Pinned to a Tree

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by Rivalria

Summary

What if Ilya made Shane's fantasy from Heated Rivelary Chapter 26 a reality and brought him out to that island?

Notes

This is just smut. In Chapter 26, Shane mentions that he wants to be fucked on the dock of the cottage or against a tree. This is the version where it happens against a tree on a remote island."

It was a beautiful day. The sun was slowly starting to settle over the cottage, and the temperature was sinking.
The canoe Ilya had persuaded Shane into, now bumped softly against the shore, the quiet thunk swallowed by the sound of lapping water and the distant rustle of wind in the trees. The little island was barely more than trees, a rocky patch of pine and underbrush. It was completely private and totally quiet until now. No other boats were in sight. No one but them.

Shane hadn't said much during the paddle out, and Ilya hadn't pushed.
Ever since Shane had planted the idea in Ilya's head a few days ago, he couldn't stop imagining it. So he enjoyed the canoe ride in the quiet. But he could feel Shane's excitement. He just kept glancing over, watching the tension coil tighter in Shane's jaw, the way he kept shifting his weight like he was already half-hard just from thinking about what might happen. Shane had voiced the fantasy — to be fucked against a tree — and who was Ilya to not comply?
He couldn't think of anything hotter and was completely excited. He'd had many sexual encounters, some even semi-public in clubs or cars, but never anything like this. But than again he never had anyone like Shane ever before. Yes most of the sex he had with other people was good, great even but Shane was just different. He had always been.
The sex with Shane in general was perfect. And Ilya could not say that it had gotten better per se since their love declarations to each other, but somehow it felt different — more intimate. And that was exactly what Ilya wanted to give Shane. An intimate moment, still in public.

So now that they'd reached their destination, Ilya climbed out of the canoe first, muscles flexing as he pulled it up a few feet onto the shore. Then he turned and held out a hand. Shane took it.
"Still want this?" Ilya asked, voice low, rough with promise.
Shane's eyes were dark, mouth parted. "Yeah. Fuck yeah."

That was all Ilya needed. He yanked Shane in hard by the front of his shirt, their mouths colliding messily, teeth knocking. Shane groaned into the kiss, already pushing against him, already rutting his hips like he was desperate for friction.
Ilya bit at his lower lip, tugged it, then shoved him back against a tree trunk, hands flying to Shane's belt.
"No one can see, right?" Shane gasped, eyes wide and bright with challenge.
Ilya growled, one hand closing around Shane's throat — not squeezing, just holding.
"You'd love it if someone could see. But no, no one's around," he muttered, lips brushing Shane's ear. Then, to get Shane riled up, Ilya added, "You've been thinking about this since you fucking said it. Don't lie."
Shane's breath hitched. "Fuck, Ilya…"

As Ilya kissed down his neck, biting at the curve where his jaw met his shoulder, Shane's nervousness started to dissolve. Ilya shoved his other hand down Shane's pants, just enough. He didn't even bother taking his own off fully, just unzipped and pushed them far enough to free himself.
Shane's eyes dropped and flicked wide. "Jesus."
"You asked for it, pretty boy."

Ilya pressed forward, forcing Shane to feel everything through the thin grind of cotton and heat and desperation.
“Said you wanted to be fucked out in the open, against a tree.”
His voice was a snarl now, every word vibrating down Shane’s spine.
“So here we are.”
Shane grabbed the back of Ilya’s neck and pulled him in for another bruising kiss — mouths clashing, filthy and loud. “Do it,” he growled. “I want it rough.”
So Ilya pushed Shane’s front up against the rough bark of the tree, one strong hand splayed over his lower back to hold him there. Shane’s breath came fast. Ilya fished a travel lube out of his pocket and kissed the nape of Shane’s neck, then slid his other hand down between Shane’s cheeks, parting him. He took his time, slicking his fingers first, then easing one inside. Shane gasped, back arching, but didn’t pull away.
“That’s it,” Ilya murmured, pressing closer, lips at Shane’s shoulder. “Take it.”
He added a second finger, stretching him gently but firmly, curling just enough to make Shane whimper. Shane’s hands gripped the tree trunk, knuckles white, body trembling with anticipation.
“You’re perfect like this,” Ilya growled, fingers moving with practiced confidence.

Ilya decided that two fingers was enough and by the way shane was moaning he needed to stop. So he got another one of his travel lube packets and a condom out. He slicked himself up quickly, then turned Shane around and hoisted him up against the tree and himself, so Shane’s back collided with the bark. Then Ilya dragged Shane’s leg around his hip, and lined up.

The first push was perfect and Shane choked on a gasp, his nails digging into Ilya’s back.
“Fuck,” he hissed. “Fuck, that’s—”
“Too much?” Ilya rasped, he stopped for a second watching Shane closely. He was so deep but he would never hurt Shane.
But Shane only responded with “I can take it. I want it. Want You.” And so Ilya began pushing even deeper, inch by inch.
Shane swore low.

Ilya fucked him up against the tree, one hand under Shane’s thigh to hold him up, the other braced beside his head.
Each thrust was hard, fast, claiming. The Bark scraped Shane’s back, sweat mixing with pine and lake air.

Their skin slapped together, loud in the stillness — but no one could hear them. Not out here. No one and nothing was around except maybe some birds, the wind, and the water.
“You feel that?” Ilya growled. “That’s mine, Hollander. You are mine. And I love you. Do you feel it?”
Shane’s head thunked back against the tree.
“Yes… Ilya. Fuck… I love you… Fuck… Harder… Please,” he gasped.

Ilya obeyed and quickened his pace.
Shane was moaning now, panting, eyes glazed and wet with overwhelmed pleasure.
Every movement drove him higher — closer to the edge — and here in the open but still

hidden, against a tree in Ilya's strong arms, Shane reached between them and stroked himself, rough and fast, in time with Ilya's deep thrusts.

It was almost over. Both Shane and Ilya could feel their orgasms building. Ilya gave Shane two more hard thrusts and then. Shane came with a shout, biting into Ilya's shoulder, shaking apart.
Ilya followed a moment later, slamming in deep and staying there, trembling with the force of it.
He let out a low, broken moan against Shane's throat, teeth scraping over sweaty skin.

They stayed like that for a long moment, breathing hard, chests heaving together, Shane still pressed tight between the bark and Ilya.
Eventually, Ilya pulled back and slipped out of Shane.
He let Shane down carefully. Shane stood on wobbly legs for a few seconds and stabilised himself against the tree.
Ilya, of course, noticed and smirked a knowing smirk.
He looked down at Shane and at the mess Shane had made of his own stomach. He said with a crooked grin, "Guess we're gonna need to swim before we paddle back.
Shane let out a dazed laugh, still fucked-out and flushed. "You're insane."
"You asked for this," Ilya reminded him, stepping back and tucking himself in.
Shane bent over, hands on his knees, still catching his breath.
"And you delivered."
Ilya winked. "Next time? The canoe."
And of course Shane was on board with the idea.
He loved this man so much.

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