

shed some light on me, please

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by Anonymous

Summary

Shane thinks he might kill his boyfriend.

Because it is February 14th, and Ilya Rozanov is standing in his kitchen like he belongs there.

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Shane's boyfriend works too hard, and feels bad about it. Good thing he has a friend to keep his boyfriend company whilst he's gone.

Notes

Idk you guys. this is based on literal porn and i have never written anything in my life pls forgive me.

If you want a spoiler on the sorta-kinda cheating tag, scroll to the end for notes! If not, feel free to go in blind.

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

Shane thinks he might kill his boyfriend. He has always tried to be consciously understanding of those around him - a task he believes seems to take a lot more effort for him than maybe everybody else. He understands, vaguely, how he has ended up here, but he does not feel any better about it. Because it is February 14th, and Ilya Rozanov is standing in his kitchen like he belongs there. Smiling, as though he does this every evening.

It was most certainly not expected when Shane arrived home from the gym fifteen minutes ago, shouting a quick “Are you home..?” as he used the front of his shoe to push off the other.

Receiving no response, he walked further, dropping his bag a little haphazardly. In truth, he was deflating, as he was forced to confront the loneliness of the evening ahead. This was fine. He liked alone time. More sofa space for him.

Until he emerged into the shared kitchen-living space, and was scared straight out of his fucking skin.

He shouted out on instinct, not expecting the sight of another human being moving around in his home, casually, as though he was always here.

“OH my god! What the fuck? What.. What are you doing here? How did you even get in here?” Shane is a little embarrassed by how he has to bumble through the greeting, but is more preoccupied with calming the pounding in his chest. Ilya, infuriatingly, is clearly amused. He smiles, slow, as he looks at Shane.

“No ‘honey I’m home’ for me? I’m upset, малыш. It’s day of romance, no?” He pushes himself off from the counter, moving slowly as if rounding on a shaking animal, “Don’t worry, I did not break in. I thought Matt would’ve told you the plan?”

His question sounds earnest, yet he does not say anything further. Shane is infinitely more confused - why not tell him the plan *now*? Obviously he had no idea about this stupid ‘plan’. Whatever it even was. He says as such.

“Obviously not. He mentioned he probably wouldn’t make it back tonight, but that’s all.”

“Well, I have been entrusted with the very, all-important job of keeping you company.” Ilya looks up as he ends his sentence, as if he is aware he is goading. Shane snaps, a little, a tether loosening within.

“Fuck off. Does he talk to you guys as if I’m a child? I’m very sorry you were burdened with these plans, but you can leave now. I am more than capable of spending a couple nights in my own company.” Shane hopes he sounds as annoyed as he feels, though he doesn’t want to express any insecurity.

He knows, ultimately, that Matt would have meant well. He knows he is away for work, often, and has attempted to reconcile this on Valentine’s day by ensuring his boyfriend still has company. It would be sweet, maybe, though still a little strange, except for the fact that Shane finds Ilya infuriating and this is not unknown to Matt. Maybe it’s a fucked up little

joke, see how far he can push and irritate him. Or make him really consider what he's missing without his boyfriend here. Like Shane's emotions were toys on strings, pulling and waiting to see what happens.

Ilya responds softer than anticipated, "Is not a burden, Shane. I am here to do whatever you want. If you want me to fuck off, I can. No difference to me. But can also cook you a nice meal, give you massage. Whatever." He shrugs, not meeting his eyes, and plucking a grape from a punnet left on the marble countertop. Shane looks further, noticing the snacks and ingredients still bagged up on the side.

He decides to climb over the giant internal mountain he's created, and bridge the distance between them. This is fine, or nice, or considerate. It's not as though he has any reason to hate Ilya - in fact he's considered the opposite. He allows himself to be too emotionally disrupted he feels his insides furl and bundle and wrap into some kind of messy, uncontrolled knot. And Shane cannot be uncontrolled. He doesn't think he'd be good at it. Not that he'd ever test it to see. So he will use this evening to prove to everyone - Ilya, Matt, but most importantly himself, that he can spend a nice evening with this very imposing man and not fly off the wall.

"Did you have to google where to buy flowers from?"

Ilya smiles, slowly, "Wow. You think I am not romantic? Does Matt make me sound like a selfish lover? Tsk." He hisses, drawing a breath through his teeth, cricking his neck as though condescendingly irritated. "I'm wounded, Hollander. Let me make it up to you?"

Shane really, really hopes he is not blushing. He laughs, looking down, shaking his head a little, "I don't think he's implied anything untrue. Maybe that you're just not much of a lover at all?". As he says it, he gets a little worried he sounds insane. Like the words have come together all wrong, nonsensical.

But Ilya smiles wickedly again, "Trust me, Shanya. I am definitely a good lover."

The implication is not lost on Shane, which is only a little surprising, but he pivots his attention, asking, "Shanya?"

"Is Russian. Cute nickname I give you because I am fake lover whilst real one thinks work is more important than pretty man with cute freckles. Big eyes too."

"Please stop flirting with me."

"Ohhh but Shanya. It is my job tonight! Do you want me to be unemployed and hopeless? No prospects?"

Shane finds himself thinking he's not sure if he's ever giggled like this. It's not even embarrassing, because Ilya is clearly enjoying himself too. He feels a lightness in his chest, like there are a set of wings in his ribcage tickling the bones every second. They start to move more naturally around each other, Shane's shoulders drop and maybe he's getting carried away already, but it starts to look more like Ilya does belong here, in his kitchen as if it's his own.

Eventually, he lets himself ask. “Why aren’t you with him? Matt, I mean.”

“Oh. I thought you meant God.” Shane looks at him, deadpan. “Sorry. Is that really a question? You think I want to spend extra time on stupid business trip in shitty corporate city hotel to finish a deal I do not give a single fuck about? I’m not on commission. Means nothing to me.”

Something flares in Shane. He loves how driven his boyfriend is, he thinks, but he finds himself wishing he could ever imagine Matt saying those words. To not prioritise a job that is barely even a passion. To not commit himself to work at every corner, and for once do something a little selfish, or hedonistic, even. Maybe to learn from the man in front of him. But this is his compromise, he supposes. Supply Shane with the funny, sexy, carefree guy to tie him over. It makes him feel a little bit sick.

“Does he talk about me?” He regrets saying it before it is even out of his mouth.

Ilya’s face shifts, for the first time this evening. He answers, carefully, “Do you want truth?”

“Both. Neither. I don’t really know” His hands come up to hide his face, rubbing over it as if to scrub away some of the shame of his insecurity.

“He does! Everyone knows about you, if that’s what you’re scared of. He doesn’t have secret office wife or whatever they call it.”

This does draw a laugh out of Shane, pulling his head slightly out from drowning in whatever weird headspace he pushed himself into. “As if he could ever get a woman.” Ilya rewards him with a real laugh, as though he wasn’t expecting the joke, because it really was not that funny. It’s exciting.

“Is he staying another night, then?” He’s nibbling the hard metal end of his hoodies’ strings.

“Is this an interview? You love questions. Yes, your shitty boyfriend who loves to work is still in fuck-ass Colorado. Is like you never talk to each other.” There’s a clear lightness in his voice, hoping the humour carries to a clearly still on-edge Shane. It’s like defusing a bomb. Maybe he expects Shane to tease a little back, or defend his boyfriend’s honor in his absence. But he just looks. He’s looking so intently, across Ilya’s face (and undeniably across his body), that Ilya isn’t even sure he heard him.

But he did, as he finally, quietly responded, “Just wanted to know how long I’ll have.”

Ilya’s mind races a little. So does Shane’s, not entirely sure what possessed him to say something so vague yet so implicative. He has the decency to shrug, as if he did not mean the question to be loaded.

Considering him disarmed, the two are able to actually enjoy each other's company. They had somehow made their way to the brown leather couch, and conversation was flowing surprisingly easily. There was still an evident... restlessness from Shane. He couldn't hold eye contact on the best of days, but currently it seemed like he couldn't look at Ilya's face for more than 3 seconds or he'd explode.

He had heard, second hand (primarily from Matt), that Ilya was an arrogant asshole. He is learning things about himself tonight, too, because unfortunately this was something he found incredibly sexy.

Matt is a nice man. Maybe. He is... fine. Shane knows he shouldn't feel comfortable using that word to describe his boyfriend, but really, it works! He is not ignorant to the fact that he himself is a profoundly boring person, and maybe this is the best he can get from the dating world. His last escapade ended abruptly after 3 months when he asked Shane to start 'making an effort' to 'seduce' him. Shane was mostly confused, because he kind of thought he had been. Oh well.

But Matt has never hurt him, he is neat and tidy, and he is driven. Shane likes these things! He's also lacking a little passion, maybe, but Shane knows you can't have it all. And Shane doesn't necessarily think he's all that boring but everyone seems to insist so he can't deny it. What he didn't know, until now, that arrogance could be really, really attractive. He had an image of a brash, all-too masculine archetype; uncaring and intolerable. This is not Ilya Rozanov.

Ilya Rozanov is sweet, and considerate. He gives asshole-ish responses to Shane in lieu of uncomfortable, direct confrontation. He notices, and watches. He listens, and responds. He is arrogant *because* he is observant, and considered. He moves through the room and the conversation like he knows exactly what Shane is thinking - and everything he will not let himself think as well. Because he does. It's like he has reached a hand down into Shane's throat and is pulling on secret threads of text that reveal all his deepest secrets. But he knows when to push, and when to pull back. There's a casual intimacy about the whole interaction that is dizzying to Shane. Which is exactly why after an hour of chatting, all he can think about is the tip of Rozanov's cock hitting the back of his throat.

He tries not to make it obvious. He wonders if he's actually aroused by this horrible, embarrassing feeling of being stripped naked and read like a book with little to no effort. How does he do this? He's probably making it obvious. Oh no.

And again, with his secret sixth sense of knowing-Shane, Ilya distracts him by pulling his head a little against him, arm wrapping around Shane's shoulders to let him fall into his side.

"What do you want to do then, Мой милый?" He smiles, soft and fond. A little teasing.

"You've got to stop calling me things I can't understand. I can do it back too, you know. Trou de cul."

“Oooh French. I am so scared, Hollander, what will you possibly be saying about me. Please do not talk about my sexy body and incredible charm in a language I do not understand.”

Shane huffs another laugh, weakly punching into Ilya’s side. Unfortunately, he only becomes more aware of the body beside him. Hard and warm, stable. How is he even in this shape? He works a fucking office job? He lets himself ask, before he can think about it, “How often do you workout?”

“Wow. Shanya is thinking about my sexy body now?” His voice is so light and endeared, it almost makes Shane’s chest hurt. “I go maybe 5 times a week. Like to feel strong. And have hobbies that are not work unlike your stupid boyfriend.” He wonders distantly if Ilya brings him up more to test for something he is unaware of. Prodding. Honing his sixth sense.

“Can we not keep talking about my stupid boyfriend?”

“You wound me. I love talking about him. And how he is stupid for leaving pretty wife here in home, all alone on day of romance and love. I want him to feel stupid.”

“I’m not his fucking wife, dude.”

“Meh. Same thing. Pretty boyfriend with big beautiful eyes. Bet he comes on your face when you let him. Not too different from wife.”

This time, Shane sits up and hits him with a pillow. “You fucking pervert. That’s gross on so many levels. Why are you even fucking thinking about that?”

He walked into it really. “Why wouldn’t I? Come on. You have got to know you’re very beautiful.”

Shane splutters a little. He is not someone who is keenly insecure about his appearance, but in truth he doesn’t think about it much at all. He feels hot.

“Jesus Christ. Do you sexualise every single person you see that you think is attractive?”

“Mmm, no. Only the special ones. Only the ones I want to make blush.”

His tone sounds too serious. Shane is aware he is blushing furiously, now, and cannot even raise his head to risk looking anywhere near the other man's direction. He doesn't have to, though, because Ilya reaches out and rests a finger under his chin, lifting his head. He should be embarrassed that that’s all it takes.

“So pretty, Shanya. Shouldn’t be locked away, in tower. Like princess. Can’t believe he gets you, мудака.” As he speaks, the sentence gets quieter, as if talking to himself, or no-one at all.

Shane feels small in the best way possible. He finds himself shrinking a little, to match. Crowding himself too closely into Rozanov’s shoulder. The finger under his chin moves, but only so Ilya can take his lower jaw into his hand, and make him look up with more force.

“You want something, малыш?” It is not teasing. Ilya’s voice is earnest, genuine and commanding. Gently controlling. Like all Shane wants to do is listen to him, forever. He looks up at him, from the awkward angle, and pauses. He is going to do something incredibly stupid. He is almost certain, now. And yet, he pauses.

“This is a really bad idea.”

“Yes, probably.” His tone is so certain, yet so unafraid, it’s comforting. “But I am told to go and keep Shane company. Be good boyfriend. This is being a good boyfriend, no?” As he speaks, he moves around Shane, pulling him over into his lap. Shane is straddling him. This is bad. He doesn’t know if he’s ever been this hard before.

He didn’t even notice when Ilya’s hand had moved to the front of his trousers, hovering above him but close enough to feel the warmth. Pushing himself forward into it means nothing. He burrows his face into Ilya’s neck, too ashamed to fully commit to doing anything yet. He knows he will break soon. Without thinking, he starts pressing small kisses to the juncture between the neck and collarbone.

“You have to say if you want something. I can’t be good partner if I don’t know what you want, yes?”

Shane is grateful he has not had to move his face. Maybe this is where he gets the bravery to whimper in response, no coherent words, just a long whine. He moves with more purpose, almost squirming in the other man's lap.

“Ah-ah.” He feels the hand come up from underneath, between their bodies. Feels it settle around his neck, fingers stretched up to the corner of his jaw, as he is pushed away from the warm, safe hiding spot. “Words, Shane.” His voice is honey. This feels like a dream, Shane's consciousness somehow floating away, untethered.

“Please.” He isn’t sure he can stomach saying much else, not when there is a pit opening as he finally admits that he is pressing on the gas pedal of this encounter. He doesn’t want to speak and have the guilt fall out. Or, even worse, the lack of. Maybe it’s not as bad if he doesn’t chase his own pleasure.

With that thought burning his mind, he shuffles, moving himself down onto the floor, kneeling between Ilya’s legs. He lets his head fall, resting on the inner thigh, before he looks up. He kisses, slightly, saying the next word into his leg, “Please.”

Please don't make me say it. Please don't tell him. Please don't stop.

Ilya's face is so, so expressive. And there is not an ounce of fear, guilt or shame. Shane is jealous, at some level, but mostly comforted. He is not sure why.

"So desperate. Does he not let you do this enough? Like something filling your mouth?" His tone is deeply condescending, cutting through the haziness of emotion with a pure injection of straight arousal. All Shane can do is nod, still against his thigh. He catches Ilya's thumb, quickly, as his hand approaches his face. Eager to please, eager to prove he knows what he wants. Eager to prove he can read and understand Ilya as well as he feels read and understood.

He takes his thumb in his mouth, closing his eyes as he sucks around it. His brain quietens and finally he feels nothing but pure, unadulterated desire. The moment is rudely broken, however, by a shrill phone ringing. He opens his eyes, feeling panic set in, but Ilya moves slowly, assuredly, and presses his thumb against Shane's tongue. Reminding him of its presence, and to keep sucking. He does.

Infuriatingly, Ilya answers. "Hey."

"Yeah.. Good I think. Got in a couple hours ago, he only got back at like 6." It's Matt. It is undoubtedly Matt, and Shane is kneeling in his living room with his best friend's thumb in his mouth and a hard dick in front of him and he's under some kind of *Ilya-horny-hypnotism* so he doesn't stop. He is angry, though, with how languidly Ilya replies. Shane is not listening as Ilya pulls his thumb out, but watches as he smiles when Shane chases it slightly. He strokes his cheek, saliva smearing and it feels so disgusting and so *sexy*. He squeezes, watching how Shane's lips smoosh into a pretty shape, so docile. Like he is playing with him.

"Not sure yet. I asked, but he's quite shy. Like he needs breaking in." He smirks as he says it, meaning not lost on Shane. He gets angrier, as Ilya finally moves to take his dick out, but he is still on the fucking phone.

"You want to talk to him? I mean.. His mouth is a little busy I thi-" Shane cuts him off, grabbing his wrist as he gets up, slapping him lightly. And Ilya is just fucking laughing? Shane has never felt this combination of intense emotions in his life, and prays Matt has heard as little as possible as he brings the phone to his ear.

"Matt?"

"Hey babe! You okay?" He sounds amused, maybe? But Shane's heart is still beating like it's trying to run out of his chest.

"Yeah. Um, good. Sorry for cutting you guys off, he was just trying to..." He makes a point of refusing to look at Ilya, flailing over his words in the process. Thankfully, Matt cuts him off anyway.

"It's okay, babe. You enjoying your present?" His voice now absolutely sounds loaded, with something else. "Happy Valentine's day. You know I'm sorry I can't be there. Listen, I have to go, but I can't wait to talk about it. If you want, send me a couple videos. I'll call you. Have fun."

He hears the three beeps after Matt has hung up, and doesn't move. What? He can feel the movement of Ilya's chest as he chuckles softly, watching realisation dawn on Shane.

"You fucking asshole!" He slaps him now, properly. Not hard enough to mean it, they both know he could hit a lot harder. "You knew this whole fucking time? What the hell was your plan here? What if I didn't even want to fuck you?" If he was a little less aroused, he would probably be way more annoyed. At how presumptuous both of them had been, although he distantly considered that maybe Ilya would have stayed and hung out with him with no ulterior motive if Shane hadn't made a move.

Ilya still laughs, smiling like this is the best day of his life. "Shanya, *babe*," his horrible impression of Matt's American petname earns a small grin, "We both know that was never going to happen."

He lets himself get pushed back down, moving himself back into the position on the ground. Ilya passes him a pillow this time, and Shane looks a little confused.

"For your knees, God, is your boyfriend really that stupid or are you just not on your knees very often?"

The evident lightness in Ilya finally has basis, and Shane can mirror it, so he glares up at him with annoyance. He has nothing to say, though, and has been waiting too long to deny himself another second. He wraps his hand around the cock in front of him, ducking forward to wrap his lips around the tip. It isn't until now that he notices Rozanov is absolutely bigger than Matt. He pretends it doesn't matter, but it does. He quells the excitement bubbling inside thinking about the stretch later. He hopes the pillow under his knees is an act of gentle kindness that will not be reflected in how he treats Shane's mouth.

He lets himself move slowly, initially. Being cautious to move his mouth and tongue slowly, working his way down the shaft but never taking it all at once. He pulls off, sucking down the underside, working his way to kiss and mouth at his balls. Shane might be restrained, and controlled, and a little shy. But my God, was he good at giving head.

Ilya knew this, recalling a conversation over drinks with the rest of the team. One of the newbies was complaining about a girl being less passionate about sucking dick than he'd like, and was met with a litany of responses: "Maybe shower more then dude, I don't know?" "Have you ever eaten her out? For longer than 2 minutes?" "Are you a head-pusher?". A few people just laughed, but a couple attempted devil's advocate, saying "I don't think anyone loves sucking dick. Like no-one's favourite thing in the world is eating pussy but you do it because it makes her feel good." Ilya recalls muttering a "Speak for yourself" as Matt mumbled something similar, his getting significantly more attention. "I'm just saying. Shane sucks dick like he's getting paid." It felt garish, at the time. A little juvenile, maybe. Maybe he was jealous, all the way back then. But unfortunately, Matt was right. So, so right.

Something about Shane makes Ilya want to push. Find every button he can and press it, and eagerly await the output. He wants to find his limit and cozy up to it like a dog by a fire. Which is why he finds his hands gripping Shane's hair, lifting him off.

"You get your face fucked before?". Shane reacts so, so beautifully. His eyes widen slightly, as his throat moves around a swallow, "Yeah. Yes. Please."

"Just tap me if it's too much, okay?"

Ilya waits for a clear sign of recognition on Shane's face before he pushes himself back into the wet warmth. He moves him slow, with purpose. He's still not fully over how pliant Shane is already. It's like they move in perfect tandem. Ilya feels the weight of the control he has over Shane, but equally feels at his mercy. He would give anything, do anything. He starts to tighten the grip in Shane's hair, holding his head still as he bucks up into his mouth, with a lot less restraint.

The noises are filthy, and Shane is so, so hard.

Ilya thought highly of his stamina. Which is why he is so surprised to find himself pulling Shane off after a much shorter period of time than expected. Shane also seems surprised, looking up at him with soft, teary eyes. He's so beautiful Ilya thinks he might be in heaven. He is brought back to the real world when Ilya asks, "Did you want to show him? Take a picture of your pretty face?" And he should say no. But he wants to have it. He wants to keep memories from this forever. So he nods, and shuffles on his heels to tilt his head as Ilya grabs his phone. His cock is resting on Shane's face, big and hot and there. He wants to take it all in his mouth again, but he doesn't. He waits to do as he's told. He hears Ilya send a message immediately, knowing it'll be the pictures to Matt.

"So fucking pretty. Want me to fuck you here, on your couch? Or go and fuck you in your bed like a real boyfriend."

"Here. Please, here. There's lube somewhere if-" He's cut off as Ilya moves to his bag by the kitchen island. Of course, he came prepared.

As he walks back, Shane pulls his own shirt off and moves to tug at Ilya's. "So needy. So desperate. You're not getting looked after?"

Shane rolls his eyes, but stands and doesn't say anything. Tries not to think about the implications that he is waiting, patiently, for Ilya to give him a command.

He doesn't have to wait long, before he is tugged a little around to the side of the sofa. "Bend over." It doesn't feel humiliating, but he doesn't feel completely sexy. There's a white throw blanket over the back, and it feels warmer and softer than the leather would. He hears the click of plastic, and waits.

"Not surprised you want to take me here. So eager. Bet you want to sit on the couch, watch TV with your boring boyfriend and think about me." As he speaks, he pushes a cold, lubed up finger into Shane. Shane is quietly thankful he was already prepared to see his boyfriend.

He hisses, mostly at the temperature, but also adjusting to the intrusion. Turns out, it did not take long to open Shane up when at the mercy of one Ilya Rozanov. He muttered filthy sentences, and Russian nicknames whilst working him open, a soothing hand steady on his

hip. Just to be dirty, he leans down and spits directly against Shane's hole, and he smirks at the answering moan, before pushing the spit into him with three fingers. He can see the tension begin to grow again, as impatience grows. "Want to take me just like this, малыш?"

"You have got to tell me what any of these words mean."

"No. But is nice, I promise."

He can't respond, because he opens his mouth but feels the press of something thicker and hotter against him, and lets out a gasp. He tries to hide how excited he is, bracing himself up on his elbows.

"You okay?"

And it's too sweet, too kind, and Shane is almost annoyed. He wished Rozanov was way more brash, and selfish and annoying because it would make this feel faster, dirtier. It shouldn't feel this good. He is scared he's never going to stop wanting.

"Yeah. I'm good. Just fuck me already."

Ilya laughs at the attitude, happy to try and fuck it out of him. He pushes in, strong and thick and a tight grip against Shane's hip. He buries himself deep before pulling out, wanting to overwhelm him.

Shane has never felt this full. It's almost addictive, he wants to turn them around and sit so Ilya stays this deep for hours. But he also desperately wants him to move, now. He pushes his hips back as much as he can, inviting movement. He is not above begging, either.

"Please, Ilya," his voice is breathy, and whiny. He looks over his shoulder, and they lock eyes as Ilya starts to pump his hips. His grip is so hard against Shane he's almost scared he's hurting him, but the man below him is vocal enough that the thought is swept away quickly.

It does not take long for them to be lost in each other. The noise of skin against skin echoing around them, and Shane's voice louder as he loses himself in the pleasure. He doesn't know if it's been seconds or minutes. He wishes it could be hours, fingers digging deep enough around him they leave permanent marks. He feels himself being filled over, and over. Physically, but also as though he is being touched, *accessed*, in a way no-one else has. Maybe that's where he finds the confidence to ask for more.

"Hit me." He manages, looking slightly over his shoulder to see Ilya's eyes widen. "Be rough. I can take it, I promise. *Please*." And he looks so, so devastatingly beautiful, all Ilya can do is give.

The sound of the impact feels like it happens far later than the sensation shoots through Shane's body, a loud, cut off moan shaking through. He hopes his neighbours are out, at dinner or something. He hits again, eager to hear more of the noises explode from deeper in Shane's chest. He wants to completely overwhelm him.

His chest is suddenly colder, as he feels an arm snake around his neck and yank his body upwards, back flush to Ilya's front. He can hear a steady stream of filthy talk directly into his ear, can feel the pleasure travelling across every nerve in his body. He thinks, in some layer of his consciousness, that Rozanov could probably make him come just by speaking to him.

"You feel that, hmm? Better, right? You can tell me. I won't tell. Tell me. Say it. Yeah? You know why, right?" The words tumble, a little messy.

Shane can't think much right now, coherently, and can barely feel embarrassed by the way he flushed and moaned and whimpered, small little '*hnnnm... yes, yes*' affirmatives to the words lighting his insides on fire. But he does not know why, and tries to breathe out, "*mmnh-* no.. Why?"

It's sickening, the way he is hanging off of every word out of Ilya's mouth. Every sound, twitch and movement. "Because he loves you. He can't fuck you like this because he loves you, малыш."

His arm tightens impossibly, and Shane isn't even sure he can see anymore. His hand has been grabbing at the arm that crowds him, subconsciously maybe. He hasn't been able to take a full breath for a while. It feels incredible. They lean back forward, Shane bent over the arm of the couch but Ilya's chest still against him and arm still holding him up.

"But I can? Fuck you like a whore. That's all you wanted, baby?" Shane definitely cannot see anymore. Tears are spilling down his cheeks, and if he was aware enough to know he was crying, he would be far more shameful. The pleasure is coursing through his veins, red and hot and fierce and unforgiving. He hopes he bruises. He thinks vaguely about pressing them in the shower when he touches himself thinking about this a week from now. He almost cries, realising this will be over at some nondescript point in the near future. Like these hours are not enough. In a sick, maladaptive fantasy, he wishes he could be kept forever by Ilya. Used, ruined and fucked until he couldn't think or see, and cease to exist for all the hours between. Somewhere between all this thinking, Shane managed to mutter out "Pu-.. Oh god. Pull my hair," and maybe he should be ashamed. Ashamed of the way his hand automatically lifts, as if to guide Ilya his scalp.

Ilya responds, eagerly. He weaves his fingers into the short, thick strands at the back of his head and grabs, "This is not enough for you? Need more? Want me to stick my fingers in your mouth too probably, da?" And he does, hand hooking at his lower jaw. And he does. He wants, wants and wants. Wants to be stuffed so full of the man behind him that there is no room to think, speak or breathe. He is happy to settle for this.

His moans come out broken, whiny, and Ilya savours every sound that he's punching out of him. He's so hard he can't think straight, like his body is detached from himself and is fulfilling a deep, carnal urge to ruin this man. Devastate him. Claim him. He cannot let himself get too far. He settles for ruin.

"No-one has to know, huh?" He readjusts his lower hand, keeping his fingers in Shane's mouth but pulling further on his jaw, trying to get his eyes to land on him. "Only us. You wanted to take *every-fucking-inch*," he slows, just to punctuate his words, and also to try and

stop the climax from building too fast, “before you even knew you were allowed. How long have you been desperate for it, hmm? Would you let anyone, or just me?”

Shane is crying, now, undeniably. It is the sexiest thing Ilya thinks he's ever seen. He slips his fingers out of his mouth, indicating he expects a verbal response. He can't help but notice that Shane misses them. The slower, harder movements do not make it much easier to speak. “Yo-*Oh*... You. Just you. Fuck,” He cuts himself off into smaller, staccato *ah-ah-ah*'s, uncontrolled. Maybe he is good at this. Being uncontrolled. Giving it up, completely, to someone else.

He can't think coherently enough yet to consider what that means for how much he trusts Ilya. With his body, mind. Maybe more than anybody else. It makes no sense. It doesn't need to.

Not when his vision is whiting out; hot, unrestrained pleasure coursing through his veins. They slow, as Ilya briefly pulls out. Shane whines, before realising they are just moving to the rug at the base of the couch. He is still on all fours, and a soothing hand runs over the hinge of his hip, where he has been thrust against the couch. He barely hears when Ilya asks something distantly, and moves to grab his phone. He lets his body stutter forwards, a soothing, strong hand snaking up his back and pressing him down, as he enters him again.

“Think he'd want to see this. I fucking would, hah,” his voice is getting deeper, more accented. Shane is just happy he is clearly not the only one on the brink, consumed by waves of pleasure.

He hears the sound of the phone starting to record, and does not have any strength in him to reign himself in, or be coy. His moans continue, unrestrained and pure as his body chases, chases, chases. He wishes he could watch this later. He won't be able to; too embarrassed when he's left with the quiet, too much room to think.

“You like that? Where do you want it?” Ilya's hand grips harder, thrusts less controlled. Shane moans at the thought. “I..” he hesitates, voice shaking. He really doesn't know.

“All over your fucking back? Or maybe you want me to mark up that pretty face, hmm? No? Maybe you're filthy enough that you want it all inside you. You want that, мой хороший?”

Shane can't breath, but he finds himself in him to reply, “On my face, fuck please. Please,” he trails off, babbling a mixture of *fuck, yes, ah, please* and it is music to Ilya's ears. He doesn't know how he is so certain, but he knows Shane wants this in the same way he does. He wants his face painted and marked and stained with Ilya. He wants the image burned behind Ilya's eyelids, so it's all he can see whenever he looks at him.

“Fuck. So fucking slutty, baby.”

“Don't stop, please. Keep fucking me, oh God. I'm gonna come.” Shane's voice is unrecognisable to his own ears, and he really doesn't think he can see anymore as he comes undone, white hot pleasure as Ilya fucks him through it.

It doesn't take long, and Shane is still barely coherent when Ilya pulls out and flips him over gently, moving up his body and wrapping a hand around himself, before finishing all over his face. Instinctually, Shane's mouth falls open, desperate to taste some of him. He wants to feel the liquid settle on his tongue. He isn't big on swallowing, but he knows he wants this sensation forever. He wants more, greedy for *feelings*. Greedy for moments to latch onto, and recall again and again and again.

"Fuck, Shane." he breathes, heavily, between cut off moans. He looks down at him like he cannot believe what he is seeing, like it could make him hard again, instantly. He wishes. Shane smiles, maybe too softly considering the circumstances. Ilya feels far, far too fond. He wonders what he has ever done to deserve this.

Ilya is quick to check in, moving so they are lying side by side, propped up and hand coursing gently through Shane's hair. Everything feels soft, and warm and gentle. Too much, considering they are lying on the floor, still.

"You okay?" Shane just keeps smiling, feeling a little dumb. For some reason, all he can manage to say is a small 'thank you', throat a little hoarse. He's not completely sure what for, yet, but he knows he means it. He realises Ilya stopped recording at some point but he isn't sure when, imagining the clip is only a few seconds. He thinks of everything not included. He shakes his head, wanting to live in this feeling forever.

Ilya murmurs something about cleaning up, and moves slowly to stand. When he returns, he is holding a warm, damp washcloth and a bottle of water. He is so gentle with Shane. Every action so loaded with care he wants to cry all over again, but he really can't. They can't go there.

And when they fuck again, in the bedroom this time, Ilya can finally watch Shane's face fall apart as he pushes into him. And he can snake his hand up to the base of his neck and squeeze, hold. He can wipe his thumb across the tears as they roll down Shane's freckled cheeks. And when he gets up afterwards, insisting he can't stay, he tries not to see the hurt in Shane's eyes, or feel the caving in of his own chest. Things just don't work that way. He kisses him, once (twice, if you count on the forehead), and leaves before he does anything else silly. Shane's not his, but at least this day always will be.

End Notes

For those wondering r.e. cheating: Shane's boyfriend has already told Ilya he is okay with this happening. Shane does not know this, and some sex-adjacent things start happening before Shane is aware his boyfriend is okay with it. Shane is technically not cheating, but he was more than willing to. who can blame him!

Thank you for reading if you did! I am actually kind of upset I wrote this but I do not have a twitter/tumblr to share this concept and hope someone far better at writing could've done it for me. Oh well. I may re-write or edit very drastically but I kind of just wanted to get this out so it would stop consuming my brain. Please feel free to write it yourself!

I also didn't mean to write in so much guilt but they're not as burdened with the whole incredibly-famous-hockey-player issue in this so the guilt haunts the narrative in another way ig. Hooray?

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