

it's just a chair

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/72476451) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/72476451>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Post-Canon , At the cottage , Feels , Smut , Feels and Smut , even feels-y. smut , shane has lots of feels , and well ilya is sweet as fuck , hollanov husbands , shane gets a fucking he won't soon forget , Deck sex , Slow Fucking
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-10-14 Words: 6,192 Chapters: 1/1

it's just a chair

by [mae](#), [onthewaytosomewhere \(mae\)](#).

Summary

Shane has emotions, and Ilya tries to make things better.

Then comes the important part - Ilya slowly taking Shane apart in a rocking chair on their deck.

or as was requested:
the chair's a rockin' and Shane's hole gets cockin'

Notes

Miha - it's about time I finish one of ur prompts - since the other one is languishing in my WIP folder - ooops

hope you enjoy this one, and it is everything you hoped for

hope the rest of y'all enjoy it too

(this is not at all the author using her own pain to make a blorbo suffer - then fixing it with sexin')

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



The event that starts it all happens on a Saturday toward the end of May. The Centaurs lost in the second round of the playoffs, and days later, Shane still feels the emptiness of it like a hollow ache in his bones. They'd made it to the third round last year—his first with the team—and had come within a game of the next round. That had filled him with the dangerous hope of a promise. He'd gone into this season thinking this was it, this was their year. He'd convinced himself that more than any time in his career, in the last season.

It burned in his chest now, a quiet, bitter ember he couldn't quite swallow down.

He and Ilya have made their way to the cottage after a few days of commiserating with the rest of the team, all of them acting like their shared disappointment was just part of the job. But away from everyone, the lake air quiet and the sun kind, Shane feels like he's carried it all the way out here.

He's aimlessly wandering the deck when it happens. Pacing, really, if he's honest. The boards creak slightly under his bare feet, the way they have since he bought the place. Ilya is sitting nearby, sprawled in the old rocking chair, the one relic from Shane's grandparents that had made it out this far. The wood is worn smooth with age, the slats splintering a little at the arms, and Shane had meant to sand and re-varnish it, get the pieces more secure years ago—meant to, but never did. When he was young, he would curl up in it, small and half asleep after too many treats and wrapped in his grandfather's blanket. It was the chair that had always, somehow, felt like home.

As he passes by, deep in thought, Ilya's hand snakes out to wrap around his waist. Casual, impulsive, the way Ilya can be. Shane stumbles, off balance, and the next heartbeat, he's sprawled out across Ilya's lap. It's startled laughs and a scrape of wood, before a sharp crack fills the air.

They both hit the deck hard. The sound of splintering wood should not have been so loud. For a moment, Shane just stares at it, unable to believe what's happened. The chair is shattered into pieces around them—the spindles snapped, the slats broken clean through, splinters and slivers of wood scattered like bone.

His throat closes up. The sting behind his eyes blooms bright and hot, and before he even registers it, tears are running down his cheeks.

“Shane, moya lyubov, are you hurt? Tell me where it hurts,” Ilya is on his knees now, hands flying everywhere, desperate to check for broken bones or cuts or concussions even, maybe.

Shane shakes his head, but the tears keep falling. It takes Ilya brushing them away for him to even realize his cheeks are wet. He tries to speak, but the words are stuck somewhere in his chest. How does he even begin to explain that this isn’t a physical wound? It’s the part of him that still misses Sunday mornings at his grandparents’ place, that still smells coffee and sawdust when he closes his eyes and sits in this chair. The chair had been the only thing he got when they passed, the last piece of them he had, and now it’s in pieces on their deck.

He waves weakly at the debris. “The chair ...” It’s all he can say before his voice catches and fails.

Ilya’s eyes show his understanding. He gathers Shane up into his arms again, and one hand strokes slowly and soothes down his back. “I know, Shane. I’m so sorry, moya lyubov,” he murmurs against his hair, his accent washing away the rough edges of the words.

Shane shakes his head, but it only makes the hurt worse. “No, you didn’t do anything. It’s just a chair.” His voice breaks on the last word.

Ilya lets out a long, low, painful sigh. “No, it’s not just a chair. I know how much it meant to you. It was your grandparents’, and—” He pauses, as if searching for the right word, for something that can possibly encompass this loss. “It was part of your heart. A part of your childhood.”

Shane releases a strangled laugh that sounds closer to sobbing. “It’s stupid, though, right? I’m a grown man crying over a chair I should have fixed years ago.” More tears slip out before he can prevent them, and Ilya wipes each one away gently, thumb warm and soothing against his face.

“Not stupid,” Ilya says. “It’s okay to feel your feelings. You should feel what you feel. You’ve learned that in therapy, yes?” There’s no joking in his voice, just that quiet, unwavering patience Shane has fallen in love with.

They sit there, surrounded by splintered wood and the soft lake breeze. Time seems to fold in on itself—maybe it’s minutes, maybe hours, Shane doesn’t know. The sun shifts in the sky, and Shane just breathes, curled tight against Ilya’s chest.

Eventually, Ilya shuffles him inside, holds him up off the ground, and they make a tangle of limbs on the couch. Ilya’s chest rises slow and even against Shane’s cheek, and it’s the rhythm he latches onto, the one that draws him toward sleep.

When Shane wakes up, it’s to an empty deck. The wreckage is gone, and Ilya doesn’t say where it’s gone. Shane doesn’t ask.

It's late June and a perfect summer early evening, the sun is low in the sky, and the lake is smoothed by the end of the day. The cottage is quiet again after a week full of noise, laughter, splashing, and Troy and Harris there with them. Now there are just two of them, the way Shane likes it best: quiet settling into the nooks and crannies, Ilya in the space around him like something safe and solid.

Except that Ilya's being odd. He's been restless all day, humming through the cottage, that current of barely-contained energy that they sometimes get on game days. He's been all furtive smiles, and so many times Shane has glanced up to find him staring toward the deck.

Shane assumes it has something to do with the day Ilya and Troy left for a couple of hours, when Troy and Harris were there. Ilya's spent most of the week giddy and secretive, something in his voice, a brightness to his expression. Shane can't imagine what those two could have got up to to cause Ilya to be so twitchy.

He's at the sink, finishing up the last of the dishes, when he hears Ilya call from the deck.

"Shane! Come to the deck!"

There's a catch in his voice, an excitement that makes Shane's lips twitch against his will. He finishes drying his hands on a towel and takes steps toward the door, but he almost freezes in his tracks to find Ilya there in front of him, face alight and vibrating with barely-contained energy.

"I have a surprise for you," he says, dark eyes bright and his accent thick with it. "Close your eyes."

Shane laughs, but he does it, letting Ilya take his hand. Ilya's palm is warm, rough with calluses, and his fingers are strong and certain around Shane's as he leads him outside.

Ilya brings them to what must be the midway point of the deck and stops. "Okay," he says, quiet in his voice. "Open."

Shane blinks, and his eyes open, and for a second, the world around him seems to go still.

There, in the middle of the wood deck, is a chair. The chair. Or at least, its twin. The lines are identical, every detail and angle replicated down to the grain of the wood, the dip of the arm, the set of the legs. It's perfect, and for a second, Shane can't breathe and his vision blurs, and it takes him a second to realize he's tearing up.

"Ilya ..." His voice cracks, the simple syllables barely audible. He swivels on his heel to face his husband, heart thundering, swollen with a loss as raw as the first time he'd realized it was gone. "You ..." Words fail him, there on the tip of his tongue, blocked somewhere in his throat by too much astonishment, too much awe.

All he can do is reach up and pull Ilya into his arms, pressing his face against the solid curve of his neck. He smells like sawdust and summer air and something achingly familiar. Shane presses a trembling kiss to his lips, slow and gentle and worshipful.

“You gave me back the chair,” he breathes against his mouth, each word thick and choked with unshed emotion. “You gave it back to me.”

Ilya smiles, the kind that blossoms from the corners of his eyes, spreading out across his entire face in a smile so wide it’s like his eyes actually crinkle. “This is not even the best part.”

Shane laughs, low and choked. “There is something more ...?”

Ilya pulls back from Shane’s arms, grinning. “Wait.”

He walks to the far end of the deck, reaches over the railing, and Shane—unable to stop himself—watches him. He watches the movement of Ilya’s muscles under the short sleeves of his T-shirt, the curl of his back, the way his sweats pull and stretch across his hips in just the right way when he bends. He’s almost to the point of teasing him for it when Ilya straightens and turns back toward him, and Shane freezes.

In Ilya’s hands is another chair. A second rocking chair, made identical to the one Shane is standing by. He walks toward Shane, slow and careful, and sets it down on the deck next to him. Then he sits, leaning back in it with a small sigh.

He pats the other seat, eyes crinkling. “Come,” he says in a low voice. “Sit.”

Shane sinks into the seat. Wood creaks around him in the same rhythm as the chair that used to sit here, gentle and soothing, and he swallows around the lump in his throat. The noise is a memory, and Shane smiles. But it’s layered on top of what was something missing from his life, with something else that is all new, all them.

Ilya reaches over the narrow space between them, finding Shane’s hand and lacing their fingers together. “Now,” he says in his low, comfortable voice. “We have matching chairs to grow old in.”

Shane swallows, blinking fast. The last of the sun catches in Ilya’s curls, and Shane suddenly knows how lucky he is to have the sort of love that makes him want to both laugh and cry all at once.

He squeezes Ilya’s hand, thumb rubbing slow circles on his skin. “You’re unbelievable,” he says, murmur soft against his husband’s cheek. “You know that, right?”

Ilya chuckles, nudging his chin at Shane. “Only because I have reason.”

Shane leans over, slides his head against Ilya’s shoulder, wood creaking beneath him as both chairs rock, slow and easy, in sync with each other and their breathing. The lake stretches out before them, silent and perfect and golden, as the sun finally sets.

Surrounded by the dip and rock of the chairs beneath him, the new one on the deck as familiar as the old one in his lap, with the sound of summer settling around them like a blanket, Shane thinks, This is what healing looks like.

It's not the absence of what's been lost, the removal of what's been taken. It's the slow, steady work of putting it back together, rebuilding it into something just as beautiful, stronger, and just as important. He can't imagine it ever being better than this.

They rock in silence, not needing to communicate, the soft creaking of their chairs melding together like a quiet song. Shane closes his eyes, feeling the slow rocking, the warmth of the air settling over his skin, the weight of Ilya's hand, woven in between his own. It's a stillness that hums rather than silences.

He can almost see the future in this moment, see them both in years to come, both with gray hair and laugh lines, the lake ebbing and flowing with the seasons. It makes his heart swell with a quiet, fierce happiness—one that settles in his chest. This is what Shane wants forever to look like.

He's caught up in that, in the moment, in the serenity that spills through him, when he feels it, when the motion beside him shifts. The creak of the chairs slows—the air around him changes. Shane blinks open his eyes and finds Ilya kneeling between them, pressing himself between Shane's knees, until he's close enough for Shane to feel his chest moving through the thin fabric of his shirt.

Shane blinks down at him, a mix of surprise and fondness in his eyes. "What are you up to?"

Ilya doesn't say anything at first. Instead, he tips his head forward, resting his cheek against Shane's stomach, warm against the cotton of his shirt. Shane can feel the soft exhalation of his breath, can hear Ilya's body relax like this, against him—like he's found the only place he truly fits.

When he finally tilts his head back to meet Shane's eyes, his expression is softened and mischievous. "What makes you think I'm up to anything?" he asks, his voice light and playful, and Shane knows better than to believe the way he's saying it.

Shane smiles. He really does, his mouth curling, and his fingers brush over Ilya's brow, smoothing down his cheek. "Because you're always up to something," Shane replies, and it comes out sounding like both a sigh and a laugh.

Ilya's grin spreads wide, slow and boyish, the kind that still catches Shane's breath even after all these years. "Not always," he replies, his voice soft and teasing.

Something about the way he says it, that low, sure drawl of his, affectionate and almost reverent, makes Shane's chest twist. He doesn't shift, doesn't try to tug Ilya back up. He just lets his husband stay there, on his knees between his own, head pillowed against his stomach, as if this is the most natural thing in the world.

Shane's fingers slide into Ilya's hair, running idly through it, thumb brushing over the back of his neck. The rocking resumes, slower this time—steady, unhurried. The motion pulls them both, and the silence stretches, open and deep.

Ilya hums low, and the sound of it vibrates against Shane's stomach, a solid thrum. "You like it?" he murmurs.

Shane swallows. He thinks about how Ilya found the chair and brought back a piece of Shane he thought was broken. Ilya rebuilt Shane in this space, new and sturdier, just like the chair, and for that, Shane will be forever grateful. “I love it,” he breathes, voice warm. “I love you.”

Ilya’s lashes flutter for a moment, silver in the dim of the evening. He lifts his head a little, just a fraction, to press a kiss against Shane’s stomach. “Good,” he says softly. “Then my mission is complete.”

Shane laughs, a quiet sound that shakes into something more like a sigh. He leans back against his chair, head falling back again, eyes falling shut, hand still moving through Ilya’s hair. The world slips away to the soft creak of the chair, the hush of the lake, the warmth of his husband pressed between his legs.

For a moment, Shane thinks, truly believes, that if time would just stop here, if the years would expand from the steady beat of this heart—then, finally, he’d have everything he’s ever needed.

The two of them, the sound of wood softly creaking beneath them, the smell of summer on the breeze, and love, simple and unwavering and endless.

Shane’s lost in it, the drifting feeling of forever, the way he could so easily rock like this forever and not want for anything. The way imagining years and years of quiet evenings and soft rocking beside Ilya comes so easily. He can feel it, a brush of movement, a shift of air.

And then, warmth.

Ilya’s lips brush against his stomach, soft through the thin cotton of his shirt. At first, it’s not needy, not even particularly suggestive—just slow, worshipful. Another kiss, then another, each one careful and unhurried, slow-burning, laden with the thing that must be both gratitude and promise in equal measure.

Shane exhales a breath that might be a sigh. His hand stills in Ilya’s hair. He can feel the care with which Ilya’s palms ghost against his thighs, fingers gentle and stilling, saying I’m here, I’m with you. It’s almost too much—the way this love has weight and history and devotion all weaving in and through it.

The air is humming between them now, full of that quiet, steady magnetism that has always thrummed just beneath their skin. The chair stops rocking, the whole world narrows to the space they share in this moment—the slide of Ilya’s breath through his shirt, the warmth blooming slowly through him, gentle and slow.

Shane opens his eyes and looks down, and Ilya is watching him, eyes clear and steady and lips curved in that little smile that is just Shane’s. That twisted knot of love and ache and want that they always hover around settles in Shane.

Shane tangles his fingers in Ilya’s hair again, gentle but possessive. “You sure know how to ruin a man’s peace, don’t you?” he murmurs, low and fond and the teasing too soft to be anything but love.

The answering grin Ilya gives him is small but shoots through Shane. “Maybe you never wanted peace.”

He huffs a laugh and brushes his thumb across Ilya’s jaw, the slow thrumming of something deeper settling between them. The silence has been broken, but it’s still quiet, tender. But the undercurrent has deepened to a pulse, something low and hot and full of promise.

Ilya’s hands move up his thighs with more determination now, thumbs stroking little circles that make Shane shiver. Just a second ago, it had been soft and quiet, full of contentment and love and that sort of peace Shane loves. But now, heat spreads through his skin, pooling low in his belly. He can feel himself hardening, breath stuttering when Ilya presses another kiss just below his navel.

Then Ilya pushes his shirt up, inch by inch, until cool air brushes the faint trail of hair down his abdomen. Ilya’s tongue runs along it, slow and deliberate, licking along the edge of Shane’s waistband. Shane sighs, throaty and shaky, head lolling back against the back of his chair. His heart is thundering in his chest.

He wants—God, he wants—to reach for Ilya, to yank him up and kiss him, to grind into that teasing heat. But he doesn’t. He doesn’t move. He lies back, letting himself go, giving himself to the moment and Ilya and the quiet devotion he infuses into every touch.

Ilya hooks his hands around Shane’s hips and pulls him flush against him, so there’s no space left at all between them. Then his mouth finds Shane’s cock through the thin barrier of his sweatpants, kissing him there with such longing tenderness that Shane’s breath hitches. It’s not harsh or hurried—it’s loving, slow, and deep.

Now Ilya’s fingers are purposeful, slow, and sure. They slip under the waistband of Shane’s sweats and pull them down just a bit, just enough so there’s more skin to press warm kisses against, more heat building between them. The waistband rubs against Shane’s thighs, and the sound is low in the air, and then he’s loose enough that the air hits him, cool and shockingly alive all at once.

Shane lifts his hips to assist, and when Ilya pulls the sweats all the way down, he sinks back down into the chair. The cushion of the chair gives under his weight, and he’s suddenly glad it’s there, because the plush warmth of it against his bare skin is so much better than the wooden slats of the chair would be. He huffs out a low breath of laughter that catches on its way out, too full to escape.

Ilya looks up at him, eyes soft and dark with something that punches Shane right in the chest. Love, Ilya’s love, here, unguarded and so, so evident. It makes his throat go tight.

Then Ilya leans forward again, pressing his mouth against Shane’s skin. He presses a kiss to Shane’s hipbone, another next to it, slow and methodical. Like he’s memorized every last inch of Shane’s body and is working it through by heart, it’s a promise, and it’s a confession, the way Ilya maps his body out like he’s studying it. The way his lips brush against the skin of Shane’s stomach, to that spot on his hip that makes his pulse stutter and his breath catch.

Shane's fingers brush through Ilya's hair without thought, just so he can touch. His whole body thrums, hums, in more than just arousal. In the tenderness of it. In the way Ilya touches him, like he's something sacred.

There's no urgency to it. Just warmth and breath and love seared into every inch of skin Ilya's mouth finds. And Shane sits there in the chair, heart aching full and right in his chest, because if forever ever feels like this—soft and very much alive, then he doesn't have to think of anything else at all.

The moment Ilya fishes the small tube of lube out of his pocket, Shane doesn't have to ask where this is going. The low thrum of anticipation that's been humming under his skin all day crystallizes in his chest, sweet and heady. He knows what fantasy they're reenacting out here on the deck, this high-backed chair that dips and sways in the wind—a fantasy that, until now, had lived in the shadowed recesses of Shane's mind.

The click of the cap is louder than Shane expects in the quiet of the night. It slices through the sound of the trees rustling and the groan of ancient boards beneath the rocking chair in a way that makes him pause

He can't help but think it's good that Anya is inside, asleep on her bed. No child, not even one with fur, deserves to see one of her dads—slowly, painstakingly, satisfyingly—fucked in a chair made for gentle rocking and hour-long Sunday afternoons.

He remembers the first time he confessed this fantasy to Ilya. It had poured out of him with a low, self-conscious mumble after he'd had a particularly vivid dream. He'd been prepared for teasing or laughter. Instead, Ilya had kissed him, slow and deep and sweet, and then made love to him in their soft bed, so careful and patient and promising that Shane had thought his heart might crack in two. That old rocking chair wouldn't have made it through even the gentlest fucking, so he never thought he could actually have this.

This one—the wide-backed, sturdy one Ilya had hunted down just for him—feels like it was made for this moment.

Ilya moves closer, the hem of his t-shirt brushing Shane's leg, and Shane leans back against the wood, the cushion soft beneath him, solid in contrast to the thrumming buzz of nerves that's his body's reaction to the promise of what's about to happen. Ilya pulls him closer to the edge of the chair, hands solid on his hips, eyes intent but not unkind.

When the first cool slick of lube touches his rim, Shane gasps, hips jarring against the chair. Ilya's finger circles his rim, slow, teasing, and oh-so-gentle until Shane is hard and aching and his cock is twitching against his stomach. Then a finger slides in. Slow and steady, and Shane exhales through his nose and then moans when Ilya bends forward and drags his tongue up the length of Shane's cock in one long, wet stroke.

The combined sensation of Ilya's finger in him and his mouth on Shane's cock is maddening. It's that slow push of the finger inside him, the slick heat of Ilya's tongue, and the way the two fold together and build, edging Shane close to the point where he'll have to come already, where his head will tilt back, where his hand will come down in Ilya's hair and he'll have to let that moan, that long, filthy, loving moan, escape him.

Ilya takes his time pushing him open, careful, slow, and steady with the finger inside him, and Shane is achingly aware, even over the tide of lust that's building up in his belly, of the love Ilya's putting into it. It's there in every movement, every stroke, every shift in position. It's not just physical need; it's worship.

The second finger slots in, and Shane gasps, hips rocking in the chair. Ilya's mouth stays on him, kissing, licking, the tip of his tongue tracing small, wet circles over Shane's cock that make him shudder and jerk against the exquisite heat of his mouth. It's too much and not enough, the stuttered rhythm of fingers thrusting in and out of him while his cock is being teased, fingers so intimate, so physical, paired with the worship of Ilya's mouth.

The babbling confession he's about to spit when Ilya finally swallows him down is cut off when he feels the third finger slip into him, already stretched open by the first two fingers inside him. Shane's thighs clench, and he's short of breath, trying to ride the knife-edge of the pleasure that's so close but not quite close enough.

He's going to start begging, Shane knows it. Begging Ilya to come in him, begging Ilya to fuck him already, begging him to let him have it, all hard and fast and quick and hard. He knows it, but he can't bring himself to say it, because Ilya will always know. Ilya will always understand if Shane is quiet, and he will always go slower just to torture him. And maybe this—this gorgeous, agonizing worship of him—is the kind of forever Ilya wants Shane to know, drawn out and deep and completely impossible to rush.

Ilya pulls his fingers from him, and Shane's left open and needy. Wriggling skin and every nerve-ending tingling in anticipation. Half-closed eyes watch Ilya move up to his knees, his hands guiding Shane further down to line up with the edge of the chair.

"You want me to do this?" he asks, low and growly. And loving. And slightly worshipful. Ilya pushes his own sweats down, stopping at his thighs, and Shane has a hard time not gasping, a hard time thinking past the sight of his cock, the way his own fingers ease the roll of his foreskin down over the head of his dick, dripping lube and coating his dick with it.

Shane can't tear his eyes away. The up-and-down of Ilya's hand, the sliding stroke, the pink tip disappearing into the foreskin, and the pull of Ilya's cock as it slides back out again ... It's mesmerizing. It's beautiful.

Shane's mouth falls open, and he can't find words. He can only nod eagerly, helplessly, chest heaving as he waits, waits, waits, until Ilya lines up with his rim and starts to push forward. Slowly. Torturously slow.

A sigh becomes a moan as he feels Ilya fill him. Inching forward, stretching him in a slow, agonizing rhythm. Every inch stealing more air away as Ilya pushes and shoves, until there's nothing left and Ilya is deep inside him, and both of them are trembling.

Neither of them moves for a moment after that. Neither makes a sound beyond the rasp of Shane's breathing, the hitch of his sigh as Ilya bottoms out, and the soft huff from Ilya's parted lips. Ilya drops his head forward, resting his forehead on Shane's shoulder, and Shane can feel it, Ilya's shudder and the way he's clenching in on himself, clenching tight, biding his time.

Shane knows him. Knows if Ilya, inside Shane, stretched open and wanting, starts moving while he's so near the edge of it, that he might come apart at the seams right here. And then, just as Shane's chest tightens at the worry of it, Ilya starts to pull back, slow and even as he eases out and then, with a sharp intake of breath that's more of a whine, as Ilya braces his hands on the arms of the chair and rocks the chair forward.

Fuck, Shane thinks when he lets out a ragged hiss of breath as Ilya starts his rhythm, his body rocking forward onto Ilya's cock and then back, off of it a little before the chair tips forward again, pushing Shane back down.

Slow, regular. Each slide down sets a new beat that their bodies catch onto like it's been drummed into their DNA. The creak of the chair, as each push of their weight bounces it back a little, blends into the beat like it's nature itself, as if the whole of the night is rocking with them.

Head lolling back, Shane clutches the sides of the chair hard, and his breath comes in ragged sounds between rough moans, his spine arching as he rocks against Ilya. "God," he rasps, and his voice is hoarse and shaky. "Ilya ..."

His name spills out again and again like a prayer.

The way the chair rocks, each stroke of their bodies in tandem, all of it—the press of lips at his throat, the cool night air on their skin, the catch of their breaths, the way they shift and move in sync so that it's like they're breathing each other's air and Shane is swimming in stars as Ilya rocks him slowly onto his cock is ... It's as if reality and fantasy, as if need and love have collided and then split into something new. Something better.

Ilya keeps the pace slow, languid, rocking the chair back and forth, each movement deliberate. It's a long time before Shane can be sure, but eventually he swears the world around them is holding its breath. The groan of the wood, the whisper of the wind, the wet slap of their bodies moving together—it all seems to blend into a single cadence, maddening in its intimacy.

Ilya's hips begin to roll with the motion, his thrusts slow but insistent, just deep enough and just slow enough to seem more like worship than fucking. Shane's hands dig into the chair arms, his whole body shaking as he fights to stay composed. He's right there, teetering on the edge of his orgasm, just a breath away from spilling over—and Ilya won't let him.

He can tell from the way Ilya rocks forward, his breathing controlled and even, that this is on purpose. Ilya is dragging it out. Pulling him to the edge and holding him there, stretching him to his absolute limit between desperation and rapture.

Every time the chair rocks forward, Ilya thrusts all the way in, deep enough to make Shane's eyes roll, and every time the chair rocks back, Shane nearly—nearly—comes as Ilya pulls almost all the way out. Pulling and pushing agonizingly slow until Shane's body is a shivering wreck of want.

"Please," Shane whispers, the word tumbling out of his mouth before he can stop it. His voice cracks with it, shaking and needy and full of love, desperate and raw and tangled. "Ilya,

please ...”

Ilya only leans in closer, nuzzling Shane’s ear with his lips, his breath a warm, thick cloud against his skin. “Not yet,” he murmurs, his voice hoarse and low. “I want to feel you right here a little longer.”

It makes Shane shiver in the core of his being. He wants to protest, to tell Ilya that he can’t, that it’s too much, that he’s going to come just from waiting—but he doesn’t. Instead, he just nods and attempts to breathe.

Ilya rocks. Slow, deep, and unrelenting, the creak of the chair hisses against the silence around them. Forward, back, forward again. Shane’s thighs are trembling, his stomach taut and strained. Every nerve ending in his body is on fire, raw with desire but never, ever spilling over. His cock twitches uselessly with each roll of Ilya’s hips, dribbling precum against his stomach, but Ilya’s hand never so much as touches it—he knows what he’s doing.

The rest of the world fades away, Shane’s whole being focused on the steady rock of the chair, on the steady creak of wood and the brush of Ilya’s breath against him as the two of them lean against each other, rocking in time to each other’s bodies with the aid of the chair. It’s almost too much, this slow torture of love and need, the way Ilya seems to know exactly how close he is, exactly how to tease him just that much further.

And when Ilya rocks just that fraction of a millimeter further, sinking all the way in deep and holding there as their bodies flush and tremble against each other, Shane unravels. Not in orgasm—no, but in every other way. In the love, in the surrender, in the raw intensity of being kept exactly, perfectly on the edge by the one man in the world who could possibly know him better than he knows himself.

Ilya somehow maintains the pace, slow and constant, the rocking chair's motion winding them tighter and tighter, like a spring that refuses to let go. Each forward thrust sends Shane sliding down onto him, pressing him as deep as he can go, and past it, Shane swears. Each backward tug takes him empty long enough to make him yearn for more.

It never slows. It accelerates in imperceptible increments, though finally. Tension winds tighter until they both might explode. The chair groans in protest, the wood flexing beneath them as if it, too, might not hold. It does, though. Firm and unyielding, like Ilya’s restraint.

Shane can feel the tremble in his body, muscles tight and shaking from overuse. The air between them is heavy, heavy with sweat and breath and the low, broken noises Ilya continues to draw from him. Each and every forward movement sends a burst of heat through him, pleasure igniting bright and sharp in his vision.

“Ilya,” he pants, voice no more than air and the scrape of wood against his skin. His hands slide from the arms of the chair to Ilya’s shoulders, fingers gripping tight and wanting more of him. “Please—”

It’s all it takes. Ilya shifts his hips, righting their angle and finding it again, and suddenly the chair rocks faster—still controlled and purposeful, but with added force to each thrust. The

speed robs Shane of his breath, pressure building and building with each roll forward, each deep drive that sends him climbing and climbing.

He can no longer think, cannot breathe through the noises he's making. The rocking is frantic now, the chair groaning in syncopation with the two of them, ragged gasps that seem to tear right out of his throat and his chest. And when Ilya slides in deep and stays put, Shane comes.

His entire body tenses, orgasm ripping through him with a sound that is half moan and half relief. He comes between them, spilling warm on his stomach and his chest. He can't see clearly anymore. The world narrows and becomes bright and focused only on the feeling of Ilya moving inside of him, still rocking and holding him.

Another few thrusts—deeper, faster—and Ilya is right there with him, a low groan vibrating from his throat as he comes, pushing into Shane one last time hard. Shane can feel him, can feel the tremor that courses through his whole body as he comes, and the noise that comes from Shane is raw and full and unguarded.

The rocking eventually ceases on its own, fading to a stop. The night air feels cool again, the breeze ruffling across their sweat-damp skin. Ilya remains there with him, buried deep inside, forehead pressed to Shane's shoulder, both of them panting like they've just sprinted a mile.

Shane reaches up to run a hand through Ilya's hair, fingers shaking as he pets through it. The air is thick with cedar and sweat and the faint chemical sweetness of the lube, the stars above hazy through the smoke of everything that has just passed between them.

"So glad the chair didn't break," Shane says at last, breathless, a faint laugh playing at the edge of his voice.

Ilya lifts his head, eyes soft and warm and still dazed. "Knew it would hold up."

Ilya leans in then, and kisses Shane—slow and deep and a kind of kiss that lasts for hours. The kind of kiss Shane never wants to stop.

End Notes

so ... yeah ... that happened - and this was supposed to be just smut until I had feels and had to make the rest of y'all feel something too lolz

i luv them!!!

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