

If This Room Was Burning (I Wouldn't Even Notice)

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If This Room Was Burning (I Wouldn't Even Notice)

by [lucy_in_the_sky](#)

Summary

Ilya was all too glad to assume his Ottawan identity since it brought him closer to Shane and is a simpler pathway to citizenship, but he still loved to complain about slowly becoming a 'boring Canadian' like Shane.

He insists they do at least one 'exciting' thing every week although he keeps changing his definition of what counts as 'exciting enough.'

Sometimes (more often than not, really) it's something sexual.

Hence the whole 'Shane wearing a vibrating plug that Ilya controls while at a public function' thing. AKA the hottest thing to happen in Shane's entire fucking life.

Notes

To be honest, this is just shameless pwp lol

Mostly book canon but it still aligns w the show too for those of you who haven't read the book, just some minor spoilers for TLG

(Title from "Little White Lies" by One Direction)

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

“I fucking hate you,” Shane hisses as Ilya walks across the room to him.

His boyfriend only smirks, looking quite pleased with himself.

“For some reason, I do not believe you,” he teases in a heated whisper, stepping further into Shane’s space and of course Shane shutters a little at the proximity, every part of his being perpetually itching to get closer to Ilya.

Ilya unlocks his phone with one hand, fiddling with something on the screen while he takes a leisurely sip of his drink. Shane shivers again, biting back a curse or a whine or a moan or an insult or *something*.

Fuck. *Jesus fuck.*

Because Ilya changed the vibrations on the toy that’s currently nestled snugly against his prostate and Shane recognizes the pattern right away. It’s the second to lowest setting, just enough to remind Shane of its presence, enough to fuel the flame burning in his gut, but not enough to provide any relief whatso-*fucking*-ever.

Shane is, not for the first time tonight, very grateful for the tight silicone ring around his cock that’s keeping him from getting noticeably hard, otherwise they’d have a pretty fucking *present* problem.

“Be good, Hollander,” Ilya commands with a hint of a smirk despite his otherwise stern expression. “We would not want to make a scene, no?”

Shane glares, but still shakes his head, breathing out as subtly as he can.

He can do this. He can be good. *God*, he wants to be good for Ilya.

Ilya alters the vibrations once more with a quick swipe of his finger before locking his phone and placing it in his jacket pocket.

Shane holds back another moan, taking a gulp of his own drink to mask any sounds that threaten to escape. Fuck – now the vibrations are pulsing off and on in ten second intervals, going from overwhelming buzzes to nothing at all.

Incessant teasing. Ceaseless reminder of exactly who is in control. Constant suppression of breathy moans.

“Green,” he whispers with a whimper, knowing Ilya was about to ask for his color. “Really fucking green, Rozanov.”

“You’re perfect,” Ilya whispers almost reverently, one of his hands lifting to caress the side of Shane’s face for a fleeting moment. Shane leans into the touch, eyes fluttering shut as he tries to relax into the feeling of the vibrator pulsing in a deliciously teasing way. “So good for me, *malysh.*”

Ilya steps away and knocks his shoulder playfully. Shane knows he wants to kiss him but settles for the teasing gesture since they're still in this stupid fucking ballroom at this stupid fucking fundraiser surrounded by stupid fucking athletes and millionaires and philanthropists. It's so stupid cause all Shane wants to do is rip off both his and Ilya's suits and get his boyfriend to fuck him until he cries.

But *no*.

The two of them were invited to the NHL-wide charitable fundraising event in Toronto on behalf of The Irina Foundation and were required – according to his mom – to make their appearances and smile for the cameras to remind people why this was a worthy cause for them to dig into their deep wallets.

So Ilya walks over to the other side of the room and strikes up what must be a horribly boring conversation with some wealthy benefactor or whomever he is instead of standing beside Shane all evening like they'd both prefer.

Although he can't complain too much.

Playing for the Centaurs together has brought them closer than they could've imagined when their whole...*thing* began.

Ilya was all too glad to assume his Ottawan identity since it brought him closer to Shane and is a simpler pathway to citizenship, but he still loved to complain about becoming a *boring Canadian* like Shane.

He insists they do at least one 'exciting' thing every week although he keeps changing his definition of what counts as 'exciting enough.'

Sometimes it's going out the night before an early practice. Sometimes it's eating dessert despite Shane's strict diet. Once it was bungee jumping, but Shane nearly blacked out halfway down and made Ilya promise to never take them again.

Sometimes (more often than not, really) it's something sexual.

Hence the whole 'Shane wearing a vibrating plug that Ilya controls while at a public function' thing.

And Jesus fucking Christ, it's the hottest thing that's ever happened to him.

Shane gulps down the last few sips of his beer, already on his way to get a refill.

He considers getting a refill of whatever beer Ilya picked out for him earlier, but fuck, he needs something stronger right now.

It's summer, he doesn't have to train tomorrow...he can afford to let loose a little.

Shane meanders over to the bar, holding his breath the entire way there lest he moan at how the plug shifts as he walks. He exhales when he gets to his destination, placing the empty glass down and resting both forearms on the bartop, trying to get comfortable. He orders a

top shelf whiskey despite always cringing at the flavor. He needs liquid courage to get through the rest of this stupid fucking event.

Of course right as he takes the first sip, mentally preparing himself for the bitter taste, the vibrations inside him change.

Shane sets down the glass perhaps a bit harder than he should, sucking in a breath. He almost moans, but manages to hold back the sound.

The pulsing stopped – now it's just a steady buzz hitting the *exact* right spot.

Oh god. *Oh fuck.*

His phone buzzes.

From: Lily [8:49]

All is good, Hollander?

Or is it too much to handle already

Jesus, he can hear his stupid accent through the text.

(Not that he's complaining.)

To: Lily [8:51]

No, course not

But also fuck you asshole

From: Lily [8:52]

I think you mean 'fuck my asshole please sir'

Proper grammar please, Hollander

To: Lily [8:53]

I literally fucking hate you

From: Lily [8:54]

Be good boy, malysh.

I'm watching you.

“Fuck,” Shane groans under his breath, taking a long sip of his drink and letting the slight burn of the whiskey distract him from the tight coil of arousal building in his gut. He puts his phone away, using the movement to discretely readjust himself.

This is gonna be a long fucking night.

But so fucking rewarding at the end, that little, perpetually horny voice in the back of his mind reminds him.

He and Ilya had dipped their toes into the world of kink for years – perhaps even from the start of it all – but since moving to Ottawa together, they’ve had the time to dive into their respective dynamics in (and decidedly *out*) of the bedroom.

Ilya grew up with no control.

Always working himself until he drops to please his father, his coaches, his country. Choking down his father’s disapproval while he pushes his bruised and battered body past its limit to mold himself into something they can all be proud of. He’s been beaten into stoicism and told he’s lazy, he’s only worthy if he’s winning, he’s nothing on his own merit.

Shane, on the other hand, often feels overwhelmingly out of control, constantly grasping for a semblance of balance.

His brain works a mile a minute, on and off the ice. He places too many expectations upon himself that seem impossible to achieve, leaving him anxious and overwhelmed, working himself into the ground in an attempt to have control over anything and *everything*, to be the best version of himself, to please everyone around him at the expense of his peace.

Ilya steadies him. He quiets the constant thrum inside his head. Takes away his responsibilities for a while so all he has to think about is *being*.

Ilya reminds him he’s enough, just as he is.

And in turn, Shane gives Ilya a sense of control. He submits every inch of his very being to him, knowing Ilya will always take care of him. He gives Ilya his trust and his body, providing a space to regain control and reminds him that he is needed and wanted and *loved* for who he is.

“Oh fu–” Shane bites back a whine, the buzzing increasing ever so slightly in intensity.

He steels his jaw, grabbing his glass and slowly walking away from the bar.

Right, ok.

Mingle. Schmooze. Smile at old men who are probably super racist but you have to treat with respect because you want their money to go to your cause.

“Shane Hollander!”

Shane turns his head to see a woman he vaguely recognizes walking toward him. He thinks she’s the daughter of an American coach or maybe part of the media. “It’s been too long, we’ve got to catch up,” she smiles, resting one hand on his shoulder.

Shane hums noncommittally, wracking his brain for her name as he takes another sip of his drink.

“Must’ve been, what? New York, two summers ago?” She adds on, her hand slipping down from his shoulder to his elbow where it rests now.

Oh. Right.

Madeline Williams or Wilson or something. Daughter of Kansas City’s assistant coach or GM or whatever. At least in her late 30s, maybe in her 40s. Tried to insist Shane can ‘*call her Maddie like all her friends do.*’ Kept incessantly flirting with Shane the last time he was in the States for a different international philanthropy event a few years ago on behalf of the Voyageurs.

“Right, that’s probably it,” Shane muses, not-so-subtly shaking her hand off his elbow.

“How’ve you been doing since then, Shane? You’re looking good,” Madeline moves a step closer to Shane, eyeing him up and down while taking a slow sip from her cocktail.

Shane knows that look. Hey, he’s a decently good looking guy, alright? He knows when someone’s hitting on him.

She’s hot, or at least Shane thinks, but he wishes her long black hair was short blonde curls and her dark brown eyes were hazel green and her body was replaced with strong muscles and nine glorious inches of pure, masculine, *mouthwatering co-*

As if reading his mind, Ilya, from God knows where in the sprawling room, turns up the vibrations on the plug. Now it’s rapidly pulsing against his prostate.

He almost chokes into his whiskey.

“Yeah, I’m good,” he shrugs toward Madeline. “But if you’ll excuse me, I’ve gotta get going.” He doesn’t wait for an answer or to see if she recognizes the thinly veiled rejection, just up and turns away, booking it to an emptier corner of the hall.

He can feel his phone buzz, but doesn't look at the message until he’s stopped at a standing table.

From: Lily [9:10]

Color, Hollander?

Shane breathes in and out slowly, willing his body to not react to the overwhelming sensations. Fuck, he's so fucking turned on right now.

It shouldn't be possible 'cause of the ring, but he thinks he's getting hard just thinking about Ilya watching him slowly fall apart from across the room, turning the plug on right when someone tries to hit on Shane as if letting Shane know he wants to remind them all exactly who he belongs to.

To: Lily [9:12]

Gren

Green

Fucck Rozanov

From: Lily [9:13]

You're doing very well

You look incredible, it is driving me crazy

To: Lily [9:15]

Fuck I want you

Want you so bad

From: Lily [9:16]

I can't wait to take you apart tonight



Shane's knees buckle. He tightens his grip on the table, grounding himself with white knuckles and tensed muscles. But he makes the mistake of tightening *all his muscles* and can't stop the soft moan that spills from his lips as his hole clenches around the plug.

From: Lily [9:17]

You look so sinful, Hollander.

So gorgeous and all for me.

To: Lily [9:18]

Rozanov fuckstop

istg imma cum just from textig u

Jesus christ

From: Lily [9:18]

Color?

To: Lily [9:18]

Still greenn

From: Lily [9:19]

Then go mingle.

Be good and make friends, yes?

To: Lily [9:19]



From: Lily [9:20]



Shane looks up from his phone and glares across the room, not finding Ilya in the crowd, but knowing that his boyfriend is watching him. The plug's vibrations intensify, likely in retaliation to his bratty stare.

Fuck.

The night moves as slow as molasses from there on out. Ilya hasn't joined him again, but Shane catches glances of his boyfriend across the room throughout the evening. Ilya's looking so fucking hot in his three piece suit. And there's a hint of a smirk each time his eyes catch Shane's. It's equally infuriating and hot as shit.

Shane mingles. He sips on his drink and makes idle conversation and checks in with Ilya each time he asks for a color.

The plug still drives him fucking insane. Ilya keeps switching up the vibrations right when Shane has managed to get used to the current setting, somehow reading his fucking mind and changing the intensity before he can get comfortable in any way, shape, or form.

Shane has pretty much never been this fucking horny.

He feels his head get all floaty as the minutes leisurely tick by, losing any sense of time as well as the ability to maintain a sophisticated conversation. It's what he loves most about sex with Ilya, this dynamic they fall into so easily – he can feel his inhibitions slipping away as he gives control of his pleasure to Ilya, relaxing into the overwhelming bliss of submission.

"I saw you were done with your drink," a voice calls from his left, Madeline once again walking up to him, holding out a glass of red that matches the drink in her other hand. "Thought I'd bring you a new one and we could chat a bit more," she smiles, taking Shane's empty whiskey glass and placing it on a nearby table before pressing the proffered wine glass into his hands.

Shane just blinks, still feeling hazy.

"Oh. Thanks," he clears his throat, taking a short sip of the wine. Not that he wants it. He just needs something to distract himself so he doesn't have a terribly embarrassing and *very public* orgasm.

Distantly, in the back of his mind, Shane has the thought that mixing three liquors isn't a good idea, but this whole evening isn't the smartest idea in the first place. Something about the *naughtiness*, the thrill of it all gets him going.

He lets Madeline engage him in boring chatter, too focused on the pleasure coursing in his gut to pay that much attention to her. He answers her questions and nods along and hums in response when appropriate as she rambles and sips on his wine, all while sinking further into the buzz of the vibrator.

“Anyway, as I was saying,” Madeline’s tinny voice brings Shane back to the present. “You really do look amazing tonight,” she reaches over to brush her fingers across Shane’s bicep.

Shane hums into his drink, taking another absentminded sip. He barely registers how she steps closer or how her fingers subtly squeeze his muscles.

Then suddenly the teasing pulses against his prostate stop altogether. He gasps, a small moan almost escaping.

The abrupt change of vibration feels like a splash of freezing water against his flushed cheeks. He’s now very *very* viscerally aware of how fucking aroused he is, how desperate he’s been getting throughout the night.

Fuck. Where the *fuck* is Ilya?

Shane needs to find him and beg for him to turn the plug back on or better yet, take him back to their hotel and replace the toy with his cock. Jesus Christ, he needs Ilya's dick splitting him in half, like, yesterday.

God, has he always been this easy? This slutty?

He doesn’t wanna think about the answer to the question...

“So what are you doing after this?” Apparently now right in front of him, Madeline’s smile grows for some reason, both her hands free and resting on his lapels.

“He’s returning to hotel tonight, and we should both be leaving soon actually,” Ilya’s deep voice responds, the man seemingly materializing out of Shane’s horny thoughts, and wrapping his arm around Shane’s shoulders, breaking their unspoken rule of no PDA at public events. “Big day tomorrow with few meetings about the Foundation. Our foundation, the one we co-own.” His words are clipped and tinged with possessive energy. Shane shivers.

He imperceptibly leans into Ilya’s side, feeling himself slip further into that soupy state of mind now that Ilya is here and talking about them finally getting out of here.

Madeline takes a step back, barely concealing her disappointment at Shane’s abrupt departure. Shane suppresses a smile at her expense.

“And I think we will be leaving now. Like I said, early morning and all that,” Ilya adds with a sarcastically saccharine smile, barely giving her a chance to wave goodbye before he’s shuffling Shane away.

Ilya shifts so they’re walking side by side but he still presses their bodies close together. He leans into Shane's space as they pass another standing table, disposing of their empty glasses.

“God, look at you,” he whispers into Shane's ear, voice gruff with lust. “You were so good for me tonight, my sweetheart.”

Shane whines in the back of his throat.

“Ilya,” his voice shakes, “please turn it back on. I need it, I need you. C’mon, please—”

Ilya's eyes are blown out and his breathing quickens at Shane's begging and Shane is *so* over being at this stupid fucking fundraiser.

“Color, *miliy*?”

“Fuck— Green green green gr-” Ilya cuts off his rambling by turning on the plug on one of its highest settings – Shane can tell – and he's entirely unsuccessful at masking the needy moan that escapes his lips.

“Sweetheart, be a good boy and stay quiet for me,” Ilya whispers sweetly, knowing the effect it has on Shane. “We would not want anyone else thinking you're anything but *mine*, would we?”

Fuck. Shit. *Fuck*.

“No,” his breath stutters. “‘m yours, Ilya. All yours.”

“All mine,” Ilya agrees with a satisfied smirk, placing a gentle kiss on Shane's temple. Shane's already too far gone to be worried anyone saw. “How about we say our goodbyes and head out?”

Shane can't nod quick enough.

He follows Ilya like a lost puppy, silently smiling his goodbyes to a handful of people, counting down the seconds until he's underneath Ilya.

Fucking finally headed out of the event hall and into a cab, Ilya's hand locked in his own, squeezing every once in a while to ground Shane, to remind him of exactly who is in charge.

Ilya keeps fiddling with the plug's vibrations, teasing Shane endlessly.

Now that they're relatively alone, Shane feels himself slip further into that syrupy state of mind. All he's concerned about is being good. All he's focused on are the pulses inside of him. All he's thinking about is Ilya Ilya Ilya Ilya.

Ilya doesn't let go of his hand the entire car ride to the hotel and the quick journey to their room. It makes Shane dizzy with lust.

He lets Ilya guide him through the hallways until they're at their door, his boyfriend unlocking it with his one free hand and gently ushering Shane inside.

“Ilya,” Shane keens as the door shuts behind them. He surges forward to wrap his arms around Ilya's neck, well beyond desperate now after hours of being teased.

“You were so good tonight, Hollander,” Ilya praises, pulling him closer to his body, his hands a grounding presence on his hips. “And good boys get rewards, don't they?”

“Yeah, yes,” Shane breathes out. “Please—”

Ilya cuts him off with a bruising kiss, the two of them moaning in tandem. Ilya walks them toward the bed, Shane completely surrendering to him, letting Ilya direct his every move.

“Sit down,” Ilya whispers the command, untangling the two of them from where they had wrapped themselves around each other to help Shane sit on the edge of the bed.

Shane moans deeply when the plug shifts deeper inside him, now pressed firmly against his prostate. Ilya’s lustful grin lets him know he’s perfectly aware of the shift.

“Feels good, Hollander?” He asks in a low voice, words tinted with arousal. Shane hadn’t even noticed he’s started rocking back onto the vibe, chasing his own pleasure.

“Yeah,” he breathes out.

Ilya watches him for a moment, slowly shedding his outer layers until he’s wearing only his trousers and dress shirt, the top five buttons undone, revealing his sculpted chest for Shane to admire while he grinds down on the plug.

Shane feels himself sink deeper into bliss at being on the receiving end of his unabated attention.

Ilya fiddles with his phone now that he’s removed it from his jacket pocket, but Shane notes that he hasn’t changed the speed or intensity of the vibrations. It’s almost like he’s waiting for something. Waiting for...

“Please,” Shane moans, something desperate ringing in his whine. “Ilya please, let me get hard or fuck me or let me blow you, I can be so good, just let me—”

“That’s perfect, Shane,” Ilya whispers in awe. “You’re being so good for me.”

He kisses the answering moan off Shane’s lips, leaning down into his space and pushing him back on the mattress. Ilya helps strip Shane’s clothes off achingly slow, piece by piece, until he’s naked and writhing underneath his gentle fingers.

“Look at you,” Ilya whispers reverently once he’s taken off all of Shane’s clothes. “So beautiful, Hollander. Absolutely beautiful.”

He helps Shane crawl to the top of the bed and settle against the soft pillows. Seemingly satisfied with how he’s placed him, Ilya moves to straddle Shane’s thighs, hands dancing over his hips, waist, chest, *everywhere* except his cock, now aching from being trapped in the silicone ring all evening.

“Ilya,” Shane pleads, hips bucking up into the soft press of his boyfriend’s fingertips. “Please, touch me, please—”

“Oh, but I am touching you, aren’t I?” Ilya teases, still tracing over Shane’s skin with barely-there strokes. “What exactly do you want, hmm? Ask me nicely and maybe I will give it to you.”

“You– I need you,” Shane starts begging, unable to hold back his needy whines. The words feel achingly familiar.

Ilya hums to himself, an alluring smile lighting up his face, fingers teasing the skin around the cock ring.

“Touch me. Touch my cock, Ilya. Please, I need it,” Shane’s words rush out.

Fucking finally, Ilya slips the ring off his aching cock, tossing it aside without taking his hungry eyes off Shane’s writhing body.

Almost immediately, his cock starts to fill out, blood rushing south until he’s growing hard.

“*Fuck–*” Shane tries to moan, the word coming out breathy and choked off.

“So good, *kotik*. You beg so beautifully,” Ilya slowly pumps his fist up and down the entire length of his dick, adding to the overwhelming pleasure after this part of his body was left alone for so fucking long.

With his free hand, Ilya ups the vibrations of the plug.

Jesus fuck, Shane didn’t even see him reach for his phone.

He reaches for Ilya then, fingers digging into his thighs while tossing his head back, moaning at the onslaught of teasing pulses from the vibrator.

“Fuck, Roz– fuck. God, Ilya. *Fuck*,” Shane chants nonsensically, unable to control his body or his pleas.

“You are taking it so well,” Ilya quietly praises from where he’s staring down at Shane. His tight fist is still languidly pumping up and down on Shane’s cock, adding to the overwhelming arousal.

The praise, the vibrator inside him, the hand on his cock, Ilya’s weight on his thighs, the way he’s been slipping into that soupy-goodness state of mind all evening...Shane isn’t surprised in the slightest when he notices his orgasm rapidly approaching.

“God, fuck–” he whines brokenly.

“You’re getting close, aren’t you?” Ilya asks, most likely already knowing the answer. He can somehow always tell when Shane is about to come.

Shane nods his confirmation, eyes screwing shut as his hips buck into Ilya’s fist without rhyme or reason.

“Look at me, Hollander,” Ilya commands, voice dark with lust. Shane can’t help but comply.

His eyelids flutter open and he hears Ilya swear under his breath, something about ‘*fucking freckles*’ or whatnot.

“Good boy,” he praises when Shane’s gaze is locked on his own. “Now I want you to ask me nicely if you can come. Alright?”

Shane feels a shudder run throughout his body, his hips stuttering their movement with the flood of arousal.

“*Ilya*—” Shane tosses his head back. Jesus fucking Christ, this is definitely the hottest thing that’s happened to him.

“Well?” Ilya just hums, still staring down at him with half-lidded eyes. He removes his hand from Shane’s cock, choosing instead to resume the teasing, fluttering touches across each inch of Shane’s overheated skin, gently coaxing Shane further down into the intoxicating feeling of submission. “You don’t want to come any more?”

“No, wait Ilya, baby— Please let me come,” Shane starts to beg. “I need it, I need to come. *Please*, I wanna be so good for you, I know I can be so good. God, Ilya—”

“That’s perfect,” Ilya breathes. “You can come now, Hollander. Come for me, Shane.”

And no sooner than Ilya spoke the words, Shane feels his orgasm flood throughout his body, his entire being lit on fire with pleasure. He can distantly hear Ilya talking him through it, but he can’t focus on any one particular sensation.

The world fades to the background while he comes undone underneath Ilya’s steady weight.

When he floats back into the present, he notices Ilya’s turned off the vibrator, the plug now resting idly inside him. He’s also taken off all his clothes and moved off Shane’s legs, lounging next to him instead, brushing the sweaty hair off Shane’s forehead and whispering praise against his temple.

“Fuck,” Shane groans, ever so eloquently.

“Da,” Ilya chuckles. “How are you feeling?”

“Good, s’good,” he breathes out. “C’n we keep going?” He still feels floaty and soupy and needy and really fucking horny.

Ilya sits up on his elbow, one eyebrow tilted. “You are sure?” He asks gently. “Is ok if you want to tap out, you were so good for me all night,” he continues, eyes soft with affection.

But *fuck*, does Shane want more. He wants to stay melting in this blissful headspace for all of eternity, if Ilya’d only let him. He nods frantically, delighting in the way Ilya’s features darken with lust.

“Need your cock,” Shane almost whines. “Please fuck me, *please*—”

Ilya lets out a string of swears in Russian and starts to sit up, moving so he’s settled between Shane’s legs.

“Of course,” he whispers. “You’re such a good boy asking so nicely,” he continues, cooing softly and reaching for Shane’s ankles to spread his legs so that Shane’s hole is presented for his eyes and his eyes only.

Shane moans, letting his knees fall to the side. There’s a reason he’s been so adamant about yoga lately and it’s definitely not related to his performance on the ice.

“How about we take this out then?” Ilya asks sweetly, not waiting for an answer before he gently removes the plug. Shane gasps as it slips out, feeling deliciously overstimulated. “Oh, Shane,” Ilya breathes, staring down between Shane’s legs. “My perfect Shane. You look so lovely.”

Ilya tosses the plug to the end of the bed and reaches for a bottle of lube he retrieved fuck knows when. The click of the cap opening makes Shane’s cock twitch despite having come not ten minutes ago.

“Color?” Ilya asks softly, circling one slick fingertip around his rim.

“Green,” Shane sighs softly, relaxing further into his soupy headspace, into the floaty feeling Ilya always invokes when he takes care of Shane so perfectly.

Ilya fingers him open slowly, teasing Shane with every delicate stroke of his fingertips until he’s whining and desperate again, pleas spilling from his lips like a dam has burst and Shane is powerless to stop the flow. He’s fully hard now, cock aching and red. He must look like a fucking mess. Shane loves it.

“‘m ready, please Rozanov,” he pants after what feels like hours of torture. “Fuck me, please, *please—*”

“Good boy,” Ilya praises, looking like sex personified towering above Shane. He removes the four fingers currently stretching him open, perfunctorily wiping his hands on the bed sheets. Then finally, Ilya grabs underneath Shane’s thighs, lifting his legs so they’re wrapped around Ilya’s hips, his ass lifted off the bed and in the perfect position for Ilya to dive right into him.

But still, the asshole makes him wait.

“Rozanov—” Shane whines, trying to press his hips back so the tip of his boyfriend’s cock brushes against his hole, but the grip Ilya has on his legs traps him.

Ilya’s grinning down at him like he knows exactly what he’s doing to Shane.

“Yes, my love?” He teases, smile tinting ever more smug as Shane’s whines grow headier. “Hollander, if you want something, you have got to ask for it,” he coos teasingly, fingertips drawing little circles against the delicate skin of Shane’s thighs.

“Oh God— *Baby,*” Shane moans, unable to form a coherent sentence. He starts to babble, stringing together pleas, swears, keens of Ilya’s name, anything that’ll persuade him to fuck Shane. “Fuck me, fuck me hard, I need it— *I need you—*”

“Good boy, such a good boy,” Ilya growls.

He drops his legs, but tells Shane to keep his ankles locked behind his body. He leans down so that he's planking over Shane's body, Shane now stretched as far as his body will allow. Ilya lines himself up.

"*Fuck—*" Shane keens, Ilya kissing the whine from his lips.

"Color, *lyubimyy?*" He pants into Shane's mouth. Shane can almost taste the words on his tongue.

"Green, fuck Rozanov, green. God, *Ilya—*"

Ilya cuts him off by pushing into him at last. He moves achingly slow, splitting Shane open inch by glorious inch. Shane scrambles to hold on, gripping Ilya's shoulders for dear fucking life as his boyfriend starts to build momentum.

Ilya wastes no time before setting a lethal pace, hitting his prostate dead on each goddamn time.

"Fuck, yeah, right there— *God*, fuck—" Shane is quickly reduced to a mosaic of broken babbles and moans, head tossed back in pleasure, legs and arms gripping Ilya's body like he'll cease to exist without the steadying hold on the man on top of him.

"Such a good boy, *my* good boy," Ilya whispers in his ear, lips trailing down to suck against the tender skin just behind. "*Mine—*"

Shane feels his second orgasm crash into him without any warning. Ilya's words have a way of doing that.

He can distantly hear Ilya praising him, calling him beautiful, promising to take care of him, but all he can focus on is the flood of pleasure coursing in his veins, rewriting his DNA and stuttering the very beat of his heart until every inch of Shane's being is crying out for Ilya in perfect harmony.

He lets his body get swept up in the waves. Delights in it, too.

Shane feels more than he hears Ilya's own orgasm overtake him, revels in the heat pooling inside him. The knowledge that Ilya came inside him makes Shane float a little further off the ground.

He succumbs to that hazy in-between abyss where he always goes after nights like these.

He trusts that Ilya will take care of him while he drifts.

Ilya's good at that. The 'taking care of him' thing.

Hours or weeks or months later, Shane starts to return to his body, nuzzling closer into the warmth beneath his head, tucking his nose against what must be Ilya's chest.

"Shane, *zlotse*," he can hear Ilya whisper from somewhere beside him. "Are you back with me?"

Shane sluggishly blinks his eyes open, tilting his head up so he can look his boyfriend in his stupidly perfect face.

“Ilya– Hi,” he drawls lazily.

Ilya’s face breaks out in a dizzyingly beautiful smile. The one he saves just for Shane when they’re safe behind closed doors.

They’re lying chest to chest underneath the duvet, faces mere inches apart with Shane’s body lying halfway on top of Ilya’s.

Shane feels clean, no evidence of the night on his skin. Ilya must’ve cleaned them up while Shane was down for the count. He’s thoughtful like that.

“How are you feeling?” He asks, tugging Shane’s body a little closer with the arm he has slung over Shane’s waist. “Anything feel sore?”

“Mmm, I feel amazing,” Shane hums, smiling sleepily. “n I loved everything tonight, it was perfect. Really fuckin’ perfect.”

Ilya kisses him slowly, hand moving to tangle in Shane’s hair. He scratches at the base of Shane’s neck.

“Thank you,” Ilya murmurs against his lips. “Thank you for trusting me.”

“Of course,” Shane whispers. “Thank *you* for taking care of me.”

Ilya hums softly, eyes fluttering closed, caressing Shane’s body further into his own.

“Always,” he promises, seals it with a kiss. “*Ya tebya lyublyu*. I love you.”

Shane lets his own eyes shut as well, a love-sick smile painted on his face as he cuddles closer to Ilya. He lets the steady thrum of Ilya’s heartbeat play him off to sleep like a lullaby written just for him.

“*Ya tebya lyublyu*,” he repeats in imperfect Russian, feeling utterly blissful and fucked-out, finally letting sleep overtake him, his own heartbeat playing in tandem with Ilya's like a lover's duet they'll spend the rest of their lives performing. “I love you.”

End Notes

Thanks for reading ;)

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