

Airport Security Breach

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Airport Security Breach

by [Inky89](#)

Summary

After a crushing defeat on the rink, hockey star Shane Hollander clashes with airport security, ending up in a steamy interrogation with Officer Ilya Rozanov. A routine frisk turns into erotic punishment, with Shane submitting to spanks and deep, relentless fucking, which is the best he's ever had.

Notes

Heyyy ❤️

If you've been around for a while, you might remember I once had a similar premise for a TBOSAS fic... what can I say, I clearly have a thing for hot TSA officers at the airport 😊✈️

Please check the tags, and don't expect anything too ambitious here — but I do hope it makes someone smile 😊

Huge thanks to my wonderful beta, AlicefromtheNightmareland! ❤️

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

The team's crushing loss still burned in Shane's stomach like acid. They lost a game to some team of losers that had never really even won before. The humiliation was cutting deep into him, and he saw his teammates deep in the same upset thoughts. As their captain, he felt pressure even deeper, this loss tasting like ash on his tongue, like his personal lost battle.

Shane grimaced bitterly, as they piled off the bus straight from the rink to the airport, the fluorescent lights of the terminal shining bright on the slumped team. Players were muttering curses under their breath while shuffling toward security. Shane's jaw clenched tighter with every step, his duffel bag slung over one shoulder, packed haphazardly with his post-game essentials — jersey, skates, and a few personal items he'd rather not think about right now. He was super annoyed, the kind that made his blood boil, and when the security line crawled forward, he couldn't hold back a sharp sigh that drew glares from the officers ahead.

"Next," barked the first TSA officer, a burly guy with a nametag reading "Smith," waving Shane through the X-ray machine for his hand baggage. Shane tossed his duffel onto the conveyor belt, watching it disappear into the scanner with a knot twisting in his gut. Something in his bag would be better not be discovered by the security's scrutiny, as he hoped.

The officer examined the screen of the machine, then turned to Shane, his eyes narrow. "Sir, there's something suspicious in your bag. Step aside and open it for inspection."

Shane's temper flared instantly. A lost game, and now this...bullshit. "What? No way, it's just my stuff. Nothing bad in there."

He crossed his arms. The team behind him shifted uneasily, flustered whispers rippling through the line—Hayden, his teammate and friend, hovered nearby with a concerned frown. "Problems, Shane?"

"No problems," Shane muttered, staring back at the security guy.

"Sir, please come through the detector frame," another officer, a nice-looking blond woman, waved at him.

"Sir, please open your bag," repeated Smith.

Shane rolled his eyes, crossing the frame, "Told you there is nothing—"

Before Smith could respond, the metal detector frame shrieked as Shane passed through, lights flashing red.

"Hands up," came a deep voice with a thick Russian accent, sending an unexpected shiver down Shane's spine. Another officer stepped forward—tall, broad-shouldered man, with messy dark blond curls, piercing blue eyes, and a uniform that hugged his muscular frame in downright distracting ways, even in Shane's pissed-off state.

Shane glanced at him, reading only his surname from the badge on his chest: "Rozanov."

According to how confident he was, he was probably higher in rank than the two other officers around. Somehow, he radiated authority, that Shane was on the brink of submitting, but still, annoyance at the lost game, made him not so compliant.

Rozanov's gloved hands hovered, ready for the pat-down.

Shane jerked back instinctively, his heart pounding. "Whoa, easy there. I said nothing bad in the bag, nothing bad on me — back off." He grabbed for his duffel as it emerged from the scanner, but Rozanov's hand shot out blocking him.

Hayden pushed forward, his face flushed. "Hey, officer, he's just upset from the game. Let me —"

"Stay out of it, Hayden," Shane snapped, shoving his shoulder lightly.

Rozanov's eyes flicked to Hayden, then back to Shane, he leaned in closer. "You have something illegal in bag, sir?"

Shane's annoyance boiled over into reckless mouthiness, and he couldn't stop the sarcasm. "Oh yeah, sure—I got a pound of cocaine in there, and another pound shoved right up my ass. What do you think, genius?" He smirked defiantly, but the words rang heavy—totally not how he imagined those in his head—drawing shocked glances from nearby passengers.

"Dude, what—" Hayden grasped his own hair, "Shane! Don't say this—"

Rozanov's expression hardened instantly, his blue eyes turning steely, jaw tightening. "This is serious, sir. Follow me for further inspection." His voice was low and promised no bullshit.

Hayden lunged again, grabbing Shane's arm. "Wait, he didn't mean—officer, come on! It's just a joke!"

Rozanov signaled sharply, calling over another officer—that one blonde woman. "Handle this one; he acts suspiciously, too."

She nodded, pulling Hayden aside as he protested, leaving Shane speechless for a split second, his face heating. Fuck, this now looked bad, like really bad. What if he missed his flight? Or reporters would find out? But he would show what was in his bag... Fuck.

"I—I was joking, man! It was just a stupid joke!" Shane stammered, but Rozanov ignored him, snatching the duffel bag with one powerful hand and gripping Shane's bicep with the other, his fingers digging in just enough to send a jolt of heat through Shane's body. He pushed Shane forward, firmly guiding him through a series of dimly lit corridors that twisted away from the main terminal. Shane's mind raced, but he couldn't think of any way to get out of this situation.

They finally entered a small, sterile room: a metal table bolted to the floor, two chairs facing each other, and a large mirror wall that screamed one-way glass, probably with eyes watching from the other side. The door clicked shut behind them.

Shane yanked his arm free, still mouthy despite the knot in his throat. "Am I under arrest? Do I need my lawyer? This is bullshit—you can't just drag me in here like some criminal!"

Rozanov set the duffel on the table, as he gestured for Shane to sit. "No, sir, you are not under arrest. Is just a routine check. Sit down, and we will see what you hide in bag... and perhaps elsewhere."

Shane's mouth opened to fire back another argument, his fists clenching at his sides in the dim interrogation room, the mirror wall reflecting his flushed, defiant face. "This is ridiculous—you can't just—"

"Or I can call the police," Rozanov interrupted smoothly, in his thick Russian accent, pulling out his radio with a casual flick. "They handle this properly. Your choice, sir."

Shane's retort died on his lips as his mind flashed to the duffel's contents. The thought of cops rummaging through it all, or worse, the team finding out, shut him up cold. Defeated, he sat down and slumped back into the chair, rubbing his face. "Fine... you can check the bag if you want."

Rozanov's lips quirked in a subtle smile as he set the radio aside and flipped open Shane's passport first, scanning it with slowness. "Okay, Shane Hollander, twenty-four years old." His blue eyes lifted, locking onto Shane's. "Is you?"

Shane mumbled, "Yeah, that's me," his gaze drifting traitorously over the officer's broad chest, the way his uniform stretched taut over defined pecs. Fuck, this guy was hot—scorchingly so, like a walking wet dream with that accent and those piercing eyes. Shane's throat went dry, a stir in his pants betraying him despite all this ridiculous situation.

"I am Officer Rozanov," the man said, seriously.

Shane forced a sassy smirk, leaning back with feigned nonchalance. "Nice to meet you, *sir*. Real pleasure."

Rozanov didn't react, instead unzipping the duffel and methodically rifling through its contents, his large hands handling each item with scrutiny. He pulled out a pair of Shane's boxer briefs first, plain black cotton, holding them up briefly before setting them aside. Shane's cheeks heated lightly, a blush creeping up his neck as he averted his eyes.

Then came the jockstrap, its straps dangling obscenely. Rozanov examined it with wide-eyed innocence, turning it over in his gloves. "Ah, did not know anyone uses these still in sexual practices."

Shane's face burned crimson, his voice quivering in embarrassment. "What? No—I'm a hockey player! It's part of my uniform, you idiot. Not... not that."

"Uh-huh," Rozanov hummed skeptically, though his eyes sparkled with something more teasing. Shane squirmed in his seat, super embarrassed, wishing the floor would swallow him whole. His heart pounded at what else the officer could drag out to the plain air.

And, just how Shane expected, it got worse—Ilya delved deeper and emerged with the huge black dildo, its veined, nine-inch length gleaming under the harsh lights, complete with a suction base and realistic balls. He held it up like a foreign artifact, tilting his head and furrowing brows in confusion, as if he'd never seen one before.

Shane wanted to die right there, his heart hammering, face on fire as he buried it in his hands.

"What is this?" Rozanov asked, all wide-eyed innocence, rotating it slowly. Then, to Shane's horror, the officer sniffed it, with the same still thoughtful face expression. Shane wanted to die from embarrassment. To maybe get up, and jump at this mirror, hoping to smash his head, anything just not to see...this. Not to...explain.

Shane barely mumbled through his fingers, mortified beyond words. "It's... a dildo."

"Uhhh," Rozanov drawled. "And who is owner?"

Shane's shame deepened; he whispered. "I am... I'm the owner."

Rozanov's innocent facade held as he set it down gently. "When you use it last time?"

Shane's embarrassment flipped to anger in a flash, surging to his feet. "Fuck you, Rozanov! I'm leaving—this is insane."

"Or I call police," the officer repeated calmly, radio in hand again.

Shane backed down instantly, deflating. "Okay, okay... fine."

Satisfied, Rozanov quickly inspected the rest—jersey, skates, toiletries—nothing suspicious. He zipped the bag shut with a nod. "Did not find pound of cocaine there. Good. Now, up to check you."

Shane blinked. "What?"

Rozanov stepped closer. "Frame beeped on you. And you say you have pound of cocaine in internal orifices. I must check now."

Shane wanted to die all over again, his stomach dropping as the words sank in, obscene and humiliating.

"Either I make a check of your orifices," Rozanov offered matter-of-factly, "or I call police, they take you to nearest hospital for proper exam."

Shane's mind reeled—police meant headlines, reporters sniffing around a pro hockey player's "detainment," the team without him, missing the flight home. Embarrassing as fuck. But then his eyes trailed over Rozanov again: those thick thighs straining his pants, his face of a Greek God, that chest. Shane's dick twitched, half-hard already at the filthy thought of those hands probing his ass, spreading him open. God, what was worse—public humiliation or this private, twisted turn-on? But to be checked by such a handsome man...damn.

He shifted uncomfortably, arousal warring with dread, and finally muttered, "Better if... You do the check."

Rozanov's eyes narrowed slightly. "Are you sure? Please sign this form." He got out of the drawer and slid a clipboard across the table, a waiver outlining the procedure.

Shane scanned it briefly, pen shaking as he signed, handing the clipboard back to the officer.

Rozanov straightened up, his blue eyes steady on Shane as he set the signed form aside. "Now, sir, undress and hand clothes for inspection."

Shane's eyes widened, a fresh wave of panic surging through him. "What? Please—no way, that's—"

"Frame beeped on you," Rozanov cut in firmly. "I need to verify nothing is hidden in clothes. Standard procedure."

Shane's gaze darted to the mirror wall, heart racing as he imagined eyes staring back. His breath hitched, cheeks flushing hotter.

Rozanov caught his stare, a faint smirk playing at his lips. "Relax, this is simple mirror. Not like glass wall in police movies. No one watching."

Shane exhaled shakily, tension easing just a fraction, though his skin prickled with embarrassment. Wanting to help, Rozanov got up and cranked up the room's heating vent, warm air humming softly as it filled the space. He leaned against the wall then, arms crossed over his muscular chest, waiting patiently with that piercing gaze.

Shane swallowed hard, fingers trembling as he started undressing slowly, peeling off his shirt first. He felt super embarrassed, exposed under the harsh lights, but he told himself it was no big deal—he was often naked in front of teammates in the locker room or showers, dicks swinging freely, nothing weird about that.

But this? Rozanov's hot-as-fuck presence made it different, those blue eyes tracking every movement, sending obscene heat pooling in Shane's groin. His dick was already half hard, traitorously thickening as he kicked off his shoes and socks, then shoved down his pants and boxers in one go, the cool air hitting his bare ass before the heat kicked in. Shane glanced down and, to his horror, realised that the officer also saw now how he was almost hard. Rozanov smirked and raised a brow.

"I...umm..." Shane felt hotness creeping up his cheeks. "I was thinking about something else."

"Sure, sir," Rozanov nodded.

Shane looked at him, mortified, then glanced at the officer's badge glinting under the light: Ilya Rozanov. Ahhhh, Ilya—that explains the accent, Shane thought, the name rolling filthy in his mind.

Ilya nodded approvingly. "Whirl around, please."

Shane turned slowly, arms at his sides, feeling Ilya's attentive gaze rake over his body—lingering on the curve of his ass, the lines of his thighs, the dusting of hair on his happy trail. It made Shane even more aroused, his dick twitching harder, embarrassment burning as he fought the urge to cover himself.

"Good. Now squat and cough," Ilya instructed.

Shane obeyed, dropping into a squat, thighs spreading obscenely as he coughed, the humiliation washing over him in waves, his balls dangling exposed, ass clenching involuntarily. Ilya watched intently, then turned to inspect Shane's clothes, rifling through pockets and seams.

"Fine," Ilya said. "Now, let's check your orifices."

Shane's shame spiked, his half-hard cock throbbing visibly, but he nodded. "Y-yes, sir."

Ilya started with Shane's hair, his gloved fingers threading through the strands gently, massaging the scalp in an unexpectedly pleasant way. Shane bit his lip, a moan bubbling up his throat—he almost let it slip but stopped himself, breath hitching. Ilya grinned, like he knew exactly the effect he was having.

Satisfied, Ilya peeled off his gloves, tossing them into the nearby bin, then snapped on a fresh pair from his pocket. "Open mouth wide."

Shane parted his lips, tongue out, shivering as waves of arousal crashed through him when Ilya's fingers probed inside—pressing along his cheeks, under his tongue, the latex taste mixing with the obscene intimacy. His cock pulsed, leaking a bead of pre-cum.

Ilya paused, eyes narrowing. "Need to check something else. Suck on two fingers."

Shane obediently closed his lips around the gloved digits, sucking gently at first, then harder, his tongue swirling as Ilya's gaze locked on him, eyes darkening with raw arousal, pupils blown wide. Shane moaned slightly, all in his thoughts, the sound vibrating silently, his mind screaming how filthy and hot this was. Ilya mumbled under his breath, "Yeah, good boy."

Pulling back, Ilya gestured to the table. "Now, lie stomach flat on the table. Present backside for orifice check."

Shane's face burned. "Ohh, this is really necessary?" He was so ashamed, but his cock twitched visibly, hardening further at the command, the idea of exposing his hole like that sending dirty thrills through him.

Ilya noticed the twitch, his own pants tightening subtly, and Shane blushed furiously, averting his eyes. "Yes," Ilya replied, voice husky. "Strictly necessary."

He paused, glancing at his gloves. "By protocol, I need to change gloves again, but no spare ones left. Is okay if I do this with my bare hands?"

Shane's mind raced—the idea was super hot, those strong fingers bare against his most intimate spots, probing deep. He nodded quickly, arousal winning out. "Yeah... okay."

Shane tried to impress the officer, as he moved toward the cold metal table. Slowly, he lowered himself stomach-down, arching his back just a bit more than necessary, pushing his ass up invitingly, the globes parting slightly to expose his tight, pink hole. Part of him screamed that he was absolutely crazy for doing this—seducing a fucking airport security officer like some desperate slut—but the other part, the one pulsing hot between his legs, was so aroused he couldn't stop, his brains drowning in filthy anticipation.

Shane turned his head to the side, cheek pressing against the cool surface, and caught sight of himself in the mirror to his right—legs spread wide, ass hiked up obscenely, his hard cock dangling heavy and leaking between his thighs, the tip shiny with precome. He was so exposed, so wanton, and the shame burned deliciously, making his balls tighten.

Ilya hummed approvingly, as he stared at Shane's exposed backside. "Very good," he murmured, his thick accent making it sound like praise from some Russian God.

Tantalized by the reflection, Shane watched as Ilya stepped closer, one large hand pressing firmly on the small of his back, forcing his ass even higher, the position arching him like a cat in heat. "Easy now," Ilya said soothingly, fingers tracing light circles on Shane's skin before he reached into his pocket and pulled out a small packet of lube, tearing it open with his teeth and drizzling the slick, cool gel onto his bare fingers.

Shane's mind raced—nobody had ever touched him like this before—and he was super aroused, his hole clenching at the thought. He felt the blunt tip of one digit press against his entrance, pushing in slowly, breaching the hole with a wet slide.

"Relax your bottom," Ilya murmured, his free hand rubbing soothingly over Shane's back and buttocks, kneading the firm flesh until the tension eased. Shane did, exhaling shakily, his body opening up under the gentle coaxing.

The officer slowly explored inside, twisting his finger to touch every sensitive inch, then adding a second, the stretch burning sweetly before it turned to pleasure. Accidentally or not, those fingers brushed Shane's prostate, rubbing firmly against the swollen gland.

Shane had tried to locate this place on his own before, fumbling in the shower or bed, but never with much success—now, this felt like heaven, sparks of ecstasy shooting through his core. He moaned loudly, hips shifting back without thought, impaling himself deeper on those fingers, chasing the bliss before he even registered what he was doing. Once again, shame flooded him, hot and humiliating, but he couldn't stop.

"Oh, what a good boy you are for me now," Ilya cooed, his voice dripping with approval, fingers scissoring gently to stretch him wider.

Shane felt his dick leaking precome in steady drips, and in the mirror, he saw it all—the obscene trail, his flushed shaft throbbing—and noticed Ilya watching too, those blue eyes meeting him in the mirror.

Ilya smirked, licking his lips. "Look at you, dripping like a faucet. So needy."

Then, gently, he asked, "I see you like it...?"

Shane saw no reason to lie. "Yeah... I like it. Fuck, I really like it."

Super embarrassed but boldened by the heat, Shane glanced at the mirror again, spotting the officer's obvious erection straining against his uniform pants, the thick outline impossible to miss. "Do... do you like it too?"

Ilya smirked wider, palming himself briefly. "Yes, I like it indeed. Very much."

Shane mumbled under his breath, words tumbling out in a haze, "Could you... please..."

Ilya leaned in, all innocent despite the smirk. "Oh, what can I please?"

Shane went crimson, face buried against the table, but he felt too attracted to Rozanov now, and who knew when he'd have such an opportunity again? He wanted to die instead of saying things like that aloud, but now, when it all felt so heavenly, he couldn't also stop. Couldn't imagine just getting up, putting his clothes on and leaving, without... without doing something. He pleaded quietly, "If you can fuck me... please."

Ilya repeated loudly, enjoying the squirm. "Fuck you? Oh, this is what you want?"

Shane nodded frantically, ass still presented high.

"Answer me with words, good boy," Ilya commanded.

"Yes, sir," Shane muttered. Sir? Why did he call him sir? But it felt so right, the word echoing with throbs in his hard dick.

Ilya lowered himself, hot breath scorching Shane's ear as he whispered, "Fine, but first, you need to be punished."

Shane's eyes widened. "What?"

Ilya chuckled. "Yeah, you provoked airport security, caused panic among your teammates, didn't cooperate. You think good boys act like that?"

"No, sir... sorry," Shane whimpered, arousal spiking despite the words.

Ilya nodded. "Okay, ten."

Shane blinked in confusion. "What ten?"

"Ten smacks on your pretty ass for such behavior," Ilya answered, hand already caressing one cheek possessively, "and then we proceed with what you want."

Shane was all aroused again, the idea of being spanked like that sending fresh waves of heat through him—what the fuck was happening, was he really going to let this happen?

Ilya slid his fingers out of Shane's slick, clenching hole, leaving him empty and aching, his prostate still buzzing from the teasing rubs. Without warning, he brought his bare hand down hard on Shane's upturned ass, delivering the first spank. Shane jolted forward on the table, his

body arching, the sting burning fierce across his cheek—hot, spreading fire that somehow twisted into filthy pleasure, making his hard cock throb and leak more precome.

"Count," Ilya nudged firmly, thumb brushing the reddening skin as if to soothe before the next.

"One," Shane gasped, shaky with humiliation and arousal, his cheek pressed against the table, eyes glued to the mirror.

"One, what?" Ilya prompted, his tone stern, hand hovering threateningly.

"One, sir," Shane corrected quickly, almost whining.

"Good boy," Ilya murmured, then delivered another sharp swat to the opposite cheek, the impact jiggling Shane's flesh obscenely, the burn layering on top of the first, sending sparks straight to his balls. Mortified and aroused, Shane watched in the mirror how his ass became pink under the assault.

As the spanking continued, Ilya's scolding poured out in that thick Russian accent, each sentence punctuated by a firm smack that left Shane's ass glowing red and throbbing. "You think you can mouth off to security? Disrupt everything? If I see you acting out on airport grounds again, I take off my belt and spank you right on this pretty ass."

"Two sir...three sir... Four..." Shane's moans mixed with counts, cock grinding subtly against the table for friction.

"And if you very bad," Ilya continued, his hand landing lower and spanking quickly two times, catching the crease where ass met thigh, making Shane yelp and squirm, "I spank you in front of all other people—your teammates, passengers, everyone watching you bare and wriggling over my knee."

"Five, sir...Six...sir..." Shane cried out, humiliated by spans and such promises, making his blood boil. In the mirror, he saw how his ass jiggles and jumps at the smacks. How red it turns under the spanking.

The promises kept coming, as Ilya alternated cheeks. "This is for refusing to show the bag. And this is for refusing to go through a pat-down near the frame."

"Seven sir...Eight sir..."

Shane's mind reeled, embarrassment flooding him as he watched in the mirror how this midblowingly hot officer spanked him, scolding sternly, his ass glowing redder and redder, as sting and throbs intensified.

"Next time, you won't get privacy for your little hole check too, will just drop your pants, spank you, and then check you in front of your team. Understood?"

"Y-yes sir." Shane felt like coming as he imagined it all, his body betraying him with fresh leaks of precome, visible in the mirror where he glimpsed his flushed, marked ass and Ilya's

strict face as he raised his hand for the final smack. Finally, the tenth swat landed, harder than the rest, leaving Shane a needy mess, his counts ending in a hoarse "Ten, sir."

"Like that," Ilya now put both his big palms on Shane's buttocks, caressing them and rubbing out the throb. "Good boy, took your spanking so well."

Shane almost purred, sticking his ass higher to the caressing.

Ilya carefully put back his fingers into Shane's slick, clenching hole, scissoring them wider with careful twists, lube squelching with every pump. Shane whimpered, his ass pushing back greedily, the burn turning to a filthy ache that made his balls draw up tight.

"So ready for me? Your little hole begging," Ilya growled, his bare hand slick and hot, fingers curling to graze that sweet spot again, making Shane's cock jump and spit more fluid.

"Yes...yes please..." Shane breathed, half alive from all the desire pulsing through him.

"But... I have no condom. Is a problem?"

Normally, something like that would throw Shane off, but he couldn't even allow a thought of stopping right now. Instead, he panted, "It's fine. Just do it already."

Hypnotised, Shane watched in the mirror how Ilya unzipped his uniform pants with a rough yank, freeing his thick, veined cock—curved upward, flushed dark red, the head leaking and glistening as he stroked it once, twice, smearing lube from his fingers along the shaft.

What a beautiful cock, Shane thought. He had seen tons of dicks in locker rooms and showers, but this one... this was a masterpiece. Shane felt his mouth going dry at the mere thought that maybe, if the officer allowed him, he could suck it a little, trace every vein with his tongue, try taking him deep into his throat, as those guys did in the porn that he watched sometimes.

Meanwhile, Ilya lined up behind Shane. "Sweetheart?"

It took Shane a good few seconds to understand that Ilya was asking something. Mind in a haze, he turned his head to Ilya, "Yeah...?"

"Should I go slow? Or should I... how do you call it... be rough?" Ilya watched him closely, the tip of his cock deliciously brushing up and down Shane's butt crease, not pushing, just there.

Slow? When Shane was on the brink of madness? Hell no!

Shane frantically shook his head, "Nooo, no slow. No. Quicker! I...need you."

"Fuck." Ilya's eye pupils widened so quickly his eyes went almost black, as he bit his lip, desire overwhelming him clearly too.

"Hold on, sweetheart," Ilya murmured, gripping Shane's hip hard, and thrust in filthily, obscenely, bottoming out in one brutal slide that split Shane open. "Fuck, so tight," Ilya

hissed, his balls slapping wetly against Shane's as he set a punishing rhythm, pounding in deep, the table creaking under the force, Shane's hole making lewd, sucking sounds with every withdraw and slam.

He tugged Shane's hair roughly, yanking his head back to expose his throat, teeth grazing the skin before bringing their lips together in a messy kiss—tongues tangling sloppy and wet, saliva dripping down Shane's chin as Ilya dominated his mouth, swallowing his moans.

Between thrusts, Ilya smacked Shane's already-red ass again, handprints blooming fresh on the jiggling flesh, each one sending jolts straight to Shane's throbbing dick, making it bob and leak profusely, strings of precome dangling like obscene threads.

"You like it? Like to be punished like that? What a little brat!" Ilya panted, angling to hammer Shane's prostate relentlessly, the pleasure building up, Shane's knees starting to buckle, legs trembling as his body surrendered to the overwhelming fuck.

Finally, Ilya reached around, his warm hand wrapping around Shane's rock-hard cock, and jerked him quickly, spreading the mess of precome along the length, and caressing the tip on occasion.

Shane came first, crying out hoarsely as ropes of thick, pearly cum shot under the table, his hole spasming wildly around Ilya. That clenched grip pushed Ilya over the edge; he groaned, burying himself balls-deep and flooding Shane's ass pulse after pulse with hot cum, the overflow leaking out obscenely around his cock, dripping down Shane's thighs in filthy rivulets.

They collapsed together, Ilya's weight pinning Shane to the table as they kissed hungrily, lips bruised and urgent, tongues licking into each other's mouths with desperate, post-orgasm fervor, hands roaming.

Ilya pulled back slightly, smirking as he glanced at his watch, still half-hard inside Shane. "Uh, you missed your flight."

Shane panted, a blissed-out grin spreading despite the ache in his well-fucked ass. "It's fine... that was the best thing ever."

Ilya chuckled, easing out, cum trickling from Shane's hole. "Well, next flight is only tomorrow. Where are you staying?"

Shane shrugged weakly, body still humming. "Don't know..."

"I live nearby," Ilya said, zipping up with a wink and easy smile. "Shift is over. We can continue whatever we are doing at my place."

Shane felt butterflies erupt in his stomach, a fresh wave of heat stirring in him despite the exhaustion. "Oh yes, please."

End Notes

Thank you for reading! ❤️❤️❤️

p.s. Yeah, I guess real-life Shane would want a condom still, but in this fanfiction, he was super aroused and didn't care

p.p.s. Hayden flew back home if anyone is wondering 😊

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