if jesus saw what we did last night

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if jesus saw what we did last night

by Anonymous

Summary

I just binged the book and the show and I thought Shane should cry while being called a slut, have this

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Ilya!” Shane cries out, trembling.

“Hollander,” Ilya drawls back, mockingly, his accent rolling the R and his hot breath puffing against the side of Shane’s neck, making the man shiver.

Shane looks so good underneath him, all his smooth and sweaty skin on display. His chest glints with sweat and his thigh muscles strain. His cheeks are flushed, eyes wild.

And best of all, Ilya’s cock is buried deep in his plush ass, Shane’s legs wrapped tight around him as if he were afraid of him moving back. As if. He’s not pulling back any farther than it takes to fuck him silly.

Ilya leaves a sucking kiss on the underside of Shane’s jaw as he thrusts, enjoying the noises it pulls out. “Such a slut,” he mutters into Shane’s neck, opening his mouth wider to lick a broad stroke against the muscles there. Shane gasps and tightens around him, and Ilya can’t help a sharp laugh.

“So greedy,” he groans, gripping his hips tighter and thrusting hard. Shane moans back, desperate. His hands scrabble against Ilya’s back, trying to hold him tighter. Ilya's cross drags across his chest, the gold glittering beautifully against his skin.

“You can’t get enough of my cock,” Ilya punctuates with full thrusts of his hips, pinning Shane solidly down to the bed. “You love being fucked. You can’t go without.” He watches the way the other man’s eyes flutter and chest heaves, gasping.

“Other people should see what a little *whore* you are for me,” Shane’s hip buck up unintentionally as he lets out a loud keening noise. Ilya watches as his eyes roll up, in shame, in pleasure, before he snaps his head to the side and tries to hide it against the bed. Ilya keeps up the rhythm of his hips, teeth bared in a pleased smile.

“The little whore likes that, huh. You want everyone to see how cock drunk you are? How much you crave being a hole for me to fuck?” Shane moans, loud and desperate, into the

sheets.

One of Ilya’s hands drops down, fingers at Shane’s rim where they’re connected. With the lube and sweat, he slips just the tip of his finger in easily. “What a slutty hole.” Shane’s hips let out little jolts and he keens like he can’t help it.

“If other people could see you, they’d want to fuck you stupid too. I could fuck you on the ice, put on a show for the whole stadium. Show them how desperate you are for my cock." Shane chokes back sounds and squirms, probably trying to hide his response to Ilya's words. He may not want other people to see them in real life, but he sure gets wound up at the idea of others seeing just how debauched he could become. Still, it doesn't hurt to remind him...

"I could show them what they are all missing, what they can not have. Because you are *mine*, only mine.” Shane’s rim clenches down hard on him at that and he groans. It’s clear his face has gone totally red just from the small bits that are not turned away or pressed against the sheets. It's still annoying, not being able to see him.

“Okay, no more of that,” Ilya says definitively. He uses a hand to grab Shane’s face and pull him back up to face him, moving the other hand to stroke soothingly against the inside of Shane’s thigh

Shane’s eyes are heavy-lidded and his mouth hangs open under Ilya’s big hand, breath hitting his palm hot and wet. His wet tongue, barely visible at this angle, snakes out and licks at Ilya’s hand. He laves a wet kiss into Ilya’s palm, eyes heavy with intent.

Ilya pops his thumb into Shane’s mouth and watches with pleasure as Shane takes it in and starts sucking prettily. His eyes flutter closed, almost peaceful. The suction is firm, Shane’s mouth hot and wet and eager to please. Ilya strokes the skin between Shane’s balls and taint teasingly, enjoying watching him shiver.

Ilya pulls the finger out, and Shane makes an unintentional, displeased sound, his mouth leaning forward as he tries to follow the movement.

“Don't worry, slut. I will keep your mouth full.” Ilya smirks at him. He sits back, pulling Shane up with him and into his lap. They shuffle around until they find an angle that Shane can slide back onto his dick, letting out a breathy moan at the new way that Ilya’s dick is hitting inside him. They groan as Shane manages to fully bottom out on his dick, full to the root. “I know how to fill you up. Even if you are greedy.”

Shane is close to him in this position, nearly chest to chest. One of his hands is on Shane’s thigh, holding him steady. He uses the other to grab Shane’s chin again. He smirks at him, running his fingers over Shane’s mouth and using them to tug the bottom lip down. Shane lets out a shaky breath, eyes darting from Ilya’s face down to Ilya’s hand at his mouth.

Ilya then thrusts two fingers into Shane’s willing mouth. He pushes them deep, loving how easily Shane opens up for him. His eyes flutter closed again as he focuses on sloppily making out with the fingers in his mouth. His plush lips rest against his palm, his mouth rhythmically moving and sucking. Ilya thrusts the fingers as deep as they can go, feeling Shane’s tongue and the soft walls of his mouth, his sensitive palate. Shane’s drool drips out onto Ilya’s hand and his own chest as he whines and sucks.

He could almost forget about how he was still sheathed deep inside him, Shane’s muscular body fully in his lap. Except that was impossible to forget, and every movement and groan made it even harder to ignore the feeling of him squeezing around him and the way they rubbed up against each other. Ilya's balls tighten against his ass.

“I wish I could fuck you from both ends at the same time, maybe then you’d finally be satisfied.”

Shane whined around Ilya’s fingers in his mouth, spit dripping out as his ass clenched tight. Ilya gave a corresponding groan and jerked his hips up into the tight heat.

“I could use a dildo, but it would not be the same. I want to feel you choke on my cock as I ream your ass.” Shane whines, hips jerking frantically.

“It wouldn’t be good enough for you either. You want a man down your throat, you’d miss the taste, the smell.” Shane whines, hips bouncing even faster. Ilya leans his face in close to Shane’s, whose eyes flutter open at the proximity. He drinks in the dilation of his eyes and the sweat dripping from his hair. “You’d want him to fuck your face, take what he wants, and

throb on your tongue." Shane's eyes squeeze closed again, trying to hold himself back. His dick twitches between them, untouched.

"I could bring someone else to do it." Shane's eyes fly open, looking right into Ilya's. "Someone else who wants your pretty mouth and can keep it full while I fuck your ass. I know plenty of men who'd want that."

"Mmgh, mh," Shane gets out, muffled around Ilya's fingers. He's shaking his head no, and his fingers bite into Ilya's shoulders where he holds him as if to say, *'no, no one else*.'

'*Right*,' Ilya thinks, '*This is just ours. No one else gets to see him like this, touch him. Even in the fantasy, they're only allowed to look and see what they're missing*.'

Swallowing down the warmth that rises in his chest, he still manages to keep up the act.

"Such a slut, but you won't let anyone else help? You'd rather just choke on my fingers instead?" He feels Shane relax minutely against him. "Greedy and stupid. But I can handle you."

He pulls his fingers back, watches with satisfaction as Shane gasps at the sudden absence and sucks in air. With the hand that's been on Shane's thigh, he pats him soothingly, condescendingly.

"I just want it to be good for you," Shane manages to gasp out.

"You think this is not good for me?" Ilya chuckles. "Having a little slut on my cock who's crazy for it?" He watches, smug, as Shane goes even redder.

He squeezes Shane's waist. "You think anyone wouldn't die to see you like this?" and then tried to conceal his groan as Shane clenched down around him. "*Slut*," he manages to get out. "I'll give you what you need."

He pushes Shane flat back against the bed, crawling over him and taking the chance to grope all over Shane's chest. "I love your tits," he says, before leaning down and kissing over his pecs, up to his nipple.

Shane groans and grabs him by the hair. "Not what they're called."

Ilya doesn't rush in his path, but when he lifts his head again, he says, "I know what I said."

Once he's sucked on Shane's tits as much as he wanted, Ilya starts manhandling Shane to arrange him exactly where he wants him. Once he's got a good position, he lifts Shane's hips up to get a good angle and fucks back into him.

Shane's moans echo loud, his mouth now free. When he realizes, he goes to throw a hand over his mouth, but Ilya rips it away and pulls in close to kiss him, long and messy.

Shane's arms go back around Ilya's shoulders, holding on for dear life. He whines and sobs into Ilya's mouth, his hips bouncing and stomach flexing against him.

It's been so long, and they're both getting close, he knows. Especially Shane, after all that teasing. Ilya slows down his thrusts and snakes a hand between them to hold Shane's cock tight. Not to jerk it off, but to squeeze the base and not let up.

"Wha- ah! What are you doing?" Shane pants into his mouth. He shivers underneath him, so appealing. Ilya pulls back, slightly, just enough to see his face.

"You are not allowed to cum until you beg." He can hear the cocky lilt to his voice, and he knows Shane can too. Knows that Shane likes it. He likes everything that Ilya does to him.

"What!" Shane's hips jerk, as if trying to get Ilya's hand to move. Ilya holds him down easily. "Seriously?"

“Yes, seriously,” Ilya says with a smirk. “Little slut like you, you should let me know how much you like being fucked by me to be allowed to cum.” He leans in close, speaking against Shane’s jaw, his ear, accent heavy. “How much you like being used by me. How much you like my cock.”

He pulls back up to drink him in again. Shane’s entire body is trembling. He’s red and sweaty all over, and his abs are tight with the effort to hold back from cumming. His hair is a mess, sticking up and matted with sweat, and his eyes are wild and desperate. Ilya's cross rests between his pecs, nestled like it belongs there.

“I-” he starts, stuttering. Ilya preens, giving Shane one thrust as temptation. “Oh! I, uh, I want to cum.”

Ilya thrusts again. “Is a start.”

Shane is so red, Ilya almost can’t see his freckles anymore. “I want to cum, please.” His voice starts out thready, but picks up as Ilya thrusts again. “Please. Oh, please, I want to cum!”

“And?” Ilya’s thrusts are becoming more consistent, and he keeps a tight grip on Shane’s cock.

“Ah, I’m a slut,” Shane gasps out. “I’m a slut, and I want your cock!”

Ilya twists his grip on Shane’s cock, rubbing his thumb over the slit where he’s leaking precum. “What about my cock, again?” Shane bounces on him, holding on tightly to his shoulders.

“I love your cock, *ah*!” Ilya aims for the special spot inside that makes Shane melt, his hips and voice shaking as he frantically ruts back against him. “It feels so good, you feel so good. I love when you fuck me, you’re so big, *oh*!” Ilya nails his prostate and over, and finally starts fully jerking Shane off.

Shane is crying, he realizes, little wet tracks leaking out of the sides of his eyes and down his face. He looks so good like this, desperate and pathetic and crying for his cock.

"Oh, oh," Shane babbles. "Please, fuck, need you, need to cum! You feel so good inside me, like I was made for it, I was made to be fucked- *ah*! By you!" Shane crushes himself tight against Ilya's chest, arms like a vice around his shoulders.

Ilya's getting real close himself, too, even if he wishes he could draw this out even longer. So he rasps into Shane's ear, "Good boy. Cum for me."

And Shane does, whining and sobbing. His dick pulses in Ilya's hand, his cum getting all over his hand and both of their chests, sticky and hot. He gets so tight and hot around Ilya's cock, walls pulsing, that Ilya has to bite his lip.

"You look so pretty, crying and, *ah*, cumming your pretty little brains out. *Fuck*," he grits out. He then mashes his lips against Shane's moaning mouth, who opens up easily and gives as much as he takes. He's *so* close.

Shane's fingers bite deep into his shoulders, desperate.

"Please cum," Shane begs, tearily. "Please cum inside, I've been so good." And Ilya groans, feeling the tightly wound string in his chest snap, and suddenly he's cumming, flooding inside Shane. He crushes Shane's body close against him, as close as they can be, and holds him there, cursing, before finally muttering, "Ah, eto bylo izumitel'no, moy vozlyublenniy."

End Notes

That was a google translate russian situation so it may be weird

Edit: Just finished the sequel. First, damn I predicted their kinks well. Second, wah that was so good, I'm genuinely so sappy over them. Also they need to have kids ASAP, the level of baby fever they both displayed was insane.

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