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Shane's shorts got Ilya actin' up

by [hollzy81](#)

Summary

A quiet afternoon turns dangerous when Shane wears the shorts he knows will ruin Ilya's self-control.

Shane and Ilya were home, the late afternoon sun casting long shadows across the room. Ilya was sprawled on the plush couch, resting on his back, his eyes glued to his phone. The scent of rain-soaked earth drifted in from the open window, mingling with the faint aroma of Shane's cologne, a familiar and comforting presence.

Shane emerged from the shower, the steam still clinging to his skin, his hair damp and tousled. He walked downstairs, the soft thud of his bare feet against the wooden floorboards the only sound breaking the silence. He was wearing shorts, but not just any shorts. They were the kind that Ilya knew, the kind that made his breath hitch, the kind that screamed, "Fuck me." They were faded, soft denim, riding low on his hips, the waistband barely concealing the curve of his ass.

Ilya's mouth watered instantly. He couldn't help it. He'd been captivated by Shane since the moment they met, and even after years together, the man still had the power to render him speechless. Shane seemed to notice his husband's reaction, a shy smile playing on his lips. He turned and headed into the kitchen, leaning against the counter, his back to Ilya, offering the perfect view of his ass.

Ilya couldn't take it anymore. He rose from the couch in two swift strides, crossing the room and pressing himself against Shane's back. He wrapped his arms around Shane's waist, his hands finding purchase on the soft denim.

"These shorts," Ilya murmured, his voice husky, "will be the death of me." He started grinding his half-erect cock against his husband's ass, the friction sending a jolt of pleasure through him.

Shane moaned, pushing back against his husband, his body arching slightly. "Wore them just for you," he whispered, his voice thick with desire.

"Fuck," Ilya breathed, the word a prayer, a promise. He started squeezing Shane's ass, his fingers kneading the soft flesh. Shane groaned, his body trembling. Ilya trailed kisses along Shane's neck, his lips and teeth finding the sensitive skin just below his ear. Shane closed his eyes, letting his head fall back against his husband's shoulder, and whimpered softly.

"Does that feel good?" Ilya asked, his voice a low rumble.

Shane moaned and nodded, his breath catching in his throat. Ilya started touching Shane's nipples through his shirt, twitching them between his fingers, teasing them with a gentle touch. Shane moaned out loud, the sound a raw, desperate plea.

"Fuck, Ilya... more," he begged, his voice laced with need.

Ilya, already on the edge, was completely turned on by everything, the feel of Shane's body against his, the sound of his moans, the way his eyes were glazed with desire. He couldn't help himself. He slapped Shane's ass, the sound echoing in the quiet room.

Shane moaned, pressing closer to his husband, his body seeking more. "Again," he pleaded, his voice barely a whisper.

Ilya cursed under his breath. "Fuck, Hollander. You're perfect." And he smacked Shane's ass again, harder this time.

Shane whimpered, the sound a mixture of pain and pleasure. "Ilya... fuck..."

Shane's cock was leaking furiously, his shorts and boxers soaked in pre-cum, the evidence of his arousal undeniable. He couldn't take it anymore. He ground his ass harder against his husband, his hips moving in a desperate rhythm, and moaned, "Please."

Ilya grabbed Shane's hair, pulling his head back, forcing him to meet his gaze. "Words, Hollander. What do you need?"

Shane moaned. "I need you to fuck me... on this counter, fuck, Ilya." He started grinding harder, his body writhing with anticipation.

"As you wish," Ilya said, his voice a low growl. He reached down, his fingers finding Shane's front. "Spit."

Shane obeyed instantly, his eyes locked on Ilya's, and spit on his fingers.

"Good boy," Ilya murmured, a possessive edge to his voice. Shane's eyes fluttered at the nickname, his body already trembling with the promise of pleasure. Ilya shoved Shane's shorts and boxers down in one swift movement, revealing his wet, throbbing cock. He started circling his hole with his fingers, his touch slow and deliberate, preparing him.

Shane moaned desperately, his body arching. "Please... Ilya..."

Ilya smacked his ass again, the sound sharp in the air. "You take what I give you, understand?"

"Yes... Fuck... Ilya, whatever you say."

Ilya groaned, his own control slipping. He pushed a finger in, slowly, deliberately, stretching Shane's hole. Shane moaned out loud, his body tensing.

"This hole is so fucking tight," Ilya whispered, his voice thick with anticipation. "Can't wait to get it all loose."

Shane moaned at the words, his hips bucking. Ilya added another finger, scissoring them, his touch becoming more insistent. He moved closer to Shane's lips, hovering over his ear.

"Do you want that... want me to ruin your hole and make it mine forever? Ruin you for everyone else?"

Shane's eyes rolled back, his head lolling against Ilya's shoulder. Ilya's fingers found his prostate, and he began to stroke it, his touch precise and relentless. Shane moaned, a long, drawn-out sound of pure pleasure. "Yes... fuck... yes, Ilya... ruin me."

Ilya's fingers hit his prostate over and over, each touch sending a fresh wave of pleasure through Shane's body.

Shane was gone, lost in the pleasure, his mind a blank canvas filled only with sensation. Eyes rolling back, drooling, mind filled with pleasure. He stuttered, his voice thick with emotion.

He felt himself getting close, the pressure building, the world narrowing to a single point. Ilya noticed and withdrew his fingers, the sudden absence a shock. Shane whined, his body screaming for release.

"Good boys only come from my cock," Ilya whispered, his voice a low growl. He leaned in and whispered into Shane's ear, his breath hot against his skin, "You wanna be good for me? Don't you?"

Shane nodded, his body trembling. "Wanna be good..."

Ilya pushed his pants down, his own cock springing free, hard and throbbing. He pushed it against Shane's hole, the head of his cock finding its mark. Shane moaned out loud when he finally pushed in, the sensation a perfect, exquisite torture.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya groaned, his voice raw with desire. "This slutty hole is so tight."

Shane moaned helplessly as Ilya started moving, his hips thrusting, his body seeking the rhythm. Ilya grabbed his throat, squeezing gently, his eyes locked on Shane's.

"Mine," he breathed, his voice a low growl.

Shane could only moan, his vision getting blurry, his mind filled only with Ilya, Ilya's cock, Ilya's hands, Ilya. Ilya. Ilya. Ilya started thrusting harder, his movements becoming more frantic.

"Did I fuck you stupid already?"

Shane's eyes rolled back, and he could only nod, his body lost to the pleasure. His cock was leaking like a faucet against his stomach, the pre-cum a slick, hot mess. He was so close already, and Ilya hadn't even touched his cock.

Ilya found his prostate and went harder, getting close as well.

"Such a good fucking hole," Ilya breathed, his voice thick with passion. "Gonna make me come. Do you want that? Want me to fill you up?"

Shane moaned loudly, his body arching. "Yes... Please."

Ilya groaned, squeezing his throat harder, his own control slipping. "Fuck, Hollander. I'm gonna fucking ruin you."

Ilya was very close, the pressure building, the world narrowing. Shane moaned, his voice a desperate plea, "Fill me up."

That was it. Ilya came, his body convulsing, spilling deep inside Shane. Ilya was breathing heavily, coming down from his high, his body still trembling. Shane whined, his own release still eluding him.

Ilya suddenly pulled out, and Shane started sobbing, the tears streaming down his face. "I didn't... you didn't..."

Ilya shushed him, his voice soft now. "Shh... you did so good." He put his fingers back in Shane's used hole. Shane moaned, the sensation a mix of pleasure and relief.

"What a sloppy hole, filled with my come," Ilya murmured, his voice gentle. Shane only moaned as Ilya started fingering him furiously, his touch gentle and loving. He was getting close, the pressure building again. Ilya leaned in and whispered, "Come from my fucking fingers."

Shane exploded, screaming, his body wracked with pleasure. He came, his release a long, shuddering wave that left him weak and trembling.

The world slowly returned to focus, the sounds of the cottage, the scent of the rain, the warmth of Ilya's body. Ilya pulled Shane close, wrapping his arms around him, holding him tight. Shane was still trembling, his body exhausted but content.

"You okay, baby?" Ilya asked, his voice soft, his hand gently stroking Shane's hair.

Shane nodded, burying his face in Ilya's chest. "Yeah... just... need you."

Ilya chuckled softly. "I can imagine. You were a good boy." He kissed the top of Shane's head, his lips lingering. "A very good boy."

They stayed like that for a long time, just holding each other, the silence filled with the unspoken language of love and intimacy. Ilya eventually pulled away slightly, his eyes searching Shane's.

"You want to get cleaned up?"

Shane nodded, his cheeks flushed. Ilya helped him to his feet, his touch gentle and caring. They walked to the bathroom, Ilya supporting Shane, his arm around his waist.

The warm water of the shower washed away the sweat and the remnants of their passion. Ilya soaped Shane's body, his touch slow and deliberate, savoring the feel of his skin. He rinsed him carefully, then wrapped him in a soft towel.

Back in the bedroom, Ilya helped Shane into a comfortable pair of sweatpants and a soft t-shirt. They crawled into bed, the sheets cool and clean against their skin. Ilya pulled Shane close, spooning him, his body a warm, comforting presence.

"Sleep now," Ilya murmured, his voice a low rumble. "You deserve it."

Shane sighed contentedly, his body relaxing against Ilya's. He closed his eyes, the exhaustion finally catching up to him. He was safe, loved, and cherished. He was home.

Ilya held him close, his heart filled with a love that was both fierce and tender. He kissed Shane's neck, his lips lingering. He would always be there for him, always protect him, always love him. He closed his eyes, drifting off to sleep, the sound of Shane's soft breathing the only sound in the quiet room.

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