two minutes for high sticking

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two minutes for high sticking

by hollanov (searchingforabiggersky)

Summary

Ilya stresses Shane out, but it's nothing a nice massage and some TLC can't fix.

Notes

Goofy little interlude between extremely kinky sex. Sometimes you're just a silly little guy.

Stunning art by SketchyShit based on this fic! <3

See the end of the work for more notes

"Do you remember this man?" Ilya asks casually, brazenly holding out his phone towards Shane as they stroll through the farmer's market.

The man in question is the guy who inspired their foray into piss play a few weeks ago, and the video shining bright from Ilya's screen is a close-up shot of him jerking off.

"Ilya—" Shane hisses through his teeth, snatching the phone out of his boyfriend's hand and switching it off, feeling his face flush a deep shade of red, "Jesus fucking Christ." He frantically looks over his shoulder as he shoves the phone in his pocket, out of sight.

"You do remember him," Ilya drawls, a smug smile tugging at the corner of his lips. "I thought that you might."

"We're in public," Shane whisper-shouts, embarrassment flooding through his core. The blood rushing to his head makes him feel woozy, and he can actually *feel* the tinnitus vibrating in his ears. He blinks down at the ground, intentionally planting his feet—a trick from an old therapist—as he tries desperately to steady his breathing. If there's one thing he knows about being a public figure having a panic attack, it's that you can't *look* like a public figure having a panic attack. People will talk.

But he can't suppress the thoughts that keep flooding through his head. Anyone could have seen that. Someone from the public, someone from the press. There are probably paparazzi snapping them right now. And the guy in the video looks suspiciously *like* Ilya… if that photo leaks they're going to end up in a sex tape scandal, he's going to lose sponsorships, the house —

"Shane." Ilya's voice is firm, grounding. Hearing it is like snapping awake from a nightmare. If only. His hands are heavy on Shane's shoulders, which lift and fall with each shaky breath Shane takes. "I like to embarrass you," he says, his tone softer, almost a whisper, "but I think this is worse. I am sorry. I did not mean to upset you."

Just as Shane is nodding jerkily in acknowledgment, a young voice yells, "Hollander! Is that Shane Hollander?" Shane winces, and Ilya squeezes his shoulders comfortingly.

A kid runs up to them, all floppy ginger hair and a face full of freckles; he can't be more than twelve years old. He's already holding out his phone camera, barely even acknowledging them as he spins to take a selfie.

Ilya's hand snaps to the kid's arm, pushing it down as the shutter goes off, no doubt only capturing a blurry mess of sky. "It is not good time," Ilya says bluntly. "You should ask first, you are not polite."

The poor kid looks like he's about to burst into tears, and Shane forces a smile, stepping quickly back out of Ilya's hold. He crouches to look him in the eyes. "Don't worry about him," Shane says softly, resting a gentle hand on the kid's shoulder, "you know what they say about Rozanov. We can get a picture."

They take a few selfies while Ilya sulks in the background, and Shane sends the kid away with a soft smile and a ruffle of his hair. "It was nice to meet you," Shane says with a wave, watching the kid walk back to his mom. "Don't be mean to kids in public," he says under his breath, turning swiftly to continue their walk through the market.

"I was protecting you."

Shane sighs. His protector and his aggressor. Ilya's the one who gave him a panic attack in the first place, which they definitely need to talk about later. Because while undoubtedly the best thing that ever happened to him, Ilya is also the source of ninety percent of Shane's unnecessary stress.

"I don't need protection from pre-teens, thanks," Shane snaps, shoving their tote bag full of groceries into Ilya's hands—*he* can carry everything, for once.

Ilya shoulders the bag, unfazed. "You are good with children," he says softly. "It makes me feel warm towards you."

Shane rolls his eyes, but he lets a smile tug at his lips so Ilya knows he's off the hook, for now.

He doesn't bring up the incident again until they're safely home, their full bag of fresh produce tucked away in the fridge for later.

"So, what was that about?" Shane asks, falling backwards into their luscious couch with a huff, "The video. Anyone could have seen."

"I thought to embarrass you," Ilya says with a shrug, sitting down by Shane's bare feet and tugging them into his lap. "You like it."

Shane closes his eyes, taking a deep breath in through his nose as Ilya's steady thumbs start to massage the sole of his foot. "Privately," Shane reminds him. "I don't mind you… embarrassing me in the bedroom. Please don't do that shit where other people can see. What if there were paparazzi?"

"I understand," Ilya says solemnly, though Shane gets the feeling that the younger man is holding back on calling him a coward. It wouldn't be the first time.

Ilya's warm, strong hands are magic, Shane's pretty sure, and he can't help but groan appreciatively as the slow, methodical massage gradually works out some of the tension he's been holding in his body all afternoon.

Ilya's face cracks a smirk at the sound, and he quirks a knowing eyebrow in Shane's direction. "I promise. I will only embarrass you in bedroom."

They sit in silence for a while, punctuated only by the occasional moan from Shane as Ilya continues to work tirelessly at the muscles in his feet. It's nice, like this. To embrace the quiet; no phones, no distractions; tensions dissipated. Just calmly enjoying each other's company after a long day.

Ilya's hands eventually move up to Shane's calf, kneading and pressing through his slacks. "Would be better," Ilya breaks through the quiet, pinching at the fabric, "with these off."

Shane breathes sharply in through his nose as his hands go to his fly. He's embarrassed by his reaction, but that's okay, here. He flexes his hips, letting Ilya tug the loose fabric down. What was hidden under dark cotton is plain to see through pale blue boxer shorts—Shane's dick already at half mast.

"I should be jealous?" Ilya asks, a teasing lilt in his voice. Shane raises a questioning eyebrow. "Of massage therapist?"

"Shut up," Shane snorts a laugh, throwing a bent arm across his eyes. "Keep going, it's nice."

"I can see that," Ilya murmurs, thankfully putting his strong hands back to work at kneading the tension out of Shane's tight calves.

It's not even the massage that's turning him on, really. He's just so down bad for Ilya that any time the man does something nice for him, it goes straight to Shane's dick. Which Ilya can never know—he would absolutely use those powers for evil.

"You think I can make you hard, with this?" Ilya asks after a while. His hands must be cramping, but he doesn't complain.

"All the way?" Shane bites his lip, "I think you *could*. Especially if you do my thighs."

"*Da*?" Ilya leans towards him, and Shane has no idea what's about to happen until Ilya grabs his waist and roughly tugs him down the couch. Shane's dick twitches as his calf rubs against Ilya's crotch—safe to say Ilya's getting something out of this, too. "I can reach now."

Ilya's hands are even firmer on Shane's thighs, more determined. One hand dips into the heat between Shane's legs, brushing oh-so-close to his balls without ever touching them. Ilya's hands are warm and calloused, and the roughness sends shivers up Shane's spine.

"Ohhh," Shane breathes, as his hips flex of their own accord, begging for some friction, "Ilya, that's nice."

"I win," Ilya states suddenly with a smug smile, and Shane looks down to see his own cock proudly tenting his underwear, a damp patch growing at the head.

He didn't know it was a competition, but— "I don't know," Shane murmurs, shifting his leg against Ilya's jeans-clad dick, which certainly *feels* hard beneath the layers of fabric. "I think I got you there faster, actually."

"Oh, you did this?" Ilya asks with a predatory grin, twisting around until he's kneeling on the couch between Shane's legs. He rocks forward, landing with his hands on either side of Shane's head, penning him in. "You take credit?"

Shane's hands immediately go to Ilya's fly, tugging it open and shoving jeans and underwear out the way to get his hands on his boyfriend's cock. "Absolutely, I take credit," Shane says

breathily, gathering some of Ilya's precome on his thumb to ease the glide as he strokes the length of him. "You get hard just looking at me, you pervert."

"You love it," Ilya rumbles, leaning down to capture Shane's lips, sliding his hands up the underside of Shane's shirt to squeeze harshly at his pecs.

Shane complies with the unspoken request easily, second nature by this point, submissively raising his arms and arching his spine to let Ilya tug the offending fabric over his head. It makes him heady that he's somehow ended up nearly naked while Ilya remains fully clothed on top of him.

"You're gorgeous," Ilya groans, one of his hands curling under the base of Shane's neck to pull their mouths back together as his hips start to rock in Shane's hand.

Their breaths mingle, hot and wet between them when Ilya presses his forehead to Shane's, panting. "Mm, feels nice, Hollander," he groans, "I teach you good."

"Fuck off," Shane laughs, twisting his palm around the head in the way that he knows makes Ilya go crazy. "Suck my dick."

Ilya groans, pressing his face into the crease of Shane's neck, his shoulders shuddering. "Okay," he murmurs, pulling back and shuffling backwards down the length of their long-ass couch, causing a rush of cold air to hit Shane's chest. "I teach you this, too."

Shane rolls his eyes. While he can't deny that he certainly picked up some tricks from Ilya's… teaching, the bastard can't take all the credit for Shane's years of hard work and determination.

But he's not exactly going to complain when said bastard is crouched between his legs, huffing hot and heavy breaths across Shane's neglected, boxer-clad erection.

Ilya's hands come up to Shane's waistband, but Shane quickly shakes his head, pushing him away. "Leave them on," he begs, finding the boxers' dick-hole and quickly shoving himself through it.

"Why?" Ilya asks, reasonably. "You grow new weird mole you do not want me to see?"

"No, shut up," Shane tilts his head back, embarrassed, "please, just…"

"You are so weird, Hollander." Ilya curls his lips around the head of Shane's cock, laving at the slit with his tongue.

Shane looks back down to meet his eyes; brilliant blue and devious.

Then— "No," Ilya says, pulling off with a loud suction *pop*. "I want to know why."

Shane squirms under the intensity of Ilya's gaze, "It's embarrassing," he begs, shaking his head, "leave it."

Ilya pauses for a moment, as though lost in thought. "We are not in bedroom," he says eventually, "if I take you to bedroom, you tell me embarrassing thing?"

Shane squeezes his eyes shut—Ilya got him, there.

Fuck, okay.

Embarrassment rushes through Shane's body at the thought of admitting it, but it's not a bad feeling, here. He trusts Ilya, and even if the Russian will most likely laugh at him, he knows, deep down, that it'll be okay.

At the end of the day, Ilya's still going to suck him off.

"No," Shane sighs, "I'll tell you here."

Ilya's hand curls around the base of Shane's cock, bringing it closer to his mouth so he can lick a stripe up the underside. "Good boy," he murmurs, sucking Shane into his mouth and sliding down properly, his eyes twinkling up at him in the dim lamplight.

"Fuck, are you going to do that *while* I tell you?" Shane gasps, a hand shooting out to tangle in Ilya's curls.

"Mm-hm," Ilya hums around him, somehow still smirking around a mouthful of dick. He widens his eyes and tilts his head in a *get on with it* motion.

Shane scrabbles around for a cushion with his free hand, shoving it under his shoulders so he doesn't have to maintain quite as intense a crunch to keep eye contact with Ilya.

"You know I always wear this colour," Shane starts, biting his lip.

Ilya pulls off to reply, a string of saliva connecting his lower lip to the tip of Shane's cock. "Yes, you have the autism."

"Wow," Shane breathes, not the response he was expecting. "Um, yes, but—" he lets out a soft moan as Ilya takes him into his mouth once more. "Th-that's not why."

Ilya raises an expectant eyebrow.

"I wear them because… because…" He takes a deep breath, counting to ten in his head. "They bring out the colour of your eyes, wh-when you're sucking my cock." He turns his head towards the back of the couch, his face scrunched up in embarrassment at the admission.

Slowly, Ilya pulls off, though he replaces his mouth with his hand, rubbing his thumb along the underside. "Every day," he murmurs, "In case I suck your cock."

"I know," Shane rubs his face with his hand, "it's stupid."

"They do not even—"

"I *know*," Shane whimpers, exasperated, "you usually take them off straight away." He pauses, peeking out from behind his hand to catch Ilya's curious gaze. "But sometimes, you just tuck them down. A-and your eyes look so gorgeous that I, I can't stop wearing them. Just in case."

"Shane." Ilya's voice is soft, and Shane can't tell quite how pitying. Ilya shifts, and his hands land on Shane's hips.

Shane can't look at him, closing his eyes as he feels a single tear drip down his cheek. He doesn't try to stop him this time, as Ilya drags his underwear down his legs.

It's fine. He'll find something else to wear. Calvin Klein would pay him hundreds of thousands of dollars to go everywhere in loose jeans with their stupid logo hanging out; maybe he'll take that deal.

"Shane," Ilya says again. "Look at me."

Unable to resist a direct command, he does.

"Wha—?" Shane feels his eyes widen, his voice stuck in his throat. Ilya is kneeling before him, hard dick hanging out of his open jeans, with Shane's pale blue boxer shorts stretched over his hair like a do-rag. "What are you doing?"

Ilya smiles, soft and genuine, and he leans down over Shane until they're face-to-face. "You like the way my eyes sparkle?"

Shane doesn't know what to say. His heart flutters in his chest, caught halfway between being incredibly moved, and falling to pieces laughing at how stupid Ilya looks. For him. Eventually, he just nods.

Ilya nods back, "Then I wear."

"This is silly," Shane protests weakly, reaching up to cup Ilya's cheek. "You don't have to do this."

"I know," Ilya replies simply, sucking a quick kiss from Shane's lips, then his jaw, then his neck. He peppers kisses all the way down Shane's chest and torso, smiling every time Shane arches into him, until he's back between the older man's legs. "You like the view, Hollander?"

Despite how goofy Ilya looks, Shane can't deny that it's working. His eyes shine with an even brighter blue against the fabric around his head, and when he leans down to take Shane's cock between his lips, and looks up at him through his eyelashes, Shane's heart skips a beat.

He can only nod, breathless.

Ilya is a seasoned pro at making Shane feel good, and the sloppy sounds of his mouth around Shane's cock combined with the dazzling flash of blue every time Ilya blinks up at him manage to bring Shane right up to the edge in a matter of minutes.

"Ohhh, fuck Rozy," Shane moans, his hands clenching into fists as Ilya tugs gently on his balls. He would usually thread his fingers into Ilya's hair, but he can't do that, so he brings a hand up to his own pec instead, rubbing the flat of his palm across his nipple, just like Ilya often does.

Ilya hums happily, which Shane interprets as *I'm going to swallow your come*.

"Please," Shane whispers, torn between closing his eyes in ecstasy and keeping hold of Ilya's determined stare.

Ilya's free hand creeps up the couch, blindly finding the hand Shane still has balled in a fist. With some gentle coaxing, Shane opens up, and Ilya interlocks their fingers instead, squeezing hard.

Ilya sucks him just the way Shane likes, stroking everything that won't fit in his mouth with firm fingertips. Shane feels his toes curl, his fingernails digging harshly into Ilya's hand and his own chest. "Fuck," he breathes, his hips bucking uncontrollably. With a gasp and a moan, Shane allows himself to succumb to the pull of orgasm, letting out an overwhelmed laugh as his come spurts thick and fast down Ilya's waiting throat.

"Fuh-king hell," Shane laughs shakily, his eyes still locked with Ilya's as Ilya showily licks his cock clean. "Okay, okay," he gasps after a moment, wriggling against the overstimulation. He cups Ilya's jaw, tugging him away as a grin overtakes his face, his body sagging with satisfaction.

Ilya crawls back up the couch, flopping himself, full-weight, right on top of Shane. His poor, unattended cock pokes Shane insistently in the thigh.

"You can take those off, now," Shane lifts a hand to Ilya's head, but Ilya slaps him away.

"You do not like my new hat?" Ilya murmurs, still a little breathless, against Shane's chest. "I am thinking I will wear it all times." He tilts his head up to meet Shane's eyes, "To the shops, to the parties. I will wear beneath my helmet, for good luck, yes?"

"You're such a dork," Shane murmurs, pressing a kiss to his boxer-clad forehead as his hand lazily finds Ilya's cock, wrapping around it in the heat between their bodies.

"No, it is you who is the dork," Ilya rebuts sleepily, pressing a kiss to Shane's pec. His hand finds Shane's wrist, tugging gently. "Let me lick your hand, you are too dry."

Shane lets himself be guided, and he can't help the way his spent cock twitches in his lap when Ilya licks a few wet stripes along his flattened palm.

Ilya moans deeply when Shane's hand returns, rocking his hips gently against the motion. There's not a lot of room for a proper handjob, but that doesn't seem to be what Ilya wants; content instead with the slow, tight rocking, with Shane's thumb tickling his frenulum, or pressing against his slit.

It takes a while, but they've got nowhere to be.

When Ilya eventually starts to grunt a bit louder, to moan a little deeper, Shane uses his free hand to tip his chin up for a kiss, smiling against his lips as the younger man twitches and spills his seed all over Shane and probably the couch.

Shane really needs to inflict stricter couch fucking rules, because he's washing all of these cushion covers at least weekly, and that's way too often to be washing couch cushions.

"About what are you thinking?" Ilya asks softly, pressing his lips to the pec he's using as a pillow.

"Couch cushions," Shane replies.

"You are very strange man, Hollander," Ilya says back, "very strange indeed."

Minutes pass as they lie together in the afterglow, content in the silence once again, until Ilya murmurs, "I did have reason for to show you video. Was not just for embarrassing."

"Hm?" Shane hums, finally pushing the boxers out of the way to cards his fingers through Ilya's soft curls, "What was that, then?"

"Remember one video, with metal pole in cock? It is called *sounding*, apparently. I think you would like."

"You researched it?"

"Hm, researched, yes," Ilya replies, looking up with a twinkle in his eye. "I will buy for you. We will try."

Shane's anxiety brain wants him to say *no way* or *that seems so scary* or even *not in a million years*, but… he can't always let the scared little boy win.

So instead he says, "Okay."

End Notes

Thank you for reading! This fic truly sprung forth from nowhere. This was not at all what I intended to write, the damn boys just kept doing things of their own accord.

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