

A Feeling That I've Never Felt Before (And I Deserve It)

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A Feeling That I've Never Felt Before (And I Deserve It)

by [sterlingstars](#)

Summary

He chuckles, low and smooth. "Ah, I see. Tell you what- your parents come by, we have dinner, yes? Have a little chat, all of that. But when they leave, and I get you to myself... let me take care of you, hm? For being brave."

His heart skips a beat, his stomach swoops low and flutters. His cheeks definitely get warm, and he nods a little dumbly. "Yes, yeah. Please."

Back at the cottage, Shane unravels a little after talking to his parents. But Ilya is here to pick up the pieces and help hold them together- and Shane deserves a little reward after facing his fears.

Notes

Hello, Heated Rivalry fandom- I, like so many of us, have spent the last few weeks in a fugue state because of the gay hockey show. Shane Hollander, you have bewitched me, body and soul, and it is now my solemn duty to write about you a) getting all of the tender, loving, emotional care you need, and b) getting fucked six ways to Sunday. It's the treatment all of my faves get- welcome to your turn on the babygirl throne, princess, enjoy your stay.

I wrote this in literally one day. I wish I was joking. I've been possessed. This bodes *so* well for my sleep schedule.

Title is from "Un-Thinkable (I'm Ready)" by Alicia Keys. Enjoy, y'all <3

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

The drive back to Shane's cottage is quiet. Shane feels simultaneously like there's a weight off of his shoulders, and like he's still collapsing in on himself a little. But he's thankful it's a short drive—and Ilya is there, steady, holding his hand or touching his arm or his thigh, giving him big, sweet smiles and bright eyes from the passenger seat. It makes the whole thing much more bearable, and keeps Shane tethered to the physical present instead of disassociating for the whole drive back.

This whole thing went pretty much perfectly. His parents are obviously still really confused, but they're not angry or lashing out. Shane's shirt smells like his mom's perfume. His dad had firmly shaken Ilya's hand as they were going out the door. It's fine—good, even, better than Shane could've hoped for, considering what a disaster this whole thing was initially. The panic hasn't entirely fizzled out for him, and his skin feels prickly with lingering discomfort, but they're almost back to the cottage, and he knows he can decompress there way better. He focuses on the drive and the promise of getting to finally *breathe* for the first time in a few hours.

When they pull up, Shane immediately feels a little looser. He goes through the motions of getting out of the car, locking up, unlocking the front door of the cottage. Ilya is always a breath away from him through the entire process. As soon as they step inside and close the door, Shane is being grabbed, pulled tight against Ilya's broad chest. He instantly deflates a little, tears rushing up to his eyes, burning, and he clings to Ilya and breathes raggedly.

Ilya's hands soothe, finding his hair and stroking, rubbing his shoulders and back, his grip tight and firm. "You are so brave," he murmurs, tightening a hand in Shane's hair as the other strokes his back. "You're brave, you did so good. It's okay now."

Shane's chest shudders as he breathes in what sounds and feels a little more like a gasp, and he grips Ilya's shirt like a lifeline, fingers aching from the way he clenches the fabric. It went well, but it was still *a lot*, and it's all kind of slamming into him. He stands there, and breathes, and lets himself be petted and held, and he doesn't even do his usual move of trying to cut it off when tears start slipping down his cheeks. No point; Ilya's already seen it more than once, today, and his mask feels so threadbare, he couldn't keep it down even if he really wanted to. And he doesn't really want to. Ilya *loves* him, he said so, and Shane loves Ilya, and it's well known now that Shane is a fucking crybaby when he's overwhelmed.

Wordlessly, Ilya moves and grabs Shane's hand. He starts leading him through the cottage and into the bedroom. Shane sits on the bed, and Ilya pulls his shoes off for him before kicking his own off. He crawls onto the bed, and reaches out—Shane, pulled as if by a magnet, follows, and glues himself back to Ilya's chest. Arms go around him, and he buries his face against Ilya's collarbone, tucking his head under the other man's chin, and lets himself feel a little small. He shuts his eyes, and tears continue to spill hotly down his cheeks. He quietly breathes in the scent of Ilya's skin, feels his hands rubbing soothing circles against his back, and allows it all to just flow out of him.

"It's okay." Ilya's voice is so soft, breath gentle and warm against the top of Shane's head.
"We're okay. You did good."

Shane nods. Tightens his grip on Ilya's shirt for a moment, takes a deep breath. "Thank you for coming with me." His voice is small, muffled a little by the press of fabric.

"Of course. I would not make you go alone." He presses a kiss to Shane's forehead. His lips are warm.

His head swims a little with everything that's happened in the last few hours. Like a thunderclap, he's struck with the moment sitting at the dining room table where Ilya called himself Shane's *boyfriend*, and his heart does a little flip in his chest. He pulls his face away from his chest, and their eyes meet. Ilya's face is soft, open.

"You said you're my boyfriend," Shane finds himself saying.

"I did. We didn't say it before, but- well. Is that okay?"

He nods, quick and sharp. "Yes. Oh my god, yes. Yeah. I just- I wasn't expecting it. I uh... wow, yeah. Can you... can you say it again?"

Ilya smiles, a slow, pretty thing blooming over his face. He leans in, presses his forehead to Shane's. "I'm your boyfriend. You're my boyfriend. You, me, boyfriends."

He lets out a small, surprised laugh. He brings his hands up to Ilya's face, cradling his jaw. "Wow. I have a boyfriend."

"Hollander, you're adorable. It's disgusting. Kiss me, please."

He doesn't need to be told twice; he moves quickly, eagerly, keeping his hands on Ilya's face as he brings their mouths together with a sigh. He rolls, moves on top of Ilya, who brings his hands to Shane's hips and squeezes, firm and warm. They press against each other and just kiss, slow and sweet and deep, sighing happily into each other's mouths. The discomfort has slowly ebbed, and Shane feels a little more present in his skin, grounded by the warm body under him and the big, sure hands on his hips. Ilya's soft mouth, tasting like spaghetti, eager and sweet. Normally, he would be getting turned on by now, but in the moment, he's just enjoying the intimacy and the softness, the comfort. When they break apart, he settles on top of Ilya, resting his head under his chin again and melting a little against him. Ilya's hands start rubbing his back.

"I kind of can't believe that went well," Shane finally says after a moment. "I mean... I guess I didn't think they would be- weird or angry or anything, but I just. Well. Wasn't really thinking someone would walk in like that. It scared the fuck out of me when my dad left."

"Your parents... they are nice." Ilya says a little slowly. "They love you."

He nods. "Yeah... they do. They're gonna love you too, ya know. Might be a weird adjustment, but they'll come around. Don't let my mom's hockey shit-talk drive you away."

Ilya laughs. "Takes more than that to scare me. And you're not getting rid of me so easy, anyway."

He sits up a little so he can meet Ilya's eyes. "Good. You're not going anywhere."

"Not in your dreams," he says as he pulls Shane down into another kiss. This one is also soft and slow, and when they pull away, Ilya has a small smile on his face. "I meant it, earlier- you were brave today. You got through it."

"You helped," he says softly. "Can't tell you how much it means that you were there. I don't know what I would've done if I had to do that by myself. I mean that."

Ilya gives Shane's hip a little squeeze. "I wouldn't let you do it alone. But you were still very brave. Very good."

Something in Shane's stomach flutters at those words, and he ducks his head a little shyly, feeling heat in his cheeks.

"Ah... thanks."

Like a predator scenting blood in the air, Ilya catches his reaction. His eyes narrow a little, and a little smirk lifts the corners of his lips. "You like that, hm?"

"Um, I-"

He chuckles, low and smooth. "Ah, I see. Tell you what- your parents come by, we have dinner, yes? Have a little chat, all of that. But when they leave, and I get you to myself... let me take care of you, hm? For being brave."

His heart skips a beat, his stomach swoops low and flutters. His cheeks definitely get warm, and he nods a little dumbly. "Yes, yeah. Please."

"He even says please," Ilya says with a little chuckle. "Okay." He presses a kiss to Shane's forehead.

True to their word, Shane's parents do text when they're about to pull up, and he lets them in feeling about a thousand pounds lighter than he did a few hours ago. He and his dad grill chicken while Ilya puts salad together with his mom. They sit at the table on the patio while the sun inches towards the horizon, chatting over the meal and sipping at beer. It feels... good. Way less awkward than their initial meal earlier— and though it's definitely not exactly perfectly comfortable, it's a hell of a lot better, and Shane doesn't feel like he wants to fucking die the whole time, so it's a marked improvement. They stay for a little while after, sitting around the fire pit and talking over beer. Shane is glued to Ilya's side on the couch, pressed against him as they all sit together and talk. Ilya keeps contact with him, and it keeps him grounded.

Despite the good outcome, it's been a very long day, and Shane's parents don't linger too long. He has a feeling they need to process just as much as he does, and they make quick work of saying their goodbyes before they head out. He watches their car disappear down the road, and when their tail lights are barely visible, he lets out a deep sigh. He locks the front door, and pads over to the couch where Ilya is sitting.

"We did it," he says with a sigh as he flops onto the cushions, collapsing against his boyfriend's side. "Holy fuck."

Ilya laughs. "We fucking did it."

"They'll probably leave us alone for the rest of the trip," he says. "Mom might call, but she always does that anyway- well, she will now that she knows this isn't actually a silent retreat." He rolls his eyes. "But I think they won't come back out here. So we should be fine for now."

Ilya nods. "That's good. But I don't want to talk about that right now."

Shane looks over, and Ilya's eyes are dark, his mouth set in that way it gets when he's getting ready to do something terrible (sexual). He smirks when Shane meets his gaze, and brings his fingers to his chin, lifting his face a little.

"I made you a promise."

He nods, licking his lips. "You uh, you did." His stomach is fluttering, but he refuses to look away. "Something about taking care of me?"

Ilya's grin is slow and wide. "Exactly that. Come with me."

He stands up and holds his hand out; Shane takes it and lets himself be pulled up, and then they're walking. He expects to go right to the bed, but Ilya breezes past it and leads him into the en suite. He blinks in confusion as Ilya flips the lights on, before turning to face him.

"I want to take care of you. Will you let me do that?" He's firm, but there's an undercurrent of what seems like honest to god *nervousness* in his voice. Shane can't really blame him, though, because he's never really asked him anything like that.

He nods, slowly. "Yeah. I trust you."

Ilya's expression softens. He leans in and presses a quick, soft kiss to his mouth. "Thank you. Sit on the toilet- I'm going to run a bath."

Shane's eyebrows go up, but he goes and sits as he's told. He watches in bewildered silence as Ilya does exactly what he said, and turns on the tap. He tests the temperature of the water, lets it heat up, before he stops the drain and the tub starts filling. He turns to Shane.

"Do you have.... bath things? Special soap or something?"

"Oh. Um... I have this lavender Epsom salt. In the cabinet under the sink, I can-"

Ilya puts a hand against his chest just as he starts moving. "Uh-uh. Stay put, I do this."

Shane puts his hands up and stays planted as Ilya grabs the package out of the cabinet. He watches him open it and pour some into the bath, the scent of lavender filling the room. Shane watches the tub fill, and once the water has filled the tub over halfway, Ilya gives him a look.

"Get in."

He doesn't even think about hesitating. Carefully, he strips out of his clothes, Ilya's gaze never leaving him. He folds everything and sets it on the back of the toilet, and once he's naked, he steps over to the tub and begins to ease himself in. The water is hot, but not enough to burn—he takes it slow as he submerges himself, and finds himself letting out a long sigh once he finally sits. The water laps at his skin, and his eyes flutter closed for a moment, taking in the feeling as his body adjusts to the temperature. When he opens his eyes, Ilya is watching him. His cheeks are slightly pink from the warm, humid air. He looks a little beautiful, standing there in his black tank top and shorts, barefoot, looking at Shane with that soft, lingering gaze of his.

"What now?" He asks quietly.

"Sit. Look pretty. Let me work."

Ilya kneels next to the tub. Shane's gaze follows him as he grabs a washcloth from the lip of the tub. He dips it into the water, rings it out a little, and gets Shane's body wash, putting some onto it before lathering it in. Wordlessly, he gets to work. He starts at Shane's chest—up, across his collarbones, his shoulders and traps, a look of serene concentration on his face, furrowing his brow in the way it always does when he gets really focused. He's methodical, but gentle, clearly taking his time. Shane feels... he feels stripped down in a way he never really has before, here in this bathtub. He's literally naked right now, and Ilya has been inside of him, held him today as he cried, but this is new, intimate in a way they haven't crossed yet. They've showered together before, but it was always more utilitarian, and also usually devolved into some kind of fucking. The way Ilya is touching Shane as he runs the washcloth over his skin is... reverent. Gentle. Soothing. It makes something deep in his chest ache ferociously, and he swallows hard.

They don't speak. Ilya just works, moves Shane around, and he lets him, allowing himself to be pushed and pulled so he can have the soap lathered over new places. When he starts washing Shane's back, he feels tears spring in his eyes. He can't remember the last time someone else washed his back. He doesn't think anyone has ever touched him like this. Ilya's not even speaking, not even playing his usual game of saying dirty shit to rile him up. He feels a little like he's being flayed open here in this bathtub, and it should feel *bad*; but instead, it feels like a loving embrace, even as he's being pulled apart. Ilya's hands are soft and sure. There's genuine care in the way he's handling him. Tears start slipping down Shane's cheeks, and he doesn't even feel embarrassed about it like he did earlier.

Ilya pulls back when he finishes washing Shane's back, and he makes a soft noise. Shane opens his eyes, still softly but steadily crying, and Ilya brings a hand to his cheek, cupping it. He turns into the contact, lets the weight of his head rest against the palm of Ilya's hand.

"This is okay?" He asks softly.

Shane nods. "Y-yeah. I don't really know why I'm crying."

"Shh, it's okay. Big, long day, yes? Cry, baby, it's okay."

His heart does a somersault in his chest, and he blinks a little. "Baby?"

Ilya actually, genuinely *blushes*. "Too much?"

Shane's heart has kicked up a little, thrumming happily in his throat. "No, it's good. I like it. Sounds good when you say it."

He's still blushing when he smiles. "Okay. Relax, huh? Okay to cry. You're safe, okay?"

He nods. "Okay. Thank you." He reaches a hand out, puts it over the one on his face. "I love you. So much."

"I love you, too. Let's finish, *da*?"

Shane nods again. Ilya gives him a soft kiss, and goes back to his work. Shane cries a little more, but it slows down as Ilya continues. He still feels raw, heart aching, but it doesn't feel quite as overwhelming the longer he sits. Ilya dips his hands and the washcloth under the water, runs it over Shane's legs and ankles and feet. He works his way up, and as he gets closer to Shane's groin, his body feels like it's coming back to life a little, a thrum of electricity under his skin. His tears have stopped, and he feels a little weightless, relieved. He keeps his eyes on Ilya while he works, just watching him. He spreads his legs, and Ilya gives him a smile as he runs the washcloth between them. His cock twitches, and he gasps, gripping the edge of the tub. But Ilya doesn't linger, sticking to the mission he clearly set out for himself. He continues his methodical washing, getting every little nook and cranny, making Shane blush and gasp, but never wavering in what he's trying to accomplish and somehow never getting sidetracked.

The water has cooled down. It smells like lavender and Shane's soap, the air moist and warm. Ilya wrings out the washcloth and sets it back over the lip of the tub. He rises up off his knees, and grabs a towel off of the rack. Shane stands up, and Ilya helps him out of the tub, wrapping him in the towel as he steps out. He pulls the drain while Shane adjusts, and when he's finished, he takes his hand and leads him into the bedroom.

"Towel off, and get on the bed," Ilya says softly against his ear.

He shudders. "Okay."

The towel drops. He gets onto the bed, lying in the center. Ilya watches him the entire time, and it makes his skin prickle, stomach fluttering. Ilya starts stripping, and Shane watches with rapt attention as he peels his clothes off, leaving them in a pile at his feet. Shane doesn't really have time to be bothered by this, as the second he's done undressing, he crawls onto the bed, coming up between Shane's legs to settle over him. He leans down and captures his mouth in a kiss— it's deep, slow, and leaves Shane gasping as Ilya slides his tongue between his teeth, licking into his mouth hungrily. He groans and grips Ilya's shoulders, squirming under him as the contact immediately makes his cock begin to harden. Ilya moves, kissing his jaw, down to his neck. Every point of contact from his mouth makes Shane feel like he's on fire, his skin lighting up with every press of his mouth, body sensitive and awake under his touch.

The weight of Ilya's body and the press of bare skin feels like a balm, soothing him. It feels good, feels right. The pressure, the warmth. Shane's body awakens, and his head becomes

less cloudy. Ilya has figured out how to press the right buttons, and he does so with ease. He goes lower, pressing heated kisses along the way, doing a slow crawl down his body with his mouth and making Shane writhe under him. He's fully hard by the time Ilya is kissing his hips, hands on his thighs. He keeps looking up at him through his lashes, eyes dark and wild, and it makes him feel a little crazy. He gets lower, cheek brushing like a ghost against Shane's cock as he moves his head, and he groans, throwing his head back.

"Please, please," he begs, looking down at him.

"Mmm, I have better idea. Turn over for me."

Shane swallows, cock throbbing, and does as he's told, shifting onto his stomach. He grabs a pillow and tucks it under his chin, spreading his legs. He resists the base urge to rut against the bed, waiting to see what Ilya wants, and he's rewarded with hands on his hips.

"Up a little. Like that, good."

He adjusts, ass in the air a little. The vulnerability makes him flush, his head a whirlwind of emotion and sensation. He settles into his position and closes his eyes, allowing himself to relax. Ilya palms his ass cheeks, massaging them, presses a soft kiss to one. He sighs softly. He expects to hear the sound of a lube bottle, but what he gets instead is what is clearly Ilya's *tongue*, sweeping across his hole. His eyes fly open, and he gasps.

"I- what are you- um-" He can't even finish his sentence, face hot.

"It's okay, relax for me. Let me try, and if you really don't like it, I'll stop. Does it feel bad?" He's so fucking earnest.

He takes a deep breath. "I wasn't expecting it. But it's okay. Thanks for asking."

"Of course."

Shane lets his body relax again. A rush of anticipation sweeps through him as Ilya parts his cheeks, and this time, when his tongue swipes across him again, it's much less startling. He does it again, and slowly starts building a steady rhythm— not going in, just putting a little pressure, enough to make him feel it. He gasps into the pillow, and as he relaxes a little more, the sensation catches up to him better. It feels fucking *good*. Soft moans escape him, and Ilya groans in pleasure behind him. He adds more pressure, and when Shane feels the tip of Ilya's tongue breach into him, he lets out a ragged noise, shuddering.

"Oh my fucking *god*," he moans raggedly.

Ilya doesn't speak, just keeps working, licking and dipping his tongue into Shane, and he's a little dizzy with how good it fucking feels. His cock throbs between his legs, and he moans, gripping the pillow beneath him. Ilya keeps going, moaning as he works, and it adds to Shane's pleasure, settling warm and tingling in his spine. Saliva drips down his balls, and maybe he should be grossed out by it, but between the sounds of pleasure Ilya is making and the way Shane feels, he can't find it in him to care that much. He starts moving his hips a

little, thrusting to meet Ilya's tongue, breathy little moans escaping him. Ilya grips his hips, moaning, and Shane loses himself a little to the rhythm.

When Ilya pulls off of him, Shane feels like he's floating a little. He's leaking like crazy, cock-head wet with precum, and his face is flushed. He feels movement on the bed, and before he has time to question it, he feels Ilya settling back behind him. He drapes himself over Shane's back, kissing his neck and shoulders.

"How are you doing?" He asks softly.

"Fuck, I'm so fucking good," he breathes. "Holy shit."

Ilya kisses his neck, running his hands over his sides. "Mmm, very good. You sounded so pretty. Can you turn over for me again?"

Shane nods, and Ilya moves off of him so he can turn. He flips onto his back, and Ilya moves half on top of him, kissing his neck again, petting a hand down his body. Shane's eyes flutter closed, and he throws his head back to expose more of his neck, moaning softly as Ilya kisses all down the column of his throat. His skin is tingling, his cock hard and wet, and Ilya's hand on his body makes him writhe.

"Can I fuck you?" Ilya asks, lips brushing his ear.

"Please," he gasps. "Please, yes. Please fuck me." He opens his eyes and turns to look at him as he answers, mouth open.

Ilya's eyes are so dark, pupils swallowing the blue, and he licks his lips. He looks graceful in the low light of the bedroom; elegant, spread across Shane and his bed like some sort of demigod from a painting. Shane's eyes trace the lines of his face, his body, the muscle on display as he moves, going back down between his legs and spreading them apart with his hands, looking hungry as he does. Shane seamlessly lets himself be moved. Ilya puts lube onto his fingers, and after a little more adjustment, he's pushing into him—two to start. His eyes widen, and he arches up off the bed, a strangled moan falling from his open mouth.

The stretch isn't as intense as he anticipated, and he wonders just how much Ilya's tongue helped with that. The thought makes him throb, and he moans again as Ilya starts thrusting his fingers, crooking them up and stroking. He squirms, a low moan tearing from him, gripping at the sheets underneath him.

"Oh, fuck. Fuck."

"Opening up so nice," Ilya coos as he continues thrusting. "Very good, so easy, Shane. That's it."

He moans, eyes closing again. Every crook of Ilya's fingers feels so good, and he keeps teasing at his prostate, sending little sparks of lightning up his spine. He's steadily squirming, moving his hips into Ilya's fingers, cock leaking onto his stomach. Breathless little gasps of "*ah ah ah*" spill from him without his control, noise just being drawn out of his open mouth with every brush of those fingers inside of him.

"Beautiful for me." Ilya's voice is low, ragged. "You did so good today, Shane. You're so brave, so beautiful. You earned this."

"Oh my god," he says, throwing an arm over his eyes. "Ah, you-"

"Shh, let me sweet talk you," Ilya croons. "Pretty thing for me, you are, you feel so good. You ready for my cock?"

"Yes." It comes out as a gasp. "Yes, please, Ilya, please, I need it, fuck, fuck."

Ilya groans, and Shane shudders as he pulls his fingers out. He hears the lube cap. He looks through his lashes in time to watch Ilya finish slicking up his cock. He adjusts to line up, and then Shane feels the head press against him before he starts pushing in. His eyes roll back, and a long, high-pitched moan leaves him as Ilya slowly sinks into him. He takes it slow and easy, going at an agonizing pace, making Shane feel like he's going to scream. Finally, when he bottoms out, he grips Shane's thighs and pushes them up and back. His eyes roll back as he feels Ilya push a little deeper, moaning. He reaches up, forward, and grabs at Ilya's shoulders, gripping them tightly. He starts moving, and a full-body shudder runs through Shane, making his toes curl. He presses his weight against his body, building up a little speed in his thrusts.

"Oh my god, oh my god, yeah, yeah," he gasps. "Ilya, fuck."

Ilya leans forward to kiss him, breathless. He speeds up, building a more steady rhythm, and Shane's just steadily making noise now, unable to stem the flow. They trade gasping kisses between moans, gripping at each other and clinging. He can't stop moving, writhing underneath Ilya, moving his hips to meet his thrusts, moving his hands around his body—shoulders, arms, hair, gripping, caressing, clinging.

"Ugh, fuck, good boy." Ilya growls, low and husky.

Shane's eyes fly open. The words elicit a physical response from him, and he clenches around Ilya's cock, throbbing. Ilya's grin turns wolfish, and he groans low and long, licking his lips.

"Ah, you like that," he says, voice dripping in smugness. "You like being my good boy, Shane?"

"Ah- oh." He digs his fingers into Ilya's shoulders, mouth agape. "I- yeah. Yeah."

Ilya looks wild, eyes dark and wide, his grin all teeth. "That's it, that's my good boy." His voice is husky, low, scraping against all of Shane's nerve endings in the best way.

Shane brings his legs down a little and locks them around Ilya's waist, gets a better grip on his shoulders, digging his nails into the muscle.

"Fuuuuck, fuck, fuck, yes," he whines.

His cock is so hard, so wet, every inch of his body on fire. Ilya looks like some kind of terrible, beautiful angel above him, ready to devour him, beautiful grin and wild eyes an incredible picture as he fucks Shane so hard the bed shakes.

"You feel so fucking good, Shane," he growls. "Fuck, you feel so fucking good, look at you, you're beautiful, you're so good for me, baby, fuck-" He cuts himself off and starts swearing sharply in Russian.

Shane feels delirious, clawing at Ilya's back as his body is just overwhelmed with sensation. He stares at Ilya through heavy-lidded eyes, steadily moaning. The sound of skin slapping and moaning is obscene, filling the room. It smells like lavender and sweat. The pleasure builds like a wave, heat spreading through his body, and he keens.

"I'm gonna- oh fuck, oh my god." He can barely get the words out; speech feels a little impossible.

"That's it, you want to come for me, Shane?" Ilya asks. "Go on, I want to see it."

Shane *keens*, and suddenly it's too much— his nerves are on fire, his body won't stop moving. He's gasping, tears springing to the corners of his eyes, and he forces himself to look at Ilya, to watch his face as he digs his nails in his shoulders almost hard enough to break skin.

"Oh my *god*- fuck, fuck, Ilya." He gasps, breathless. "Oh my god, oh my god, Jesus Christ." Errant tears slip out of his eyes. His body is a livewire. His chest is heaving. "Please- I love you. Oh fuck, oh my god, I love you I love you I love you I love you-"

His orgasm hits him like he's being checked by a fucking Zamboni. He lets out what feels like some sort of scream, back arching up sharply off the bed as he paints his stomach with his own come, clenching around the cock that's still thrusting into him, tearing more harsh gasps out of his mouth.

"Holy fucking *shit*, Shane-" Ilya gasps, and his thrusts become erratic.

Each thrust feels like a fucking punch, and Shane is gasping and just making breathless noise, the wind knocked out of him— and then Ilya is groaning, slamming his hips hard against Shane's, and his eyes widen as he feels him come.

"Oh god, baby, fuck, fuck, fuuuuuuck," Ilya moans as he finally stills, cock twitching inside of him.

Shane feels like he's on another planet. He's still moaning softly, chest heaving as he catches his breath. Slowly, he releases his nails from Ilya's back and lets his legs fall. Ilya stays inside and on top of him, but he collapses a little, and they just lay there, tangled and gasping for breath. Shane's eyes close, and he lets himself just drift on whatever high this is. His body twitches with aftershocks from his orgasm, and Ilya seems to be in a similar way, unmoving and twitchy.

Eventually, what feels like a lifetime later, they both seem to be able to move again. Shane slowly blinks his eyes open, and Ilya is looking at him, flushed and looking completely wrecked.

"I'm pulling out, okay?" He says softly.

Shane just nods, not sure if he can really speak yet. Ilya slowly pulls out, and they both hiss a little at the sensation, sensitive and fucked out. He feels a little cum dribble out with Ilya's cock, and he flushes at the feeling. Ilya moves a little, but remains draped over Shane. Their skin is sticky with sweat, ruining the bath he just had, but they can shower at some point. Shane looks up at Ilya through his lashes, and he doesn't need to ask for his boyfriend to lean in and close the distance in a kiss.

They touch each other gently as they exchange slow kisses, steadily coming to. When they break apart, Shane lets out a long, soft sigh. He blinks a little, looking at Ilya's face, and gets a hand in his hair, stroking.

"Thank you for taking care of me," he says softly.

Ilya's face goes soft, a sweet little smile on his face. "Mmm, my pleasure. Made you come with no hands again." He grins.

"I love you so much." He presses his forehead against Ilya's. "God, I love you."

He gives him a soft kiss. "I love you."

They curl in on each other, just touching each other softly. Gentle strokes, soft kisses. Shane feels himself start to drift off a little. The bed is a mess. They're a mess. They're covered in sweat and cum, and he knows they need to do something about it, but he can't be assed.

"Need to clean up but I don't wanna," Shane groans into Ilya's neck.

"Hold on."

Ilya pulls away, and Shane can't stop a pitiful little whine escaping him. He hears Ilya padding around, the sink running in the bathroom. He comes back in, and gently starts wiping up his stomach. The washcloth is warm. He gently reaches between Shane's legs and wipes him clean, before going back into the bathroom for a second. When he comes back, he's standing on the other side of the bed. Shane turns over to look at him, and Ilya holds a hand out. He doesn't even question it; just stands up and lets himself be led to the living room. Ilya gathers throw blankets and gently pushes Shane onto the cushions. He goes without a fight.

"We sleep on couch, do laundry tomorrow," Ilya says as he climbs on top of Shane. "Easy, yes?"

He nods, and cracks a yawn. "Mmm, yeah."

Ilya kisses his cheek, and they wrap around each other. They'll probably end up on different parts of the couch at some point; but for now, the contact feels necessary, and Shane is fucking *exhausted*, the day fully catching up to him. He feels deeply sated, and his eyes get heavy in what feels like seconds.

"Sweet dreams."

Shane thinks he responds, but he's asleep too fast to know for sure.

End Notes

Thank you for coming on this journey with me. There will be more to come, but for now, enjoy this humble offering and labor of love and insanity. Feedback is always loved and appreciated!

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