**some good girls do bad things too**

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# some good girls do bad things too

by WeeBeastie


Summary

*think back to what you said*
*and I turn red, I'm turning red*

Or: Ilya makes a request of Shane, and by fulfilling it, he learns something new about himself.


Notes

Hello! This is my first time writing for this fandom so I'm a little nervous. I just randomly had this idea and it wouldn't let me go, so here it is. I hope I did the fandom and these characters justice!

The tags and the summary basically say everything - Ilya asks Shane to wear lingerie for him, he does, they have sex about it. Don't worry too much about exactly when in the timeline of their relationship this takes place (I didn't).

The title and lyrics in the summary are borrowed from "Guilty Pleasure" by Chappell Roan, which is not very original of me but I think it suits them.

Thank you as always to my sweet love; without you I wouldn't feel brave enough to do this. <3

If you enjoy this please consider leaving kudos and/or a comment and sharing the link with someone you know who might like it! The encouragement is greatly appreciated.

It started as a joke.

Or at least, Shane was pretty sure it was a joke.

He got a text from Ilya one day in early spring, a picture of something satiny and suggestive with the question, ‘for my birthday??’

‘your birthday isn’t until June,’ he texted back, shaking his head.

‘plenty of shopping days left’ was the response, accompanied by a devil emoji.

Shane snorted. He locked his phone and tossed it aside, but curiosity got the better of him a moment later. He opened Ilya’s first message again, and looked more closely at the picture.

It was a- nightgown wasn’t the right word, not exactly. That conjured up the image of something a mom or grandma might wear, flannel or cotton, something meant for function, not fashion.

What Ilya had sent him was, well, tiny. Little bitty straps, barely a handkerchief’s worth of shiny dark blue material, delicate lace on the hem that looked itchy if he was being honest. He would look ridiculous in that; it wasn’t made for his type of body.

And yet.

He locked his phone again and set it face down on the couch next to him, trying hard not to think about why the idea of wearing something like that was actually sort of a turn-on. Well…it wasn’t the idea of wearing it that turned him on, so much as the idea of wearing it for Ilya, specifically.

A few days later, Ilya texted him again: ‘do you have my present yet?’

‘you weren’t serious, come on,’ he replied, feeling his face heat up.

‘as heart attack,’ Ilya responded, and Shane sighed.

He was going to have to actually buy the thing, call Ilya’s bluff. There was no way he was going to shop for it in person, though. He would rather fall through the floor into some kind of purgatorial underworld than be caught buying lingerie. For himself. At Ilya’s request.

He wasn’t able to order exactly the one Ilya sent him - it didn’t come in a size remotely close to fitting him, if the measurements he took of himself were accurate - but he got close enough. The one he bought didn’t have the itchy-looking lace, which was a bonus in his opinion.

Not that he was going to wear it, not really. He’d take it out of his bag and throw it at Ilya or something when they saw each other in a few weeks. They’d laugh about it, and then make out or fuck or both, and the joke (expensive joke, who knew that little fabric could cost so much?) would be forgotten.

When it arrived a few days later, Shane felt almost scandalized holding it in his hands. It felt raunchier than a sex toy, somehow - feeling the slip of the material on his fingers, imagining Ilya pushing it up his thighs. Biting at one of the thin straps, maybe even breaking it with his teeth. He exhaled shakily, then hid it at the bottom of his t-shirt drawer and didn't look at it again until he was packing for the next trip.

He took a picture of it folded up in his bag and texted it to Ilya with the caption 'hope you're ready' and a kissy face emoji. His heart was pounding as he sent it.

He got a series of heart-eye emojis in response. He was pretty sure Ilya was mocking him, which was typical. He looked forward to seeing Ilya's expression when he actually showed up with the dumb thing and rubbed it in his face.

Between the traveling and the playing, he nearly forgot about it entirely until he and Ilya were finally alone in his hotel room, making out on the bed, Shane in Ilya's lap.

"You brought my present, yes?" Ilya rumbled as he kissed his way down Shane's neck, running one hand up his back under his shirt.

"Mm?" Shane asked, blinking at him. "Oh. Uh. Yeah, it's…in my bag," he said, feeling his cheeks warm.

"Show me."

"Really? You're serious?" Shane asked, his eyes scanning Ilya's face. His expression gave away nothing; he looked serious as ever, a muscle in his jaw twitching, his eyes dark with lust.

"No, I ask you to show me your silky little slut clothes as joke, Hollander," he said, and tsked at him. "Go on. Show me," he said again. "Now."

"Fine," Shane said airily, like it was no big deal to him, and climbed out of Ilya's lap. He crossed to the dresser in the hotel room and pulled open the bottom drawer, retrieving the silky negligee from its hiding spot.

He stood up and turned around to face Ilya, holding the ridiculous thing against himself. He could feel how bright red his face was. "See? I brought it. Happy?" he asked.

"I said 'show me;' am I not using right words?" Ilya asked, and shifted on the bed, sitting back against the headboard with his legs spread apart. He stared Shane down, eyes flicking between his lips and his body. "Go put it on."

"Roz…" Shane started to say, and bit his lower lip.

"You are bashful now, after all we have done? After how many times I have seen you in less?" Ilya asked, raising both eyebrows. "Maybe you are afraid you will like it, mm?"

"Fuck you," Shane spat immediately. "You want me to put it on? I'll do it. I'm doing it," he said, and set the negligee on top of the dresser to shed his sweatpants and t-shirt.

Before he could overthink it too much, he pulled the thing on over his head. It was cool to the touch, and fit him slightly awkwardly - it gapped a little at the chest, owing to his lack of cleavage, and the straps felt like they were digging into the well-built muscles of his shoulders. It was silky soft, though, and he would have been lying if he said he didn't enjoy having it on.

When he finally worked up the nerve to look at Ilya, he felt weak at the knees. Ilya was staring at him, wide-eyed, lips parted. He looked like he was seeing a fantasy made real.

Oh. So maybe it wasn't a joke.

"You can laugh at me now, or whatever," Shane mumbled, hands clasped in front of himself - he was still rock hard from making out just moments before, and the thin fabric of the lingerie didn't really leave anything to the imagination.

"Come here," Ilya murmured, a raw edge to his voice.

He exhaled a breath he hadn't realized he was holding, and took a few steps towards the bed. Ilya moved in a flash, and a moment later he was sitting at the foot of the bed, reaching out to put his big hands on Shane's hips. He made a noise like a purr when he felt the silk, and then he was pulling Shane down into his lap.

"You really like this?" Shane asked as he straddled him, feeling a little lightheaded.

"Yes, and so do you," Ilya said pointedly, reaching under the lingerie to wrap his hand around Shane's aching cock with no preamble.

"Fuck," Shane gasped, bucking into his fist. Ilya was right; he did like it. He liked the softness of the fabric on his bare skin, the way it rode up around his hips, how it made him feel. Like he really was a present for Ilya, all wrapped up in something shiny and pretty. It sent a shiver up his spine, thinking of himself that way, feeling Ilya's body respond to the sight of him.

"Keep it on, please," Ilya moaned in his ear as he jerked him off quickly, his free hand fumbling to get his own pants open.

"Yeah," Shane agreed breathlessly.

They rushed through preparing, both of them too worked up to wait much longer. Soon enough Shane was sitting up on his knees and then he was sinking down on Ilya's cock with a groan, shuddering at the stretch and burn of it, the familiar heady fullness.

"Hollander," Ilya choked, his fingers twisting in the dark blue silk. "Fuck," he panted, resting his head on Shane's shoulder and starting to rock with him.

It was fast and a little wild; Shane could barely get enough purchase to ride Ilya because they were clinging so tightly to each other. He moved his hips back and forth, thighs working, squeezing his eyes shut in pleasure.

“Jesus,” he wheezed, and raked his nails down Ilya’s back, getting a thrill from the whine that wrenched out of him. The silk of the garment was rubbing on Shane’s aching, leaking cock as he moved, and he couldn’t have imagined how good that would feel. He was losing his mind.

Between Ilya moving inside him and the soft fabric torturing him, Shane knew he wasn’t going to last very long. He tried to get a hand in between them to touch himself, already desperate for release, but Ilya smacked his hand away. He grabbed a handful of the silk and started stroking Shane through it, like he knew what the sensation was doing to him and wanted to draw it out.

“Oh god, oh my god, Rozanov,” Shane yelped, thrashing in his lap, caught between fucking himself on Ilya’s cock and thrusting up into the tight, silky strokes of his hand.

“So fucking beautiful,” Ilya mumbled, his breath hot on Shane’s neck. “Aren’t you? So pretty for me, Hollander, just like I wanted. I knew it, I knew. You are so good,” he panted, and that was it for the last shreds of Shane’s composure.

“Ah fuck, Jesus fucking Christ,” he bellowed, and then he was coming, make a complete and utter mess of the silk Ilya had wrapped around his cock. He saw stars for a moment, dazed, still rocking back and forth in Ilya’s lap.

Ilya swore, then said something in Russian that Shane didn’t catch, and then he came, too, sinking his teeth into Shane’s shoulder. He grunted as he bucked through the waves of his orgasm, his eyes squeezed shut. Shane held tight to him, moaning quietly.

He sucked a tender bruise into Shane’s skin as they slowly wound down together from the height of pleasure, then sat back, panting. Shane looked into his face, taking in the flushed cheeks, bright eyes, crooked smile.

“So, did your birthday present live up to your expectations?” he asked hoarsely, feeling only a little self-conscious sitting there in lingerie with Ilya’s cock still inside him.

“You will want to wash this soon. In the sink, very cold water,” Ilya instructed him, drawing one finger down the front of the garment. He squeezed Shane’s left pec through it. “Silk stains.”

Shane groaned and gave him a little shove, pulling off him with a hiss. He rolled to the side, lying on his back next to Ilya. “You knew that, and you still made me come all over it? Asshole.”

“I did not *make* you. I touched you, you came,” Ilya argued, stretching out next to him on his side. He felt Shane’s chest through the negligee again and licked his lower lip. “Please, feel free to give me this for my birthday every year.”

“Well according to you, the silk is ruined now, so I can’t,” Shane murmured, looking fondly over at him.

“You will have to buy a new one. Ah, what a tragedy,” Ilya rumbled, and moved closer to him, nuzzling into his shoulder. “Something with lace, next time. Green is good color on

you.”

“Noted,” Shane said, chuckling. He held Ilya close, idly imagining collecting a rainbow of stained, wrinkled lingerie, one piece for every year.

It was a thrilling thought. An expensive one, but still.

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Guilty Pleasure [Art] by LadyGuts

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