

Locked Down

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Locked Down

by [4JoonKookie](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya are hunkering down at the cottage for the 2020 lockdown. They enjoy each other. (Shane throws his ass in a circle).

Notes

Part of a series where Shane and Ilya stay at the cottage during lockdown.

Ilya barely blinks twice after waking up before pulling up a sleeping Shane by his hips.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Shane mumbles, groggy from sleep.

“What do you think?” Ilya says, manhandling Shane into a position to receive him.

“No ‘Good Morning’ or anything?”

Ilya bears a crooked smile. “Good morning, Shane. Time to fuck.”

“You’re an asshole,” Shane touts.

“And *you* are still open from last night,” Ilya says, slipping fingers in the crease of Shane’s ass.

Shane groans, reaching for a pillow to clutch to his chest and grinning with his ass in the air. “I don’t think I can take any more.”

“Yes, you can, I’ve seen you,” Ilya says.

Despite the circumstances, the lockdown had been a welcome getaway. It had been a month so far, and there was no end in sight. They spent nights cuddled on the couch at Shane’s cottage, reveling in how they’d wished for this for years. It feels like they’re making up for lost time. All those stolen single hours around game days, all the times they’ve had to say goodbye when they didn’t want to, and with no promise of when they’d meet again. All the times they wanted so desperately to hold each other, but didn’t. Even when they were in the same room and just couldn’t admit it.

Every time they had to settle for jerking off to the thought of one another. They’re definitely making up for lost time on that front. It felt like something that might be taken from them at any moment, so it felt novel every day.

Shane thought he might get sick of so much sex and taking Ilya every day. But he was wrong (and admittedly, a little sore). Ilya, of course, had no such inklings.

He doesn’t even bother fingering Shane open. He grabs the lube from the nightstand (at this point, there is a bottle within arms’ reach in every room of the cottage), pours a bit on himself on and pushes in straight away, setting a steady pace.

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane moans.

He sinks into it, resting his head on his folded arms as Ilya swiftly thrusts behind him. Ilya admires how Shane takes him so perfectly every time.

“God, that feels so good,” Shane goes on.

When a wicked thought enters his mind, Ilya suddenly stalls, not saying a word.

Shane is perturbed by this, lifting his head from his arms. “What the fuck is your problem?”

Ilya mocks him. “Is it too much? You want me to stop?” He places a falsely comforting hand on Shane’s hip. “Can you take any more?”

“Fuck you,” Shane whines.

“No, no, you do it... I don’t want to push you,” Ilya says with a mischievous grin.

Shane rolls his eyes but proceeds to lower himself on his hands, arching his back further. He starts fucking himself back on Ilya's cock, thrusting his hips back and forth.

Ilya resists thrusting back and just watches. He only meant to tease, but here he is mesmerized by the way Shane’s ass moves as he does what he’s told.

Shane sets a rhythm, moaning. He grips the sheets and puts more effort into his ass, spreading his legs further apart.

It felt good like this. Shane wasn’t on the razor’s edge of cumming like when Ilya is relentlessly hammering into his prostate, but it was building up like when he jerked off his own cock. It was slower. And he liked that he could grind down a bit once Ilya was fully inside.

Ilya laces his hand behind his head in restraint and disbelief.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya curses.

Shane likes putting on a show for him. He thrusts back with a little more bounce now, rolling his hips in little circles over Ilya's cock.

“You like that?” Shane teases, egging him on.

Ilya growls, spanking one of Shane’s ass cheeks. “Yes, I fucking like this.”

He grips the nape of Shane’s hair, which had been growing out to Ilya’s pleasure, and pulls him up so their bodies are flush together, with Ilya's chest against Shane's back. “I love what a fucking slut you are, Shane.” He grips Shane’s hips and rewards him with a few hard thrusts before pushing him back to all fours and making him work for it.

“Just for you,” Shane said, backshotting harder, increasing his pace. Ilya groans as he watches the muscular globes of Shane’s ass bounce and clap together. The sound was fucking lewd, and Ilya was gonna lose it. Shane’s eyelashes fluttered as he spoke, “Only for you,” he says when he takes a moment to grind down and back or whatever it is that scratches that itch and makes his eyes roll back into his head.

Ilya realizes being cooped up made this experience possible. It was only fucking every day that made Shane brave like this.

“Fuck, I don't want this to end,” Ilya groans, feeling himself too close to coming.

“It won’t,” Shane says.

“No, if you keep fucking my cock like that, I promise it will,” Ilya returns.

Shane halts his motion, leaving Ilya inside. “You could cum right now, but I’ll never stop being your slut,” Shane purrs, never leaving Ilya’s gaze.

Ilya doubles over on top of Shane. He bucks and cums while Shane isn't even moving. He curses in Russian and spansks Shane's ass again.

“Wow, I didn't mean right now,” Shane giggles.

“Shut up,” Ilya says.

“You fucking came?” Shane guffaws.

“Shut up!” Ilya laughs, flipping Shane to his back to distract him from the embarrassment.

Ilya bites Shane's nipple and sucks, plugging fingers into him right away, his hole messy with come. Ilya starts pumping towards the familiar spot.

“That was so fucking hot, Shane.” He pants and laughs. “I did not know you could do that.”

Shane doesn’t say anything, just holds his shins up to offer better access, and Ilya grins at the display.

“Say it again,” Shane whimpers, eyes soft and wide on Ilya. Ilya loves it when he gets like this. Fucked and blissed out. “Call me_” he moans. “Call me a sl_”

Ilya keeps fingering. “A fucking slut?” He laughs. “You want me to keep telling you what you are, what sense does that make?”

Shane laughs and playfully pushes his shoulder. Ilya kisses the insides of Shane’s thighs, then drags his tongue up his shaft.

“You are my slut,” Ilya says plainly, feeling his own cock start to swell again.

Shane moans and coos, eyes fluttering closed.

Ilya keeps his pumps strong and gently sucking on his tip, but pulls off and leans into Shane's ear. He slows his speech. “Shane Hollander is *my* fucking slut,” Ilya says, putting more pressure on his prostate.

“Ilya,” Shane moans.

“Mmmmmm,” Ilya hums, kissing his neck.

“Please fuck me,” he pants. “It’s not the same as your cock.”

Ilya knows Shane is so close. If he just keeps his fingers moving...

“Ilya, please fuck me, I need it,” Shane cries again.

“You complained you couldn’t take any more of my cock, I’m finger fucking you with the cum I just left minutes ago, and you beg for more?”

“...yes,” Shane utters.

“I expect nothing less from a slut,” Ilya says, kissing him on the lips.

He pulls his fingers from Shane and holds them to his lips, and Shane eagerly licks the cum clean. Ilya hums in approval.

Ilya bends Shane’s legs behind his head. Shane is literally pulling his ass cheeks apart, ready to take him. Ilya notices he does look a little swollen; he’ll have to take it easy on him soon. But not now. The sight of the wear on Shane makes him fully hard again. He watches himself as he fucks his cum deeper into him.

“Fuck, that’s it_” Shane says in a daze.

“Right there?” Ilya says he takes special effort to grind when he bottoms out, drawing on earlier notes. He loves all the new things he’s learning when they can fuck every day. The prettiest whimpers escape Shane’s lips.

Ilya can’t believe how close he is already, and watching Shane be fuck-drunk like this, stroking at his own cock on the edge.

“My slut will cum for me soon, yes?” He thrusts faster. “Let me see you.”

Shane’s strokes grew hurried. Ilya had the perfect view of Shane’s bouncing cock, got to see his balls draw up before he was shooting white ropes over his own chest.

Ilya pounds until his own release. It almost hurt to cum again so soon, but nothing is better than emptying himself into in Shane’s ass.

He licks the cum off Shane’s chest so he can rest his head. He swallows and kisses Shane after.

Ilya can feel the smile spreading across Shane’s face.

“I can’t believe I made you come with words,” Shane says confidently.

Ilya hoods his eyes. “You made me come with your ass,” Ilya says, doling out a final spank.

“I love you,” Shane says.

“I love you, too,” replies Ilya.

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