

On the Grassy Shore

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On the Grassy Shore

by [LadyElspeth](#)

Summary

At the cottage, Ilya Rozanov asked Shane Hollander to practice yoga.

Taking another long sip from his bottle of cold beer, Ilya grinned.

“Hey, Hollander,” he said in an upbeat voice, “where’s your yoga mat? I haven’t seen it.”

Even though Shane was wearing sunglasses in the lazy afternoon light as he leaned down to check out the stove to prepare for dinner, Ilya could bet that Shane was rolling his eyes.

“Please tell me you aren’t thinking about that stupid house tour again. Why?”

“Why not?” Ilya shrugged. “Learned some new words too. ‘Fortress of solitude,’ am I saying it right?” he pronounced carefully, not wanting to mess up any syllable.

“Because I still can’t believe you watched the whole damn thing!”

Shane threw a rag resting on the grill’s handle to Ilya, who caught it easily only to toss it aside.

“I did. I want to see it.”

Shane turned around sharply to stare at Ilya.

“See what? Me doing yoga?”

A larger grin, almost wicked, was expanding on Ilya’s face. He knew how Shane loved it when he smiled like that—just a matter of time before Shane gave in.

“Oh yes. You showed it to the camera crew. You can show it to me.”

And Shane was already blushing.

“All right,” Shane mumbled, moving his eyes away from Ilya’s face and starting to walk indoors. “I’ll be right back.”

Ilya tried to hide his excitement by nodding slightly and drinking the beer again.

A minute later, Shane reappeared with the light blue yoga mat, the same one that Ilya saw on his tv in Boston, and spread it on the grass.

Ilya shook his head and clicked his tongue loudly.

Shane paused, looking up with raised brows.

“No, no, it’s wrong. Turn it to the side,” Ilya instructed. “I need the same angle.”

Shane chuckled, “Asshole.”

Nevertheless, he moved the yoga mat, and Ilya nodded with approval.

What happened next was so mesmerizing that Ilya nearly let the bottle of beer slip through his fingers several times.

Fucking hell, Shane was taking off his sunglasses, shoes, and socks. Then, he was on his stomach, legs flat as he hoisted his torso with the bulging muscles of his arms. And Shane got on one foot and stretched, his toned arms glistening under the sun.

Each pose was meticulous, and Ilya felt like he was in a classroom in a high-end yoga studio. Instinctively, he held his breath and leaned forward in his Adirondack chair, his sunglasses unable to hide the intensity of the gaze underneath.

When Shane turned around to face the lake, away from Ilya, and reached down, his tight, round buttocks flush against his shorts were too much.

Okay. That was it! Ilya decided.

In a flash, he carelessly put down his sunglasses, then the bottle, not caring that it fell and the rest of his drink spilled into the grass. He bridged the distance between them, kicked aside his sandals, and stepped on the mat to stand behind Shane.

Shane wasn't done with the last pose. He sucked in a breath when Ilya touched his stomach, pulling him in.

"Want to learn yoga?" Shane laughed, leaning back into Ilya's strong chest.

"Yes. Maybe. I don't care."

Ilya didn't want to think about English words anymore. He wanted to pin Shane down on his slutty yoga mat that he dared to show to the whole world and fuck him.

Turning to face Ilya, Shane smiled. The light breeze, sweet like lemonade, lifted a strand of hair by Shane's ear. His hair was a little longer now compared to his look during the season, and Ilya loved it. And the light brown in Shane's eyes as they reflected the sunlight was as tasty as honey.

Ilya leaned in to kiss that adorable strand of hair, eyes taking in the bridge of freckles on Shane's face.

"You're too cute," Ilya said.

Shane blushed and kissed Ilya back on the lips.

But their touches on each other's arms and chest soon became heated in the summer sun. Shane pulled off his tank top, and Ilya, not wearing anything on his chest to begin with, helped him throw it aside.

"Show me more yoga," Ilya murmured and turned Shane around, making them both get down.

When Ilya towered over Shane, who was on his hands and knees, he tried to protest:

“Should we really do this outside?”

Ilya was sliding Shane’s shorts and boxers off already.

“Why not? We touched each other out here, a few days ago, yes?” Ilya put one hand over his forehead, pretending to throw glances at the lake. “I don’t see any boats.”

“This idea is so fucking stupid,” Shane said.

But he didn’t object when Ilya licked his finger before putting it on Shane’s opening, pressing it gently.

“Hollander. Do another yoga pose? You’re flexible, yes?”

“Fuck you.”

Shane’s response came out between clenched teeth, and that made Ilya smile darkly. When Shane moaned more and more, Ilya pushed his fingertip inside. The sun shining on both of them was warm, and Ilya wanted to enjoy this weather and this process of him getting Shane ready without hurry.

If only the man in front of him, now lowering himself to his elbows and knees, would be equally patient.

Ilya didn’t even have to pump Shane hard before he was moaning and shivering on the yoga mat. His back was dipped lower. His ribs were visible as he struggled.

“I wanted to see you like this,” Ilya said, “when I was watching the tour. Fuck you everywhere at this place. And when you do yoga. That was so *fucking* hot. Was that you showing off?”

Shane was probably trying to come up with a smart response.

He failed.

Because only a louder gasp filled the air when Ilya added another finger.

Ilya was pumping faster now. His free hand held Shane in place by his hip. The drops of sweat appearing on Shane’s back were too hard to resist, and Ilya leaned down to lick them, pressing his hand deeper.

“Fuck, Ilya...” Shane mumbled.

Ilya took his fingers out and pushed back in. “Tell me what you want.”

“Fuck me.”

“No, no no,” Ilya shook his head, fingering Shane a little harder. “Forgetting something?”

Shane took a deep, defeated breath after a whimper. He couldn’t anymore.

“Fuck me, p-please, *sir*. ”

“Hmm, better this time.”

Ilya pulled his hand away and dragged Shane to get up. He was still panting desperately when Ilya was holding him up by his waist and legs, kissing him, and walking quickly back to the inside of the cottage.

“Where do you want to go?” Ilya nuzzled Shane on the nose.

Shane looked at him with half-lidded eyes. “Anywhere. Just hurry.”

Feeling how much Shane wanted him sent flutters down Ilya’s heart. He kissed Shane again, fingers clutched into Shane, whose legs wrapped around his waist.

A small gasp came out of Shane when Ilya reached down to open the coffee table drawer for a bottle of lube and condom.

Probably worried that he would fall, Shane was holding Ilya’s neck and back tighter. So adorable, Ilya smiled.

Quickly after that, another gasp followed—Ilya pressed Shane’s back with a hard slam, like them pushing each other around on the ice, to the nearest wall of the spacious living room. Then, Ilya wasted no time in tearing the condom wrapper with his teeth. He poured lube over his palm, stroking himself a few times before tapping the wet tip on Shane’s opening.

Shane moaned and wiggled in Ilya’s arms.

“I love seeing you like this, Shane,” Ilya whispered to his lips.

Gently, Ilya sank into him, and Shane was throwing back his head and exposing his throat, his eyelids closed.

A tsunami or a dark storm could happen out on the lake, and Ilya still wouldn’t be able to take his eyes off Shane, because Shane was taking him so well.

“You like it, yes?” Ilya said after he started thrusting.

Shane opened his mouth, but he only nodded. His head was barely able to move.

Their breathing and the slams of their flesh were becoming louder and louder.

“Ilya...” With wet, eager lips, Shane kissed him. He kissed Shane back just as hungrily, picking up the pace.

More broken sighs and gasps were whispered into Ilya’s mouth from Shane’s shivering lips.

Fuck, Ilya closed his eyes, letting himself get lost in the sensation that was right now—this was what he dreamed their future could be like. Sure, this was his first visit, but Ilya was already fantasizing about coming back here, back to this cottage, hopefully his future home

with Shane one day. He could fuck Shane and make him cry out as loudly as they wanted. No more hiding. No more being careful.

Before he realized what he was doing, he was kissing Shane again.

“I... I love you,” he said.

Shane’s flushed cheeks beneath the freckles turned even pinker. “I love you, Ilya.”

And, holding Shane tighter by his neck and hips, Ilya was moving them to the couch nearby. He set Shane down with tenderness, not pulling out of him, and raised Shane’s calves to his own shoulders.

Shane seemed to understand the dark grin on Ilya’s face, because he was more flustered.

“Yoga makes you *so* flexible. Such a good boy,” Ilya said, teasing and thrusting faster.

Again, Shane wanted to respond, but no, he couldn’t.

Pressing Shane’s wrists by his head, Ilya was splitting Shane into two with every wild thrust. Shane was clearly close: he was rolling back his eyes and whimpering uncontrollably.

When Ilya took one hand away to stroke Shane, he was done for. Arching his back even though Ilya was pressing down on him, Shane climaxed hard, his cum landing all over Ilya’s muscular, sweaty chest and stomach.

If Ilya wasn’t already almost there, that scene was enough. Slamming into Shane faster and faster, Ilya finally stilled with a deep moan. His cock pulsed in Shane, and Shane continued to clench around him.

For the next several minutes, they just kissed each other.

Neither man was eager to pull apart. And slowly, very slowly, Ilya put Shane’s legs down while caressing the sheen of sweat gathered at the surface of his smooth skin.

“You are so pretty,” Ilya smiled, looking down on Shane.

The soft rays of the setting sun poured into the room, lighting up the edge of Shane’s warm brown eyes.

Shane’s lips moved—maybe he wanted to tell Ilya to stop being so smitten, but he didn’t.

Instead, he smiled back and pulled Ilya down by the neck, answering him with another long, indulgent kiss.

Stroking Shane’s hair, Ilya was so very incredibly in love.

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