

I can break you off and hold you down

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I can break you off and hold you down

by [cellularcervix](#)

Summary

“I see,” Rozanov says finally, straightening just a little.

“You came to give me ethics lesson.”

Shane scoffs, “ I came here to, uh—“ he falters, hands gesturing uselessly.

“To set things straight.” Yeah, that works.

“To set things straight,” Rozanov repeats, slow and measured. His mouth curves into a wicked grin. “Yes I can help”

Shane loses count of how many times he’s frowned that day.

“What do you mean ‘you can help’?”

or

Shane confronts the guy his girlfriend cheated on him with. It takes an unexpected turn.

Notes

Based on this [tweet](#)

This could've been freakier tbh.

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

Shane's girlfriend had cheated on him.

With some guy she met at the club.

Her excuse? She was unsatisfied with their sex life and needed someone to fuck her right.

Maybe she didn't say those exact words, but that was the idea.

He probably could've been angrier over the whole thing, but he really couldn't bring himself to care. They hadn't even been dating that long. He was honestly more bummed that she didn't think to dump him first.

But he couldn't let her know that, it'd make him look like a bad boyfriend and Shane Hollander was anything but.

It's so stupid. He really shouldn't care this much about losing face but he's got a reputation to uphold.

And so he finds himself at the guy's apparent apartment door, amping himself up for the confrontation to come. On his third bout of door banging it swings open and he's met face to face with, well— face to chest with the most absurd tattoo he'd ever seen.

There's no way this was the guy she fucked.

If she was cheating Shane had at least expected her to pick someone tasteful, though he supposed he did have a nice chest. Broad, sun-kissed, dusted with light brown hair. His eyes drifted downwards, following a darker trail of hair leading into the waist band of dark grey sweats.

He hadn't even registered the precious time he took staring until a deep accented voice startled him out of his trance.

"Can I help you?"

His eyes shot back up. Okay he was pretty tall too.

Oh.

Shane's brain short circuited for a moment, his gaze travelling across the sharp cut of the man's jaw, lingering on the curve of his lips and finally landing and locking onto steely eyes.

Shane quickly clears his throat, breaking eye contact momentarily before fixing the man with a sharp glare of his own.

"Ilya Rozanov?" The only confirmation he gets in return is a lazy nod of a stumbled chin.

“You fucked my girlfriend you asshole.”

Shane sees the moment the words register in the man’s eyes, his posture relaxes and he leans into the door frame, a crooked smile finding its way across his lips.

“Who is your girlfriend?”

Shane’s eyebrows climb his forehead before he schools his expression. *He didn’t even deny it?!* Why’d he even come here in the first place? This was so stupid they’d already broken up, he’d gone out of his way to embarrass himself.

“Amélie?” The man quirks a thick eyebrow. Shane dies a little bit inside. “Tall, brunette, Québécois?”

“Amélie. Yes, very pretty.” Rozanov gives him a slow, deliberate once over. “Although it seems I chose the wrong partner,” they meet eyes once more.

“Her boyfriend is much prettier.”

“Ex-boyfriend,” he corrects, not registering the blatant flirting, anxiously gnawing at his bottom lip.

“Mmm, ex-boyfriend” the handsome man acknowledges and Shane feels inexplicably irritated. His face is definitely flushed, he’s unsure if it’s from anger or embarrassment or a secret third thing.

“How could you just sleep with someone’s girlfriend? Have you no shame?” Shane blurts suddenly.

Rozanov's eyebrows raise slightly, his grin widens just a fraction before his expression morphs into something more teasing. "I did not know she was your girlfriend," he states simply, the words glide past his lips, deep and smooth.

"Is her you should be angry with, no?"

Shane moves to talk and not a single sound comes out. He wasn't wrong... if he'd truly been unaware that she was taken, it really had nothing to do with him. Shane really wasn't sure where he was going with the confrontation but he couldn't stop now.

"That's—that's besides the point," he scowled, but it was clear that his argument was hanging on for dear life.

"The point is—"

"The point is?" Rozanov parrots, dirty blond curls shifting as he tilts his head mockingly. *What the hell.* Shane for the second time within the hour blanks as he watches the guy, *who fucked his girlfriend mind you*, adjust himself against the door frame, crossing his arms across his broad chest, somehow making it look broader. Maybe the tattoo wasn't that bad. His focus zeros in on the swell of his biceps and suddenly the hallway was feeling a tad too humid.

What was the point?

"The point is," he tries again, "you can't just go around doing that. With people— with people's girlfriends."

It sounds stupid the second it leaves his mouth and Shane regrets even leaving his apartment. He put a dent in his routine for utter foolishness. His brain puts up a fight, scrambling to fill the silence, he's really got nothing. Ugly tattoo just hums, a low amused sound that seems to vibrate the ground under Shane's new balances. Was it too late to run away? Pretend none of this happened? He could just turn around and bolt down the stairs it would be so easy—

“I see,” Rozanov says finally, straightening just a little.

“You came to give me ethics lesson.”

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Shane loses count of how many times he’s frowned that day.

“What do you mean ‘you can help’?”

—

“Oh fuck!”

Shane still hasn’t figured out what chain of events led him here.

Come to think of it, he folded under minimal pressure really. One cocksure smile, a hand brushing up against his hip and suddenly he’d let himself get dragged into some dude’s apartment.

Was that really all it took? Maybe he couldn’t blame Amélie after all. He let that man put his tongue in his mouth, let him toss him around like a Costco salad until he was bent over the edge of a mattress, face pressed against a plush comforter with a pillow shoved under his hips.

He guessed a part of him had wondered what had compelled his ex to pick this guy anyways. Well, he definitely knew now. Which brings him back to the topic at hand.

“Too much?” The low murmur of Rozanov’s voice sent a trail of heat crawling up Shane’s spine. A large hand drags leisurely up his back, rough palm tracing every tense muscle until it settles at the base of his neck. The weight is firm, hot, locking Shane into place.

Like he was going anywhere.

Whatever.

“You are a big boy,” Shane felt the hot slide of the other man’s cock against his walls as he pulled back, just the tip was left in. The stretch hurt so good it was dizzying; he ached for more despite struggling to accommodate the thick girth bullying his hole apart. His rim fluttered around the intrusion, breath laboured and wet, his cheek wet pressed into his own drool puddle.

“You can take it.” Was all he got as a warning before the man’s free hand curled around the swell of his hip, holding him in position as he surged forward, inch by fucking inch, digging so deep into Shane he swore he could feel it in his throat. He couldn’t even be bothered to try muffling the whine that barreled past his lips. He could feel himself leaking madly against the pillow, likely staining it, leaving it sticky with desperation.

Holy fuck.

Okay, so. Shane wasn’t a virgin. Far from it, like, he’s had sex. Maybe it was boring, uninteresting sex—the main reason he was in this position in the first place—but nonetheless, he *has* fucked. But he’s never had someone hold him down and make him take it.

Rozanov’s grip on his hip tightened just a fraction, the teasing edge in his voice cutting through his own bated breath.

“You feel so good sweetheart,”

Shane’s eyes glazed over at that.

He didn’t rush the next thrust, rolling his hips into a dirty grind, slow, deliberate, grinding against that spot that made Shane’s vision blur even further. The moan he let out startled him more than the nudge against his prostate.

“Thats good?”

“Mhmm” Shane managed, the hum vibrating through him, his body chasing the friction without a second thought. It scared him how unbelievably cock drunk he was, mind fuzzy and floaty, tongue heavy made heavier with wordless sounds.

Was this what it felt like for girls?

Shane presses his face further into the comforter, fingers curling into the soft fabric. The steady grind of the other man’s hips halts, causing Shane to let out a muffled whine. The hand in his neck travels up and into the strands at the back of his head swiftly yanking his head back and out of the covers.

“What are you hiding for?” Rozanov dips his head into the crook of Shane’s neck, mouthing against the flushed skin.

“I want to hear you,”

Shane lets out a broken stream of sounds as Rozanov rolls his hips forward, so dirty, so hot.

The movement shifts him up the bed slightly, his neglected cock sliding against the soaked fabric of the pillow case.

“You’re such a dick,” Shane pants, only half aware of his mouth moving.

“Mmh, that’s not nice” the words are laced with amusement.

As Shane opens his mouth to retort, the grip on his hair is released, causing him to plant face first into his spit puddle.

Fucking *asshole*, but fuck was it hot being roughed up a little.

As soon as Shane’s face hits the bed, Rozanov pulls out quickly, making them both groan at the nasty wet sound his hole makes. Shane feels like he should be disgusted but it just turns him on more. God it made him feel dirty but so damn good at the same time.

It was humiliating how badly he wanted the man’s cock back inside him, he felt greedy pushing his hips back hoping to catch the tip.

Shane groaned in disappointment as both of Rozanov’s hands clammed down on his hips, keeping him still. Thumbs caress his hip bones as the other man fucking chuckles.

“What the hell man!” Shane cried out frustrated.

“Don’t call me man while we are doing this,”

“Rozanov—,” Shane shot back.

“Ilya.”

Shane tensed, feeling unreasonably flustered at that despite having the man inside him just moments ago. He presses his face even further into the mattress hoping it would just swallow him whole, leave it to him to get into these types of situations.

“Ilya,” okay maybe he liked the way it rolled off his tongue.

“Good,” he could hear the smile on Ilya’s lips.

Shane began to relax at that, the tension falling off his shoulders until he felt a warm viscous glob sliding wetly across his sensitive opening.

There was no way...

“Did you just spit on me !?!” Shane gasped exasperated, but before he could move calloused hands grabbed at his soft cheeks, spreading them apart and leaving him even more exposed.

Ilya spat once more—harshly— right onto his hole.

“Ah!”

“Bullseye” the other man said smugly, his eyes tracking the fat cloudy blotch of saliva as it slid a slow glistening trail down Shane’s puffy rim, dripping off in a lazy path down the sensitive strip of skin towards his balls.

Shane twitched as it coated his taint, the cool air teasing the moisture, making his balls draw tight and his cock pulse.

It was humiliating, so humiliating but so fucking *good* at the same time. Shane felt dirty and used and completely slutted out but he couldn’t get enough. Somewhere between his inner

monologue Shane remembered he was letting the man who slept with his girlfriend— ex girlfriend— fuck him.

A wet slap against his hole jolts him out of his thoughts. Shane's knees buckle as Ilya slaps the fat head of his cock on his flushed opening. One, two, three smacks, splashing the sticky left over spit.

“You're so good honey, so sweet” Ilya remarks in a breathless voice.

Up until now Shane hadn't considered that he wasn't the only one being affected. The other man sounded bated, his hand on Shane's hip, squeezing at the slight plushness like he was anchoring himself.

Ilya continues to rub the tip of his erection against Shane's hole. He was so wet with lube and spit that the tip nearly slipped in with no effort.

“Just do something!”

Shane groaned irritably as Ilya massaged the spit into Shane's entrance, precum mixing into the combination of fluids. It's loud and gross, like, really loud. The only thing that could be heard in Ilya's bedroom is their heavy breathing and the loud ass squelching bouncing off the wall.

Ilya, finally, grips his shaft and uses his thumb to press his cock head past Shane's rim, the tip of his thumb dipping in.

Shane let out a throaty groan as the head pops past the tight ring of muscle.

Fucking finally.

Ilya's cock is thick and firm, breaching Shane's rim inch by sweltering inch. Shane pushes his hips back in tiny bounces, greedy to get it all inside, this time Ilya doesn't stop him.

The man behind him grunts, his hips jerking forward before stopping.

"Yes," Ilya sighs. "Go on baby, take what you want"

Baby.

Shane shudders, shamefully whimpering at the pet name. He doesn't understand why he reacted that way, it wasn't the first time someone called him that.

Choosing to ignore his inner turmoil, Shane adjusts his footing and leans onto his elbows to push his hips back tentatively, testing the waters, maybe even teasingly. There's very little friction with how wet Shane is, the slide is smooth and slick, he feels even more heat pool in his stomach when his ass hits Ilya's hips with a slap.

The man groans raggedly and Shane continues his slow ministrations. Each push back ends with the sound of skin against sticky skin, Shane bites his lip, shifting the angle, focusing on finding his prostate.

He could tell Ilya was beginning to get impatient by the twitch of his hips but instead of taking over he stays true to his word, letting Shane take what he wants.

And god does he take.

Shane all but tires himself out, fucking himself on Ilya's cock, letting out little "uh, uh, uhs" as he cants his hips back unrushed but hard nonetheless. It's so good but it's not enough to get him there.

Back arched and all, Shane tries to shove a hand between his stomach and the pillow where his cock is trapped. He's only able to brush his fingers against himself before he's empty again.

"That's enough,"

"What the fuck!" he yelps before he's hauled up the bed by the backs of his knees, putting him in an awkward kneeling position.

"Sorry honey" Ilya rasps as Shane shimmies, settling himself into a more comfortable pose.

He's face down ass up on the bed, on display like something to eat, and to add insult to injury, Ilya grabs Shane's hand off of his cock, wet and slick, and pins it behind his back.

"Is okay?"

"Uhuh" Shane fusses, nodding desperately. "Just get in me!"

Ilya uses his free hand to guide his cock back into Shane.

The sound Shane lets out is a desperate, filthy noise, breaking off into a whine. His hole spasms around the intrusion, never in all his years would he have imagined wanting another man's cock up his ass so badly but there was a first time for everything.

Ilya began to move slowly, groaning at the snug fit of Shane's body around him, despite obviously being eager, he rocks his hips at a steady pace. His hand caresses Shane's hip as he pulls out to the tip, the drag against Shane's walls maddening, before driving right back in. Ilya's hips hit hard against the backs of Shane's thighs, the sting of it oh so good.

Shane tries to buck his ass back into the thrusts but his legs are so weak he barely has any leverage, never mind the hand pinned behind his back. He feels teased, desperate and fucking

irritated. Shane is ready to twist around and complain and—

“Fuck!” Shane yelps at the stroke against his prostate. His fingers curl against the comforter, gripping on it for dear life as Ilya gyrates his hips in nasty circles. God he could feel it in his guts. Everything ached so so good.

Before he knew it, Shane was being fucked up the bed roughly, he could hear Ilya panting behind him, cursing under his breath as if Shane wasn’t the one getting his shit destroyed.

“Faster. Please.” The plea rolls off Shane’s tongue needily.

“You’re so sweet,” Ilya’s hand drags down to the side of Shane’s thigh, groping at the solid muscle.

“I’ll give you faster, I’ll give you anything you want baby”

“Just *fuck me*,”

The sounds that left Shane’s sore throat were raw with need. His toes curling at the fast rough slide of Ilya’s cock.

Ilya set a pace that was borderline punishing. Shane’s body rocked against the bed at every thrust, he could feel his knee caps digging into the coiled mattress springs. Each ram of hips against his ass forced little tortured moans out of Shane’s throat.

“Ilya— Ah!”

Shane let out a choked noise as Ilya changed the angle of his hips hitting his sweet spot dead on, over and over and *over*.

“Uhuh! Like that, don’t stop, don’t you fucking stop!” Shane panted, voice breaking on his words. His breathing laboured, mind swimming, heat coiling in his stomach burning him from the inside out.

With his arm out of commission and his head full of air Shane couldn’t do a thing but lay there and take the cock pounding into him.

“I’m not stopping,” the man grunted behind him, his voice low and ruined.

“I would fuck you all night if I could,”

He clenched at that. God, would Shane love that, to stay laid up in this bed, let Ilya do anything he wanted to him. He’d fucking let him.

“Yes, you want that don’t you?” Ilyas thrusts became more sloppy and uncoordinated.

“fill you up, over and over” his voice cracking on the last syllable. “Have you walking out of here crooked and limping,”

“Yeah, I want it, fuck me up” Shane’s was already burning up and Ilya’s grip on his body felt like a hot iron brand, marking him for good.

“Fuck sweetheart, so good,” the frantic thrusts begin to slow. “You’re gonna make me come,” Ilya huffs as he makes to pull out.

“No!” Shane whines and he can’t even bring himself to feel embarrassed.

“Inside. Please.” The tilt of his ass is needy and begging.

“Are you sure?” Ilya questions, hesitant, in the heat of the moment they hadn’t even bothered to use a condom, but it was a bit too late now.

“Yes! Do it. Do it. *Do it*—“ and just like that he was full again.

It only took a couple uncoordinated thrusts before Ilya came with a broken whimper, hips flush to ass, curling over Shane’s shuddering body as he filled him with hot, thick, spurts of come. Shane probably hadn’t thought through the whole coming inside him thing well enough, but it was pure bliss so he figured he could deal with the consequences later. He’s never been fucked and filled like that before, he was completely and utterly ruined.

“Fuck,” he hears Ilya curse winded and worn before he starts to pull out slowly, the sound wicked and dirty. “I’ve never done that before”

“What?” Shane questions— or mumbles

“Fucked raw,”

The hand holding his own behind his back relents to instead pull one of his cheeks apart, exposing his freshly creamed hole to the tepid air.

“So pretty,” Ilya admires as if Shane isn’t currently disheveled and dying to come.

“Ilya!” Shane groans impatiently.

“Okay, okay!” The man *giggles*.

And just like that Shane’s world is flipped on its axis. He’s lifted by the hips and flipped around, Ilya maneuvers them both so that he’s laying down against the pillows and Shane is straddling him. By the time he’s satisfied with their position Shane has come drying on his thigh and a scowl on his face. The man just grins back at him.

“So what no—“ a gasp is startled out of Shane’s chest as two fingers enter him swiftly. The stretch isn’t nearly enough but soon a third is shoved in and those thick fingers put in some work. Shane is barely holding himself up as Ilya shoves his other hand between them, fingers wrapping around the length of Shane’s sensitive cock. It’s red and leaking and begging for attention. How could Ilya deny him?

“Look at how wet you are” Ilya purrs so close to Shane’s face they’re practically breathing the same air. “Is that all for me?”

Ilya makes a show of pulling his hand off of Shane, sucking the precum off his thumb only to use the same appendage to rub into the slit of Shane’s cock.

“Wait—I can’t!” Ilya tracks broad circles around the thick head before dipping the pad of his thumb into the divot.

“You gonna come?” He crooks his fingers, rubbing torturously against the bundle of nerves deep inside Shane. “Come all over me baby, you can do it”

Shane thrashes, the sensation of being fucked on both ends overbearing. Before he could even fully recognize what’s happening, he’s tumbling over a steep edge, his stomach drawing up tighter than ever only to drop so far down he loses all 5 fucking sense for 20 seconds.

Shane feels like tv static, his throat is real dry and he’s laying in his own come, stuck to another man’s chest, another man’s very nice chest.

Ilyas running a hand up and down his back in soothing motions as Shane catches his breath and blinks the dots out of his eyes.

“Look at the mess you made” the chest under him rumbles. Shane gives him an unimpressed look before he rolls onto his back, at least the bed was kinda clean. Kinda.

Shane closes his eyes for a little, fucked out, tired, a little happy. He opens them again when he feels a warm cloth passing over his heated skin. He shuts them.

The sound of fabric hitting a surface is carried off the walls and the bed shifts beside him.

“So how was that for setting things straight sweetheart?”

“Shane,” he opens his eyes once more, rolling over onto his side to lock eyes with Ilya.

“My name is Shane”

Ilya's eyes shine brighter when he smiles, not a grin or smirk, but a smile.

“Well Shane, I have one more idea to *really* set things ‘straight,’”

“Oh really?”

—

Shane 🙄
sent you an attachment

IGetWhyUDidItLmfao.IMG_374KB

“What the fuck?!?”

End Notes

They sent her a post fuck pic they're so funny.

Shane: u banged my girlfriend how dare you

Ilya: I Need You So Bad

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Thank you for all the sweet comments, I'm glad you all enjoyed this as much as I enjoyed writing it :)

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