

if you stay quiet

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if you stay quiet

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

Summary

Shane and Ilya have company at the cottage, and they try to have quiet shower sexin'. They just aren't the best at the quiet part.

Notes

this is very delayed being posted cuz it sat here waiting in drafts and i forgot

the prompt quiet sex was for day 22 of kinktober - but i had it on my schedule for the 23rd and it's now the 27th and ur gettin it - ooops

hope ya enjoy anyway

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



Shane should have taken a separate shower. He really, really should have. They still have people out at the cottage with them. Troy and Harris are in one of the other rooms, not too far from this one. Voices and laughter and the clink of glasses still faintly ringing in the air from earlier. Shane had told himself that this was going to be a quick shower. Just rinsing off from being outside all day. But then Ilya had come in behind him, eyes dark and heavy-lidded with that look of his that always seems to undo Shane completely.

Ilya is on his knees now, Shane's back pressed to the cool tiles of the shower wall. Shane had meant to be practical, to be efficient about this, and now is the worst time to remember how utterly useless that idea is when Ilya's lips are hot on his skin.

His hands are flat against Shane's hips, keeping him still as the warm water mist rolls around them. He feels as if he's being steamed alive, every rivulet of it coalescing on his skin.

"Quiet, moya lyubov," Ilya breathes, voice low and husky, lips trailing the sharp line of Shane's hip before teeth click softly against the skin there.

Shane's breath hitches. He wants to protest that he can't do it, that it's impossible to be quiet when Ilya's mouth is so close and every nerve in his body feels taut, strung between wanting and needing. But the words are lost when Ilya's mouth moves again and he rains kisses, hot and feather-light, along the underside of his cock before his lips part and he takes Shane into his mouth.

There's a shuddering sound pulled from Shane's throat before he can stop himself. He bites down hard on his lower lip to keep more from escaping. The wall behind him is slick and wet from the spray of the shower, his hand curling against it uselessly as he fights to keep still.

Ilya takes him deeper, slow and firm, and the edge of pleasure blurs. His hands are firm at Shane's hips, holding him still against the wall every time his body jerks forward. It's a solid counterpoint to the rest of him melting inside Ilya's mouth.

The sound of the shower fills the space around them. It's steady, constant, and indifferent, and still Shane can hear his own ragged breaths—the half-gasps of a man who is trying to remain quiet. The wet, hot sound of Ilya's mouth on him is nearly too much, the slick slide of skin on skin, and that soft grunt as he swallows around Shane's cock.

Ilya's hand curls around Shane's balls, rolling them softly as his mouth works him deeper. He pulls away just long enough to whisper another harsh, filthy warning. "Shh. Quiet." Then he's back, taking Shane's cock into his mouth again, and Shane barely has control over his body when that sinful tongue flicks against the underside of his dick.

Ilya's other hand roams higher—up over Shane's stomach, across the lines of his ribs, fingers teasing until Shane jerks. It comes to rest between his pecs, thumb dragging lightly before it wanders further up, higher, until he brings his fingers to Shane's mouth, pressing against his lips until Shane's lips part for him.

"Suck," Ilya orders, and Shane does.

His mouth is full of Ilya's fingers, Ilya's mouth is full of him. He moans around those fingers helplessly, his breath hot and ragged. Somehow, he reaches for the small bottle of lube on the shelf beside him, because he knows, no matter how wet he gets Ilya's fingers, saliva is no substitute for lube. He knows what's coming, what they both want. When Ilya had first started keeping lube in multiple spots in their bathrooms, Shane had thought it was a bit excessive, but in moments like this, he can't help but think he married a genius.

Ilya pulls his fingers from Shane's mouth and takes the lube from him, and Shane whimpers. His cock slips out of Ilya's mouth, wet and slick, and the loss of it is almost too much to bear.

"Shh," Ilya coos, voice low and molten. "If you can keep quiet ..." His eyes lift, dark and lust-filled, the corner of his mouth quirking up as he pops the lube open, "... I'm going to finger you while I suck you—until you come down my throat."

"Fuck." The offer is a surge of electricity, sending Shane's knees nearly buckling, his breath catching in the air between them as he tries to cling to the wall.

Ilya slicks his fingers with deliberate slowness, eyes never leaving Shane's face. It's nearly too much. To have Ilya watching him like this, like he sees only Shane.

"Can you do that for me?" Ilya whispers, voice soft and almost sacred. "Can you keep quiet while I get you off?"

Shane nods—barely, desperately. It's too much. He wants this. He wants Ilya more than he cares about the noise, or their company, or anything else in the world right now.

All that matters is Ilya—his mouth, his hands, his voice—and the way he always seems to know just how to undo Shane.

Shane nods, breathing hard, and that's all the invitation Ilya needs.

Slippery fingers press between his thighs, the gentle first touch is a cautious prod. The spray of the shower pounds on their skin, a low rumble over Shane's labored breath. The first finger presses in slow and easy, and Shane's head lolls back against the wall with a dull thunk.

"Oh—" It's half a word, half a groan, swallowed before it can reverberate against the tiles. His thighs shake where they press on Ilya's shoulders.

“That’s it,” Ilya says, low and throaty against Shane’s hip. “Easy. Breathe.”

And Shane does. He really does. But then Ilya’s mouth on him again, hot and greedy around his cock even as his finger curls inside, slick and slow, and breathing becomes a trick he can’t manage. Mouth and finger at once is too much, heat and stretch a jumbled rush that draws a low, broken sound from Shane.

He can feel every flick of tongue, every slide of lips. Ilya’s rhythm gathers slowly and with certainty, increasing and building, until Shane’s hips start rocking against the hands that try to restrain him. The slick twist of a single finger becomes two, slow and steady, and Shane’s whole body starts to tremble. He bites at his own knuckle to keep a groan from spilling out of him, eyes squeezing shut.

“Quiet,” Ilya chides him again, but there’s something almost indulgent about the way he says it, like he adores every frustrated sound Shane makes.

The fingers twist just so, curling against the spot that makes Shane’s vision swim. His breath catches in a gasp, his other hand balling helplessly in Ilya’s wet hair. Ilya hums around him, the vibration setting Shane’s whole body to quivering.

“Ilya,” he chokes out, the name like a prayer on his lips. “Please—”

He doesn’t know what he’s asking for—not more, not less, just everything, all at once—and Ilya seems to know, because his fingers are moving faster now, faster than Ilya’s mouth, which has Shane deep, slow, and grinding, in the same rhythm. The sounds of their bodies blend in the tight space, reduced to just heat and skin and the feel of each other.

When his orgasm comes, it takes Shane by surprise. His whole body bows away from the wall, a groan that’s choked and muffled by teeth. His hand tightens in Ilya’s hair, his whole body quaking as white-hot pleasure cascades through him.

Ilya takes every bit of it, slow and patient, until Shane’s shuddering subsides into soft, uneven breaths. He pulls back only then, kissing Shane’s thigh and then the hip above it, reverent and gentle.

Shane stays against the wall for a long moment, chest heaving as he works to remember how to breathe. Steam unfurls between them, hot and heavy, the air still thick with heat and the faint salt of sweat. Ilya is still kneeling, lips slightly parted, eyes dark and soft all at once.

Shane looks at him, blank and spent, and then, with the sudden spark that always follows release, he reaches for Ilya.

“Your turn,” he murmurs, voice low and rough around the edges.

Ilya shakes his head, the ghost of a smile at his mouth. “No need—”

But Shane has him by the shoulders already, hands sliding up over the slick planes of muscle until they find his cock. “There’s every need,” he whispers, leaning in. “You got me off while I just stood there like a goddamn statue. Not fair, baby.”

He kisses him before Ilya can protest—deep and slow, breath tangling with steam and all the heat and hunger left over from before. Ilya tastes like water falling over them from the shower head and want, but also like the sound of Shane’s name on a moan.

Shane’s hand slides between them, wrapping around Ilya’s cock that is hard against his stomach. He strokes him slow and easy, the same rhythm Ilya had used on him, deliberate and reverent. Ilya exhales against Shane’s mouth, low and guttural, forehead pressing to his.

“Moya lyubov...”

It’s half threat, half adoration.

“Yeah,” Shane murmurs, and smiles faintly at the sound of it. “Yours.”

He keeps his hand slow, enjoying every shudder that runs through Ilya’s body. The shower still pounds on them, steady and hot, droplets sliding down Ilya’s shoulders, catching in the hollow of his throat. Shane leans in to lick the water away, tasting skin and soap and the faintest hint of himself.

Ilya starts to buck, small and helpless jerks of his hips into Shane’s fist. His breath comes in soft gasps that Shane swallows greedily, like he wants to memorize it. His other hand spreads across Ilya’s chest, feeling the quick thrum of his heartbeat.

“Come for me,” Shane whispers, the words a warm sigh against Ilya’s jaw. “Right here, love.”

It doesn’t take long, just a few more strokes of his hand on Ilya’s dick. Ilya shudders once, twice, his fingers clutching on Shane’s shoulders. His release splashes between them, hot and heavy, and Shane strokes him through it, over skin and cock, until Ilya collapses against him, boneless and shaking.

For a moment, they just stand there, silent and still, foreheads touching, breathing the same heavy, steam-filled air.

After a while, Ilya hums a quiet laugh, soft enough that it almost gets lost. “You should have let me just take care of you,” he murmurs.

Shane smiles, lips brushing the hollow of his cheek. “You did. I just ... wanted to return the favor.”

They stand there a while longer, letting the shower sluice away any lingering evidence. By the time they step out, toweling off and slipping into their bed, forgoing any clothes, the air between them hums with that post-coital contentment that always feels like peace.

When they finally climb into bed, Ilya immediately presses Shane against his chest, tucking him in against him. Shane hums in response, eyes already heavy. “We’ve got company,” he mumbles.

“Sleeping,” Ilya murmurs, pressing a kiss to his hair. “Or pretending to.”

Shane laughs softly, drowsy and pleased. “Then they’ll just have to deal with it.”

Ilya’s hand settles on his hip, possessive and gentle all at once. “They’ll understand,” he says.

And Shane, sinking into the heat of his husband’s arms around him, decides that maybe they will—because what he and Ilya have isn’t something that can ever really be kept secret. It’s too much, too alive, too much a part of them both.

They make love until they collapse. Sweat and water are still drying on their skin from the shower, and the world outside of the bedroom is whittling away to the slow, synchronized rise and fall of their chests. Ilya’s hands draw abstract patterns over Shane’s back—the careless staccato of fingertips that have made the same movements thousands of times, love gone quiet and rote. Shane hums against his chest and closes his eyes. “You’re gonna lull me to sleep like that.”

“Good.” Ilya murmurs, his lips brushing Shane’s hair. “Sleep, lyubov.”

Shane shifts to press a kiss against the side of his jaw. “I love you.”

“I love you, too,” Ilya says, smiling against his temple.

He gets the gentlest of sighs in return, soft and content as Shane’s breathing drifts off to nothing, the edges of the world blurring to nothing but warmth and heartbeat and the deep, metronomic ebb and flow of Ilya’s breath.

Morning light filters in through the curtains, and the room, already emptied of Ilya, still feels softer, quieter. The air is tinged with the smell of coffee and something frying—eggs, probably, or bacon. Shane stretches, joints pleasantly loose with sleep, and rolls out of bed with a low groan. The sheets smell like soap and faintly, almost imperceptibly, of Ilya’s cologne.

He pulls on a pair of loose shorts and pads barefoot into the kitchen, rubbing at his eyes.

The sight before him makes him freeze, rooted to the doorframe.

Ilya’s at the counter, perched on his elbows and wearing one of Shane’s old T-shirts that hangs over his hips in all the right places. He’s making a concerted effort to appear unbothered, but Troy and Harris flank him on either side like a pair of vultures, both wearing the same shit-eating grins.

“... I’m just saying,” Troy is saying, still half-laughing, “if you’re gonna invite us to make ourselves at home, maybe don’t soundtrack the night with—what was that, Harris? The most passionate shower scene in the history of the world?”

Harris snorts into his coffee mug. “I was gonna say ‘wildlife documentary,’ but fair enough. That works too.”

Ilya flushes pink and glares at them over the rim of his own mug. “You two have far too much imagination for your own good.”

“Oh, we don’t need imagination,” Harris replies, flatly. “Word on the street is the walls in this place are paper-thin.”

Shane leans lazily against the doorframe, grinning, his voice still rough with sleep. “If the walls are that thin, I bet you were listening harder than you’re letting on.”

All three heads swivel in his direction.

“Morning, sunshine,” Troy says, smirking. “Sleep well?”

“Like a baby,” Shane replies easily, walking over to press a kiss to Ilya’s temple. “How about you guys? You seem a little ... cranky.”

Harris groans. “Unbelievable. He’s proud of it.”

“Damn right I am.” Shane slides his arms around Ilya’s waist from behind, and Shane, ignoring the way Ilya tries to elbow him off, simultaneously embarrassed and laughing. “My husband has a very persuasive way of making me forget we have guests in the house.”

Ilya huffs out a laugh despite himself. “You’re insufferable.”

“And you love me for it,” Shane echoes, kissing the back of his neck.

Troy lifts his mug in a mock toast. “To married bliss—and noise-cancelling headphones.”

Shane grins and rests his chin on Ilya’s shoulder. “You bring those next time, and we’ll all sleep much better.”

Ilya shakes his head, biting back a smile, but the fondness in his eyes is unmistakable. “You’re all impossible.”

“Maybe,” Shane says softly, “but you wouldn’t trade us.”

And the way Ilya glances at him—exasperated and flushed and utterly in love—says he’s absolutely right.

Troy finally sighs and relents, reaching over to snag the spatula. “Fine, fine. I’ll save the rest of the jokes for later. Somebody’s gotta make sure the eggs don’t burn while you two make heart eyes at each other.”

“You were doing a terrible job of that before,” Ilya mutters, sliding out from behind Shane’s arms and snagging the pan from the counter.

Harris laughs and takes another sip of his coffee. “Look at him—deflecting. Classic move of a man caught in the act of being loudly in love.”

Shane retrieves the plates from the counter and starts setting the table, a smirk tugging at his lips. “Loudly in love.” He repeats. “I like that. Has a nice ring to it.”

Ilya shoots him a look over his shoulder, but there's no real heat in it. "You're not getting that embroidered on a pillow."

"Too late," Shane replies. "Already picturing it right in the middle of the couch."

Troy groans. "I'm not coming over if that happens."

"Yes, you will," Ilya says easily, plating the eggs and setting them off onto the table. "You'll complain the whole time and still eat half our food."

The four of them laugh, the sound of it bright and easy in the morning light. The teasing subsides into small talk—training, the weather, the lake. By the time they're all seated at the table, plates of eggs and toast in front of them and mugs steaming at their sides, the air feels soft again, comfortable.

Shane stretches, his bare foot brushing against Ilya's under the table. Ilya glances up and their eyes meet, and the faintest ghost of a smile pulls at the corners of his lips—private, knowing.

The cottage is filled with the smell of breakfast and laughter, and something quieter underneath it—a kind of peace that feels like home.

End Notes

they are silly and ridiculous and i luv them

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