Lights, Camera, Action

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Lights, Camera, Action

by FrightenedofRabbits

Summary

Ilya finally convinces Shane to make a sex tape.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“I don’t know about this, Ilya.”

Ilya crouched down and peered at the screen on the camera, making a slight adjustment so that Shane was in the center of the frame. “I do. Is a great idea.”

Shane rolled his eyes from where he lay propped up on his elbows in their bed. He was used to his boyfriend’s antics but this was admittedly a bit of a step out of his comfort zone. Ilya had made a few smart remarks over the years, always in a joking tone.

Your ass is made for the camera, Hollander.

Shane always brushed him off. He was not entertaining the idea. Even if there was something kind of intriguing about the idea of a sex tape, it was risky to have a video of them fucking in the world. Shane couldn’t entertain the idea of coming out right now, it would be career suicide. The very last way they needed to be outed was for some sex tape to get leaked.

What Shane didn’t account for was the persuasive charm of Ilya Rozanov. The curly haired Russian had bore into Shane’s heart and soul and was firmly planted there. Shane wished he was more immune to the man’s charms. But Ilya kept mentioning it, most recently when they’d been mid-sex in the backyard at the cottage. Shane was holding himself up against a tree while Ilya took him roughly from behind.

“You should see what you look like, Shane.” Ilya growled into his left ear. “Should see what a good fucking *whore* you are for me. The whole world should see how good you take me, needs to be recorded for history.”

Shane let out several moans that could only be described as slutty. He couldn’t help it at that moment. He did not want to admit how much the thought of this was turning him on. He was picturing it now. Getting to see Ilya fucking him like this on their tv. He soon thereafter came with a loud moan against the tree and when Ilya flipped him around and was kissing him breathlessly, he was convinced. “Okay,” he whispered.

Ilya was lost in a post-orgasmic haze and didn’t seem to hear him at first. “What?”

“Let’s make a video.” Shane murmured. Shane held absolutely no reservations at that moment because Ilya’s face lit up brightly with a wide smile that radiated pure happiness. Shane was such a fucking sucker for that smile, there was little he wouldn’t do for this man.

Now here he was, laying on their bed watching his boyfriend set up the camera Ilya has insisted on buying for this exact event. The nerves were back and the hesitation was creeping in again. This was probably a foolish idea. And what if, in actuality, it was just embarrassing to watch themselves have sex? The anxious part of Shane's mind was running through all the reasons this was probably foolish or dangerous, and they should pack up this camera and send it back.

He was interrupted by his boyfriend clapping his hands and loudly exclaiming that the angle was perfect. "You're a goddamn movie star, moya lyubov." Shane's cheeks flushed at that Russian term of endearment. He never did tire of hearing it.

"Ilya–this is probably not a good idea–"

Shane's protests were cut off by the sudden weight of his boyfriend landing on him and taking his breath away with a kiss. "Camera is already rolling. Lights, camera, action, milyy."

Shane was in no position to stop his boyfriend now and nor did any part of him want to. He reveled in the sensations of Ilya's lips on his, the soft but forceful slide of the other man's tongue over his own. Ilya was in control and Shane was willingly defenseless. There was an ultimate freedom in the way he could drop his shoulders and every single ounce of pretense or pressure when he gave control over to his man.

"Gonna be good for me, baby? Gonna show off that beautiful hole to the camera for everyone to see?" Ilya taunted him. Shane moaned aloud. He was breathless and blushing, but he nodded dutifully.
He almost let out a whimper of the sensation of Ilya's tongue moving down his neck, his tongue laving a heated trail down to his nipple, which he captured with a soft bite before sucking. Shane could already feel his boyfriend's erection pressing into his leg, his own was straining painfully against the zipper of his blue jeans. Shane absentmindedly reached down to undo his zipper and relieve some of the discomfort, but his hand was slapped away. "Net!"

Shane sighed and then yelped at the feeling of Ilya's teeth coming down a little more forcefully on his other nipple. Shane allowed the taller man to force his arms upward. Ilya only held his arms down for a second, but the implication was clear. *Stay. Be good.*

A familiar wave of pleasure ran up his spine, the deep heat of all consuming arousal that he had only ever experienced with the man above him. Shane's mind was often running and his shoulders were often tense with anxiety. The only times he ever truly relaxed were when he was playing hockey and in bed with Ilya Rozanov. Shane reveled in the bone-deep sense of calm mixed with intense pleasure.

Ilya ‘s tongue was tracing over his abdominal muscles and Shane's toes curled. He couldn’t help but stare down at his boyfriend’s dirty-blond curls. Ilya tapped his waist gently and Shane lifted up his hips automatically, he knew this command. Ilya stripped his blue jeans down and had them tossed to the side in record time. Shane yelped at the feeling of his erection finally being freed.

Shane had the sudden realization that he was completely naked while his boyfriend was still fully clothed. He glanced upward at the camera perched on the tripod situated at the foot of their bed. He felt so exposed, so nervous. His instinct was to cover himself. But the Ilya was back up in front of him, peppering his face with kisses.

“So fucking beautiful, baby. Everyone would be so jealous of me if they knew I’m the one who gets to fuck you. But you’re all mine, aren’t you?”

“All yours, Ilya. No one else’s. Ever.”

Ilya practically growled as he grabbed ahold of Shane’s dick with one hand and gave him a few pumps. Shane couldn’t help it. The sensory overwhelm had him moving his hands upward and grabbing those curls in his hands.

Ilya’s hand had slowed; his finger was slowly tracing around the head of his dick spreading the beads of pre-come as he did so. All of a sudden, his hand was gone and Shane cried out at the sudden lack of warmth and sensation.

“Be patient,” Ilya chastised in his usual baritone, his accent a bit thicker due to his arousal. Ilya stood up and stared down at Shane from the end of the bed. He then grabbed Shane by the thighs and pulled him so that his butt was right on the edge of the bed, his knees pushed up to his chest. Ilya moved to the side and pointed to the camera.

“Is a good view now, I want everyone to be able to see me work you open. Get you ready to take me.”

Shane shuddered with desire. Any trace of residual anxiety had vanished, fully replaced by overwhelming lust. God, he couldn’t believe how turned on he was by this. By the thought of this being recorded and fictional, imaginary people seeing him like this. Seeing him worked open by Ilya’s large, steady hands just as they had done probably a hundred of times before by now.
Shane let out the sluttiest moan as Ilya ducked down and ran his tongue over his hole. Shane had to hold himself back from pulling on Ilya’s hair as he loudly exclaimed, “fuck!”

Ilya's tongue worked over his hole, and this was Shan's absolute favorite thing in the world. It was filthy and completely incredible. It took him completely out of his head and into his body. Every nerve ending felt as though it were on fire, lit up and firing off like fireworks on Canada Day. His tongue breached his hole and was now inside of him, moving in and out and working him open quickly.
In a second his tongue was replaced by a single slicked finger. Which took Shane completely by surprise because he didn't even hear the bottle of lube open. One finger, turned to two, and then to three. Shane bucked upwards to meet Ilya's thrusts but was quickly stilled by a firm hand on his hips. "Net!"

"Fuck Ilya," Shane huffed out. "I can't, I won't last much longer."

"Okay, I stop." Ilya abruptly pulled his fingers out and Shane cried out. Ilya stood at the foot of the bed, just off to the side so the camera was peering directly at Shane. "You like this don't you. I think you love showing off that pretty hole to the camera, yes?"

Shane nodded.

"Say it." The Russian man's voice was stern as he stared down at him. But there was a warmth in his eyes. Shane shuddered at the power of the man before him, the man who was the key to all his pleasure. The man who made him feel safe. Who made him feel loved.

Shane was blushing profusely, but he couldn't deny the man. He couldn't really deny Ilya Rozanov anything. All he ever wanted to do was give that man the world. And to be good for him.
"I love it, love being on camera. I love getting to show off my hole and I need you." Shane was basically whispering as Ilya stared directly into his eyes as he worked his hardened dick through his jeans. Ilya's shirt was gone, and his chest was glistening. His obnoxious bear tattoo was on display.

"What do you need from me? Say it."

"Need you to fuck me, hard."

Shane watched as Ilya bit back a wild noise, an almost animalistic sound. In a flash, his jeans were down and kicked to the side and his fully erect cock was there, right at the entrance of his hole. Ilya was staring down at him intently as he lubed himself up. Shane let out a sigh of relief as Ilya's dick pushed slowly into him, filling him up in the most delicious way. This was as close to heaven as Shane believed existed.

The slow entry gave way to sudden hurried thrusts. Ilya was gripping tight onto Shane's legs which had made their way to his boyfriend's shoulders. Shane reveled in the heat of it, the tightness and small twinge that gave way to ecstasy. Pure and unadulterated ecstasy. Ilya hadn't been fucking him that long but Shane could feel the way his thrusts began to get more sloppy. He was losing control.
Shane knew what this meant. He would come soon. He stared down at his own erect cock, which was leaking and painfully hard. He was fairly confident he'd come untouched as Ilya slammed into his prostate over and over again. But he wanted touch. He wanted to work himself off as Ilya fucked him through his own orgasm. He reached down to touch himself but stopped to look at Ilya's face.

"Please," Shane begged.

Ilya only gave a small nod and Shane rejoiced as he gripped himself tightly and began pumping himself in time to Ilya's thrust. It took all of thirty seconds before he was screaming loudly and watching his come splatter over his taught stomach muscles. It was only another few seconds before Ilya grunted and came inside of him. Shane was lost in the sea of sensation, blissed out on the mixture of his own orgasm and now the feeling of Ilya's come flooding inside of him as the thrusts slowed.

The moment passed and Ilya slid out of him. He clambered back on top of Shane and took his lips hastily. "Moya lyubov, moya lyubov, moya lyubov." My love, my love, my love.

Ilya was staring down at him with a look of such intensity Shane had to hold back his own emotion. "I love you so much, Ilya."

"I love you, Shane. You're so good for me." Shane smiled at the praise. He bit back his own words. Shane thought the two of them were so good together. Perfect. Ilya then got up and walked over to the camera, unceremoniously turning it off. He then walked over to the bathroom and was gone a brief moment before returning with a warm washcloth.

"We will watch video tomorrow, maybe?"

"Oh god, I don't know about that."

"Come on, Shane. You have to see yourself. Have to see what I get to see when I fuck you." Ilya finished wiping him clean and was back on the bed laying with Shane. Shane was tucked in the other man's arm, enjoying the warm softness of the embrace. This was his safe space.

Ilya leaned down to kiss him on the forehead. His boyfriend then grabbed his chin and tilted his face up, so their eyes met again. “You are perfect, baby. That’s why I want the video. So you can see yourself and never doubt how sexy you are. You are everything to me. I know you worry all the time about a lot of things. But you never have to go through it alone. I am here always. And I will always remind you how great you are.”

Shane let out a breath as a tear fell down his face. Somehow Ilya always knew what he needed. Sometimes, before Shane himself knew what he needed. Shane had been anxious about this year’s summer camp and had a million other worries on his mind. Ilya had found the perfect distraction. The perfect antidote to his racing brain. To be loved was to be seen and known. And Shane had no doubt about that as he drifted to sleep in his lover’s arms.

End Notes

Is everyone else obsessed with Heated Rivalry too? It's taken over my life and honestly, I couldn't be happier. Shane and Ilya have my whole heart and this idea for a fun smutty little fic jumped into my head. So here you go. Please enjoy this smutty little one-shot with our two handsome lads.

This was only briefly proofread so please be kind. But feel free to let me know of any major errors.

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