

Shane Hollander Has a Russian Kink

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Shane Hollander Has a Russian Kink

by [Spuuuuuunkkkkiie](#)

Summary

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Though, he would never expect Shane to like it too.

Ilya had a hunch, but he did not pay attention to it. He thinks it was just Shane being curious or being attracted to Ilya, but the patterns were getting too hard to ignore.

It was subtle, very subtle. Not obvious enough for everyone in the room to notice it, but then no one is watching or observing Shane like he does, perhaps that is one of the reasons why he was the only one who noticed it.

When Ilya was too tired, too annoyed, too worried, or too angry to translate whatever was on his mind into English, he just let his thoughts to exist as they were. It was easier for him anyway, even after years of living outside Canada, he still can't express himself fully without slipping a Russian word or two.

Ilya thought everything was normal, Shane doesn't mind when Ilya suddenly speaks in Russian mid conversation, but then he started to noticed it lately.

Every time a Russian slipped out of him in moments he wasn't watching himself, Shane would react every time.

Notes

Hope you like this!

IF you have a request, here's my twitter!

<https://x.com/sspunkieeee>

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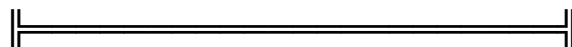
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Ilya thought it was only on his mind, but the very first time he observed it, He and Shane were on the couch, playing with their PS4 and suddenly, Ilya's character died.

He slipped out few Russian curses, calling the game stupid and boring. Then he noticed Shane shift on his seat, putting a throw pillow on his lap, trying to hide the growing bulge from his pants.

"You ok?" Ilya asked innocently, and Shane blushed.

"Shut up" Shane tried to avoid the conversation, but when Ilya smirked, running his hands to Shane's thigh, they didn't even reach the bedroom and Ilya ended up sucking Shane on the stairs.



That thought has been running on Ilya's mind for days. He was unsure if he holds the power he thinks he hold, but every time that thought would come to his mind, he cannot wait to try it out.

He was dismissing this idea, he thinks it was a waste of time but the idea of being able to make Shane react that way was exhilarating.

When Ilya found the a good opportunity to try what he was thinking, he made sure the moment was perfect.

Ilya threw a birthday dinner for Svetlana, and few of their friends even came all the way from Moscow. It was nice, Shane and Svetlana had grown close throughout the years, and Svetlana actually found Shane nice and kind. In a drunken confession, Svetlana said she found Shane like a baby brother she never had.

The party was great, Shane quickly fit in, and most of Svetlana's friends were nice to him. It was the first time Shane was surrounded by this many Russian speakers. He was thankful that he was used to Ilya in switching language mid-sentence, and even though he couldn't understand it, he was slowly picking a few words here and there.

Ilya was actually worried Shane would feel left out, but when he saw him hanging out and laughing with Svetlana, he was contented.

When Ilya walked to his husband, Svetlana and their mutual friends were teaching how to speak Russian, and they all find it funny when Shane mispronounced something.

Svetlana said something in Russian about how lucky Ilya was in finding Shane, she was really happy that Ilya and him find each other, and how good they are to each other. Svetlana's friends agreed, they also added that Ilya really turned from partying all night to cooking with Shane every night.

"Oh wow" Shane said, amazed. "Here I thought Ilya was already the fast talker."

"Oh they were just talking about how you changed Ilya, and how good you are to him." Svetlana said.

"Hard to compliment when I had to pause and think of the English translation in my mind." Another one added, and everyone agreed.

"Thanks guys." Shane said, overwhelmed with the support of Ilya's friends. "Listen, if you need something to translate or anything, I promise me and Ilya are one text away." They all laughed.

Ilya, who has been waiting for this moment, suddenly dropped Russian phrases.

It did not take a while, Shane was suddenly standing so stiff behind Ilya. When Ilya looked at him, Shane was trying to focus on the can of ginger ale he was holding.

The conversation goes on in Russian, and Ilys starts to notice how Shane was twitching behind him, he suspects Shane was already turned on when he can't even stand straight.

Inside Shane's mind, he was panicking already. Ilya caressing his back was not helpful at all. All Shane was thinking is that he wants to leave the place to get a fresh air outside.

“Hey guys, I’m just gonna get something.” Shane said, excusing himself.

Ilya found his husband walking away faster, almost hitting his leg on the chair.

Not a while after, Ilya followed Shane and he found him in the kitchen splashing water.

“What happened?” Ilya said, and it immediately spoke Shane.

“Jesus, you scared me.” Shane turned off the faucet, and wiped his face with paper towel.

“Nothing, I- I just need air.”

Ilya walked to Shane, purposely closing their body. “I am happy you are having fun with them.” Ilya purposely rub their body together, before kissing Shane.

“Your friend was so nice, I just wished I had known them sooner.”

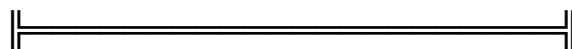
“Yes, and you will have other friends other than Hayden.”

Shane rolled his eyes. “He’s not literary here and you still manage to bring him into the conversation.”

Ilya just smirked.

They returned to the party after that, and Shane sat on the far corner watching Ilya gave birthday speech to Svetlana, honoring her. The first half Shane was okay, but then when Ilya switched to his Russian again, Ilya noticed his husband goes uneasy again.

That left the party early after that.



Ilya might be having a traffic ticket tomorrow after this, but he doesn’t care anymore. He was glad his car was tinted enough for both of them to have privacy, and no one could see his other hand stroking his husband’s cock.

Shane was basically fighting for his life, when Ilya was slowly stroking him through his pants, he had to restrain himself in begging Ilya to pull over some ditch so they could fuck.

Behave

Not too loud

Stay still

Ilya said in Russian, but it didn't help, he just made Shane turn on more.

When they reached their home, Shane and Ilya were basically running to their bedroom, he did not even notice they left his car unlocked, they were horny to care if they are going to get robbed or not.

As soon as they were in the room, Ilya was undressing Shane with no grace – almost tearing their suit.

Shane knelt on the floor, and when he looked up at Ilya, his eyes were dazed and looked intoxicated. Shane was only on the tip of Ilya's cock, when he heard Ilya's moaning loudly of his name, throwing a few Russian curses.

When Ilya grabbed Shane's hair to push his cock deeper, Shane gagged loudly, instantly making him worry. He looked down, attempted to pull his husband away from his cock, but Shane didn't move – he didn't want to let go.

Ilya leaned on the wall, and closed his eyes, savoring each feeling of Shane's mouth.

When he came, Shane swallowed everything, not minding the bitter taste. When Ilya pulled back, there was a loud pop on Shane's mouth. Ilya helped Shane to stand up, his legs were shaking and he struggled to balance himself. Looking down, Ilya noticed the floor marks on Shane's knees.

Oh, he's going to avoid wearing shorts again. Ilya said on his mind.

Ilya kissed him, “**Молодец**” (*Good Boy*). Ilya said, wiping of the cum on Shane's lips.

Both of them ended up on the bed soon after that.

Shane really looks beautiful like this.

Eyes *equally yearning and begging*.

“Fuck, stop staring me. Fuck me now.” Shane said, impatient, opening his legs.

Ilya pulled Shane closer to him, pushing his thigh close to his neck. “**Пиздец какой красивый**” (Fucking beautiful).

The whole time, Shane was laying in their bed, intoxicated with sex and Ilya praising him Russian makes him more drunk that he needs to.

When Shane had enough of Ilya's teasing, Shane hold Ilya's waist, and switched them.

Ilya is now the one laying on the bed, “Don't” Shane sternly said, when Ilya was about to switch their position again. “Enough with your games.”

Ilya supposed to feel threatened, but he likes it when Shane has his dominating side.

Ilya lay on the bed, guiding Shane's waist.

Soon, Shane was bouncing on Ilya's dick, moaning loudly. Ilya could feel Shane's nail digging on his stomach, but he doesn't care. He loves seeing Shane like this, so good, so vulgar. Shane set up the pace, and when Ilya felt it was not enough, he starts to thrust himself too.

"Fucking like that Shane?" Ilya asked,

"Oh fuck, fuck fuck, Ilya" Shane nodded frantic. "Fuck, faster, faster" Shane begged, basically holding on the headboard for his life.

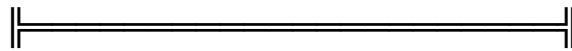
Shane came first, spurting cum on Ilya's stomach, and Ilya followed soon.

Shane dropped on Ilya's body, still high from sex. Ilya had pull his own cock from Shane, and a stream of cum leaked.

"You are fine, yes?" Ilya asked, and Shane, too tired to answer, just nodded yes.

"When you looked like that, I want to fuck you again." Ilya whispered, touching Shane's dick again.

"Fuck, at least give me a rest." Shane begged, he had no more energy to move, he just want to lie there on the bed and let Ilya do the rest.



They are now laying on bed, cuddling.

Shane was resting his head against Ilya's chest, while Ilya was scrolling on his phone.

"Ilya?" Shane called.

"Hmm?"

"I think I have a thing when you speak Russian."

Fuck, he find out. Ilya mentally said.

"Really? I never noticed."

"Really? I thought it was obvious."

"Hmm, I do not know." Ilya put down the phone, and looked at Shane. "How about we try, yes?" Ilya smirked.

"Oh god. I should have shut my mouth."

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