

Best Day

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Best Day

by [northrow](#)

Summary

Coming back to The Cottage after leaving the Hollander's, Ilya and Shane make Ilya's best day even better.

"This is mine, yeah? Say it's mine."

"Yours," Shane gasped. "It's yours. I'm yours."

"That's fucking right." Ilya's voice was fierce, possessive in a way that made Shane throb.
"You want more?"

"Yes! Yes, please, need more! Need you!"

Notes

I have several one shots to short fics for our boys that are coming home to AO3. Smut, smut and more smut 🍆🍆🍆

Shane stared up at Ilya, his eyes dark in lust. His knees were still weak from the intense orgasm he'd wrung from him in the car on the way back from Shane's parents house. Ilya had carried him through the cottage before putting him on his feet at the foot of Shane's bed. Ilya had stripped Shane down to his underwear, leaving those on only because to get them off would've required his mouth to leave Shane's.

Ilya's jaw tightened as he ran his fingertips down Shane's neck, stopping to rest over his pulse. He smirked and Shane knew he'd felt it skip. That hand continued down Shane's chest, his fingers tugging at his nipple. "Fuck you're hot." he breathed out. His other arm wound around his waist, lifting his feet from the ground again.

He lowered Shane to the mattress but grabbed for his wrists to keep Shane from wrapping his arms around Ilya. Brown eyes met blue in confusion. Ilya just kissed him again as he pulled Shane's hands up and over his head until they hit the headboard.

"Hands stay here until I tell you you can move them." he told him. Shane nodded. "Use your words."

"Yes, sir"

Ilya groaned deep in his chest and Shane felt Ilya's cock throb against his thigh. "Fuck that does shit to me." he whispered, then released his wrists. Shane kept his hands against the headboard, his wide eyes following Ilya's moves.

I get to have this. Shane thought, his heart hammering. He's mine. He loves me. I told my parents and we're ok, and they're ok and he's still here and he's mine.

Ilya kissed down Shane's jaw to his neck, then down to his shoulder, over his collarbone before kissing a line down his chest. Shane gasped in delight when Ilya swirled his tongue around Shane's nipple while his fingers found the other. He worked Shane up to a panting mess and the need to touch Ilya had Shane pressing up into his broad chest.

"Perfect." Ilya whispered against Shane's skin. "So goddamn soft. Moy dusha is always so soft."

The Russian endearment made Shane's chest tighten. He'd looked it up that morning after hearing Ilya whisper it the night before - my soul. Ilya called him 'my soul.' *He loves me. He actually loves me.*

A sharp, quick sting pulled Shane out of his head. He blinked at Ilya. "Hey, where you go?" Ilya asked, his teeth still hovering above where he'd just bitten Shane.

"Here. I'm here."

"Yeah, you want?" Ilya asked, voice softer than it had been.

"I fucking want."

The Russian smiled the crooked smile that made Shane's heart skip. He bit Shane's pec again. "Ilya!" he moaned, earning a tug at his nipple. "Fuck, baby!"

The Russian continued to kiss down Shane's stomach, his tongue tracing the waistband of his underwear. His thumbs hooked in the band, leaning up to yank the material down Shane's legs and tossed them to the floor. Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane's knee, tongue swirling a circle on the sensitive spot at the bend of his leg.

Shane moaned his name, spreading his legs for him. Ilya wrapped his hands around Shane's knees and pushed them flat to the mattress, leaving him open to him. "Never have enough of this cock." Ilya mumbled, leaning down to swirl his tongue around the head. "Taste so good." he said as he dropped between his legs.

Ilya wrapped his hand around Shane's cock then slipped his other hand lower. "Ilya, don't tease me."

"No?" Ilya's eyes flicked up, that wicked glint making Shane's breath catch. "My love doesn't like to be teased?"

My love. Shane felt the words settle into his bones. Not 'a complication.' Not 'the guy I fuck when we're in the same city.' *My love.*

"Not when I need you this much." He gasped, meeting his eyes.

"I think you can take it, Shane. You don't cum until I let you."

His eyes snapped wide. "Baby!"

"Say 'yes sir' Shane."

His cock twitched and he knew a bead of precum was growing on the head of his cock. The swipe of Ilya's thumbtip across Shane's cock head confirmed this. "Yes, sir."

Ilya bit Shane's inner thigh, earning a sharp moan. He traced the mark with his tongue, then worked him with his hand. "Good boy. Listen so well for me."

Shane had to fight every nerve in his body not to cum immediately when Ilya's tongue swiped over the bundle of nerves under the ridge of his cock head as his hand stroked him faster. "Ah!" he cried out, his hand shooting down to the back of Ilya's head.

Ilya pulled away from him, his hand leaving him immediately. Shane's wide eyes found him. "Ilya!"

"Hands on the headboard." He ordered.

Shane moaned and pressed his palms into the headboard. "Yes, sir."

"Move and I stop." He nodded and Ilya dropped back down. "Let me suck this fucking cock until I make these beautiful thighs shake. But not until I say."

"Yes, sir, please. Please, need you."

"Good fucking boy." he growled. His hand wrapped around him again. "So goddamn hard!" He licked his cock again, drawing a long moan from him. "You're sensitive baby. You came so hard in the car, you too sensitive for this?"

Shane could hear the genuine concern in Ilya's voice and lifted his head to meet bright blue eyes. Those eyes that had looked so worried when Shane had his meltdown after his dad had seen them, so tense when Shane tried to explain to his parents. Those eyes that had gone soft with relief when Yuna had slipped into manager mode.

"Don't stop, baby. Please, don't stop. Please, please, please."

Ilya slapped his thigh, sending a sting of pleasure straight through him. Shane's hips lifted but Ilya held him firmly to the bed, his hand working him perfectly. He reached blindly toward the nightstand, yanking the drawer open and fumbling inside before cursing under his breath in Russian.

"No lube," he muttered, more to himself than Shane. "Need to keep it in every fucking room of this cottage." He brought his fingers to his mouth, getting them wet with his spit before returning his hand to Shane's cock.

Shane cried out at the slick pressure. "There you go." he heard Ilya mumble. "You always cum so quick when I touch you like this. Can you be good for me and not cum right now?"

"Yes!" he breathed out, not fully believing himself. Ilya's hand jacked him faster as his full lips closed around Shane's cock, "Oh, fucking fuuckk!" he moaned out, his nails digging into the headboard. "Ilya, shit, that's so good."

Ilya pulled off with an obscene pop, his hand continuing to stroke Shane relentlessly. "You're throbbing for me. Fuck you're always so fucking hard." Ilya groaned, his thumb swiping over the sensitive head, spreading the slickness. "How am I supposed to go home after having all this access to this pretty cock?" He took Shane back into his mouth briefly, sucking hard before releasing him again. "You'll have to touch yourself for me again. Do you make yourself so needy when you touch yourself alone, baby?"

"It's never as good as being with you. You make me feel so good, baby. I always want to cum for you. Please, Ilya, baby, let me cum. Let me cum for you."

"Not yet." Ilya said, before taking Shane deep into his throat again.

Shane groaned in disappointment. When Ilya's mouth and hand left him a second later, Shane glared down at him. Ilya smiled, that wicked grin that promised trouble, and wrapped his arms around Shane's thighs, pushing them up towards Shane's chest.

"Hold." Ilya directed, giving another light nudge of Shane's legs. "Don't touch me, just hold yourself open for me."

Shane wrapped his hands behind his knees, his heart hammering against his ribs. The position left him completely exposed and vulnerable, his cock still hard and leaking against his stomach. Ilya's eyes darkened as he took in the sight, his gaze hungry and possessive.

"Fuck, look at you," Ilya murmured, his hands sliding up the backs of Shane's thighs. "So fucking pretty like this. All spread open for me."

Shane felt the first swipe of Ilya's tongue over his hole and his entire body jolted, a strangled cry escaping his lips. "Oh! Ilya!"

"That's it baby, let me hear you." Ilya's voice was rough with desire as he pressed his tongue more firmly against Shane's entrance, circling slowly before flicking across it in teasing strokes. His hands gripped Shane's ass, spreading him even wider. "Don't have to be quiet here. Can be as loud as you want in our cottage."

Our cottage. Shane's breath hitched at the casual possessiveness, the easy way Ilya claimed this space as theirs.

Shane's thighs trembled in his own grip as Ilya worked him over with his tongue, alternating between broad, flat licks that made Shane gasp and the pointed tip of his tongue pressing insistently against his rim. "Please, please, please," Shane chanted, not even sure what he was begging for anymore.

"So responsive," Ilya growled against him, his stubble scraping deliciously against Shane's sensitive skin. "Love how you shake for me. Love that I get to keep making you shake." He pulled back just enough to meet Shane's eyes. "Love you."

Shane's eyes burned. "I love you too. Fuck, Ilya!"

Ilya pulled back just enough to spit directly onto Shane's hole, making him gasp at the obscene sound and the warm wetness. "Gonna open you up so good, moy dusha. Gonna make you feel so fucking good. Gonna make you forget about everything except this, except us."

He dove back in, his tongue pressing more insistently now, working past the initial resistance as Shane's body opened for him. Shane cried out, his grip on his knees tightening until his knuckles went white as Ilya fucked him with his tongue, working him open with patient, thorough attention.

"Ilya, oh god, Ilya!" Shane was nearly sobbing now, overwhelmed by the sensation of Ilya's tongue inside him, pressing and curling and driving him absolutely insane.

Ilya hummed against him, the vibration sending shockwaves through Shane's body and making his cock leak steadily onto his stomach. Shane felt Ilya's fingers join his tongue, one thick digit pressing alongside it, stretching him further. Shane's back arched off the bed, a broken moan tearing from his throat.

"So tight," Ilya groaned, pulling back to watch his finger slide into Shane alongside his tongue. "But taking my finger so well. Look at this greedy hole, baby." He worked his finger deeper, twisting it. "This is mine, yeah? Say it's mine."

"Yours," Shane gasped. "It's yours. I'm yours."

"Damn right you are." Ilya's voice was fierce, possessive in a way that made Shane's cock throb. "You want more?"

"Yes! Yes, please, need more! Need you!"

Ilya added more spit, making everything slick and messy, then slowly worked a second finger in alongside the first, scissoring them carefully as he worked Shane open. His tongue returned to lap at Shane's stretched rim around his fingers, the dual sensation of being filled and rimmed at the same time driving Shane absolutely wild.

"Look at you, taking my fingers so fucking good. Love watching this tight hole stretch around me." Ilya curled his fingers, searching, and Shane choked on a scream when he found that spot inside him, pressing against his prostate. "There. Right there. That's the spot that makes my boy fall apart."

"There! Right there, fuck, Ilya, right there!"

Ilya grinned wickedly, his blue eyes blazing with lust and something softer, something that looked like wonder. "Still can't believe I get to do this. That you're letting me. That I get to love you without hiding it from you."

The words made Shane's chest crack open. "Ilya..."

"Shh. Let me make you feel good, baby. Let me show you how much I love you."

Ilya kept his fingers pressed against Shane's prostate while his mouth moved up to take Shane's leaking cock back between his lips. He sucked hard while his fingers worked inside Shane, rubbing relentlessly against that sweet spot, his other hand coming up to massage Shane's balls.

Shane was writhing now, completely lost to sensation, his hands still obediently gripping behind his knees even as every muscle in his body screamed to reach down and touch Ilya. The pleasure was building so intensely it almost hurt, and he could feel tears leaking from the corners of his eyes. From the overwhelming pleasure, from the relief, from the sheer fucking joy of getting to have this.

"Ilya, I can't, I need, please..."

He was chanting Ilya's name and the word 'please' as Ilya brought him to the brink of orgasm only to pull away at the last second, his fingers slowing their rhythm, his mouth releasing Shane's cock with an obscene pop.

"Baby, bab..." Shane trailed off, suddenly unable to form a sentence from needing to cum. "Need to cum!" he finally got out, his voice breaking. "Please, I've been good, I've been so good..."

Ilya lifted his head and Shane could see spit and precum glistening on Ilya's lips and chin, his pupils blown wide with desire. The sight was almost enough to end him right there.

"You have been good. So fucking good for me." Ilya's voice was rough with emotion. "Been so brave today, baby. So brave with your family. So perfect. You deserve to feel good. You've done so good, baby. So fucking good for me. Cum for me. Cum for me, Shane."

His lips closed around Shane again, tongue swirling tightly as he brought him back up, his fingers curling hard against Shane's prostate. Moans and Ilya's name echoed around them as Shane finally, finally fell apart. "Oh fuck, holy fuck Ilya! Cumming! Gonna cum!"

Ilya's tongue moved faster and his fingers pressed harder and Shane shattered completely.

His thighs shook violently and his back arched so hard he thought he might break, pushing his hips harder against Ilya's face. He gripped behind his knees so hard it would probably leave marks and his vision went white as pleasure crashed through him in waves. Ilya worked him through it, fingers still moving inside him, mouth still sucking, wringing every last bit of pleasure from Shane's body until he was a shaking, oversensitive mess.

He licked him gently through the aftershocks as Shane's vibrating body settled back against the bed, carefully withdrawing his fingers and pressing soft kisses to Shane's inner thighs, his hip bones, the crease where his thigh met his groin. Ilya trailed his fingers down to Shane's knees, then back up his thighs to his hips and leaned over him.

"You did so good for me." he whispered. He took Shane's hands in his and brought his arms back to his sides slowly, massaging the muscles that had to be aching. "Shoulders ok?"

"Mmhmm. Fuck, I love you so much." Shane's voice was hoarse, wrecked.

Ilya chuckled, leaning down to kiss him deeply, letting Shane taste himself on Ilya's tongue. "I love you too. God, I love you."

"Say it whenever you want." Shane breathed. "I'll never get tired of hearing it."

"Good. Because I plan on saying it a lot." Ilya grinned. "For the rest of our lives if you'll let me."

Shane's breath caught, his heart doing something complicated in his chest. "Ilya..."

"Too much?" Ilya's expression shifted, uncertain. "Too soon? I know we just..."

Shane reached up, ignoring the ache in his shoulders, and pulled Ilya down for a kiss. "Not too much. Not too soon. Perfect timing."

Ilya smiled against his mouth. "Yeah?"

"Yeah."

Shane leaned up to reach for the fly of Ilya's jeans only to have him bat his hand away. "Nope." He glared up at him, earning a chuckle. Ilya dropped his head down to kiss him quickly. "Up against the headboard, baby."

Shane did as requested and pushed himself up the bed until his back rested against the mountain of pillows. He kept his knees together, impeding Ilya's view of him. Ilya wasn't having it. "Spread those legs for me, Shane." he ordered, standing to take off his pants. "Want to see all of you."

Shane let his legs drop open, his hands sliding down his chest to his hips. His eyes were locked on the bulge in Ilya's boxer briefs. "Get them off."

Ilya chuckled but yanked the last article of clothing from his body. He stood at the foot of the bed, his fist wrapped around his erection stroking slowly. Shane felt his mouth practically water at the sight and his right hand dipped between his legs. Ilya's grip tightened on his cock. Shane's mouth dropped open when he wrapped his hand around himself, already getting hard again.

"Look at you, already getting hard again." Ilya's voice was full of hot lust and something Shane couldn't quite pinpoint. "Stroke yourself Shane." He climbed onto the edge of the bed, his focus between Shane's legs.

Shane gasped as he stroked himself. "Fuck you're so hard, Ilya." he breathed out, working himself faster. He saw Ilya's cock twitch at the sight and his speed picked up. "Want it in my mouth. Want to taste you. Want to make you feel as good as you just made me feel."

"You want to suck it, baby?"

He nodded, not looking away from Ilya's cock. "Makes me so hard when I think about you pushing it as far down my throat as it can go. Want your hands in my hair making me take it. Want to choke on it."

"Fuck, you could make me cum just by talking, you know that?" Ilya muttered. "Get over here and suck me."

Shane scrambled forward and onto his knees in front of Ilya. He wrapped his hand around the base of Ilya's cock and stretched his lips around his girth. Ilya groaned as Shane took him deep into his throat. "Fucking hell, baby!" Shane looked up at him and felt Ilya's cock pulse against his tongue. "Keep touching yourself, baby."

He moaned around Ilya's cock as he wrapped his hand around himself again. He took Ilya down his throat, feeling his fingers tangle in his hair. He felt Ilya's hands start to guide his movements and relaxed his throat a bit, letting Ilya use his mouth. He let his tongue trace a zigzag up the bottom of his cock causing his hips to buck against his face.

"Christ, fuck!" Ilya moaned out. "You're going to make me cum if you don't stop." he told him, trying to pull his head back.

Shane relaxed his throat even further and took him completely down his throat, his nose brushing into Ilya's pubes. Ilya's fist in his hair yanked him off of his cock. He tipped Shane's head up and Shane could have laughed at the shock on his face.

"Put it back in my mouth. Lemme suck your cock." Shane said, his voice wrecked and needy. "Want to make you feel good. Want to taste you when you cum."

"You just took my whole fucking cock down your throat. You're going to make me cum if you do that again."

"Then cum in my mouth, sir." Shane dragged out the word and Ilya's jaw clenched so tightly. His other hand came up to Shane's face, his thumb and pointer finger locking behind his jaw. He applied a little pressure and Shane's mouth dropped open. Ilya pressed the head of his cock to Shane's tongue.

"Suck the head, just the head. Keep your hand on yourself." Lust made Shane's eyes flutter closed as he let Ilya control the speed of his cock sliding in and out of his mouth. Both hands tangled in his hair and Shane sucked harder, moaning around him. "Shit, you suck me so good!" Ilya hissed. Shane smiled around him, eyes opening to meet Ilya's. "Beautiful. So fucking beautiful. Can't believe you're mine."

He fucked Shane's face harder than he had before and Shane was leaking, his hand working himself faster. The tears were back, tracking down Shane's cheeks. This time from the stretch of his throat and the tension Ilya's fingers were causing in his hair.

Ilya's thumb swept across Shane's wet cheek. "So good for me. Good?"

Shane hummed around his cock in affirmation, the vibration making Ilya groan. He doubled down, taking Ilya deeper, showing him exactly how good he was.

"Fuck, yes, good boy." Ilya's hand returned to his hair, grip tightening again. "Close baby. Gonna cum." Ilya huffed out, eyes locking onto Shane's. "Gonna...fuck, Shane!"

He heard Ilya grunt his name seconds before he felt the first rope of cum hit the back of his throat. He moaned at the taste of Ilya coating his tongue. *So good. So fucking good.* He sucked him clean, swallowing everything Ilya gave him, then let him slide from his mouth with a pop.

Shane knelt on the bed in front of him, both wide eyed and breathing heavily. "Did you make yourself cum?" Ilya asked through gasps. When Shane shook his head, Ilya held up his hand. "Have to fix that then, don't I? Spit."

He did as directed and spat in Ilya's cupped hand. He didn't think his cock actually needed anymore wetness between Ilya's spit and Shane's cum and precum leaking. Shane gripped his shoulders when Ilya stroked him. He worked him roughly, his thumb against the head, his other hand coming up to cup Shane's face. "Look at me, baby. Want to see your face when you cum."

It didn't take long before Shane was clinging to his shoulders as he came hard, Ilya's name a broken cry on his lips. Ilya captured his mouth in a rough kiss, swallowing his moans as he rode out the orgasm.

Shane watched him bring his fingers to his lips, tasting what was there. "Do you like how I taste?" he heard himself ask. The words made him realize how blissed out he was. *Who the fuck am I?*

Ilya's eyes flashed and his lips parted. "Favorite thing to have on my tongue."

Shane shivered against him, dropping a kiss to the tip of Ilya's nose. Ilya melted against his chest, his arms wrapping around Shane, face burying against his neck. They collapsed to the side, Ilya's thick thigh coming to rest over Shane's hip.

He brushed hair out of Shane's face, his blue eyes soft as he looked at him. "Fuck, I love you."

"I love you too."

"Say it again." Ilya's voice was almost pleading. "Still doesn't feel real."

"I love you." Shane told him, leaning forward to kiss him softly. "I love you. I love you. I love you." He punctuated each declaration with a kiss. "I'll say it as many times as you need to hear it."

"I love you." Ilya grinned, something boyish and unguarded in his expression that Shane had never seen before. "You so pretty, my pretty baby."

Shane blushed, ducking his head. He felt exhaustion start to take him. "Can't feel my body" he whispered, his eyelids feeling so heavy.

"Right back at you, babe." Ilya breathed out. Shane managed to open his eyes to see Ilya's closed, a small smile playing at his lips.

"Don't go to sleep yet." Shane told him, pushing against his bicep.

"Mmm." he sounded.

"Ilya, come up here." Shane said moving away from him.

Ilya opened one eye. "Get back here."

Shane giggled and nodded for him to shift around the bed to rest his head on the pillows. "Up!"

Ilya sighed but did as he said and moved up the bed, yanking the duvet over his frame. "Get back in my arms."

"Yes, sir." Shane mumbled, burying his face against Ilya's chest. He let the steady, solid rhythm of Ilya's heart beat drag him deeper into his exhaustion. "What a fucking day."

"Best day." Ilya mumbled, pressing a kiss to the top of Shane's head. His arm tightened around him, his fingers pressing into Shane's back. "Was best day."

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