**Stuck and fucked**

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/81948896.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rating: | Not Rated |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Heated Rivalry (TV) |
| Relationship: | Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov |
| Characters: | Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Wyatt Hayes, Zane Boodram, Ottawa centaurs players |
| Additional Tags: | Bottom Shane Hollander, Top Ilya Rozanov, Dom/sub Undertones, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Anal Sex, Degradation Kink, Feminization, Forced Feminization, Consensual Non-Consent, Shane pretends like he doesn't want it, Just the Tip, Stuck and Fucked, Porn, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Ilya is oblivious, why is Shane under a table, Shane Hollander is Horny, Dirty Talk, Lace Panties, Shane Hollander in Panties, Possessive Ilya, Spanking, Shane hollanders clit, Ilya slapping his dick on Shanes hole, Not Beta Read, no ai me and my homies don't fucks w ai, Come Eating, Finger Sucking |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2026-03-27 Words: 7,517 Chapters: 1/1 |

# Stuck and fucked

by Slut4hollonov

Summary

“Shane, why are you still under there?”

“I’m stuck,” Shane said, committing fully now.

The room fell silent for a beat and it was long enough that Shane almost pulled himself out right then and there out of sheer embarrassment.

“You are stuck,” Ilya echoed.

“Yes.”

“Like last week.”

Shane squeezed his eyes shut embarrassed about the whole situation.

“I was not–” he started, then stopped himself. “That was different.”

“You were under the coffee table,” Ilya said, stepping closer. “And also stuck.”

——

Or the one where Shane wants to get stuck and fucked

Notes

I love me a Shane horny perv fic, Shane wants to get stuck and fucked. Not beta read & I have dyslexia so even if I re read 25 times I'll still miss mistakes bc my brain thinks it looks right. Any way hope u enjoy.

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane Hollander never really watched porn. He found the acting to be bad, over exaggerated moans and unrealistic body standards. He didn't really need porn either, ever since moving to join the Ottawa Centaurs and living with his now husband, he was having enough sex to satisfy him. So he never turned to porn when he wanted to get off, ilya was always within arms reach. Even after 10 years their sex life never got boring, always trying new things, experimenting but most of alll making sure the others' needs were met.

So it was confusing why Shane was sat up against the headboard, at three a.m, watching a man stuck underneath a bed and being fucked from behind. He held the phone close to his face, light illuminating his face, the sound on very low.

It was all Waytt Hayes' fault, if Shane really thought about it, he was the one to blame. Earlier in the day after practice, the locker room was loud in that comforting way and stunk of sweat and it was slightly too humid to be comfortable. Waytt had mentioned he was in the dog house because he had been caught by his wife watching porn and she had not been too happy. The conversation spiralled, like it always did when it came to sex. Soon the locker room had turned into discussing favorite porn categories. Shane didn't participate in the conversation, Ilya on the other hand saying his favorite category was “boring Canadians with freckles”, making everyone around them groan and boo at Ilya. Shane tried focusing on untying his skates trying to hide his blush. The conversation continued, Shane wasn't too surprised at the categories being thrown out. Until Zane Boodram said “Stuck and Fucked”.

Shane’s ears perked up at that, he didn't quite recognise that one. Bood had got approval nods and shouts from some of the guys in the locker room. And ever since then Shane hadn’t been able to let it go, it was constantly on his mind, keeping him up, tossing and turning. That’s what led him to watching porn at three am while his husband was sound asleep next to him.

Shane glanced over at Ilya who was asleep on his stomach, one arm folded under the pillow, the other stretched across Shane’s side of the bed like he’d reached for him in his sleep. His hair was a mess of soft curls, flattened on one side, his breathing slow and steady.

Shane looked back down at his phone, the video kept playing. Bodies moving, skin slapping against skin, over the top exaggerated moans. He scrubbed a hand over his face before looking back to Ilya sleeping peacefully and completely unaware.

Ilya shifted slightly, nose pressing deeper into the pillow, letting out a quiet sleepy sound. The blanket had slipped down his back, exposing the warm curve of his shoulders, the faint marks Shane had left there earlier in the night. Shane’s chest tightened, guilt settling deep in his chest.

He looked so soft like this, all the sharp edges Ilya carried during the day were gone, no competitive smirk, no teasing, no stubborn glare. Just warm skin and slow breathing and the faint crease in his cheek from the pillow. Shane shifted closer without thinking, the mattress dipping slightly. Ilya made a small noise and instinctively moved toward the warmth, his arm sliding across Shane’s stomach. Even in his sleep, he found him.

Shane let out a quiet breath, he set his phone on the nightstand. Then he slid down into the bed properly, turning onto his side and pulling the blanket back up over Ilya's shoulder. Ilya immediately shifted closer, pressing into him, face tucked into Shane's neck like it belonged there. Shane wrapped an arm around him placing a soft kiss to his crown.

****

The apartment was quiet during the late afternoon, the last of the evening sunlight coming through the tall windows. Ilya was stretched across the couch, one leg bent, the other hanging off the edge, watching  some baking show Shane never really paid attention to. Across the room in the kitchen, Shane had been pacing for the past hour. He walked from the kitchen island to the window. Stopped. Turned. Walked back toward the couch, opening his mouth before pausing like he was about to say something. Then regretting himself before walking back to the kitchen, rubbing his clammy hands on his sweatpants.

Ilya's eyes followed him through the downstairs living area, from the kitchen to the window back toward the kitchen and then back again to the window. Shane could feel Ilya's eyes on him, making him feel uneasy, trying to not squirm under his gaze. Shane walked over to the couch this time, stopping beside the arm of the couch.

Ilya waited for Shane to speak up, he had that all too familiar look on his face, the one where you could tell something was bothering him but didn't know how to formulate his words.

Shane opened his mouth "Have you–" before stopping mid sentence.

Ilya raised one eyebrow slowly. Shane felt the warmth creeping up his neck, looking away from Ilya's curious eyes.  "Never mind," he muttered, already turning away.

He walked back toward the kitchen and Ilya turned back to the tv, hoping if he didnt act bother Shane would eventually tell him what was bothering him. Shane leaned both hands on the counter, staring down at absolutely nothing for a few seconds before straightening again. He dragged a hand through his hair, paced to the window, looked outside for approximately three seconds, then turned back around. Ilya watched him make another lap across the living room. The hardwood creaked softly under Shane's feet. Finally, Ilya tuned away from the tv with a sigh

"Shane."

Shane stopped mid stride like someone had pressed pause on him. "Yeah?"

Ilya tilted his head slightly. "What are you doing?"

Shane frowned faintly. "What do you mean?"

"You have walked across the living room hundred times now."

"I have not."

"Yes you have."

Shane glanced at the floor like it might betray him. “I’m just-” he gestured vaguely with one hand, “getting my steps in.”

“You look like nervous cat.”

Shane huffed out a quiet breath. “I’m not nervous.”

“You are very nervous.”

“I’m literally not.”

Ilya watched him for another second, expression calm but mildly amused. Shane shifted his weight, his fingers twitched at his sides like he kept almost reaching for something that wasn’t there. He glanced at Ilya, looked back to the tv before looking back to his husband, eyes narrowing slightly.

“You want to ask something.” Ilya said, it was more of a statement rather than a question.

Shane froze, the silence that followed was extremely telling. Shane hated how Ilya could always tell what was going on in his head, he hated how obvious he was. He was actually grateful for it, because sometimes he didn't have to say much and Ilya would know exactly what he needed. It really is a blessing and a curse.

Ilya’s mouth curved just a little “Ah.”

Shane groaned quietly and scrubbed both hands over his face “I hate that you do that.”

“Do what?”

“Just-” Shane waved a hand at him. “Know things.”

Ilya shrugged lightly. “You are not subtle.”

Shane paced two more steps before stopping again. He looked at Ilya like he was building up to something, then immediately chickened out. “Never mind.”

He turned away again, Ilya leaned back into the couch cushions, watching him with growing amusement. “Shane.”

Shane didn't answer, walking over to the kitchen and pretending to inspect something extremely interesting on the kitchen counter.

“Shane.”

“Yeah?”

“What is the question?”

Shane’s shoulders tensed, he didn't quite expect Ilya to out right ask, he stared at the counter for a long moment like the marble might help him phrase it correctly.

“I don’t know how to ask it,” he admitted quietly.

Ilya blinked, letting out a sound of surprise, surprised that Shane didn't just change the subject pretending everything was fine, avoiding the hard, embarrassing things like he always did.

Shane rubbed the back of his neck, looking miserable  “It’s stupid.”

“If it was stupid,” Ilya said calmly, “you would not be pacing like this.”

Shane made a face like what Ilya had said wasn't true. “That’s not true.”

“You have worn small trench in the floor.”

Shane glanced down again like he was genuinely checking the floor. Ilya’s lips twitched, he was so in awe of the man standing in front of him, Ilya couldn't believe how lucky he had gotten. Shane exhaled slowly, clearly trying to talk himself into it, taking a deep breath as he opened his mouth, before closing it again. He looked over at Ilya, his eyes uncertain, body hunched in on itself trying to make himself look smaller.

“Never mind. Forget it.” He said, sighing before turning to pace away again.

Ilya watched him go, silent for a moment, pressing play on his baking show again, letting out a small sigh, Shane would come to him when he was ready.

“Okay.”

Shane stopped again almost immediately, surprised“Okay?”

“Yes.”

“You’re not even going to ask?”

“You already said never mind.”

Shane stood there looking oddly conflicted about how easy that had been. “You’re just… dropping it?”

Ilya glanced up at him briefly “You will ask when you decide how.”

Shane frowned “And if I don’t?”

“Then you will pace around house forever,” Ilya said, smiling at his husband. “Which is also fine.”

Shane stared at him for a second before a reluctant smile tugged at his mouth now “You’re unbelievable.”

“Mm.”

Shane stood there another moment, clearly still turning the question over in his head. Then he sighed and finally walked back toward the couch, dropping down beside Ilya with a quiet thump. Ilya was quick to pull him into his arms, Shane's body flush with his.

****

Shane has been standing in the middle of the room for so long that time starts to feel abstract, like something happening somewhere else, to someone else. The room felt like it was narrowing, closing in on him making it slightly harder for him to breathe. The faint ticking of something he can't locate, and the restless, circling noise inside his own head. He feels this strange stillness in his body like if he doesn't move his feet will start sinking into the floor.

It's stupid, he thinks, it shouldn't be this hard, it's just a question. An embarrassing question but a question nonetheless, how was he even meant to phrase it? Can i pretend to get stuck under a table and you take advantage and fuck me?. The more he turns it over in his head the more stupid it sounds. Every version sounds off, too vulnerable? Too formal? Too slutty? Shane hates it. He knows Ilya wouldn't laugh or make fun of him, he would probably love it as much as Shane. But he just didn't know how to ask.

The thought of just outright asking made his stomach twist in a way that made him feel like he was about to throw up any second now. Asking meant choosing words and Shane rarely chose the right words, the right phrasing. Once the words are out they're out, there was no taking it back. And the thought of getting it wrong made his skin crawl, already embarrassed before he had even asked.

It shouldn't be this hard.

What if he didn't have to say it, Shane knew words always failed him when it came to things like this but this wasn't about words. He doesn't have to speak for Ilya to understand what he is asking for, he can just show him. Shane let out a breath of relief, it was like the solution was in front of him the whole time and he was just too blind to see it.

The room felt different now, or maybe he felt different now. That restless energy that had him pacing for the past two days was now gone, his mind wasn't racing anymore and finally his brain felt quiet. He'll just show Ilya what he needs.

**First attempt**

Shane is on the floor, which in itself isn't that unusual, he ends up there often, sometimes he prefers the floor because the couch feels like too much and the floor being solid beneath him sometimes helps quiet his mind. Sometimes he'd be kneeling on the floor in front of the couch head in Ilya's lap, when things are too loud, everything goes quiet there. Ilya makes all the decisions for him and that usually helps

But tonight, there's a deliberateness to it, a quiet intention threading through every movement. He gets down on all fours, crawling slowly under the table, lower back brushing the underside of the table, the wood is cool against the thin fabric of his t-shirt. His arms stretched out in front of him, his chest hovering slightly above the floor, knees spread wide so

he would fit under the table. His back arched pushing his ass out, he would love to see Ilya's reaction when he walks in.

He can hear Ilya moving around upstairs, Shane couldn't help but smile, excitement buzzing through his body. He scoots just a little further under, enough that his lower back presses more firmly into the underside, enough that extracting himself would now require actual effort. He shifts his weight again, testing the angle, making sure it feels right. The table was heavy against his back, holding him in place, he was restricted, it would take real effort to get out, but not impossible. His breathing slightly evening out, slower, something about not entirely in control of the situation excited him. Shane lets his head rest against the carpeted floor letting out a couple deep breaths before fully committing to it.

“Ilya?” He yells out

No answer, just the faint continuation of movement on the second floor. Shane waits a beat, then shifts his arm slightly, letting it knock softly against the table leg.

“Ilya,” he calls again, this time with a thread of something lighter in his voice. Not panic, not real distress, just enough uncertainty to catch attention. “Uh–can you come here a second?”

There’s a pause before he hears the footsteps coming down the stairs, approaching the living room, unhurried.

“What did you do?” Ilya’s voice comes first, edged with faint amusement even before he rounds the corner.

Shane doesn’t respond immediately. He lets the moment stretch, lets the image speak first.

From Ilya’s perspective, it’s  a sight. Shane, half underneath the coffee table, arms stretched out in front of him. His ass up in the air, shorts straining against the curve of his ass, thigh muscles flexing as his knees were wide apart. His body angled in an awkward way suggesting he got stuck while cleaning or reaching for something. The look on his face was careful, somewhat sheepish and annoyed that he got himself stuck in this position.

“I think I’m stuck,” Shane says finally.

Ilya stops a few steps away, taking it in.

Then, “You think?”

Shane huffs quietly, shifting like he’s trying, and failing, to free himself. The movement makes the table wobble faintly, reinforcing the illusion.

“I was reaching for something and then–” he gestures vaguely with his hand, like the rest should be obvious. “This happened.”

Ilya crosses his arms, not quite buying it, but not dismissing it either. His gaze lingers a moment longer than necessary, sharp in that way that suggests he’s picking apart the situation piece by piece.

“How do you get stuck there even?” Ilya asked, amused.  “Are you actually stuck?”

“Ilya,” Shane says, just a hint of protest slipping in. “Why would I choose this?”

Ilya tries holding in his laughter, placing a hand over his mouth, as Shane wiggles his ass trying to get out. Ilya couldn't quite tell if he was actually trying to get out or he just wanted Ilya to help. Either way he didn't mind, the view was definitely worth it. Was he pushing his ass back?

“What are you doing?”

Shane stilled, choking out something inaudible, before shifting his body again just enough to make it look like he's trying to pull out from under the table.

“Hold on,” Ilya says, stepping in, his tone softening despite himself. He crouches beside the table, one hand bracing lightly against the edge as he leans down to assess the situation.

Shane is aware of everything, the proximity, the way Ilya’s focus narrows entirely onto him, the way his hands hover for a moment before settling against Shane’s arm.

“Okay,” Ilya murmurs. “Relax.”

Shane does instantly. It’s almost automatic, the way his body responds to the instruction, like he always does when Ilya gives him instructions. Shane tries to bite back the smile, but his smile was quick to disappear when Ilya stood up and lifted the table from the side he was stuck under.

Shane slowly backs out from under the table before sitting up on his knees watching how Ilya lowered the table back to the floor. Shane looked down at his hands in his lap, pulling at his fingers embarrassed at his weak attempt to get fucked by his husband.

“Only you could get stuck under a table” Ilya laughs

Shane let out a huff, too embarrassed to meet his husband's gaze, he could feel the tips of his ears were hot and he knew his face must have been scarlet red. Ilya stopped laughing when he noticed Shane's blush.

“Are you ok? Did you get hurt” Ilya asks concerned

“No, no, I'm okay. My back is just a bit stiff” Shane lies, still embarrassed over the whole ordeal.

“Come upstairs we can lay down, if you're nice maybe i will give you massage” Ilya says, stretching his hand out to Shane.

Shane smiles, taking Ilya's hand, getting off the floor, hoping both him and Ilya could forget this whole thing soon.

****

**Second attempt**

Shane waited a week before he decided he was going to try again, this time he chose the bedroom, thinking if he placed lube on the nightstand maybe Ilya would get the hint. It took Shane a long time to decide whether he would pretend to get stuck under the bed or the window pretending it closed on him. In the end he decided on the bed, hanging half out the window seemed a bit too risky.

Shane was halfway under the bed, shoulders and head hidden in the bed, face pressed against the carpet. He tried to not think about when the last time they had properly cleaned under the bed. His arms stretched out in front of him, chest to the floor and ass up. He decided on wearing a pair of black shorts he knew drove Ilya crazy and his shorts had ridden up just enough to make his ass stand out more. He wiggled experimentally, he could definitely get out from under the bed, he wasn't even close to being stuck, but hopefully Ilya wouldn't notice that.

“Mm–” Shane made a strained, very deliberate noise, one that hovered somewhere between frustrated and mildly distressed. He paused, listening for footsteps and soon enough he could hear Ilya exiting the bathroom.

Shane’s heart kicked up immediately, a mix of anticipation and mortification settling low in his stomach.

“What are you doing?” Ilya’s voice came from the bathroom doorway, equal parts confused and already slightly suspicious.

Shane tried to sound normal and failed. “I, uh..dropped something.”

“Under the bed,” Ilya repeated slowly.

“Yes.”

Another pause. Shane could practically hear the way Ilya was frowning. Then the footsteps came closer, slower this time, like he was approaching a deer, like if he made any sudden movements the deer would get frightened.

“Shane, why are you under the bed?”

“I’m stuck,” Shane said, committing fully now.

The room fell silent for a beat and it was long enough that Shane almost pulled himself out right then and there out of sheer embarrassment.

“You are stuck,” Ilya echoed.

“Yes.”

“Like last week.”

Shane squeezed his eyes shut embarrassed about the whole situation.

“I was not–” he started, then stopped himself. “That was different.”

“You were under the coffee table,” Ilya said, stepping closer. “And also stuck.”

“It was a tight angle.”

“It is not a tight angle,” Ilya said flatly.

Shane huffed, trying to shift again just for effect. His shirt dragged slightly against the floor, and he made sure to let out a small, frustrated noise.

Ilya went quiet, staring at his husband's ass, he was wearing the shorts that made his ass look sinful. Shane always wore these when he was trying to get Ilya's attention, but he was confused as to why he was wearing them now, stuck under a bed.

Shane swallowed “Can you help me or not?”

There was a pause, and then, finally, Ilya moved closer, close enough that Shane could feel the shift in air, the warmth of him just behind his legs. Ilya lifted his hand, coming down hard on Shane's left cheek, making him let out a yelp in surprise.

“What are you doing?” Shane asked, voice unsure.

“Sorry, hard not to” Ilya said, smiling down at his husband's ass.

“Lay down” Ilya murmured, tapping on one of Shane's legs with his foot.

Shane obeyed, laying down flat on his stomach, unsure what Ilya's next move was going to be. Ilya's hands landed on Shane’s calves first, warm and steady, sliding up slightly as if assessing the situation. Shane’s breath caught, maybe he was about to finally get what he had been begging for. His hands moved slowly, sliding higher along Shane’s legs, it wasn't quite inappropriate, but not exactly efficient either. Shane pressed his forehead against the floor, heat creeping up his neck.

“Ilya,” he said, trying for exasperation and landing somewhere closer to breathless.

“Mm?”

“You’re not helping.”

“I am thinking,” Ilya said.

“About what?”

“This is strange problem,” Ilya said eventually, but there was a hint of amusement now. “You are the only person I know who repeatedly gets stuck under furniture.”

“I do not repeatedly–”

“You do.”

Shane groaned softly, shifting again just to have something to do with his body. It only made things worse, his shorts riding up more, his position somehow both more ridiculous half under the bed, half not.

Behind him, Ilya let out a quiet exhale.

“Stop moving,” he said.

“I can’t,” Shane muttered.

“You can.”

“I’m uncomfortable.”

“You are making yourself uncomfortable.”

Shane bit back a response, because, well, that part wasn’t entirely wrong, Shane had put himself in this position. He just wanted Ilya to do something, pull his shorts down, slap his ass again, just anything.

Ilya’s hands settled more firmly now, at the top of Shane’s thighs, just under his ass. Ilya gave him a firm squeeze and slapped Shane on the ass again, slightly harder than the last time. Shane bit back a moan, hiding his face into his arm.

“Okay,” he said. “On three, I pull you out.”

Shane’s stomach dropped, disappointed. Shane squeezed his eyes shut, panic and something else tangling together in his chest.

Then Ilya huffed a small, almost amused breath, before counting to three then he pulled. It wasn’t gentle, but it wasn’t rough either, just firm enough that Shane slid out from under the bed in one smooth motion, ending up half sprawled on the floor with his shirt twisted and his dignity somewhere under the mattress. Shane turned over on his back to look up at Ilya who had a smug smile on his face. Shane glared up at him, flushed, hair a mess, eyes bright with something he absolutely was not going to name.

“See?” Ilya said. “That was not hard”

“You didn’t even let me–”

“You were fine,” Ilya cut in, but there was a softer smile tugging at his mouth now, his gaze lingering just a little too long.

“You’re unbelievable,” he muttered.

“And you,” Ilya said, stepping back slightly, “need a new hobby.”

Shane pushed himself up onto his elbows, trying very hard to look indignant and not at all like he’d just staged the entire thing.

“I dropped something,” he insisted weakly.

Ilya raised an eyebrow “What did you drop?”

“I–” Shane froze.

Then Ilya snorted, turning away. “Exactly.”

Ilya stopped at the doorway looking back at Shane who had not moved from the spot, annoyed scowl on his face, cheeks still red from embarrassment.

“When you're done come downstairs, ill make us dinner”

Shane nodded as he watched him go, heart still racing, annoyed that he almost got what he wanted. Maybe next time he needed to pick a less obvious piece or furniture, or maybe a more obvious one.

****

**Attempt three**

Shane had concluded that he needed to be more obvious, so obvious to the point that Ilya would not have any other choice but to fuck him. His next location he decided to get ´stuck´ in was the washing machine, it was physically impossible to get stuck in but it was the only option he was left with. Shane had informed Ilya he would be doing the laundry and since Ilya had no interest in that he knew he had time alone to get ready.

Shane had decided to take all choices from Ilya, how he was going to do that was by prepping so he'd be ready and open for when he'd call Ilya into the laundry room. The next thing he decided to do was wear Ilya's jersey, Ilya always acted like a cave man whenever it came to Shane wearing anything with his last name. It was unreasonable really, since Shane legally had Ilya's last name ever since they got married, Ilya was possessive and enjoyed branding Shane any way he could and Shane didn't mind. The third and final thing Shane decided to do was to wear a pair of black lace panties. Shane had bought it a while back to surprise Ilya with it and Shane just remembers the crazy look in his eyes when he saw Shane in them. These three things combined, Shane was more than sure that Ilya would fuck him when he found him stuck.

Shane had stripped out of his clothes, bending forward over the washing machine hitching one leg on top to try and get a better angle. Shane poured some of the lube he had snuck out of the bedroom. He let out a slow breath as the cold lube covered finger came in contact with his hole. He didn’t drag it out, he didn’t have enough patience for that, pressing a finger in. He wasn’t trying to make it feel good, he just wanted to open himself up enough that he was ready for Ilya. He worked his first finger in and out for a while before adding more lube and pushing in a second. He wanted the lube to be dripping out of him, wet and open just the way Ilya likes it. He continues opening himself up trying to hold back moans as he scissors his finger. Gripping the edge of the machine when he worked a third finger in, his chest flushing

red. He could only begin to imagine how the humiliation would feel if Ilya walked in right now, Shane doesn't think he'd be able to survive it.

Shane's fingers weren't enough and the angle made it difficult to go deeper and reach his prostrate. He pulled his fingers out, his hole clenching around nothing. He hated how empty he felt, excitement buzzing through his body knowing that soon he'd have Ilya inside of him. If Shane were able to choose he'd have Ilya inside him every minute of every day, the feeling of being stretched out, so full of Ilya he could feel him bulging in his stomach. He bit back a moan trying to focus on the task ahead, he soon was about to get what has constantly been on his mind for the past couple of weeks.

Shane quickly pulled on the lace panties, the head of his poking out at the top, precum steady leaking onto the fabric. Shane tugged the Ottawa Centaurs jersey on, smoothing out the fabric.

He quickly sunk down to his knees, placing his upper body into the drum of the washing machine, he knew how dumb it looked. Ilya would never believe he got stuck in here, no part of his body was even touching any of the drums sides, but hopefully Ilya would be distracted by other things. He arched his back slightly, the jersey riding up revealing his underwear. He knew as soon as he called out for Ilya, there was no taking it back. So he took a few deep breaths calming his racing heart.

"Ilya" He called out, voice echoing inside the washing machine. Shane waited a couple seconds listening out for his footsteps and soon enough he could hear them approaching the laundry room.

Ilya stopped in his tracks as soon as he walked into the laundry room, feeling dizzy over how fast the blood rushed from his head down to his dick. Watching his husband half inside a washing machine, ass out.

"Ilya?" Shane asked, voice unsure, "I'm stuck"

"You are stuck?" Ilya asked, catching onto his husband's bluff.

"Yes, now can you help me get out of here?"

Ilya scoffed moving across the room before kneeling behind Shane, his eyes focused on one thing only. The black lace covering his husband's ass, Ilya reached forward with his hand pulling the lace back before letting it snap back against his ass.

"What is all this then?" Ilya asked, repeating the same motion.

"Its laundry day, i dont have any other clean stuff"

Ilya hummed, not even dignifying Shane's lies with an answer. Ilya raised his hand placing a hard slap onto Shane's left ass cheek, making the man let out a yelp in surprise, noise echoing around the drum.

“What are you doing?” Shane asked and Ilya could practically hear how pleased he was through his voice.

“You want me to help you out?”

“Yes”

“Then sush” Ilya said, placing a sharp slap onto the other cheek watching the skin turn flush pink.

“So pretty wearing my jersey, you like having my name on you?”

Shane didn't reply, pushing his ass back further into Ilya, like he was begging him to do something about it. Ilya took that as a sign grabbing the meaty flesh of his husband's ass, grip slightly too hard. He knew it would probably bruise, Ilya liked that everyone would be able to see the bruises and they’d know exactly who put it there. He enjoyed knowing that everyone around them would know that Ilya was the one who marked him up and Shane just took it.

Ilya continued kneading the flesh, pulling his cheeks apart watching the black lace fabric press against his hole. Taking his thumb he couldn't help but press against Shane's hole, easily slipping in. Shane groaned at the feeling of the lace against his rim, the fabric too rough inside him. He hung his head down, forehead pressing against the cool metallic drum, whine echoing.

“So wet for me already?” Ilya muses, smirking at how easy it was to slip his thumb inside Shane. “You were in here fingering yourself?”

“No” Shane wines, pushing himself back onto Ilya's thumb.

Ilya was quick to remove his thumb listening to the disappointed whines coming from the man beneath him.

“So your pussy is this wet from just seeing me” Ilya mocks, pulling the lace panties to the side to see Shane hole dripping with lube clenching around nothing.

“Its not a pussy” Shane mumbles, heat creeping up his neck

“Youre pussy is dripping, always so wet for me” Ilya says, rubbing his thumb over Shane’s hole.

“You said you were gonna help me out” Shane says, still sticking to his original plan of pretending he is stuck

“Let me just look, i will help you get out” Ilya plays along

“Youre doing more than looking” Shane mutters

That earns him two quick sharp slaps to his ass, making him buck forward biting down onto his own forearm to hold back his moans. Ilya rubs his fingers over Shane's hole, it’s slow, spreading the lube dribbling out of Shane around and it’s driving him insane. His fingers are

slow altering between circling his rim and dragging his fingers up and down, fingers lazily gliding down to his perineum applying pressure, before moving back to his hole. If Shane didn't know any better he would say Ilya was rubbing his hole as if it was a clit. The thought of that alone made Shane let out an airy whine, mindlessly pushing himself back against Ilya.

Ilya removes his fingers from Shane's hole earning him a disapproving whine. Shoving his shorts and boxers down to get his hard leaking dick out, he lets out a groan when he wraps his hand at the base of his dick. Shane tries to crane his neck back to see but its dark inside the washing machine and his own body is obstructing his view. Ilya slaps his dick against Shane's hole, making him buck forward due to surprise. He teases the head of his dick over Shane's rim, precum mixing with lube.

"Ilya stop, get me out of here" Shane whines, voice sounding more airy than he wanted

Ilya laughs behind him, laughing at his husband's terrible acting. Ignoring his words, slapping his dick against Shane's hole once, twice and then a third time before the head of his dick catches on Shane's rim. Shane's breath hitches when he feels Ilya press the tip of his head inside. Despite Shane opening himself up with three fingers and the obscene amount of lube it still felt like an intrusion, his hole stretching, burning slightly, to accommodate Ilya's sheer size.

"Youre so tight baby, like a pussy all wet and hot for me" Ilya muses, the tip of his dick still nestled in Shane's hole.

"Stop, just get me out here" Shane whines, "You said you would just look, you're taking advantage of the situation"

"Just the tip baby" Ilya assures him, spreading his cheeks to watch Shane flutter around him.

"No" Shane practically yelled, kicking Ilya to try and get away from him.

Ilya pulled out, grabbing Shane's calves, pulling them together so his legs were no longer spread open and pinning them between his own knees, so this way Shane's legs were pressed together and he could no longer kick him. Ilya pushed Shane's back down so he was laying flat against the inside of the washing machine, back arched and ass up.

"No please" Shane whined, unable to move between Ilya's legs and the hand on his back holding him down.

"Shut up" Ilya said through gritted teeth, slapping his ass with his free hand watching as the skin turned red.

Ilya grabbed the base of his dick giving himself a couple quick strokes, pulling the black lace panties the side lining himself up at Shane's hole and pushing in with one fast thrust, hips flush with Shane's ass. Ilya lets out a groan at how tight he is. He will never get over the feeling of having his full length buried inside his husband. Ilya doesn't give time to adjust before he's pulling out again and slamming back in hard. He ignores the protests falling from

his husband's mouth and the hand that he had snaked out pushing against Ilya's hip, trying to get away from his dick.

“Youre acting like you don't want this, begging me to stop” Ilya grunted out in between thrusts, laughing at how pathetic Shanes wines sounded. “Youre bent over in panties, my jersey, my name on your back, your pussy all wet and ready for me. And you expect me not to fuck you?”

“Ilya” Shane whined, ears burning hot, stomach pressing against the edge of the drum. He knew it would leave bruises.

“Youre so fucking tight” Ilya groans as Shane squeezes around him. “This was what you wanted huh? Bending you over fucking your tight little pussy” Shane keens at his words.

“Say its what you wanted”

“Nnggh”

“Use your words”

“No” Shane whines, which earns him a sharp slap to his ass.

“Such a brat” Ilya grunts

Shane's hips buck forward when he feels Ilya's hand snaking its way to his front, fingers lightly brushing against the head of his dick, that's poking out of his panties. Ilya circles his fingers around the head, finger pushing into the slit making Shane moan, spreading the precum around the head. Shane's body stutters when Ilya's fingers find the sensitive spot under his head, rubbing it, making him dribble out another bead of precum.

“Your clit wants attention too?” Ilya taunts

Shane's whole body flushes with embarrassment, embarrassed about how much he wanted it. He refuses to answer, just pushing his hips back against Ilya, trying to meet his harsh thrust. Ilya laughs at the needy whine Shane lets out when Ilya stops thrusting and removes his hand from his aching dick.

“Say it and i will continue”

Shane let out a non audible sound, tears pooling at his eyes due to the sheer humiliation of it all, but he wanted it more than anything.

“Please touch me”

“Touch you where? Your back?” He asks, gently running his hand up and down his back.

“Touch my clit please”

“Such a good girl” Ilya coos

He reaches into the washing machine bringing Shane's arm out and taking the other that was placed on Ilya's hip, bringing them to his back and holding his wrists with one arm. Using Shane's hands, Ilya fucked him back onto his dick, meeting his thrust half way. Shane's body jolting forward with each hard thrust, Ilya mesmerised by the sight of his dick entering Shane's body. Ilyas thrusts are intense and relentless, Shane can feel how much he's stretching him open around his thick girth.

“There, right there” Shane cries out, pressing his face against the inside of the machine. Tears spilling from his eyes.

“So good for me, such a pretty cockslut” Ilya says, looking down at his swollen and red hole, fluttering around his dick.

Ilya was hyperfocused on hitting Shane's prostate with every thrust, the other man whimpering in response, struggling to get air in his lungs. Ilya's thrusts slow down, but the force doesn't and Shane swears he can feel Ilya in his stomach, making his dick twitch. Ilya reaches around again, rubbing on the underside of his dick as if it were a clit and it doesn't take long before Shane can feel the heat pooling in his stomach. Ilya knows he's close by the way he's clenching down around him and how gone he sounds and the words tumbling out of his mouth don't seem to make sense any more.

“Gonna cum for me?” He asks through gritted teeth

Shane makes a sound which he takes as confirmation and a few more hard thrusts and Shane is spurting out long white ropes that splatter on the bottom of the washing machine before dripping onto the floor. Ilya fucks him through his orgasam while chasing his own. Shane can feel how Ilya twitches inside of him, his balls drawing up tight against his perineum, before he pulses inside of him shooting out long ropes, warmth filling him. Ilya rides out his orgasam, his dick rubbing over Shane's prostate and if he wasn't completely exhausted Shane would have probably gotten hard again.

Ilya pulls out after a minute, breathing heavily as he carefully pulls his dick out of Shane. Shane winces, but too exhausted to move. He lets out a cold shudder when he feels Ilyas cum leaking out of him and dripping down his perineum and the back of his thighs. He hated the wet sensation and the feeling of it dripping down his thighs. His hips buck forward when he feels Ilya drag his fingers through the mess, pushing two fingers inside of him trying to get the cum to stay inside.

Ilya drags his fingers out gathering cum onto his fingers, before he pulls Shane out of the machine by a hand on the back of his neck. Shane doesn't get the chance to say anything before two fingers are in his mouth, feeding him cum and pushing down on his tongue. Shane moans around the fingers, sucking on them savouring the taste of Ilya. He swirls his tongue around the digits, spit pooling where Ilya is pressing down. Shane lets out a protest when Ilya removes his fingers, but it doesn't last long as Ilya pulls him in for a kiss.

Shane moans into Ilya's mouth when he feels his fingers back inside of him, Ilya fucking his cum back into his hole. Ilya pulls back from the kiss bringing his cum covered fingers up to his mouth, cleaning the mess. And it's obscene really, but Shane can't help but watch as Ilya's cheeks hollow around his own fingers. Ilya pulls Shane back into a kiss, shoving his tongue

into Shanes mouth and feeding him his cum. Shane moans into his mouth, sucking on his tongue trying not to waste a single drop. The kiss is sloppy and slow, spit and cum covering both their chins.

Ilya is first to break the kiss, Shane whines at the loss. Ilya cant help but smile at the state of his husband, his cheeks red under his freckles. His hair sticking to his forehead due to sweat, his otherwise clear brown eyes now very dark and glossy. Tears, spit and cum all over his face and Ilya felt proud that he could get his husband like this. Proud that he was the only one who got to see him like this.

“You did so good” Ilya said, placing a peck to his nose.

“I did?” Shane asks, smiling at the praise

“Youre always so good to me, my perfect beautiful boy” Ilya confirmed, running his fingers through his hair. Shane scrunching his nose knowing where those fingers were a couple moments ago.

Ilya sat down on the floor of the laundry room back to the wall, pulling Shane down onto him holding him close. Shane was compliant sitting down on Ilya's lap, nuzzling his face into the side of his neck, taking him his smell, licking the sweat pooled at the bottom of his neck. Shane knew that he was probably dripping cum onto Ilya's lap but he was too tired to care and Ilya wasn't complaining.

“Are you gonna tell me what this was about then?” Ilya asks after a beat

“No”

“You can tell me” Ilya insists

“Its embarrassing”

“I just fed you my cum from my mouth, nothing is embarrassing" Ilya says, wrapping his arms tighter around Shane, who just made a disapproving sound.

“You remember when the guys were talking about favourite porn categories?” he mumbles into Ilya's neck

“Yes, when i said mine was boring canadians with freckles” Ilya smiled

“Yes” Shane rolled his eyes at that, “Well bood said stuck and fucked. And I hadn't heard that one before. So i looked it up just because i was curious”

“You were curious?"

“I liked it and then I didn't know how to tell you” he admitted

“Thats why you were stuck under table and bed?”

“Ugh, don't remind me”

“I am very stupid man for not understanding sooner” Ilya says with a chuckle

“No you cant read my mind and it was weird i guess” Shane shrugs

“Not weird, it was hot i liked it”

“You did” Shane asks, removing his face from Ilya's neck to look at him

“Everything you do is hot. Anytime I get to have sex with you is hot” Ilya says, proud when he sees Shane's face flush red. “Maybe we should send Bood thank you flowers”

“I will cut your dick off” Shane threatens

“Why? can't I thank the man for putting beautiful ideas in my beautiful husband's head?” Ilya asks, with a serious tone to his voice

“No Ilya” Shane says, tugging at his hair

“Fine” he grumbles, before placing a soft peck to his lips

“We should get up and shower, then you can clean in here” Shane says getting up from Ilya's lap.

“Why do I clean?”

“Because you made me cum all over the washing machine” he stated as if it was obvious

“You were the one pretending to be stuck in washing machine so i fuck you”

“I wasn't pretending” Shane said offended at the implications

“Baby, not even a whale could get stuck in there,” Ilya said, following his husband out the laundry room. Continuing to whine the whole way up to the bathroom, finally shutting up when Shane sunk down to his knees in the shower.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!! If you want to follow me on twt my acc is @clemmyhollander I do be tweeting some bullshit over three. Kudos and comments are highly appreciated.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!