

Patience and other virtues

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Patience and other virtues

by [jtimu](#)

Summary

“I had an idea,” Ilya says. He puts his hand on the back of Shane’s head and holds him in place. Shane hums a question and works his tongue into the underside of Ilya’s cock. “Maybe you only come when you are like this. With your mouth on my cock.”

Notes

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

Maybe Ilya's not meant to go that long without sex. Months with only his right hand and the collected depravities of the internet have left him irritating and inventive and insatiable.

He texted some of it to Shane before he arrived. He's always been too free with sexting. He sends messages at the worst times: before games, or when Shane is getting ready to have dinner with his parents. *What are you wearing* if he's feeling tame or *do you think my hand can fit up your ass*, which had sent Shane into a twenty minute spiral and then a much longer pornographic rabbit hole.

Shane doesn't think Ilya meant that one. He hopes. Probably.

"Do you want to have boring sex today?" Ilya asks, and smirks at Shane from across the couch.

"Define boring," Shane shoots back. It's been nearly three hours since he last came, so he's willing to hear Ilya out. Ilya leans back and spreads his legs. He's already hard, which means he's been thinking about something that's gotten him worked up. Thinking about *Shane*.

Shane doesn't need a written invitation. He abandons his controller and crawls across the sofa to tug Ilya's pants down and take his cock down his throat. It's a new trick for him, made all the sweeter by the appreciative moans it pulls out of Ilya. Thick fingers card in his hair, holding him steady while Ilya jerks his hips up.

"Love your mouth," he mutters, and grips Shane's head. Another little thrust, and then he pulls Shane off. Shane lays with his head on Ilya's lap, his mouth bitter with precome.

"Just my mouth?"

"Rest of you is ok." Ilya makes a deprecating gesture. "Fine. Mouth is best."

"Oh, thanks."

"It is a high bar."

Shane nips at the skin on his thigh. Ilya's cock is rigid and flushed, shiny with spit. "Did you get me over here just to tell me that, or do you want me to do anything about it?"

Ilya shrugs. There's mischief in the curve of his lip. He hooks his thumb in Shane's mouth and uses it to tug Shane back down onto his cock. It's a little degrading how easily Shane follows, but the sting is soothed by the warmth that builds low in his belly. He loves having his mouth on Ilya. It makes him feel powerful, to be able to reduce him to gasping and soft Russian filth.

It's so easy to be there with this man.

Shane sucks leisurely. He draws his mouth up Ilya's cock to lay open-mouthed kisses on the head, and drags his tongue up the underside. They have no other plans for the day; Shane could stay here for hours, growing harder in his own shorts. He can suck Ilya until his jaw

aches and his throat protests, and then keep going. Shane doesn't mind the discomfort, especially not when it comes with so sweet a reward.

Ilya picks the controller back up, and Shane's heart pulses. They stay like that for a while: Ilya, losing at his game, grunting softly when Shane swallows around him. Shane, rutting against the couch. His orgasm builds slowly, drawn out by the not-enough friction. He's going to need to start putting towels down.

"I had an idea," Ilya says. He puts his hand on the back of Shane's head and holds him in place. Shane hums a question and works his tongue into the underside of Ilya's cock. "Maybe you only come when you are like this. With your mouth on my cock."

Shane tries to pull off, but Ilya's hand is a steel grip. A fresh rush of heat floods through Shane, humiliating in its intensity. His hips jerk involuntarily as he searches for friction. He mumbles something, and Ilya relents. Shane pulls away with a thick, wet sound.

He tries to form the argument, but there isn't one. Ilya's ideas are a foregone conclusion. Shane would follow him into hell for the promise of a wink. He can't see Ilya's face properly from this angle, but he can imagine the self-satisfaction and the underscore of concern that shows up in a bracketing crease around his eyes.

"That's not practical," Shane says, because he needs to say something.

"Practical. What is *practical*."

"It's when—"

"I know word, Shane. You are too focused on *practical*. You should be focused on my dick."

Shane is. Shane is *so* focused on Ilya's dick. He wants to get back to what he was doing and drag Ilya back to that precipice.

"Three days," Ilya says. He wipes spit away from the corner of Shane's mouth with a finger. Shane doubts it makes him look any less depraved. Ilya set up a mirror a few days before, so Shane is recently familiar with the sheen of his eyes and the pink flush down his chest.

"You want to do that for three days?"

"Yes," Ilya says simply.

"Three days is a long time, Ilya." It's not quite as long as they'd gone when Ilya suggested that Shane should ask before he jerked off, when they'd been three time zones apart.

"Only three," Ilya cajoles. He guides Shane's head back to his dick. He smells like sex, tastes like bitter precome and Shane's own mouth. "You can come as many times as you want. Only one rule."

Shane moans around him. His hand slips down into his pants to find his hard, ignored cock. "Yes, you get the idea. Come if you agree." And there's no arguing with that, not for Shane.

He rides out his own orgasm with his mouth stretched wide over Ilya's dick, and then lets Ilya jerk himself to a quick conclusion across Shane's tongue.

"Come here."

"Oh yeah?" Shane turns away from sorting the laundry, whites neatly separated into their own pile, to see Ilya leaned up against the doorframe like he's part of the architecture. Load-bearing, Shane thinks, and snorts at his own bad joke.

"Is something funny?"

"Not at all." Shane leans up against Ilya, his forearms stacked against his chest, and kisses him. Every kiss is different during the summers. They have weeks together, and time to explore. Shane nips at his lower lip, breathing into Ilya's open mouth. "Did you come here to help fold?"

"Mm. I have something better in mind." Ilya's hands slip down to Shane's waist. He tugs at the elastic on Shane's shorts, pulling it away from his body.

"We're out of towels."

"Who needs towels?"

"You," Shane points out. "If you want to go back in the lake. There's only one left in the bathroom."

"I will shake it off. Doggy style."

Shane stifles his laugh. "That's not what that means."

"Is a good description, I think." Ilya's hands roam to Shane's ass, under his shorts. He pulls him apart, fingers brushing inward. "Useful."

Shane shivers. His mind sparks static. It took a while to get used to his own reactions, but it's so easy now to melt into Ilya's hands. To let the rational, high-strung parts of Shane slip away.

"What did you have in mind?"

"You." Ilya drags a fingernail across Shane's ass. "Me. Bed, maybe. Or couch. I am not particular." It's Ilya's new favorite word. Shane must have heard it a dozen times this week. *Particular*. The way Shane sorts the laundry is *particular*. The six cans of ginger ale in the fridge are *particular*. Ilya is not particular.

"The bed," Shane agrees, because he can let *particular* go long enough to agree that the towels are not his most pressing concern.

They've fucked so much already that it's a wonder that they need prep at all. Shane thinks Ilya could slide right into him, soothe his way across Shane's fucked-out rim and swallow down the whimpers that it drags out of him.

Not really, he reminds himself, laying face down on the bed. He's tender and sore, and Ilya's pressing fingers are gentle but insistent. His breath hitches at a spark of—pain? Pleasure? He doesn't know anymore.

"Here," Ilya says, and shuffles up the bed, fingers still hooked in Shane's ass. His cock bobs in front of Shane's mouth. It's wet at the head. "To keep you busy."

Shane sprawls himself sideways, adjusting their positions so he can suck Ilya's cock into his mouth while Ilya reaches over him, fingers still working. It helps. Shane sinks into the dual sensations. It's easier when he has something to focus on. A goal: make Ilya feel good. He keeps his mouth moving, tongue flicking. The angle is awkward, and he can only get the head in his mouth. It bumps up against the inside of his cheek, and Shane fumbles with his tongue, his teeth. Shane whines around his mouthful when Ilya reaches two fingers firmly inside and *strokes*.

"Do you want to come now or wait?"

It takes a second for the question to penetrate the haze that has settled in Shane's brain. Now or wait. Wait for—

Wait for the next time Ilya's cock is in his mouth. Tinder ignites in his stomach, heat pooling in his thighs and gut. He doesn't like getting fucked when he's already come. It's too much, especially when he's already this tender. This *used*. He likes riding that edge, coming after Ilya does. Shane likes following him over that crest so he can slump, sated into his own linen bed sheets.

That's not on offer tonight. Shane drags a breath in through his nose. He shakes his head minutely. It's better to wait. Better to wait until—that breath is stuck somewhere in his lungs, alveoli full to bursting. Not tonight. He won't get to come at all tonight. The thought shouldn't make him harder.

Ilya rearranges them so Shane is on his hands and knees. His cock twitches, bumping up near his stomach and then down to hang in the air. The bedspread is so far away. He keeps his hands in careful fists as Ilya drips more lube onto him and then pushes in.

Ilya is a man of many moods. Today, the mood is fast and rough. He fucks Shane with quick, sure strokes, grinding against his prostate. "Don't come," he says when Shane moans, and it's nearly painful to obey that simple instruction.

Ilya has no such restrictions. His hands are a brand against Shane's skin, one sliding down his spine to tangle in his hair, pushing Shane's face to the bed. He holds his hip with the other hand, thrusting into Shane.

Shane's thoughts are fragmented like light through crystal. His part in this is simple. He is a hole for Ilya to use. He can make Ilya feel good if he squeezes back on him. He can rock

himself onto Ilya. He wants to come. He *needs* to come. He has to hold his breath and bite his lip to stop from coming at the next too-hard stoke.

“Ilya,” he begs, though he isn’t sure what for.

“Beautiful,” Ilya says, and reaches around to tweak Shane’s nipples. His whole body is a live wire. “So beautiful. Do you want to come?”

“Yes,” Shane sobs. “Yes. Please.”

“So greedy,” Ilya says, punctuating his words with more of those movements that threaten to strip the marrow from Shane’s bones, the blood from his heart. “I will come for you,” he says, and does.

Ilya’s weight crushes him into the covers. Shane is still moving, little aborted jerks of hip and thigh. He doesn’t think he’s ever been this hard. “No,” Ilya says. He strokes Shane’s side, gentling him. “Calm.”

“Ilya.”

“I know,” Ilya says. Shane winces when Ilya pulls out. Shane turns his head to catch a glimpse of his softening cock. “Not tonight. Shower.”

Shane flushes, horrified to have been so seen. He follows Ilya to the shower and lets Ilya soap him up, head to toe, and knead his scalp with sudsy hands. Every brush of the washcloth is agony. His erection is flagging but still present, but more than that is the tattoo drumming in his brain, reminding him over and over that not only has he not come, he won’t. That he has to wait. That Ilya wants him to wait.

“Can I suck you?” It comes out more pleading than Shane would like.

“Not tonight,” Ilya says, with a steel undertone that sends shivers through Shane. His voice softens. “Is ok?”

Shane buries his face into Ilya’s shoulder, heedless of the water running over his face. He nods.

Shane sleeps like the dead. He wakes to the early morning sun striping through the trees, bathing Ilya in its light. It gilds him, like some painter’s muse, lingering over the line of his nose and the defined line of his jaw.

Ilya doesn’t wake when Shane ducks under the blankets and shimmies down under them to where Ilya’s cock is hard and waiting. He smells more like himself in the mornings, a concentrated musk that collects in the crease of his hip and under his arms. Shane breathes it in, his mouth dry then wet.

He tugs Ilya out of his boxers and slides his mouth down his cock. Ilya’s whole body tenses when he wakes, a fleeting response, then goes slack. Shane isn’t trying anything special; he’s

barely moving at all, except for his hand moving in quick jerks across his own aching cock.

Ilya pulls the blanket off to watch. It leaves Shane exposed, like his beating heart is open to the air. He's so close, a flickering heat building, his muscles tensing. Fingers like a warning tangle in his hair and pull him reluctantly away.

"Good morning." Ilya's voice is sleep hoarse.

Shane blinks up at him, trying to infuse the look with anything close to seductive. Ilya loves getting his dick sucked. It shouldn't be difficult. "Morning."

"This is a nice surprise. Better than coffee, I think." Shane rests his tongue on his lower lip for long enough that Ilya's gaze flicks down to watch. He's still waking up. There are creases in his cheek from the pillowcase. "You are feeling slutty today."

"Maybe."

"Is this for me or for you?"

"I want to suck your dick."

"For me? Or for you?" Ilya looks pointedly down to where Shane's hand is still curled underneath him, resting under his belly.

"Both," Shane tries.

"Off."

Ilya flips them so Shane is on his back, Ilya kneeling above him, knees on either side of Shane's chest. "You are greedy, Hollander." He picks up where Shane left off. His fingers ring his own cock, tugging his foreskin up to cover the head and then back, revealing glossy, red skin. "I will give you a treat. You can watch."

Shane watches intently, mouth parted, as Ilya drags himself to the precipice and lingers there. He groans Shane's name when he comes, thick white smears across Shane's chest and face. Before he's even stopped breathing heavily Ilya sprawled on him. He licks a stripe of come off Shane's face while Shane wriggles, disgusted, turned on. Desperate.

Ilya takes a shower while Shane strips the bed and starts the laundry. They're still out of towels. *Serves him right*, Shane thinks viciously, and then digs a spare out of the guest room and drops it on the counter by the shower, passing quickly through the steamy room. Ilya uses one half, and hangs it, dry side by the hook, for Shane to use next.

Shane spends the morning banging around the kitchen, slamming cabinet doors and chopping kale with more force than the vegetable requires. Ilya sidles up behind him and wraps his arms around Shane, and Shane can't help but melt into him, helpless in the face of soft kisses pressed into his spine.

Shane has a plan for the week's meals. Ilya washes produce and chops onions into a messy dice. Shane's bad mood can't hold up in the face of Ilya's overt delight. He accepts a slice of bell pepper from his fingers, and pauses with his lips wrapped around Ilya's thumb.

"Close," Ilya says, "but not quite."

Shane has another chance in the early afternoon. Ilya has settled on the couch with his legs spread wide to show the obscene bulge of his dick through his loose shorts. It's amazing that he walks around like that, Shane thinks, with his dick only separated from the open air by a hair-thin layer of polyester. Shane is self aware enough to realize that his thoughts have taken a turn for the absurd.

Shane settles between Ilya's legs, knees pressed into the rug. He runs his hands up his thighs, catching on the hair. Ilya gives the impression of being more than he is: bigger, hairier, meaner. When Shane has his hands on him he can see the truth. The fine, nearly blond hair along his legs. The softness that collects in him like rainwater.

Shane mouths at him through his shorts. He wants to suck him dry. His own cock is rock hard in anticipation.

"What are you doing?"

"I want to suck your dick." Shane is already pulling at the fabric. He ruches it up to one hip. Ilya is wearing nothing underneath, and his dick jerks free. Ilya lifts one hip, and Shane slides the fabric over further, easing the way.

"Ok." Ilya doesn't pause his game. Shane swallows him down to the sounds of cartoon fighting behind him, a cacophony of tiny noises all drowned out by the juddering inhale that rockets through Ilya when Shane's mouth finds the root of him.

Shane has a plan. He's going to get Ilya close, then take his time. He'll come as soon as he gets a hand on himself, he's pretty sure. Even the brush of his own clothes over his skin is nearly too much by now.

He doesn't time it right. Ilya usually takes longer, but he doesn't hold back today, just pauses his game and grabs the back of Shane's neck and comes down his throat, barking a string of Russian profanity. He doesn't even pull his clothes straight, just leans his head against the back of the couch for a few quick breaths and picks up the controller like nothing happened.

Shane kneels there between his legs. Desperate. His mouth tastes like come.

"Please."

"Please what?" Ilya's fingers slide over the controls, his mouth creases. Another video game explosion from behind Shane.

"I need to come."

"You know rules. You like rules. What is problem?"

“Please.” Shane’s eyes are prickling with tears. “Please can I—”

Ilya makes a noise like this is a hardship for him. Like having Shane on his knees and begging is just another day. Shane wants it to be just another day. There is a clarity that only comes when Ilya brings him low. He could live here like this, between Ilya’s strong thighs.

“Too sensitive,” Ilya says. His eyes flick down to look at Shane, a searching glance. Satisfied with what he sees, he goes back to his game.

“I’ll just.” Shane rests his face on the inside of Ilya’s thigh, his mouth inches away from his exposed dick. Ilya must feel his breath, every inhale and ragged exhale. “I’ll hold it. Keep it warm.”

“You want to do this?” Ilya’s hand settles on Shane’s shoulder. It is a reassuring weight.

“”I’ll be so good. Please. Please let me.”

“Let you what?”

“Let me put your cock in my mouth.” Shane looks up at him and finds Ilya’s eyes are dark. His pupils are wide, his mouth slightly parted. The noises from the television are quiet; Shane is half sure that if he turns now he’ll see the title screen of the game. “Please let me hold it.”

“This is because you want to come.”

Shane has no room left for guile. “Yes.”

“Ask politely.”

Shane doesn’t know how much more polite he has left in him. He hasn’t gone this long in Ilya’s presence without an orgasm since the first time they crept into a hotel room together.

“Please. Please let me suck your cock. Please let me hold it in my filthy mouth. Please let me come.” His voice cracks on the last please, jagged desperation bleeding through.

Ilya sets the controller down. He traces Shane’s cheek. Following the freckles, Shane knows. Ilya loves his freckles. They’re darker now, after days spent in the sun. His heart thumps, hopeful.

“No.”

Shane can’t hold back the sob that wracks through him. It hasn’t even been that long, not even a day, and he’s unspooled like a sweater with a thread pulled loose. A new misery spirals through him, pulling his skin tight.

Ilya tugs him up then, up onto the couch, and settles Shane on top of him so that his head is tucked under Ilya’s chin, his face pressed against the bare skin of his neck. Ilya runs his hand down Shane’s back. Every place they touch is a ground, drawing Shane back into himself.

“I love you,” Ilya murmurs, his mouth against Shane’s hair. “I love you so much. I love everything about you.”

“But you won’t let me come.” Shane hates the way it comes out. He feels petulant and spoiled. It shouldn’t be this difficult.

“I am not letting or not letting. It is a simple rule.”

Shane breathes in the scent of him. Ilya smells like him now. He uses Shane’s body wash and Shane’s deodorant. Shane’s laundry detergent. He smells like home.

Ilya nudges Shane to the side and returns a moment later with a glass of water. He keeps a pitcher in the fridge with cucumbers and lemon. Shane thought it was ridiculous the first time he saw it, but now it has the flavor of routine.

Ilya tugs Shane back against him. They are as close as skin and bones allow, their limbs tangled. Shane would sink into him if he could. Ilya’s hand drops down to Shane’s ass and rub at the crease of thigh and hip. Shane arches into him involuntarily, hips jerking.

“You are so beautiful like this?”

Shane snorts. “Like what? Crying?”

“Desperate. Mine.”

Shane curls impossibly closer to him. His cock is so hard. Every movement sends new shocks up his spine.

“Maybe after dinner.”

“What? You’ll fuck me? Leave me like this?” It’s not real irritation, but it’s close enough to bolster him.

“I was going to say maybe you can suck my dick properly, but I like your idea as well.”

Shane turns in Ilya’s arms, pins him to the couch. All of his frustration boils away when he kisses Ilya. He would wait a year for this man. He would wait a lifetime.

Shane barely makes it to dinner.

They’re making—something. He doesn’t know anymore. Ilya has to take the pan from him when the oil starts to smoke. The onions are ruined. Ilya chops new ones, his hands slow and methodical as he rocks the knife in even motions.

He pauses with his hand on the range, the burner unlit, and looks at Shane. Shane doesn’t know what he sees. Every part of him is open and exposed. Ilya looks beautiful, in those same shorts, and Shane knows exactly how much slack they allow, how much tension is in the elastic. How little it would take to pull them down.

Ilya pushes the bowl of chopped onion to the side.

“Maybe before dinner, then,” he says, and leans back with his elbows on the countertop, hips jutted forward. Shane moves toward him automatically. Ilya hooks a thumb in his mouth and tugs his lip down. “Yes?”

Shane hits the ground so hard his knees are going to ache. He scrabbles at Ilya’s shorts, pulls that elastic and tugs them down to puddle at his feet. Ilya’s already hard. Shane sets his mouth around him, just the tip resting on his tongue while he pulls at his own too-tight clothes and gets a hand around himself.

“Maybe you should put your hands behind your back.”

A mortal sound crawls out of Shane’s throat, mingled with something like but not quite a sob. His instinct catches somewhere between *fuck you* and the inexorable tug of his body to obey. He lets his hands drop to his thighs. Starts to rotate one shoulder back.

“Maybe not,” Ilya says. He wipes a tear from the corner of Shane’s eye, then grips the back of his head, pulling him closer. “I will come soon, I think. You should hurry.”

Shane’s hand is on his dick before he remembers to move. His head is empty and clean, a void of everything but pure sensation. It’s only seconds before he draws close to that glorious cusp, pinprick pain in his gut and his thighs, a licking heat boiling in his veins. He garbles out something that might be a plea and gets only murmurs in return, the words in Russian, but tinged with praise.

Ilya *pulls* at his hair, and Shane comes, harder than he ever has before. Waves of it rock through him, searing pleasure that whites out the world, every part of it but Ilya here still before him, inside him. He’s distantly proud that he doesn’t let Ilya drop from his mouth, even when he’s not sure he knows his own name, or that he has a mouth.

They stay like that for the space of a few heartbeats while Shane comes back to himself, and then Ilya reminds him what he was doing. Shane can barely keep himself upright, and they wind up on the floor, Ilya sprawled on the kitchen tile while Shane, lax and wanton, sucks him to completion.

They leave the ingredients on the counter, the cold pan on the range. They’ll eat late, when the midsummer sun dips below the lake. Shane curls into Ilya, sprawled this time on the bed in their clean sheets that smell like Shane’s detergent, that smell like Ilya, that smell like home.

“That was only one day,” Ilya says, carding fingers through Shane’s hair. He finds a knot and picks it free.

“I might die.”

“No, you would not dare.”

“Not much of a choice.” Shane sighs into Ilya’s chest. He might not need to come again for a week. A month. An hour, he thinks, when Ilya’s hand creeps down to cup his soft cock. He will never get enough of this man.

“Tomorrow,” Ilya says, “I will get you hard and you will beg me for my cock. However you want. You want to use your mouth. I want to use your ass.”

“Oh,” Shane says, more amused than aroused, but it’s a close thing and getting less close with each beat of his heart. “Which one will it be?”

“You choose,” Ilya says graciously.

Shane’s cock is, impossibly, already twitching against his thigh. He already knows which one he’ll choose.

End Notes

This fic has developed [a sort-of precursor](#)

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