on my books. You wanted this that bad, yes?”

Ilya fucks his hips forward against the swell of Shane's ass, holds him in place by his hair when the force of his thrust sends Shane jolting forwards. The freckled man tries to shake his head, breathing in rapid, short huffs.

“No, no, I - I don't-”

“Liar,” Ilya jostles the man's head in his grip, shutting him up long enough to slide his other palm up the outside of Shane's thick thigh - digging his blunt nails into the flesh and dragging pink trails up underneath the pant leg.

“Stop, pl-please, I...n-no!”

Ilya slides his palm over the curve of Shane's ass, rearing it back past his body once to bring it back down in a loud crack against the fabric. Shane hisses through his teeth at the contact, shaking his head desperately.

“Please, please. I don't - I won't t-tell anyone, I-”

“Fat ass on you,” Ilya interrupts, voice all too casual and conversational.

Shane resists the urge to smile, a strange sense of pride radiating from his chest - his tummy does a flip. Ilya digs his fingers into the waistband of Shane's shorts, the sliver of skin accessible to him from where Shane's shirt has risen up at the small of his back almost too distracting.

It's been a long time for him.

Shane tries to crawl away after sending a kick into Ilya's calf and throwing him off balance, a giddy grin overtaking his plump lips at the struggle and how it makes his heart race.

“Dumb fucking-” Ilya yanks him back by the waistband of his shorts, watching Shane grapple uselessly at the dirt and leave trails in it before his hand flies back to protect his

modesty. “Cunt.”

Ilya winds his arm around Shane’s throat in something reminiscent of some WWE move, flexes his bicep and traps the other man in this grip with little airflow. Shane scratches at his forearm, making a distressed, wheezing sound. He slams his fists down on Ilya’s forearm, trembling and squeezing his legs together where his shorts sit halfway down over the curve of his ass, happy trail exposed to the air. There’s a second when his face - freckled and warm-toned, perpetually neutral - starts fading pink and then red when he thinks that maybe he should tap out. But before he can, Ilya’s grip loosens the slightest bit and he sucks in a greedy breath of air.

Ilya used to wear rings for fashion before he was locked up. He doesn’t have them on now - Shane notes with an almost disappointed grunt as the man’s closed fist comes to just barely touch his jaw as a threat.

“Keep fucking fighting so hard and I’ll fuck up your pretty face. Maybe you look good in black and blue, hm? Pretty?”

Shane huffs out a curse at him, spit flying off his lips from exertion, vein throbbing at his temple.

“Fffuck you.”

Ilya grins, sharp canines digging into his lip near the corner. He digs his knuckles hard into Shane’s jaw until he hears the man whimper, presses his lips to the shell of his ear and whispers harsh enough that he’s sure his spit lives inside of the canal now.

“Want me to make you pretty? Yeah? Need me to give you pretty bruises before I rape you?”

He’s using ‘pretty’ far too often, he knows - but he’s too invested in getting his cock inside the other man to care about repeating himself. Shane tries to shake his head. He gets one good turn in before Ilya’s arm rears back and comes back around to crack him across the jaw, at the wide spot on his mandible between the hinge and tip of his chin. Shane makes a sound like the air leaves him all at once, then sucks a big breath in before letting a sob wrack through him.

“Yeah,” Ilya coos, mock sympathy seeping through his accent while he cradles Shane’s jaw and digs his thumb into the aching spot. “See? I can give you this. Give the whore what he wants.”

“N-not a whore,” Shane sniffles miserably, eyes dropping to where he’s fully hard in his shorts and tenting them.

A wet spot - about the size of a dime - marks the front of the fabric. Ilya notices at the same time.

“Well you’re fucking wet like one,” he spits, shoving Shane’s face away from him by his cheek.

Shane tries to wriggle in his grip, bucks his hips back and arches his back - only pushing his warm skin further into the rough denim of the jeans Ilya wears behind him. Ilya digs his knuckles into the spot he'd hit already and smiles when the treatment earns him a choked sob. He drags his knuckles upwards, over the soft plush of Shane's cheek, then presses firmly into where his cheek bone transitions into his orbital socket.

"Maybe here next. Give you a black eye, fuck up that pretty face so when everyone asks you what happened, you can tell them you got ass-raped in the woods and fucking loved it," he laughs, rearing his arm back just to watch Shane flinch.

"No-" Shane cries out, sobbing openly now and trembling, hips bucking forward against nothing in some attempt to rub the leaking head of his dick against the inside of his underwear. "No, please, ple-please."

Ilya lets his fist linger in the air alongside the suspense for a moment, then decides instead to shove Shane's face downwards and into the dirt. He goes down with an 'oof' and Ilya takes the opportunity while he's stunned to yank his shorts down so that they pool at his knees. Shane tries valiantly to push himself up onto all fours, but Ilya's hand at the side of his face keeps him pinned with his ass in the air.

"You say you're not a whore, but what's this?"

He flicks the end of the plug stuffed in Shane's ass, watches the way the man clenches around it in reaction. Shane is babbling, begging and pleading for Ilya to leave him alone, to stop, *blah blah blah*. He grips the base of it and twists slowly, lube shining on the silicon that gets on his fingers as he adjusts his grip. Shane gasps, squeezing his eyes shut and bucking away from the attention at his ass. Ilya grips the base of the plug harder and yanks him back into place by it, watches the man's glistening rim stretch as the action pulls a bit of the toy free from him.

"God, please," Shane sobs, either out of fear or shame or impatience.

A mix of all three, maybe.

"Tight little virgin ass, all for me," Ilya hums, splaying one large hand over the meat of Shane's ass and holding him in place while he pulls at the intrusion, tugs and toys with his rim.

Shane makes pretty sounds, back bowing and bending while Ilya pulls the plug just free enough that Shane stretches around the widest portion. The freckled man bucks his hips forward and cries out some broken sound when it slips free from him. It stings and he slams his fist down into the dirt as he cries, clenching around the sudden emptiness. Pale eyes watch the way the man's hole - mocha brown like his nipples must be and pretty like the rest of him - aches and tightens around nothing.

Shane spent the morning fucking himself open with his dildo - refusing to cum - for hours in preparation for this. Ever so meticulous, he'd wanted Ilya to just ram inside of him and use him, make him ache and hurt.

Ilya unzips the front of his jeans and shucks them down until he feels the cool breeze over the top of his ass, pulling his hard cock free and stroking it while he pockets the slick plug. He presses the tip against Shane's hole, jerks his hand over the length of himself slowly while he marvels at the perfect creature that jumped into his lap those years ago by emailing him. Shane tried to deny it at first, but he knew that the little pervert had been browsing the site and set his eyes on Ilya because of his pictures.

"Hm, not sure it will fit," Ilya breathes out, rocking his hips forward to nudge the head of his dick against Shane.

The man tries his best to look over his shoulder at where his face is still pressed into the dirt - of his own accord, Ilya's hands occupied now instead.

"Will have to force it, I think. Think you will bleed?"

Shane panics at that and quickly pushes himself up onto all fours. Ilya grabs the back of the man's shirt and yanks him back into place, spitting over his fluttering hole before pushing his tip into him slowly. Shane cries, voice tipping somewhere breathy when he begs.

"Please, don't - don't! St-stop!"

"Don't stop?" he taunts, pressing the first of nine inches into him.

"Stop-"

"Don't stop, yes I hear you, fucking greedy slut."

He shoves Shane's face back down into the dirt, kicks his legs apart further and watches the way his ass swallows up cock.

"Fuck," he breathes. "Gonna make you bleed, Shanya. You would be so popular in prison."

Shane stills just for a moment at that and Ilya pauses too, studies the side of the man's face - hoping he hadn't really fucked up by including a line they hadn't agreed to.

But his Shane is a fucking degenerate.

"Don't - don't make me, f-fuck, bleed, no - fuck!"

Ilya slides the rest of the way in, grinning and out of breath. He rolls their hips together in small circles, tests Shane's body's limits.

"Yeah. You would be everyone's favorite bitch. Tight, warm fuckhole like this."

Shane breathes out long and shuddering, back arching involuntarily at the threat.

"But I got to you first, yes? I get to break you in."

Shane is nodding before his mind can catch up, sobbing into the dirt and choking the fuck out of Ilya's dick with his ass.

“God,” the man chokes out, wet and garbled in his throat.

Ilya pulls his hips back until just the head of his cock is teetering on popping free, then he slides back in with a force that makes their skin slap together. A punched out moan leaves Shane and Ilya sets a pace similar, fucking into the man while he tanks the thrusts like a professional rather than a bumbling virgin.

It’s tight and searing hot inside Shane and Ilya is quickly becoming mesmerized with the way the firm muscle of his ass moves like water when the blond’s hips slam against it over and over. He brings a hand down to crack against it, watching pink blossom over the paler skin - stripes of alabaster sitting pretty at his hips. Ilya palms them, kneads the dough there and uses it to ground himself while he struggles to keep the pace up. Shane’s knee slips in the dirt and Ilya yanks his hips back up into place.

Shane is burying his face in his elbow to muffle the sounds he’s making - gasps, moans, sobs, grunts, and broken cries alike. Ilya is grateful mostly because if he lets Shane be as loud as he wants to hear him be, they’ll definitely get caught. For obvious reasons, this wouldn’t be good for him especially. But once he’s done violating Shane like this and they can find somewhere private and secluded, he’s sure he’ll get to hear all about how cock-drunk the man can get.

“Yeah,” he laughs. “I bet you’ll fucking cum. Gonna rape you so hard you nut all over yourself like a fucking bitch in heat.”

Shane tries to shake his head, digging his teeth harder into the flesh of his arm as his eyelashes flutter.

“This all you wanted, huh? Need some good dick? Need to be pinned down and raped? Need to get punched and whored out just to cum?”

He can faintly hear Shane say ‘no’, but there’s no conviction behind it, not when it’s garbled between a mess of broken moans.

“You’re a sick bitch, Shanya,” he grunts, readjusting his grip and shortening his thrusts to half-way in favor of slamming into Shane at a quicker, harder pace now.

He presses into Shane’s spine to bend it at an arch and the action drives Shane’s legs apart a bit more. His hips drop a degree; Ilya angles his dick downwards. The man beneath him trembles like he’d been electrocuted, bites his arm as something almost like a scream tears through him. Ilya takes it a step farther, mindful of the dirt on the bottom of his shoe and yet paying it no mind as he presses the sole of his boot against the back of Shane’s head, further driving his face into the crook of his elbow and down towards the dirt in one go.

“Yeah, right fuckin’ there,” Ilya huffs, sweat building at his hairline now. “Gonna cum? Huh?”

He watches Shane tank his thrusts, ass bouncing against his hipbones each time they meet. Shane starts huffing in short bursts, clenching around him each time his cock threatens to

leave him. Ilya smacks his hand against the other's ass once, twice, then watches him come undone.

"Yeah, you're gonna cum, you're gonna, fuck-"

He has to stay put with their hips pressed flushed together as Shane's orgasm hits him, vice-like grip around his cock too much. Shane sobs into the crook of his arm as he cums, spurting onto the dirt beneath him and fucking his hips back into Ilya's in a frenzied grind. Ilya watches him, watches the way his ears are flushed red all the way to the tips, watches his muscles tense and contract before finally relaxing. He unlatches from his own arm and there's the indents of his teeth there.

Ilya pulls free from him while Shane is slightly dazed, rising to stand as the other man looks over his shoulder with a confused, fucked out haze to his eyes. Ilya threads his hand through raven hair and hauls him to sit on his knees. The other's mouth seemingly falls open on instinct, lips bitten red and soaked in spit already. Ilya smacks his dick against the dusting of freckles that have a dark color blooming below them at Shane's jaw. He feels a twinge of guilt, then slides his cock past the pliant pair of lips.

"Clean it off for me," he breathes, sliding in until he meets resistance. "You can take more than that, choke on it. Fucking choke on it."

Shane seemingly comes to his senses - or at least pretends to - and tries to yank his head back. Ilya cups the back of his head and steps closer so that he's towering over the freckled man and essentially trapping him between his legs. He thrusts forward once and tears spring to Shane's eyes, a wet gag filling both of their ears.

"Clean your ass off my fucking dick," he says behind a grin, setting a pace that has his cock diving into the wet channel of Shane's mouth more and more with each thrust.

Shane squeezes his eyes shut, hands coming to push at Ilya's thighs in some futile attempt to stop him.

"How's it taste bitch?" he asks, drunk off of the vile sounds coming from Shane's throat. "Taste good? Want some more? Hope you cleaned up good."

Shane shudders, cheeks wet with tears sliding down over the flushed skin. The head of Ilya's cock is driving into his throat over and over, nudging it open even as each cough and gag has it contracting. Ilya's fingers in his hair are tight, but somehow act as a grounding for him. He feels his body relax bit by bit, head foggy and stomach lurching with each choked sob. He melts into the abuse and lets Ilya use him like this, uncaring of the taste of himself rammed down his throat over and over. Ilya tastes good, Ilya feels good.

"Yeah, you'd do so good in prison. Could always use a good ass-to-mouth whore," Ilya pants out, voice tight, lips tugged into a tense frown as he tips closer and closer to orgasm.

He groans and shoves Shane's face into his abdomen as he cums, spilling down the man's throat while a thick line of drool snaps and falls messy over his pant leg. Shane swallows around him like he's trying to impress him, throat spasming around the intrusion.

“Eat my fucking cum, bitch,” he huffs, thrusting maybe two more times before yanking Shane off of him by his hair.

Shane coughs and a bit of unswallowed cum falls over his bottom lip and chin. His face is flushed a deep red, vein throbbing at his temple. He’s sweaty all over, face glistening with it while his dazed eyes flit up to Ilya’s handsome face.

“So fucking pretty,” Ilya breathes out, dragging his thumb over Shane’s plump, cum and spit covered lip.

Shane leans into the gentle touch with a soft whimper, falling forward so his forehead thumps against Ilya's thigh. He rubs over him like a cat, nudging closer and wrapping his arms around the man’s leg in a hug. Ilya pets his sweaty hair and scratches at his scalp, pulling a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. He lights one as it dangles from his lips, releasing a long breath tainted with nicotine while he plays with Shane’s hair and feels the man grow relaxed and sleepy where he hugs at the blond’s leg.

The cigarette tastes extra good after five years of lock up.

End Notes

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