

just watch me

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just watch me

by [luminvies](#)

Summary

Ilya has never enjoyed seeing Shane cry in the past, but he has never made him do so on purpose before. Watching Shane's chest heave, out of breath and easy to tease and eyes just watery enough that Ilya's imagination takes them several steps into the future, he thinks that he would like to.

Ilya fucks Shane until he cries.

Notes

i officially submit this as my vote for shane hollander as bottom of the year. i have an intense desire to see him cry

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

The cottage, because of course it does, has a small indoor gym on the bottom-most level, complete with a treadmill, an elliptical, and a set of weights.

“So this is where you go when you are not doing yoga out on the green,” Ilya says flatly when Shane shows him around, sweeping his gaze across the tightly enclosed room, one wall all mirrors.

“Shut up,” Shane says, all mortified, slapping Ilya on the shoulder. Ilya smirks. He’s so easy to rile up.

Two weeks of privacy and shelter do not mean giving up on exercise, apparently. Shane is pretty adamant about his regimen. Between the lake, the set of balls he keeps to kick around the lawn, and his stupid, teal yoga mat, there’s plenty of opportunity for Ilya to admire the way Shane looks in the gold for once, sunshine slipping around his face and dipping into his collar.

But the view in the gym is pretty good, too, and it reminds him of rookie season. It reminds him of sitting across from Shane when they were young, sharing a water bottle and the warmth of their mouths against the nozzle between themselves. It reminds him of watching the sweat drip down Shane’s forehead and trying not to jump him right then and there.

Things are different now, thankfully. Ilya kind of likes this cottage life because he can take Shane wherever he wants him, especially if it’s inconvenient for Shane.

In his tiny private gym, even.

There are two bikes set up beside each other, just like how they were in the hotel gym so many years ago. Ilya’s eyebrows raise. What was Shane thinking when he had two installed during the cottage’s construction? That had been long before things between them turned serious.

Shane’s already riding one of them, working himself into a good pace. A dark splatter on the back of his shirt sticks to the skin, tracing the outline of hard muscle amidst the shifting fabric. Sauntering over, Ilya hops onto the bike beside him.

Shane looks up into the mirror, mouth parted a little, and shakes his head when he sees Ilya before dropping his face down again. “You’re crowding my space.”

Ilya considers that. “It’s not my fault you built your gym so small.”

Shane scoffs, but the sound is lost to the short pants escaping his mouth as he cycles, his stocky frame shaking slightly from side to side. If Ilya only squints his eyes a little, he can imagine a much more lewd scenario.

He keeps his smile and his thoughts to himself, starting up the bike into a slow rotation. As conscious as he is of Shane right now, he’s sure that the other must be much more so. Leisurely, he increases the pace of his bike until it’s the same as Shane’s.

Looking at him briefly, Shane groans. “We’re not doing this again.”

Ilya smirks at him, letting the tip of his tongue flick out to catch a bead of sweat on the corner of his mouth. “Aren’t we?” With those words, he increases the speed of the bike yet again and, daringly, reaches over to tick the notch on Shane’s bike so that they’re going at the same pace.

Shane mutters something under his breath, but he doesn’t do anything to change it. They both go quietly for a few minutes, both of them having more stamina than they did ten years ago. Then, when Ilya reaches over to adjust both of their speeds, Shane shoots him a glare, but he doesn’t do anything in protest. He’s awfully easy.

It’s not long before the sound of heavy breathing fills the room, the air thick and hot. It drowns out the sound of the wheels whirring in their hold, the mechanical rotation. They’re both hunched over their bikes. Leaning deep into the handles, Ilya flicks his gaze in the mirror over to Shane, who only lasts a few seconds more before he slams the button on the bike and stumbles off, hopping slightly on one foot to catch his bearings. Slowly, Ilya lets the pedals slow before lumbering off, approaching Shane slowly.

Hands on his knees, Shane spits out, “Fuck you, Ilya! What was that for?”

“You want to know?” Ilya says, standing over him, chest heaving. He wants to see Shane’s face. “I will fuck you if you want.”

“You know that’s not what I meant,” Shane says, words still aimed at the floor, which frustrates Ilya, so he reaches down and yanks him up by the shoulder with one hand. Shane tries to narrow his eyes at him, but he’s still trying to catch his breath, so Ilya takes the hand on his shoulder and runs it along his neck soothingly until he has his jaw cupped in his palm. Shane leans into it, as easy as that. Ilya runs his thumb along his chin before dragging it roughly to his mouth, parting his lips and wetting the tip.

His face is wet with sweat, droplets clinging to his bangs and sliding slowly down his cheekbones. Ilya wants to lick the salt off him. One fat drop slips from beneath his eyebrow to the crevice in the corner of his eye, which drips so convincingly it could be a tear. In fact, his eyes are a little red, whether it’s from exertion or not, and in the right lighting, a little glassy.

Ilya has never enjoyed seeing Shane cry in the past, but he has never made him do so on purpose before. Watching Shane’s chest heave, out of breath and easy to tease and eyes just watery enough that Ilya’s imagination takes them several steps into the future, he thinks that he would like to.

Their mouths clash in a rough, desperate movement, Shane emitting a muffled sound of surprise before he melts into the kiss, hands coming up to clutch Ilya’s back. Ilya has one hand supporting Shane’s head, the other still grasping onto his jaw. Their skin is already hot and slippery, Ilya’s nose sliding against his jaw as he licks his way down Shane’s neck, savoring the taste of his skin.

Ilya pushes Shane all the way until they stumble into the wall just beside the mirror, mouths moving frantically. Shane's back hits the brick hard enough for Ilya to wince, but Shane doesn't let up, hands clawing desperately against Ilya's shirt as Ilya sticks one knee in between his legs to nudge his hardening erection.

Shane seems even more breathless than before. "Do we have to do this here?" he breathes out, his throat jutting out as he leans his head all the way back. Ilya is making a mess of his throat, sliding his warm hands underneath his shirt to run his hands over his torso.

"Yes," Ilya says, his voice dark with lust. "Look at you." He unearths one of his hands to grab Shane roughly by the chin and jerk his head to the side so they can see themselves in the mirror, Ilya's blown out pupils and Shane's red mouth, bruised and glossy. Shane's shirt is rucked up all the way to his armpits, just enough that his nipples peek out from beneath the fabric.

He sticks two fingers into Shane's mouth, sliding them so far along the wet heat that Shane jerks on reflex, the side of his head hitting the wall. He's still staring at himself in the glass, at Ilya's fingers pressing down on his tongue and his other hand reaching down to palm his crotch. He's already filling out, which would make Ilya laugh if he weren't also straining through his exercise shorts. The ones that Shane wears are obscenely short, though. They don't hide anything, and they're even easier to slip off.

"Do you like seeing yourself like this?" Ilya asks him, pressing himself further against the length of Shane's body and soaking in the heat. He rolls the heel of his palm against Shane's cock and enjoys the shiver that it elicits.

"It's—embarrassing," Shane says, the words slightly convoluted around the fingers in his mouth, but he's still looking in the glass, so Ilya smirks.

"Seems to be working for you, no?"

Ilya drops to his knees without ceremony, digging two fingers into the waistband of Shane's shorts and pulling them down to his knees in one fluid motion. He flattens his tongue along Shane's stiffening erection through his briefs, the gray fabric darkening with his ministrations. He can smell him.

There's the telltale sound of Shane's head hitting the wall again, one hand roughly grasping onto Ilya's hair and the other scrabbling against the glass for a grip that he can't seem to find. In his peripherals, Ilya can see himself with his head shoved against Shane's crotch, and also that Shane hasn't torn his gaze away from the mirror, either because he's already zoning out or he likes what he sees.

Peeling his briefs away, he smiles when he sees just how hard Shane has become, the tip already wet. He drags one finger along the underside of his cock, enjoying the way he shudders. He looks up. "Do you want me to suck your dick?"

Shane's dazed eyes drift away from their reflection and to the man between his thighs, mouth hanging open. "Yes."

Ilya languidly wraps one hand around the base of his cock. He slowly gives it a stroke, swiping his thumb over the head and watching Shane bite back a moan. “How badly do you want it?”

He loves watching Shane swallow; it’s a whole procession. He can see everything in the other’s eyes. There’s the desire warring with the debasement of having to ask for it, knowing that Ilya won’t comply the first time. That, as history goes to show, he’ll have to beg for it.

Shane turns to the side. “Not that badly.”

“Really?” Ilya takes the tip into his mouth, letting it slide along his tongue without looking away from Shane. Shane’s entire body stiffens, his feet backing into the wall. When he looks at Ilya with his cock in his mouth, he groans, and Ilya pulls off quickly. “That’s enough, then.”

“Please,” Shane grits out.

Ilya raises an eyebrow. “You said you don’t want it that badly. Were you lying?”

“No, I—” Shane cuts himself off, slapping one hand over his mouth when Ilya slides back onto him, as slowly as he can manage. Ilya reaches up and drags his hand away by the elbow, swirling his tongue around him.

“I think you want it, Shane,” Ilya says between his feet.

“I do,” Shane says lowly, blinking between words. A flush is already beginning to spread across his cheeks, reddening between his freckles.

“Mm. Too bad.” Ilya hauls himself up, leaving one hand to trail along Shane’s waist just to see the way he twitches when his hand drifts too low. He likes him all worked up like this. The sweat on his cheek still hasn’t dried, glistening in the fluorescent light. Ilya kisses him again, wanting him to taste himself, and grins when Shane opens easily, obediently closing his eyes.

Shane whimpers, and a pulse runs through Ilya, burning hot and slow. He wants to be inside him. He turns Shane around by the stomach, pressing himself against his back so he can feel his clothed erection pressing against his ass. He grabs him there, squeezing until he whines a little bit.

“Do we have to do this here?” Shane pants, turning his cheek against the wall and searching for him with his eyes. “There are at least three bedrooms and a very large couch in the other room that would be much more comfortable. And lube. That would also be good.”

“Who says I’m fucking you the first time?” Ilya says, pressing his chin into Shane’s shoulder so he can talk directly into his ear. “Second time, maybe. If you watch yourself come in the mirror, then we move.”

Shane shoots him a dirty look, eyebrows furrowed. “I am not going to do that.”

“You aren’t?” asks Ilya, frowning as he grips Shane in his hand. He’s so wet that he doesn’t even need anything to help jerk him off, setting a ruthless pace. “Watch,” he commands, taking his other hand to press Shane’s cheek into the wall, forced to look into the glass, at the way his cheeks take on the flush that travels down below the neck of his shirt, the way his mouth falls open slightly the more Ilya works him up, at Ilya’s obvious erection pressing into the meat of his bare thigh.

Shane moans, throbbing in Ilya’s hand. He doesn’t close his eyes to their reflection like he half expected him to do, and maybe it’s the sight of Ilya playing with him that gets him to the edge faster than normal, his orgasm shuddering through his body and spilling onto Ilya’s hand. Ilya can feel the way it ripples through his back, one leg unconsciously grinding back against Ilya’s cock still sheathed inside his shorts.

Ilya stifles a groan at the pressure and wipes his hand against the hem of Shane’s shirt while he’s still too out of it to complain, though he’s sure to make a fuss once he notices. He’s still breathing heavily through the aftermath, his head hanging between his arms holding him up against the wall. Ilya crowds against him and kisses him sloppily, pressing his erection against his ass to remind him what he set out to do.

“Let’s move.”

“Already? I just came.”

“But I haven’t yet,” Ilya tells him, threading one hand around his chest and pulling him away from the wall. Just outside the gym is the main room of the cottage in all of its glass-walled glory, and they stumble through it already kissing, Ilya’s tongue in Shane’s mouth and Shane’s hands wrapped around his waist. A little further away is the bedroom where, with practiced ease, Ilya pushes Shane onto his back on the bed and tears his shirt off his torso while Shane reaches over for the lube they keep in the nightstand.

Ilya shucks off his pants and gets rid of Shane’s bottoms entirely while the other is busy slathering his fingers, already reaching for his entrance by the time Ilya climbs atop him on the sheets. He must be aching for it, given the way his dick is already beginning to swell again. He’s going slow, but he’s already loose from days of unmitigated privacy and fucking, so Ilya palms himself until it looks like Shane is about to put the second finger inside of himself.

He rips his hand away and pushes two fingers into Shane, easing slowly into the wet heat until he’s sure they’ll fit and drives all the way in. Shane whimpers, his back arching and propelling his head into the pillows at the sudden motion. Desire thrums hotly through Ilya’s body, and he crawls over him to grasp him roughly and kiss Shane, swallowing his tiny moans in his mouth as greedily as he can manage. Their skin is hot and sticky as they shift against each other, Shane’s insides twitching around his fingers.

It’s not long before Shane is itching for more, bringing himself down on Ilya’s fingers with impatient twitches of his hips and not finding what he’s looking for, his breath hot. It’s taking everything in Ilya not to just fuck him already, but he thinks it’ll be worth it—that’s why he’s holding out. He wants to see how long it’ll take Shane to start begging, and he thinks it’ll happen within a half hour.

Well, maybe Ilya can speed things up.

He adds a third finger and thrusts harder, just barely grazing against the part that makes Shane shiver in his holder, hands spasming against the sheets every time Ilya gets closer and draws away from the edge.

“Ilya,” Shane says. “Ilya. Can you—put it in—”

“Not yet,” Ilya says, mouth grazing against his jawline, sucking in the heat emanating from his skin as he feels Shane clench even more desperately around his fingers. “I will not fuck you until I know you will cry.”

“I’m not going to cry,” Shane hisses out, and then his voice breaks into a high-pitched moan when Ilya ruthlessly rips his fingers out of his hole to suddenly wrap his hand around Shane’s cock, giving it a slow stroke up and down the length. He can feel Shane’s foot kick out against his leg, and he grins, giving the hollow of his throat a long, wet lick.

Ilya just kisses Shane again instead of answering. It would be a futile effort to reiterate something that will come true no matter what Shane protests.

He likes to see the way desire starts to filter through Shane’s eyes without him even realizing, his gaze clouding the longer that Ilya touches him. He’s greedy, too, taking as much as he can from what Ilya gives him, pushing down on his fingers or his cock and grabbing onto every inch of Ilya’s skin. He doesn’t know if there’s a part of him that Shane hasn’t touched at some point. He kisses like that, too, hungry, like he’s trying to lick his desperation into Ilya’s mouth so that he will, in turn, give him everything he wants. Half the time, it works. The other half it merely makes Ilya more aroused and determined to let it play out as long as he wants it to.

Shane whines every time that Ilya thrusts his fingers into him, so he slows down until it must be excruciating for him, until Shane is writhing around him, one hand reaching down to push his fingers farther in that Ilya slaps away, pinning the rogue arm up against the pillows with his hand. He can feel Shane’s torso spasming against his bare skin. He’s practically gagging for it.

Finally, Ilya turns him on his side, dragging his wet fingers out of his hole and loving the way Shane lets out a guttural groan. He grins. “Do you want it that badly, Shane?”

“Please,” Shane whispers. He noses his face into the pillow. “Please just fuck me.”

“Okay, Shane,” Ilya says, “whatever you want,” and then he brings Shane’s leg up and fucks into him in one go, driving all the way into the hilt. They both moan in unison. Shane is so needy, his hole so open, that Ilya’s gaze goes black in the edges before sharpening back into focus. He sits there for a moment, breathing hotly through his mouth, and Shane groans, reaching blearily for him.

“Ilya, will you fucking move?” he says, his voice straining. He tries to lift himself off Ilya’s cock so he can thrust down on it, but Ilya won’t let him move, flattening into the mattress. All he can do is clench around him so tight he chokes a stuttering moan out of Ilya.

“I don’t think you’re in any position to be telling me what to do,” Ilya says into his ear. He’s dying to rut into Shane without abandon, but he hasn’t gotten what he wants yet. He inches slightly out of him, the smallest motion, then shoves all the way inside once more, feeling the way Shane flutters around him.

“Ilya, please,” Shane whispers. He sounds wrecked. “Please.”

Ilya reaches down and traces one finger around the rim of his hole stretched around his length, the corner of his mouth lifting when Shane claws a hand down his back so sharply he might leave marks. “If you want anything, you’ll have to do it yourself.”

“You’re pinning me down underneath you,” Shane protests. “I can barely move.”

Ilya shrugs. “You can still move a little, no?”

It takes a second of hesitation, but having Ilya buried in him without moving must be driving him insane because he starts shifting up and down his cock as much as he can manage with the tight hold he has on him, his muscles straining with the effort. It’s barely enough to get Ilya going from how minuscule the motions are, so it must not be doing much for Shane either, but he’s so concentrated on it that it’s almost cute.

Ilya takes advantage of his distraction, pulling out of Shane so sharply that he lets out a high-pitched cry and then fucking into him so that he chokes on the sound, Ilya moaning deeply and Shane writhing against the sheets.

“You like that, Hollander?” Ilya groans.

“Fuck,” Shane whimpers, and a small snuffle escapes him. He turns his head to the side, twisting into the pillows. “Fuck.”

Ilya fucks into him again, one great motion that shoves Shane so far back his head would hit the board if not for all of the cushion behind him. The bedframe is well-made, thankfully. Any sound that it would have made if it wasn’t is swallowed up by the noise of their fucking anyway, Ilya’s heavy breathing and the small hitching moans that Shane lets out every time Ilya bottoms out inside him.

Ilya gets a hand around Shane’s cock, which elicits a cry from him. He slows down the pace that he’s fucking into him even though he’s burning so deeply with desire that all it would take is his name on Shane’s lips to come and jerks him off at the same speed, painfully slow.

“You like this so much, don’t you, Shane?” Ilya whispers. He’s going out of his mind. He’ll give everything to him as soon as he can see it. “You like whatever I give you? You want it faster?”

When Shane nods, Ilya goes punishingly slow, his own breath stuttering as he tries not to come right then and there, crawling into the tight heat. Shane starts whining, then wrestles one hand away to clamp his fingers over his face, hiding whatever’s there. Ilya pulls him away, revealing a face wet with tears, drops glistening in the corners of his eyes. He snuffles, and Ilya’s hips sputter, jerking deeper into him without him even realizing.

“You’re crying,” Ilya says mindlessly, feeling as though he’s out of his body. With the flush and the sheen on Shane’s face, it looks as though his freckles are melting into his skin, blurring. Moisture glitters in his waterline, and when they lock eyes, Shane unable to hide himself and Ilya intent on drawing every cry out of him, another tear spills over, trickling down his cheek.

Ilya fucks deeply into Shane at the same time he leans forward to drag his tongue along his skin, collecting all the salt and kissing him mindlessly across his forehead, his jaw, his pliant mouth. Every sound released from Shane’s mouth comes out a little wet. He’s saying something, muttering the same word lost amidst their skin coming together—Ilya, Ilya, Ilya.

Ilya kisses him furiously, swallowing his own name, twisting his hand over Shane’s cock, and he finally comes, spurting between their bodies. It only takes a few more thrusts before orgasm overtakes Ilya too, moaning as he spills inside of Shane and his hips still.

Shane’s hole twitches a little bit around Ilya as they both try to regain their bearings, their combined breath so hot it’s a wonder that the entire room isn’t muggy and the windows fogged. They groan in unison as Ilya drags himself out, Shane’s hand clenching into a fist as he twists away from the pressure. And then Ilya’s out, his vision clearing just enough to see how beautiful Shane looks when he cries out of pleasure.

“Jesus fuck,” Shane is saying, wiping one hand under his nose and looking at the sheets in disgust as he properly props himself up against the pillows. “Ilya—”

Ilya kisses him, curling up beside him to melt into the embrace. Shane’s shoulders relax, his mouth going slack. He still tastes a little bit like salt, which Ilya decidedly enjoys. He runs one thumb across Shane’s cheek, his finger coming back wet.

When they part, Shane is smiling. Ilya shows off his thumb. “See?” he says proudly. “I made you cry.”

Shane wrinkles his nose. “You know, most people aren’t proud of making their boyfriends cry, but that might just be me.”

“You cried because I am so good in bed,” Ilya corrects. “You are very lucky.”

Shane throws a pillow at Ilya, which he dodges, and it lands with a soft thud on the floor. “Asshole.”

“You are the one with all the ass, actually,” Ilya says, grabbing a handful and grinning when Shane squeaks.

“Okay, then,” Shane says, rolling his eyes. He reaches forward and takes Ilya by the face between his hands, leading him smiling into another kiss. “Dick.”

“Much better,” Ilya murmurs.

End Notes

shane hollander is so beautiful he's got a lesbian writing him getting fucked until he cries on
ao3

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