

Skin to Skin

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Skin to Skin

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Summary

Ilya's eyebrows raise. "This is a thing you want? For me to come inside you?"

"Yeah—yeah." Shane clears his throat. "It's hot. Isn't it?"

"Can you not decide whether bare cock in your ass is hot?"

"Fuck you. See if I let you—"

Ilya takes Shane's hand and presses a quiet kiss to his wrist, then the center of his palm. "You will let me."

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Or: Shane asks Ilya to fuck him without a condom.

Notes

Like all of you, I am having a completely normal time. I'm sure there are tons of barebacking fics, but here's one to add to the pile. With a heaping side of emotion.

Happy early bday to one of my bestest. We've been in this cottage for one frillion years now. And this is everything I need in life.

I did not reread this. It's all just pure horniness and vibes.

They run out of condoms on Thursday morning, with a full four days left at the cottage.

Or, well, they succeeded in *breaking* the last one. It didn't stand a chance with how hard Ilya was fucking him—one arm around his waist, his other hand between Shane's shoulder blades, pinning him to the kitchen counter. Shane was sobbing and begging for it—he sounded pathetic, but Ilya liked that, liked him, *loved* him—and Ilya went after him harder, long, driving thrusts that would surely leave Shane feeling bruised and open for the rest of the day. At *least*.

Even in his fuck-addled mind, Shane could tell when it happened—Ilya's low groan and something in Russian, something that sounded like it felt *good*—then Ilya was pulling out, the bare head of his dick right against Shane's hole, and coming, hot and thick, right on Shane's abused, open rim. Shane came like that, bent over, Ilya holding him in place, jerking him in rough strokes.

Then Ilya whispered, as the last of the aftershocks curled Shane's toes: "You are too tight. Broke the last condom."

They're lazy that afternoon and the next morning. Lazy and a little careless, really. Ilya sucks his cock—quick and rough again, like he's running out of time, and they *are*—then he presses Shane down on the couch until he can barely breathe, head shoved between two throw pillows. There's wet, warm spit between Shane's legs, and Ilya is saying Shane's name over and over, like it's a mantra, some self-soothing ritual, and fucks between Shane's thighs. The head of Ilya's cock keeps nudging Shane's balls and, god, he's half-hard again and seeing stars when Ilya presses his dick against Shane's hole, pushing the head in just enough that Shane feels the shock running up his spine, feels the warm and wet of Ilya's cum as it spills out and out, covering his hole, his balls, the dip in his spine.

Ilya says something in Russian—again—when Shane comes up for air, rumpled and muzzy. "M'what'd you say?"

"That your thighs" —Ilya runs a finger through his cum, his touch landing on Shane's hole—"are God's personal gift to me. I want to die with them wrapped around my ears."

"Jesus," Shane says.

"I do not like being outside of you." Ilya whispers this in Shane's ear in the shower, his cock pressed between Shane's cheeks. He's rubbing it there idly, pressing the tip to Shane's hole.

"Mmph," Shane says, because it's the only thought he has after an hour of Ilya keeping him hard and refusing to let him come.

"We should go to store, probably." Ilya pushes his head against the cool tile as he idly humps Shane's ass. "This is my favorite place in entire world. Not store, I mean. Your ass." He

presses his thumb to Shane's rim. "And belongs to me."

Shane's eyes roll back in his head. He tries to press his dick against the shower wall, but Ilya holds him firm. "Hnnn," he manages, even though he's trying for, "Yes, we should go to the store."

The thumb presses slowly inside, only water wetting its entrance. "It's where I belong, hm? Buried right here. So tight, tighter than a woman. Like hug clenching around my cock."

Shane makes a desperate noise. Ilya's tip is pressing inside of him. Wetter than his thumb, softer, the head popping in.

"You will squeeze it off." Ilya groans and jerks himself, moving lightly inside so he doesn't drive in any deeper. "Fuck, Hollander, you should see it. It is jumping to get inside you. Oh, fuck, holy shit—"

"Don't-pull-out!" Shane croaks out the words. "Keep it—oh, fuck—"

Ilya kisses the back of his neck, murmurs soft words, then lets out a groan. Shane can feel the swell and jerk of Ilya's cock head against his open rim, can feel the cum traveling down his leg when Ilya pulls out. Ilya sinks to his knees and pries Shane's cheeks apart. "I will clean this mess."

Shane just whimpers. The moment Ilya gets his tongue inside, Shane comes, long white drips on the tile as he shudders and shudders, Ilya pressing open mouth kisses between his cheeks until Shane's dick and face and the back of his eyelids start to hurt. Shane has to push him away because Ilya doesn't *want* to stop. Doesn't ever want to stop.

Later, when they're sprawled out in bed, pillows wetted by the patterns of their hair, fingers tangled together, Shane says, "You should just do it next time."

Ilya turns off his phone, squeezes Shane's hand. "Do what? There are many things I do to you."

"Fuck me. Without a condom." God, Shane's cheeks are hot, just saying it. He wonders if his body will always warm like this when Ilya levels him with a single glance. "If we're exclusive."

"I do not know this word." Ilya sniffs. "Or maybe I know. Sometimes I forget. Slips away."

"If you're only sleeping with me—"

Ilya nods. "Only you."

"That's what it means. Only you. Then it's safe. And maybe we should try?"

Ilya's eyebrows raise. "This is a thing you want? For me to come inside you?"

"Yeah—yeah." Shane clears his throat. "It's hot. Isn't it?"

“Can you not decide whether bare cock in your ass is hot?”

“Fuck you. See if I let you—”

Ilya takes Shane’s hand and presses a quiet kiss to his wrist, then the center of his palm. “You will let me.”

“You’re so *cocky*. I hate you.”

Ilya rolls on top of him and pins Shane by his wrists. “No.”

“No,” Shane echoes. When Ilya’s lips touch his, he shivers. “No, I don’t.”

Before dinner—sausage rolls and summer salad with almonds and peaches—they lie in the sun. The sound of midsummer is thick around them. Red-winged blackbirds and chickadees call to one another, high and sweet. The chorus of crickets rises and falls with the lapping of the lake. Bullfrogs sound their low bass notes.

Two more days. And this is gone. Shane doesn’t know how long it will be until they’re alone again. Or where.

Ilya lifts himself onto his elbows. Clears his throat to get Shane’s attention. “It is one year.”

“What?” Shane scrubs at his eyes and sits up.

“I am exclusive.”

“What.”

Ilya’s posture is strangely vulnerable, shoulders hunched up next to his ears. “One year since I fuck someone else. I go to bars, clubs. I meet girls. Boys, sometimes. We kiss. I touch them.”

“Wow.” Shane’s eyes are hot and prickly, but he can’t pinpoint why. “That’s—”

“And I go home alone. Because they are not you.” The afternoon light on Ilya’s body renders him into something radiant. His mouth, a bow. His eyes, blue and green and gold, like the summer lives just there. “It is one year. Maybe six months since I kiss someone else. And years—maybe two—when I was taking someone home and I only think of you.”

“Your problem.” Shane laughs, soft, not because it’s funny but because it’s something else altogether, a joy just on the edge of his reasoning that he could not give a name. It weighs too much for words.

“Yes. It’s good problem. But because it’s problem, first times are out of order. Years between first kiss and staying the night.”

“Yeah.”

“So, one year. It is safe. I want to do that with you like it’s first time. Here.”

“You mean—”

“Yes, I mean.” Ilya lifts his brows, and some of the old arrogance returns. It’s a mask from another version of Ilya, one he’s put away since being here. But Ilya is choosing it now, and it makes something in Shane hum. Awake. And happy.

“Now? Like right now.” Shane doesn’t know why it feels—nerve-wracking. Like he’s about to be picked for the fucking draft.

Ilya slinks towards him, so close now that it’s easy for him to take Shane’s chin in his hand and kiss him. A peck, first. Then deeper, warmer, until Shane’s scalp is tingling and his hands are seeking Ilya’s skin.

“Yes, now,” Ilya says. He presses his thumb to Shane’s lips and pushes inside, petting his tongue. “You will go get very clean. Take your time. Yes?”

Shane nods mutely.

“So good.” He slaps Shane, very light, on the cheek. “You will enjoy.”

Shane has getting clean—*really* clean—down to a fine art. It was a hassle that first time. He’d googled “how to get ready for gay sex,” and he’d ended up with horny singles in his area instead of an actual to-do list. So he cobbled together his checklist and kept it in a hidden folder on his phone; a kind of relic of that era, long since passed, when he wouldn’t even let himself say the word *gay* in his mind.

Ilya is waiting for Shane, sprawled lazily on the armchair across from the bed. It’s like a mirror of that night in Vegas. The memory makes Shane uneasy—not that it hadn’t been incredible. It always was, with Ilya. But Ilya was Rozanov then, all these layers of him hidden beneath a crooked smile.

Shane half-expects a nod, a dismissive gesture. Or: *get on the bed; touch yourself*.

But instead, Ilya looks him over. Shane doesn’t know quite what he sees sometimes. A nice body; Shane’s got that. His dick is pretty nice. His hair looks better than it used to, that’s for sure. But Ilya looks at him—*really* looks at him. Stares. Like he’s taking a long, cool drink after too much sun.

“You are too beautiful, Hollander. It’s—” He pauses, like he’s reaching for one of his slipped words. “Very much. My heart will stop.”

“I hope not. I’d like it to keep going. For, you know, a long time.”

Ilya rises. His shorts are slung low on his hips. Shane can see his erection clearly, the flush on his chest. When Ilya grabs Shane’s wrist and pulls him close, he can *feel* how hot Ilya’s skin

is. In his kiss, Shane can almost taste his flush, the copper-edged bite of it. “I will. *Moy dorogóy*.”

“What’s that?”

“Very good Russian word. Better than English.”

“Tell me.”

Ilya huffs, but it’s just—fond. No harshness. “It means you are worth very much.” Ilya’s tongue darts out to taste his lower lip. “That there is a cost to us. But I will always—choose to pay it.”

Shane’s throat is tight. His eyes are hot again. “I know there’s a cost, I—”

“No. Listen to me. It means—*exclusive*. Something precious. Mine only. Yes?”

Shane nods, and Ilya pushes him down to the bed, slipping between his legs like he belongs there, and he does.

“Good. It’s many words.” Ilya kisses Shane’s cheeks, his nose and chin, the line of his jaw. “Too many.”

Ilya’s mouth roams lower, to Shane’s neck, nipping and sucking. To his nipples, which never feel like much with the first touch—but they’re more tender as Ilya keeps going, licking and plucking, and grinding down against his cock. Ilya makes them almost too sensitive, so Shane is grabbing Ilya’s hair, his spine a curve, toes clenching.

“M’not going to last. You haven’t even touched my—”

Ilya reaches between his legs, fingers brushing against his rim. It’s shaved and so clean and almost too sensitive there. A dam will burst when Ilya pushes inside of him. “I do not care. It is sexy. I will just fuck you until you’re hard again.”

“Jesus.”

“Mm, it is so hot and small right here. And I will push all the way inside.” He worries Shane’s hole with his finger.

“Oh *fuck*. Why does it feel—so—”

“New. Because it is, a little.” Ilya reaches blindly for the lube. He kisses his way down Shane’s body with the bottle in his hand, pausing to suck the head of his cock, tongue in the slit. It’s enough to make Shane shudder, for his cock to jerk, to leak a drop onto Ilya’s tongue. This is the same care he’s always given to Shane, from the first, even in their fits and starts: gentle kisses down his cock, soft tongue on his balls until they’re wet and aching, and Ilya’s tongue, finding its mark, the tip slipping just inside. Twice, Shane almost comes—and twice, Ilya pulls his mouth away and stops him. But he goes back to kissing him, cheeks spread apart with his thumbs, split open like a summer peach. And Ilya licks and licks, groaning,

like there's no purpose to the act apart from the simple joy of touch and taste and skin against skin.

Opening Shane is careful and slow—slower now than in the past, when they were hasty and desperate, slamming hotel doors and coming fast, only to leave after. Here, Ilya's fingers work in smooth, laconic strokes, covered with warmed lube and spit. Less like routine, more like leisure, like time is stretching out before them, and there's nothing to stop Ilya from opening him until evening falls. So many weights lifted, all these hasty years given back to them as Shane pants and pulls up his knees. And this, this time is in the broad daylight, so he can bring up these details years from now, when they live here, together. Every cost paid, their union made precious.

Shane jumps too far ahead in his mind, he knows, but Ilya is moving like syrup today, tugging off his shorts so slow that Shane watches for long seconds—at the base appearing, the riot of curls surrounding, the shaft revealing itself, to the wet, rosy head. All he can do is think and want.

"Please," Shane says. "Please, I can't—" *Think anymore. I can't think.*

"Greedy." Ilya smirks, but his cheeks are red. He smears his cock with lube and kneels between Shane's legs. Despite his snark, Ilya is wild-eyed when he kisses Shane, and he bites down on Shane's shoulder, hips shaking, when he pushes in. It's been—two days, Shane thinks, maybe—and it takes Shane's breath, makes his pulse flicker in his neck, when Ilya settles inside.

"Good?" Shane pulls him into a kiss, whines against his mouth.

Ilya is moving now, slow, deep breaths between each thrust, kisses peppering Shane's lips. "So snug. I fuck you so much and still" —Ilya thrusts harder, deeper, belly brushing against Shane's cock— "you feel like—like virgin. Like that—first night—"

Shane's back arches. The pressure of Ilya's cock, the quickening slide of it, makes tension coil at the base of his dick. Tingles roll from his hips to his shoulders. "S'good. I want it to be—so good for you. Yours."

"Yes. Mine." Ilya groans, hips slapping hard and fast.

Shane's neck and back arch. His toes curl. Pleasure hits him like a whip across his gut. He feels his body tighten first, then the first jerk of his cock, the smear of cum between them, messy and hot when it splatters between them. "Ilya. Don't stop."

"Yes. I do not stop. Now I come—inside you. *Fuck.*" The words are a whisper, punctuated by teeth on his shoulder, and a quick, rhythmic drive inside him. The sounds Ilya makes are unabashed, louder than he is anywhere but home, sweet and hot and so, so *Ilya*. Belonging to this man who chooses to love him, despite the uncaring world that awaits them. Ilya shudders and cries out Shane's name, muttered curses in Russian, nibbling and sucking Shane's ear as his muscles jump and his hips buck in small, grateful thrusts.

“Ilya,” Shane says, threading fingers into his curls, holding him close, legs wrapped around him in an open embrace.

Ilya’s cheeks are wet after, when he’s kissing Shane and squeezing his waist, smiling against his mouth. “Oh, *fuck*,” he says when he pulls out. “Fuck, you are good. You look like angel. And take my cock like a god.”

Shane laughs at that. It’s so like Ilya to say that, to exaggerate, gazing at Shane. He’d have never guessed ten years ago, that he’d know this side of Ilya Rozanov, that he would be allowed to see it. Would even know that it existed. But Shane knows it now, without reservation, without doubt. “Not bad for a first time?”

“No. Is not too bad.” Ilya wipes him with a damp towel, a half-smile on his lips. “You will now murder me by sucking out my soul. Through my dick. It’s new benefit to relationship.”

“Not a bad benefit.”

Ilya lies down beside him and gathers Shane close, the weight of his arms settling across his chest. The late afternoon sun filters through the trees, casting long shadows on the bed. There is a life outside of this one, waiting to begin, but there is nothing between them just now, in this pocket of stolen time, hidden from the turning world.

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