

I Would Give You the Moon (But This Will Do)

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I Would Give You the Moon (But This Will Do)

by [nomsy](#)

Summary

“You sound very horny, but you don’t know what is your present,” Ilya points out. “Could be nice pillow. Maybe a houseplant.”

“Rozanov.”

Ilya laughs. “Is not a houseplant,” he says.

The first time Ilya gives Shane a sex toy as a present.

Notes

I was in the middle of writing a cute little T-rated 5 + 1 Times when I remembered the bit in TLG where it says Ilya likes to give Shane sex toys and my brain decided it would rather write porn instead. So here we are.

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

Shane stumbles through the door as soon as Ilya pulls it open, crashing his mouth to Ilya's. Ilya wraps an arm around his waist easily, cups Shane's jaw with his other hand, kicks the door closed and pushes Shane up against it. He can feel Shane smile against his mouth. It's perfect.

Fuck, it's always so perfect.

Ilya's never been able to get enough of Shane, not since the beginning, but something changed this summer at the cottage. Though really, everything changed at the cottage. Now when they're apart, it's like they're starving, counting down the hours until they get to see each other again, not having to pretend to each other that they don't care.

"Missed you," Shane gasps into the kiss. His hands are in Ilya's hair, caressing, not pulling. Not yet. Ilya will get Shane there soon enough.

"You, too," Ilya says, words muffled as he kisses down Shane's neck.

Shane sighs happily, then moves to drop to his knees. Ilya stops him. "Wait," he says. "I have present for you."

"A present?" Shane asks. "Shit, I don't have anything for you. Should I have got you something? I normally don't forget -"

Ilya interrupts him with a deep, slow kiss. "No," he says. "Just normal day. I have something for you, like surprise."

Shane smiles, his eyes crinkling at the corners. "That's sweet. Where is my boyfriend and what have you done with him?"

Ilya grins. "Is not something sweet."

"Oh," Shane breathes. Ilya loves when Shane's eyes show exactly what he's thinking. Now they are wide with anticipation. And already that determination to do well for Ilya, before they've even really started. "Show me?"

"So eager," Ilya says. He takes Shane's hand and pulls him into the bedroom.

"Ilya," Shane says thickly.

Ilya shivers. "You sound very horny, but you don't know what is your present," he points out. "Could be nice pillow. Maybe a houseplant."

"Rozanov."

Ilya laughs. "Is not a houseplant," he says.

"No shit."

Ilya picks the parcel up from his bed and hands it to Shane. Shane turns it over in his hands carefully. “You wrapped this.”

“Yes,” Ilya says, putting his hands on Shane’s hips and stealing a kiss. “Is a gift, no? I had to wrap it for you.”

“I wouldn’t have expected you to have gift wrap at home.”

Ilya did not, in fact, have gift wrap at home. He went out to buy it yesterday. And Scotch tape. And ribbon. And scissors.

“I am a generous person, Hollander. Always giving presents. I have everything at home to make nice gifts.”

“Uh-huh. Sure.” Shane unties the bow and carefully wraps the ribbon around two fingers into a neat loop. Then he starts to undo the gift wrap, gently pulling apart the taped bits and folding them over so that the paper doesn’t tear or stick. He makes Ilya hold the little cardboard box that Ilya placed the gift into while he folds up the wrapping paper. Then he takes a step back to put it on Ilya’s dresser, placing the bit of coiled ribbon on top.

“Shane,” Ilya says, as Shane steps back into his arms and begins to open the box, his movements slightly hindered by Ilya trying to pull him close.

“Hm?”

“I love you. Very much.”

“I love you, too,” Shane says. “I’m so glad that – oh. Wow. Ilya.” He looks down at the vibrator he just unpacked. He’s blushing furiously. Ilya presses kisses to his cheeks, his ears, everywhere the flush is travelling across Shane’s skin.

“Is vibrator,” Ilya says, once he can control himself enough to stop covering Shane in kisses.

“I *know*.”

“For your ass,” Ilya explains.

“Oh, so this product is sold for *my* ass, specifically?” Shane sounds amused.

Ilya presses closer. “Yes,” he says. “That is why they sold your boring favourite colour. Dark blue.”

“My favourite colour is navy.”

“Is the same thing as dark blue.”

“Shut up.”

Ilya kisses Shane, hard, sliding his hands down to Shane’s ass and pulling him flush against Ilya’s chest. Shane is already half-hard against Ilya’s thigh. When Shane breaks their kiss,

Ilya whines in dismay. He's not even embarrassed. He needs Shane naked, now.

"Wait," Shane says. "Do we – uh – like, this needs to charge, right? And we should probably clean it before using it because if it was packaged in a plastic –"

"Hollander," Ilya says. "Relax. Is all okay. I cleaned it and charged it already." He takes the empty cardboard box out of Shane's hands and throws it over his shoulder.

Shane pulls away a little further so he can look Ilya in the eyes. "So you unpacked this, cleaned it, charged it so we could use it immediately, and then gift-wrapped it for me?"

"Hm," Ilya confirms, pressing a kiss to Shane's temple and pulling him tightly against his chest again.

"Fuck. Ilya, that's so hot."

"Efficient, yes? Organised."

"Yes."

Ilya laughs. "Moya lubov," he says, leaning their foreheads together. "You like it?"

"Obviously."

"You want to try?"

"Fuck, yes." Shane sounds breathless and excited and up for whatever Ilya is suggesting, like always.

Ilya pulls him into a sloppy, desperate kiss. He slides one hand up to hold Shane's jaw, and the other to card through the short hair at the nape of his neck. Shane moans and Ilya parts his lips so Shane can lick into his mouth, all heat and slickness.

Someday, Ilya thinks, they might be more patient, take their time. Not today, though. Not when he can back Shane up towards the bed instead and enjoy how easily Shane goes, letting Ilya pull off their shirts and then push him onto the mattress. Ilya follows him, pressing open-mouthed kisses to Shane's chest, and now Shane finally sinks his hands back into Ilya's hair and pulls. Ilya groans and digs his fingers into Shane's thighs, feeling the familiar contours of the hard muscles there. He grazes his teeth over Shane's skin and then darts his tongue out again and again to lick from Shane's throat all the way down to his hipbones. Shane sighs and moans and tugs at Ilya's curls and is warm and pliant and lovely underneath him.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya says, sliding his hands up to Shane's waist. "Up."

Shane arches up obediently, letting Ilya remove his sweats and underwear, scrambling to pull off his socks while Ilya gets rid of the rest of his own clothes. By the time Ilya is naked, Shane is already rooting around in the night-stand. He tosses a bottle of lube at Ilya's chest.

"Can't wait, huh?"

“No, I fucking can’t,” Shane says. He’s looking up at Ilya all happy and defiant, hair tousled and lips pink. Ilya actually freezes for a moment, captivated, just looking, drinking his fill of Shane.

“Rozanov,” Shane says. “Get on with it.” He draws up his knees to make his point, and Ilya laughs. He loves opening Shane up, loves feeling him hot and tight around his fingers, loves getting him ready for Ilya’s cock. Today is no exception, and Shane takes him so well, like he always does. Ilya gets lost muttering praise, half in English and half in Russian, while he works Shane open, until Shane throws an arm over his eyes and curses.

“Ilya, can you – can you use -”

“Yeah,” Ilya gasps. He has to hunt for the vibrator in the sheets for a moment. Once he finds it, he gently pulls Shane’s arm away from his face.

“You have done this before?” He doesn’t think so. From what he knows, Shane has not branched out beyond his ancient dildo, but he thinks if Shane bought any toys for when they aren’t together, he might be too embarrassed to share it. He hopes not, but he does know Shane.

“Had sex with you? Once or twice.”

“Shut up, Hollander.”

“Fine, ugh. You know I haven’t, uh. You know I only have that dildo.” They’ve used it together, a few times. The sight of Shane’s lips wrapped around it, eyes fluttered closed and cheeks hollowed, while Ilya fucks him, is seared into Ilya’s brain forever. He has to make that happen again next time he’s in Montreal.

“Maybe is different, with vibrator. Maybe it will be... a lot.” *Intense*, he means, but the English word escapes him when Shane is splayed out on the mattress like that, his cock already rigid and leaking against his stomach. Ilya’s proud of himself for managing any sentences in English at all.

Shane swallows hard, his gaze locked with Ilya’s. “Good.”

“On your hands and knees.”

Shane doing as Ilya tells him goes straight to Ilya’s already painfully hard dick. He gives himself a couple of firm strokes to take the edge off, and then turns the vibrator on at the lowest setting.

Even though Shane can’t see it, he quivers at the sound, and Ilya leans over him to press kisses along his spine. “You want it so much,” he says into Shane’s skin, and feels him shiver again.

“Yes, Ilya, fuck. Please. Come on.”

Ilya slowly drags the toy up Shane’s inner thigh, presses it against the underside of Shane’s cock, then behind his balls. Shane trembles and whimpers and writhes at the vibrations until

Ilya presses a hand against the back of his neck to push him down onto the mattress and hold him there.

“Ilya,” Shane half-sobs.

“What do you want?”

“You know. Please.” Shane pushes his hips back towards Ilya. “Please.”

“Tell me.”

“Fuck.”

“You can do it,” Ilya says, turning up the vibration and rubbing the toy against Shane’s hole. “Tell me.”

“Oh, fuck. Inside me, please, Ilya – fuck, please.”

“Good job,” Ilya tells him, and Shane makes that desperate, almost sobbing noise again. His hips jerk when Ilya pushes the vibrator into him and starts to fuck him with it at a slow, steady pace that he knows is going to get Shane just on the edge of where he needs to be.

“Oh god,” Shane groans. “Oh, fucking -”

“Good?”

“Am I not being clear here?” Shane grits out, turning his head into the pillow, making Ilya chuckle.

“Just making sure.”

“I love you,” Shane says, in the exact same tone he usually says *you’re an asshole*. Ilya drops another kiss to his spine.

He wants to reach around Shane, take his cock in hand, rub his fingers through the precome dripping onto the mattress. Wants to lick them clean and taste nothing but Shane. He leans down and reaches for Shane’s cock, but Shane yelps, “No!” and Ilya stops dead.

“What’s wrong?”

“Don’t stop – don’t fucking stop,” Shane pants. “Just don’t touch my dick, or I’ll – *fuck, Ilya* – I’ll come, like, immediately.”

Ilya chuckles and scrapes his teeth along Shane’s shoulder-blade. “Nothing new about that,” he says, gently angling the toy differently and switching to a higher setting. Shane bucks his hips and arches his back. Ilya watches the light shine off his sweaty skin, sinks into the sound of Shane’s gasped breaths.

“Fuck you. Oh, Ilya, fuck. There. Holy shit.”

“You are so fucking beautiful,” Ilya says. It’s completely inadequate. Calling Shane *beautiful* is like calling a Stanley cup win *pretty cool*, but it’s the best Ilya can do.

Shane doesn’t respond, just dissolves into pants and moans and swear words. He tries to push himself up on his elbows but doesn’t manage.

“Still good?” Ilya asks.

Shane keens, hiding his face in the pillow again.

“Shane,” Ilya says. “Need you to tell me.”

“Yes,” Shane rasps. “Good. More.”

Ilya can tell how much effort it’s costing him, and he soothingly runs his free hand down Shane’s back. “So perfect for me.”

“More,” Shane slurs again.

“You want me to fuck you now?”

Shane nods into the pillow.

“Shane,” Ilya says again. “I need to hear it.” Shane whimpers. With the hand that’s not busy angling the vibrator against Shane’s prostate, Ilya traces little circles around his vertebrae, up and back down, drops more kisses along his back, murmuring encouragements into his skin, licking and biting gently at his flanks.

“Please,” Shane gasps eventually. “Please fuck me, Ilya.”

Ilya pulls out the toy, turning it off and flinging it towards the end of the bed. Shane whines, low and broken, and Ilya strokes his spine again, kisses the small of his back. “So good for telling me,” he murmurs. “So proud of you, Shane.”

“*Ilya.*”

Ilya’s hands are shaking as he reaches for the condom and lube and gets himself ready. He moulds himself along Shane’s back and thrusts into him, fast and hard because he knows neither of them are going to last anyway. He could lose himself in this, their movement, the sounds Shane makes, the feeling of Shane’s strong body under his, in Shane Shane Shane, the certainty that there’s nothing else in the world except the two of them. Ilya finally gets a hand around Shane’s cock, and he only has to stroke him a couple of times until Shane’s back is arching against Ilya’s chest, his come spilling wet and hot over Ilya’s fingers. Ilya only needs a few thrusts after that. He doesn’t mean to collapse on top of Shane, but his body won’t hold him up any more at this point.

Shane makes a low, contented noise underneath him, and Ilya moves slightly to be able to card his fingers through Shane’s hair. They lie like that for a while, until Shane starts to grumble.

“I’m all gross,” he mumbles, rolling out from beneath Ilya and onto his side. “We made a mess.”

“Da. You are beautiful mess. You can shower first.”

Shane shakes his head. “Bath,” he says. “Together.”

It’s Ilya who changes the sheets and folds their clothes and cleans up while Shane runs the bath, because he knows Shane’s eyes will go bright and his mouth all soft when he sees that everything is neat on coming back into the room. By the time Ilya joins him in the bathroom, Shane is sitting in the bath, legs pulled against his chest, chin propped up on his hand on the edge of the tub. He scoots a little so Ilya can sit behind him, then leans back against Ilya’s chest. Ilya wraps an arm around him, holding him close. He doesn’t think either of them will feel like moving for a while.

“Good present?” Ilya asks quietly.

Shane yawns and tips his head back against Ilya’s shoulder, his eyes closed. “The best,” he says.

Ilya kisses his cheek. “Good,” he says. “Is almost Christmas. I will get more presents like this for you.”

“Oh,” Shane says softly. “Yes, please.”

Ilya moves his lips into Shane’s hair and for several minutes there is no sound except the occasional splash of the water against the side of the tub.

“Ilya?” Shane hugs Ilya’s arm to his chest, tracing patterns over Ilya’s skin with the pad of his thumb.

“Mhm?”

Shane turns his head and opens his eyes to smile at him. “It was still sweet.”

End Notes

when your therapist asks if they can read the stories you write to see how you process and you wrote THIS

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