

Restless For Your Touch

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/80522176) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/80522176>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Lingerie , Anal Sex , Praise Kink , Dirty Talk , Rimming , Creampie , Vodka Play , Dom/sub , Teasing , Coming Untouched , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , Rough Sex , Power Play , Pool Table Sex , Sexual Overstimulation , Semi-Public Sex , Light BDSM , Russian , Brat Shane Hollander , Possessive Sex , Degradation , Spanking , Aftercare , Smut , Crying During Sex , Choking , Orgasm Denial , Shane Hollander Wears Panties , POV Shane Hollander , Mean Dom Ilya Rozanov , Whiny Shane Hollander , Come Eating
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-03-03 Words: 6,904 Chapters: 1/1

Restless For Your Touch

by [alex_q111](#)

Summary

Ilya slithers a hand to the hollow of Shane's throat, resting it there.

"Everything?" he repeats.

"Yes, sir."

or

Shane and Ilya's little date by a pool table turns into a heated collision of desire and control.

Notes

Yay, my first work for this fandom, and of course it's dom/sub with choking!

This idea came to me just three days ago, and I was, like, fuck it, I have to write it. I would definitely post this sooner if ao3 wasn't going down every other hour.

Enjoy!

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

The bar lighting shimmers under the neons, the air buzzing with a coiled grip that seems to pull Shane into a dizzying headspace, liquid warmth setting his body ablaze. Drawing on practiced skill, he takes a careful step around the square table. His hunting eyes are set on the man in the corner, whose legs are spread in a wide stance, as if whispering for Shane to come up and take a seat.

He shoves the thought away.

He reinforces his attention onto the fifteen billiard balls in front of him, set in a perfectly shaped triangle, dragging him into the game quietly, suggesting he break down the perfection into a mess. His eyes narrow in an attempt to channel his accuracy.

Shane puts the cue stick onto the rim of the pool table, covered with terry cloth. The navy blue stretches across the wood like an ocean hiding life beneath its surface. He hears the faint swirl of liquid inside a glass, daring to distract him. He shakes his head without looking up.

Having to lean down, he bends at the waist, his hips sprawling in a teasing gesture. Ilya's breath catches for one precise second, and Shane sets his legs wider when he understands the effect of his movements. His silky button-up rustles in the quiet. He inhales, long and thorough, and sets the cold, thin cue on the bridge of his hand, closing one eye.

Any remaining music from outside distorts, his brain shutting out the unwanted noise and focusing on the set goal.

He knows Ilya is right behind him, resting on the vintage armchair like a king on a throne, confident he owns the room. Shane refuses to believe that. He can't let himself think that it's true, can't admit this whole evening has turned into a chase of lies and emotions, twisting the atmosphere into something unstable. The second the door behind them closed—shut by one of the servers, a woman in her thirties covered in tattoos and piercings—something shifted.

He swallows, and the saliva soothes his dry throat, his lips gleaming a pinker shade under the dimmed yellow fluorescent lights. The white cue ball is sitting right in front of his eyes, the pointing stick sliding between his index finger and thumb with testing movements. His chin hovers above the table edge, elbow pointing high behind him.

Using a learned amount of physical skill, he strikes the cue ball forward, instantly straightening up when the loud crack scatters the rest of the colorful balls across the table. His spine relaxes at the roll, and he proudly bites on his lip, striding toward another corner.

Ilya sits quietly, his presence nearly silent.

The private room reeks of liquor, the sharp burn flaring Shane's nostrils when he first came in. Ilya had followed behind him with a firm palm on the small of his back. There is a hint of smoked tobacco, heavy in his mouth. He guesses it hasn't gone away since the visit of the previous guests.

The thick curtains are shut together, the high ceiling inviting to look up if someone wishes to see the golden chandelier. The crystal prisms and icicles chime with the breeze that sneaks its way inside only when the doors are opened by the staff.

He takes a deliberate stroll toward the opposite side of the pool table, heart beating louder when he feels Ilya's stare in his peripheral vision, predatory and bold, just like the man himself.

Ilya is barely visible beneath the overhead light, which would blind Shane if he tried to look directly at him.

He doesn't.

Sitting in the shadowed corner, Ilya drinks what seems to be vodka, expensive and sharp, like every piece of clothing he has always bought for Shane.

He successfully ignores the tightness hugging his groin, a lacy string pulling taut around his hips, narrowing his waist. Ilya told him to wear it before they stepped out of the house, giving him an encouraging slap on the ass after he handed him the dark purple pair. It always makes it easier for Ilya to hold onto from behind while he fucks into him.

A shiver runs down his spine.

Shane leans down over the table again, the stick sitting easily between his fingers. This time, he doesn't exaggerate the bend, knowing Ilya wouldn't be able to see anyway, so there's no point. Every move he makes exists for Ilya's eyes only; if he isn't there to witness it, Shane won't do it.

He dares to look up at the man whose eyes have been piercing him all night, undressing and curving Shane's body to his own needs. His face would be down on whatever surface was in front of them, whispering filth while Ilya drove inside him, claiming him hard and unforgivingly. Just like Shane loves.

Ilya's eyes are dark, lustful, caring about every sway of his hips as Shane settles his heels into the floor and flexes his arm, the buttons of his shirt falling loose around his throat, exposing skin. Slowly, he takes another sip.

Shane flutters his eyelashes innocently and licks his lips, sharp gaze following every purposeful maneuver in return. He has perfect knowledge of what Ilya does to him when he plays coy and dumb.

His shy act quickly turns into deliberate torture. With fake serenity, Ilya stays still in his chair, the ice in his drink melting.

Another ball rolls down the table, close to the pocket but still not quite there. Shane swears in his head, brushing off the struggle to find the thread of his composure. It seems to be turning into invisible strands, slipping from his fingers.

Ilya stands up, widening his broad shoulders. The diffused light outlines his tight jaw, the strain in his neck becoming noticeable with the turn of his head. Shane clears his throat, careful not to startle Ilya, who watches him as he walks forward.

He revels in how quickly he can fray the last strand of Ilya's self-control. A smirk spreads across his face, excitement rippling at the thought of finally feeling Ilya behind him, hearing his hushed voice, smelling the spirit on his breath.

His lips curl downward when Ilya passes him as if he's not even there and walks up to a small stand in the corner of the room, without even giving him a light squeeze on his waist.

Shane exhales sharply.

Holding up a bottle, Ilya pours himself half a glass of vodka—his favorite brand—resting his fingers on the rim. He doesn't even peek at him. Shane huffs through his nose, the quickening pace of his heart slowing down with the denial of adrenaline.

Ilya walks toward the cushions, the clink of ice following his steps. He flops onto the chair, and it dips underneath him, creaking as he relaxes into it, resting his elbow lazily. Shane's eyes fall to the black pants, making it impossible to see if he is hard or not, then onto his chest and the crucifix that lies upon it, shiny against his collarbones. Only then does he allow himself a glimpse of the strict shape of his lips. Ilya brings his glass to his mouth when he notices, inhaling the sharp scent of vodka. His gaze stays on Shane the whole time.

Shane shrugs, trying to find anything else to look at. Intentionally, he marches to the opposite side of the table. He leads himself to the most dangerous spot he could have found himself in tonight. Right in front of Ilya, with his back turned to him.

His chest heaves as he moves his legs, averting his gaze to the table. He forces his body to bend, the feeling of Ilya watching from behind compelling him to bow forward. His breath stutters when Ilya brushes his foot against his clothed ankle. He doesn't have a chance to look back because Ilya's leg is already withdrawn, instead resting on his own thigh.

Shane crooks his fingers into the right position and regains his grip. Striking the cue stick, the billiard ball rolls down the fabric, spinning around itself. It hits another with a sharp clatter and pushes it only an inch away from the pocket. He grits his teeth.

He's supposed to be good at this, it's his chance to show off his strength and power to Ilya. But tonight, it's nowhere to be found.

The silence settles, and he tries to steady himself, his hold, and the shiver in his hands that he doesn't notice until now. He wants nothing more than to have a taste of the cold liquid resting in the clear glass in Ilya's hands. Maybe it would be the only way to calm himself down, he thinks.

There is a shift behind him, quiet and barely noticeable. Before Shane can turn his head toward the source of it, there is the weight of another body on him—solid, warm, familiar. He gulps thickly when Ilya's chest braces into his back, Shane's legs positioned between his.

Ilya sets a glass down on the table surface, his pace controlled. The ice cube gleams under the light, the crystal-clear liquid turning it into water second by agonizing second, mixing together.

Shane waits.

Ilya's hand drifts down his aiming arm without hurry, causing a sudden shudder to run through him. A pink flush warms his already scorching face, and he dips his head down, taking a steadying breath. He barely cares when the stick clatters onto the ground, forgotten.

He feels Ilya's breath on his neck, his wide palm covering Shane's fist, fingers settling over his. Shane's lip trembles with effort and burning need, but he suppresses it, holding himself up on his wobbly knees. The hunger in his body races back and forth, quicker than his brain. It picks up on every single brush of Ilya's body against his own.

When Ilya kneels down behind him, he stalls. Lingers. Ilya's face is right behind his thighs, so close to where he wants and craves him, so much that it borders on pain—emotional and physical. But Ilya only picks the cue stick up, precise and slow. *Too slow.*

He hovers above him, the breadth of his body covering Shane's back like a beast closing in on prey. Except Ilya doesn't bite into him, doesn't even touch him properly, and Shane desperately wishes that he would.

They've done this a hundred times, turning dates into power plays, forcing each other to savor every passing moment as nothing but torment. They seduce themselves into needing each other, commanding their bodies to yield, longing through physical press before the mind can catch up.

Yet every time, Shane falls into the same trap. His mind goes blank, and his brain turns gooey, a whisper that he will be left deprived lingering somewhere far away. Ilya never has. He never does. Every single time, he gives and worships and uses him however he wants. The reminder has Shane falling limp against his chest, his grip on the stick loosening.

"Focus," Ilya murmurs into his ear, his voice a low rumble that sends a wave of goosebumps down Shane's neck, little hairs standing up. It's the first time he's said anything in the last half an hour, and Shane's mouth curls upward when he finally has Ilya on and around him.

Shane's hand stutters for a beat before he slips the stick between his fingers in the correct form. A tremble runs through him when Ilya traps his hips against him more firmly, angling them to rub through the fabric.

Guiding the tip toward the pocket, Ilya holds steady, one palm on Shane's pointed elbow, the other squeezing the back of his hand, applying strength to lead him. They move in sync, and when they swing their arms at the same time, attentive and controlled, the ball strikes another and accurately falls into the pocket, disappearing out of sight.

A grin rises on Shane's mouth, and he lets out a heavy breath, relieved. Without releasing his hand, Ilya moves his palm up his forearm to his shoulder, making Shane's brain go fuzzy.

The touch feels electric on his sensitive skin. A faint sound escapes his mouth, and his throat closes in an attempt to hide it.

“Continue,” is all that Ilya says, giving Shane a purpose. He pouts, upset, thinking they would move like this again. Instead, Ilya abruptly leaves him, the warmth of his body vanishing.

Shane squints his eyes and starts aiming for another hit, ignoring the tightening in his chest.

Large hands seize his waist, nails digging into the velvet silk of the fabric. Shane gasps sharply, and Ilya’s arms slither to the buttons at his throat, undoing them one by one.

“Stop getting distracted, baby. Focus,” Ilya commands, the alcohol on his breath messing with Shane’s head.

He presses his lips together, ignoring the heat brushing his collarbones, and lowers his chest. The shirt eases off his shoulders with Ilya’s help, exposing him to the cool air. It falls to the floor quietly, pooling at their feet.

His nipples harden and his abs tense from the cold, but Ilya’s hands are already there to soothe him. They move across the front of his body, their pace urgent and fast, each touch igniting his already burning skin. Shane’s clutch on the stick breaks, and his palm claws at the blue table, trying to find something to hold on to.

Ilya looms behind him, squeezing his pecs. His hot breath finds a trail to Shane’s ear, and he squirms when his lips wet his earlobe. Grazing it with his teeth, he continues to grope Shane, whose mouth goes slack in response.

Ilya is persistent, tenacious, and Shane can only chew on the insides of his cheeks to avoid falling apart on the spot. He slides his tongue inside Shane’s ear, licking upward. Shane sighs when the faint nudge turns into suction.

His limbs no longer hold him up, so he rests his hands on the surface, nails clawing into his palms painfully—but not as painfully as Ilya’s hardness pressing against him right where he wants it most, still denying him a taste.

Suddenly, Ilya is working the buckle of his belt, the clink of the motion forcing Shane to freeze mid-thought. His dick twitches in his pants, tight in the lingerie and already dampening the delicate fabric that Ilya loves when he wears for him. His fingers are swift, and he pulls the slacks down without sparing him any gentleness.

His barely covered ass is presented to Ilya, plump and soft and ready for him to take apart and fill. Except Ilya just stares, panting. Shane gathers enough courage to tease, so he sways backward. He moves in gentle circles, putting in the effort to unravel Ilya. He feels his erection, and his muscles go rigid. It’s hot and thick and pulsing, and Shane doesn’t know what to do when the result of his earlier performance finally hits him.

His head becomes clouded, his eyes unfocused, letting Ilya carry on touching and squeezing his bare skin. His mouth opens to beg, to say something, but it closes again when Ilya extends

his hand, dangerously close to his arms that still lie straight on the pool table.

Without touching Shane, he picks up his glass. There is a tiny cube lying at the bottom, covered by a clear liquid that would make Shane wince if he were to sniff it. Standing right behind him, Ilya brings the glass to his lips and takes a generous sip of his drink.

A shiver runs down the length of Shane's body, his patience tearing. Without saying a word, Ilya taps him on the cheek, grabbing his jaw and turning his face around. Shane finally sees his eyes up close—dark, dazed, primal—the look only Shane can cause. A low sound gets stuck in his throat when Ilya moves his chin toward his lips.

Ilya squeezes hard enough for his mouth to open, and Shane does just that, holding eye contact and not daring to break it. Ilya leans down and parts his lips further. Their gazes remain inches away from one another, and Shane finally understands what Ilya wants from him.

Scorching, acidic liquid drips down from Ilya's mouth, a thin stream of vodka filling his aching throat. A hungry smile stretches across Shane's face, and he wants more. Despite the taste, he needs more—because it's Ilya's, because it's given so generously, and because he doesn't want to waste a single drop.

A streak runs down his chin, and Ilya laps his tongue there, the scent of his breath making Shane whimper.

“Swallow. All of it,” he commands, his tongue swiping across his own bottom lip, tasting Shane and alcohol.

Shane gulps down the mix of liquids in his mouth—vodka, Ilya's spit, and his own saliva—that threatens to spill at any second. His lashes tremble, and when Ilya sees that there is nothing left in Shane's mouth, he says, “Good job.”

The praise sends Shane into oblivion, and he doesn't care about how damp the lace has become. He doesn't care about anything except Ilya's guidance.

Ilya runs his hand down Shane's spine, feeling every bump and ridge under his palm. His fingers stop at his lower back, where the delicate dimples show. Shane catches his lip between his teeth, his mouth curling upward because he knows how much Ilya adores them. Warmth coils low in his stomach, anticipation making his knees go weak.

But Ilya's grasp holds him up. It always does.

He brings Shane upright so he can support himself on his palms. Resting them into the cold edge of the long-forgotten table, he bends over, giving Ilya access to kiss and touch him.

Ilya doesn't.

He takes another long sip behind him, stretching time and coercing Shane into patience. His nostrils flare, and he fights the urge to protest. He closes his eyes instead and tries to quiet the loud pounding of his heart.

The aftertaste of vodka and Ilya is pleasant, and he smiles to himself, a pink blush heating him. He freezes when Ilya's big hands stop at his sides and hook into the sleek line of his waistband. Tugging the lacy panties down, Ilya presses his mouth to his nape and sucks, harsh and loving at the same time.

A whimper almost ripples out of him, but he swallows it down, his throat working. Canines scratch his shoulder, and his chest heaves uncontrollably, contracting with each breath. His smooth ass cheeks bounce when Ilya leaves the lace caught at the tender spot of his thighs, where the fold begins to curve.

His cock is trapped in the purple panties, weeping pre-cum and desperation.

Ilya kisses the side of Shane's neck, exhaling. He plants a smack on his ass, and Shane whines in response, his back bowing. But Ilya loops an arm around his chest and keeps him upright.

"Don't move," he warns him.

He brings his hand to the glass and takes a big sip. Shane expects him to give him another taste. Instead, his lips hover an inch away from Shane's hairline.

Shane lets out a loud sound when he feels a cold rivulet skitter down his spine, scorching and arousing. Unable to stop a deep moan from ripping out of him, his mouth opens wide when he feels the liquid land in the crease of his ass, dripping down the backs of his thighs.

"Fuck, Ilya," he babbles, tensing up. A mean chuckle comes from behind, and before he can say something, Ilya is already getting down on his knees, ankles forcing against the floor covered with a fancy rug.

Shane bumps his ass into Ilya's face, his nose brushing against the flesh. Ilya only spreads his cheeks apart, the icy vodka already drying. He licks a greedy stripe, nails digging into skin.

Shane's jaw clenches, and he can do nothing but rest his forehead against the solid surface. His eyes are shut in bliss, trying to rub his hard cock against the rim of the table. He moves in leisured circles before Ilya's hand stills him.

"Keep still, or I will stop," he demands, his voice rough and gravelly, sharp against the soft curve of Shane's ass.

Shane's abs spasm with the strain. "Please," he begs in a whisper, his bitten lip seeping blood.

Ilya laughs against him and continues. His tongue presses deeper, as far as he can go. He laps around his balls, sucking and tasting the vodka that clings there, using so much spit that it mixes with the alcohol. It makes Shane drool against the fabric of the pool table, exhaling helplessly.

He tenses when Ilya nudges against his prostate, working in fast strokes. Shane reaches behind himself to hold his head. He threads his fingers through the golden curls, and when Ilya hums in approval, he tugs at the roots. He pins Ilya's face into his ass, so close he fears

he'll suffocate him, but Ilya only groans ferociously, consuming him with relentless movements.

Warmth spreads low in Shane's belly, waiting to erupt. "Rozanov," he warns. "I'm gonna—"

Ilya simply gets up.

"You're not going to do anything," he says, his voice commanding, directed right into Shane's ear. He lands another measured slap on his ass, and Shane jolts forward with a whimper. A sharp tingle of pain spirals through his bones, the spot reddening where Ilya's palm just was.

Ilya doesn't bother soothing him.

He curls his fingers under the lace and, without hesitation, rips the fabric apart by the middle. The tear sends a tremor through Shane's muscles, and his useless hands settle more firmly into the table.

"So fucking beautiful," Ilya growls, puffs of air making Shane writhe. His hole clenches around nothing, because it's all that Ilya gives him for now. *Nothing*.

The word sits bitter in his mouth. He wants Ilya to give him everything, so he does what he can do best—beg.

He braces himself before speaking. "Please, Ilya," he whispers, barely audible.

"What was that?" Ilya asks dismissively.

"Please fuck me."

Ilya lets out a throaty chuckle. "I do not think it is time, малыш."

Shane sighs, bumping against Ilya's pressing cock on purpose.

"But I need it," he admits breathlessly.

"Not yet."

"Please?"

Ilya clicks his tongue. "Not after all that teasing."

"But..." Shane trails off, not knowing what to say.

"You want me to fuck you?" Ilya asks strictly, probing his finger at Shane's entrance, already slick and open from his mouth and the vodka.

"Yes. You can be rough." Shane bites back a whine. "I want you to be rough."

"And you will take everything I give you," Ilya says simply.

Shane knows it's not a request, so he nods.

"Words, котенок. Use them."

"I will take everything you give me," Shane manages to say, his dick twitching inside his lingerie, still bunched at his front. The torn threads hang over his love handles, tickling his vulnerable skin.

It's a stark contrast to Ilya's stubborn grip.

Shane knows he is relishing the view.

Ilya slithers a hand to the hollow of Shane's throat, resting it there.

"Everything?" he repeats.

"Yes, sir."

An amused sound bursts out of Ilya, and he pulls a small bottle of lube out of his pocket. Shane knows he always has it with him. Their house is stocked with it in every corner, giving them the opportunity to have sex wherever and whenever they want.

There is not a single room Ilya hasn't fucked him in.

He hoists Shane's leg up onto the pool table, the side of his knee resting on its rim. The rest of the fabric tears further, creating a perfect opening around Shane's hips, the right shape for Ilya's dick to slide home.

Shane turns his head.

Ilya's mouth is open, a snarl tugging at the corners of his lips as he looks down at where Shane is presented to him—pliant and his. He breathes heavily, staring, a bead of sweat resting on his forehead, ready to fall. He catches Shane's gaze.

Putting on his most pleading eyes, he focuses on Ilya. A pout forms on his face, but he doesn't resist it. Ilya sees everything, his expression dark and unreadable. But Shane knows it means he can't control himself anymore. Shane gives him an encouraging nod before turning back around.

Ilya slicks himself up, pumping his cock in his hand eagerly. The sound and Ilya's heat are the only guidance Shane has, so he lets himself enjoy it before finally being taken apart. Ilya taps himself against his hole hurriedly, sliding a strong palm down his back with his free hand. He lands a brief kiss on Shane's shoulder before finally looping his hands around his hips.

He thrusts in with a single motion, hard and steady, and Shane cries out in response, his muscles contracting at the sudden intrusion. His mouth opens in a loud scream, insides burning up. He feels his abdomen tighten, and a rippling moan spills from him.

Ilya grunts, squeezing the skin of his thighs so hard it blooms red. Digging his nails into his palms helplessly, Shane shoves backward, meeting him with loud slaps. The echo of their colliding movements sends a flush up Shane's ears, and he chews on his bottom lip, eyes squeezed shut in the rapture of being taken from behind by his husband—by Ilya.

Despite the vibrant song outside, he understands how loud they are being.

“Still so fucking tight,” Ilya mumbles through his teeth. “Going to ruin your hole, princess.”

The pain quickly turns addictive. Ilya's whole length disappears inside him—no inch missing the chance to feel the way Shane flutters around him, needy and desperate, begging Ilya to mark him.

A low groan comes out of Ilya. “Блять.”

Shane's face melts into a wide grin, and he lets Ilya slide in and out. His balls slap wetly against the backs of Shane's thighs, crashing against him as if Ilya wants them inside too, swallowed the same way as his raw cock.

Shane's head snaps up when a sudden knock rings at the door. With his heart hammering, he turns to glare at Ilya, confused. But Ilya just smirks at him, clutching his waist to move him on his dick faster than before.

“Ilya Rozanov?” a woman's voice calls, so close to where Shane is bent over with Ilya behind him, sprawled on the pool table with one knee up. His panties are ripped into shreds while Ilya thrusts into him harsher, as if there isn't a person a few feet away from them.

His chest rubs against the surface in time with Ilya's movements, and the table legs creak, bunching up the rug on the ground. His pulse spikes so high he feels like he's going to pass out any minute—from sheer embarrassment and adrenaline running through his bloodstream like a virus, paralyzing him.

Meanwhile, Ilya just keeps moving, his voice surprisingly steady.

“Yes?”

“I was wondering if everything's okay,” she replies shyly, her hair brushing against the doorframe.

Ilya tilts his hips and drives his cock so deep that Shane whines with an echo, his head dropping onto the table. The sound startles him, and his cheeks heat up, crimson spreading down to his chest. Ilya laughs mockingly.

“Everything is perfectly fine, thank you,” he says, polite, as if he isn't ruining Shane at the same time.

His cock nudges him so hard Shane is sure there would be a bulge forming if he looked down. His eyes shimmer, and he cries out shamefully, the noise barely muffled by the fist he manages to bite down on.

Ilya notices instantly.

He swipes it away and replaces Shane's fist with his own hand, clasping it over his mouth.

"Think you can be quiet?" he whispers, leaning down to Shane's face.

Shane only nods rapidly in response, moving his ass backward to meet Ilya's cock.

"Do you need any refills on your drinks?" she asks, her voice somehow even closer than before. Or maybe it's Shane's imagination betraying him.

His brain doesn't miss the way Ilya gasps low in his throat, the sound catching between his lips. He continues the pace, causing Shane to yelp. His eyes fall shut while his mouth opens wider, unable to stop himself. Ilya's warm palm rests over his face, pressing harder to silence him.

"No, is good. We don't need anything," Ilya raises his voice, and it breaks an octave when Shane circles his hips, licking where his hand covers him. The salty taste makes his tastebuds tingle.

"I can offer you more liquor varieties. Would you like that?" the woman says, friendly.

Ilya breathes heavily behind him, his patience running thin. Shane feels it in the way his hand tightens on his torso, the strength turning into an ache at his sides. Another fractured exhale escapes Shane.

Ilya's cock glides in and out of him, Shane's belly tightening into knots. He doesn't know how he's still holding on, not when Ilya pounds into him like he wants to lose himself inside him.

"Vodka is enough," he says, tilting his head toward the door.

"Are you sure?"

"Пиздец, да сколько можно?" Ilya curses, snapping. He braces himself through clenched teeth. "That will be all. We don't need anything else," he says as calmly as he can. Shane doesn't miss the way his voice cracks with annoyance.

He decides he can test Ilya's nerves some more.

There is a moment of silence, and Shane uses it to move harder on Ilya's dick, hauling himself up onto his elbows for stability and rocking back. His ass swallows Ilya's cock to the root, drawing a deep grunt from him, irritated and hungry at the same time.

Feeling bold, Shane repeats the movement.

Ilya leans to his ear, so close his curls brush Shane's temple, tickling. "Do not fucking test me," he grits, his voice harsh.

Shane moans shamelessly in response, blood pumping to his dick. He whirls his hips again.

“А ну перестань вилять своей задницей,” Ilya says sternly and lands a hard smack on his ass, the most painful one out of... he lost count a long time ago.

His eyes roll back in his head, vision blurring so hard he sees black at the edges. He doesn't have to know what Ilya tells him; his cold tone makes it obvious it's an order. Disobeying, Shane sets a reckless pace and continues anyway.

Ilya's palm is wet over his mouth, cutting off most of his air and leaving him to breathe through his nose. His raspy wails are muffled, and his balls tighten, ready to spill.

He knows Ilya will punish him if he comes right now.

The woman at the door seems to have left because she doesn't say anything else, her presence gone. Once Ilya realizes that they're no longer being interrupted, he hooks his fingers into Shane's plush thighs, making him stutter.

“You're a fucking brat for doing this,” he says meanly and winds his drool-slicked hand down. Saliva drips down Shane's chin once he is uncovered, and he finally feels his lungs relax. The relief lasts a second, because now Ilya's palm rests over the column of his throat, curling over the Adam's apple. “You shouldn't have done that.”

Shane whines when Ilya's hand tightens, his face going red from the lack of oxygen. His stomach tautens, and he keens softly, the rough tone of Ilya's voice making him shiver all over. With Ilya's warm palm on his throat, he pushes his hips back.

“Ilya... I'm—” Overwhelmed, he can't even finish his sentence.

“Hold it,” Ilya commands. “Bitches like you don't get to come.”

His lingerie is soaked, as if he has already come—sticky white seeping through the barely covering lace. His dick throbs, and he's not sure how much more he can take.

He's able to mumble a small, “I need to—”

“Say you're sorry,” Ilya tells him, slowing down the pace of his thrusts purposefully.

Shane turns his head. He lets Ilya see his teary eyes, his glistening jaw, and his reddened lip. His pathetic redemption attempt clearly fails because Ilya immediately shakes his head.

“Not going to work, baby. Say you're fucking sorry, or I'm going to pull out right this second.”

A noise gets stuck in Shane's throat, and he knows Ilya is playing this game fairly. He should've known better than to tease him.

“I'm sorry...” he mumbles, choking.

Ilya pistons his hips, but only for two seconds. “I didn't hear you, принцесса.”

The word sounds almost gentle on Ilya's tongue. Shane knows it's the Russian version of "princess" because it sounds the same. He also has a clear understanding that Ilya means it as disdain rather than admiration.

He tries to catch air with his mouth. "I'm sorry," he repeats louder.

Ilya clicks his tongue, but he finally sets a rhythm to his movements. He draws his cock out until only the tip remains inside, then slams the whole length back in. "For what?" he asks, displeased.

"I'm sorry for acting like this," he manages to say, his eyes glossing with remorse.

Ilya fucks into him, feral. "Now, what do you say?"

Shane swallows, limbs shaking.

"Please, sir."

Ilya huffs, pleased. "Good slut. Don't give me any more of that attitude."

Shane nods, as quickly as his dizzy body lets him. One of his hands slides on top of Ilya's, still resting on his throat but not squeezing *enough*. He applies pressure with his palm, cutting off more air for himself, and starts fucking himself on Ilya's cock faster. Ilya understands and tightens his hold—one palm over his Adam's apple, the other guiding his hips.

Shane's eyes prickle with little tears, trying to hold on to the moment the best he can. It's a hard thing to do when Ilya yanks his head up. His gasp turns into a needy whine, loud and promising. The lace on his front still covers his cock, only adding to the drowning sensation.

Grunting, Ilya doesn't stop. "Моя сука," he mumbles, incoherent. His forehead drops to Shane's shoulder, sweat dampening the skin.

Shane gulps down the spit that pools in his mouth. Ilya fills him to the brim, the tip of his cock rubbing against his prostate. He never slips out, and he always hits it right. Ilya knows his body better than Shane does.

"Fuck. Take it," Ilya tells him, his growling voice becoming a bitten-back moan. Shane's mouth opens to warn Ilya, but nothing comes out. He reaches back to tap his arm.

"Come. Come on my dick," Ilya instructs.

Their bodies move in desperation, synchronizing. Shane cries, tears streaming down his face. He gives Ilya the last squeeze and comes. An obscene moan leaves him, and Ilya drives into him even harder, chasing his own release. His body pulses with aftershocks, wave after wave surging inside him. There's so much wetness that it drips down the front of his legs, the transparent purple fabric becoming white.

Ilya groans roughly, clutching onto him. His hand leaves Shane's throat, and he uses it to grip him everywhere he can. His hot palm traces his spine until his fingers dig into his waist. Shane drops onto the table, useless and spent, the surface scratching his chest.

More tears fall down his cheeks, and when Ilya finally comes, his cock twitches again. There's barely anything left to come, yet the sensation still tears Shane apart. Ilya's hot cum fills him, painting his insides white. He whimpers when he nudges even deeper, burying his release so it doesn't drip out.

He breathes heavily behind him, abs occasionally spasming. Ilya leans in and starts covering Shane's burning back with kisses, leaving spit trails behind. Shane's eyes close, and the air begins to properly flow through his lungs, making it easier to calm down.

His heart still beats rapidly, but the pace of it slows when Ilya holds him, his warmth reminding Shane of every time they've done this. A smile appears on his lips, even when he can barely feel his legs. His blissed-out body milks Ilya's cock, craving every drop.

Ilya releases a small laugh against his nape, and one of his hands starts drawing soothing circles on Shane's bruised skin. He showers Shane with more kisses, stopping to brush his nose against the back of his hair.

Soft exhales leave Shane in response, and he can't help but sniffle, tears drying on his face.

"Shh," Ilya calms him, patting Shane on his damp cheek. "Did I hurt you?"

Shane shakes his head, his voice so broken he can't even speak. He hopes it's enough.

"You were amazing, baby." Ilya praises, dazed.

Shane can only sigh, his throat working to stop more tears from rolling down his cheeks. They stay that way for at least a few minutes, Ilya still remaining inside him. His cock turns flaccid against his walls, and Shane huffs pleasantly.

"Thank you," he mumbles, lips curving upward. "I love it when you use me."

The admission sits in the air until Ilya leans down and tries to see him from the side.

"You are so good, Shane. I go fucking crazy when you let me do whatever I want."

"I noticed," Shane agrees, smirking.

A laugh leaves Ilya's mouth, and he draws back. He stares at Shane before positioning his palm on his lower back. He pulls out carefully, Shane clenching around him in protest. Cum seeps out of him in thick rivulets, sliding down his thighs. Ilya gets on his knees and starts licking the creamy fluid away, cleaning Shane with his tongue.

Shane lets him, the energy in his body long gone. Ilya picks up every remaining drop of his release, humming. The sound vibrates against Shane's skin, and he exhales, scared he'll fall asleep right on the pool table.

Ilya starts kissing his way up Shane's ass cheeks, lips pressing against every pink spot, still burning with Ilya's previous smacks. Puffs of air tickle him, and he giggles softly, the sound turning into a whine when Ilya's tongue gets too close to his used hole.

Ilya hooks his fingers into the waistband and pulls down cautiously. The panties slide with ease, Shane's dick springing free, covered in his own cum. He winces, and Ilya presses his lips to the skin again, working his hands down Shane's legs.

"Let me take them off," he says gently. Shane steps out of his destroyed lingerie, his feet landing on the floor. There's nothing covering his body right now, and he trembles, turning to look at Ilya.

Their eyes lock, and Ilya winks before bringing the fabric to his nose and breathing in, his eyes closed. There's a stupid smile sitting on his face, and Shane chuckles at the sight. The fabric dampens the bridge of Ilya's jaw, and Shane leans down to wipe it away. Ilya melts into his touch, and he pats his cheek, enjoying how much his husband likes it.

Ilya gets to his feet without a hurry and puts the panties into his pocket. He picks up Shane by his middle, arms wrapped tightly around him. Shane goes pliant in his hands, properly turning to be chest to chest with Ilya. As soon as their faces are an inch away from each other, Shane pulls him into a hungry kiss, their tongues brushing.

Ilya bends down for Shane's pants, picking them up from the floor. He dresses him, pulling his silky shirt over his head. He fastens the buttons but leaves his neck open—a little detail that he can't resist.

He guides his hips and sits him down on the rim of the table. The cold surface makes Shane quiver, and he mutes any sound by connecting his lips with Ilya's. He nuzzles into his throat, breathing in the smell of his perfume, heavy and addicting.

Slithering a hand into Shane's hair, Ilya presses him closer, resting his head on his shoulder. He positions himself between his thighs, their clothed groins rubbing against each other. Shane smiles, the temperature of his body finally regulating.

Ilya looks down at him, his brows turning up slyly. "Now I need to buy you another lingerie," he says, as a fact.

Shane rolls his eyes playfully. "I have, like, ten more pairs at home," he answers.

Ilya shrugs. "They will all be ripped by the end of the month, no?"

"They will be if you continue doing this."

"I absolutely will," Ilya promises.

Shane laughs and brings their mouths together. He holds Ilya by the back of his neck, his hand clasped tightly near the curls. Ilya sighs into the kiss, tracing his palms around his back.

They leave the room hand in hand, the woman at the bar counter giving them a suspicious look. Ilya takes out his wallet and slides a bill to her, the number of which Shane can't make out in the muted light. They walk out of the bar, the breeze hitting them right away. Shane gives him a light squeeze, and Ilya just smirks at him, showing his teeth.

Shane doesn't admit that he hopes Ilya never throws his ruined lingerie away. Not now. Not ever.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! This turned out freakier than I expected.

Translations:

Малыш — Baby.

Котенок — Kitten.

Блять — Fuck.

Пиздец, да сколько можно? — Fuck, how much more is there?

А ну перестань вилять своей задницей — Stop wagging your ass.

Моя сука — My bitch.

Comments and kudos are very appreciated. I have at least 15 more Hollanov ideas to write, so let me know if you liked this one!

Here's my [twitter](#). I might post more stuff there :)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!