

B-Cups

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B-Cups

by [Baggy_Trousers](#)

Summary

It used to worry Shane. In the early days of their heated rivalry, where the line between fucking and frenemies had started to get shaky and blurred, he used to lie awake at night wondering what Ilya saw in him.

If he used to lurk in the murky depths of online gossip columns to read about Boston Raiders Captain Ilya Rozanov's latest speculated flings with supermodels and upcoming song writing prodigies; well, that information was between him and his internet cookies and that's where it was going to stay.

It was hard not to compare himself though. All of Ilya's previous known partners (and there were many of them) were tall, razor thin and packing a stunning pair of perfectly round elevated breasts.

Shane has none of these qualities. He's not particularly tall - at least by the standards of ice hockey players - he's stocky, and he is pretty positive that he does not possess a rack.

And yet.

And yet, Ilya cannot seem to keep his hands away from Shane's chest.

—

Shane notices Ilya's obsession with his chest. He decides to go along for the ride.

Notes

This started as a personal goal to myself to try and write something under 10,000 words. Then it grew legs, pecs and a particularly stunning bubble butt and now...here we are.

Also inspired heavily by Hudson and Connor's GQ photoshoot because... Lord have mercy.

The Heated Rivalry worms have officially eaten my brain. I hope you enjoy this smutty little one shot; I do come with a couple of content warnings for you:

- It is briefly mentioned that the characters have had a couple of drinks before engaging in sexual play. Everything is 100% and enthusiastically consensual!

- Ilya refers to Shane's pecs as 'tits' like twice. It is so minor that I did not bother to tag it, but if people referring to male anatomy with female names bothers you, just be aware.

- Light spanking is mentioned. Again, it's so minor I didn't bother to tag it, but it's there.

This takes place post Heated Rivalry, pre Long Game, and is based on a combination of the characters in the book and the TV show.

It is never my intention to offend anyone with my work. I make no money from it; I just like to write porn about hot men. Thank you so much for reading, and I hope you enjoy it as much as I enjoyed writing it!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Let it be known: Shane Hollander is not a boob man.

He never has been. When he was younger, first dabbling in the den of iniquity that was internet porn, he'd never quite seen the appeal. At first he'd thought that the issue was that he wasn't thinking big enough - literally, that is. He'd had a moment of gross self-reflection when he'd been attempting to beat one out to a video of a woman with tits the size of basketballs, his dick painfully flaccid in his grip, when he'd finally admitted to himself that perhaps he just didn't feel the same way about breasts that his teammates in the locker room did.

They'd long since given up trying to engage him in conversations about his interest (or lack thereof) of the physical attributes of the fairer sex, and his public persona helped with that. He's Shane Hollander; No. 24, captain of the Montreal Mets, who cares for little else other than hockey.

It did worry him, however, and Shane could have cried tears of horny happiness when he stumbled across an amateur porn video of a girl with short cropped hair and a tiny pair of tits fucking herself on a big vibrating dildo. Her chest was so flat, she'd barely had boobs at all; her chin and jaw had been squarer, with a bush of dark hair above her cunt, and the relief he'd felt when his soft cock had jerked to life in his fist because a video of a *girl* was turning him on, finally, had been so affirming that it had almost killed his boner altogether. Shane hadn't cared, though, because it had allowed him to deny that little voice in his head that had started to crop up in the recent months; the one that pointed out that maybe it wasn't boobs he was averse to, and actually just women altogether.

It had got increasingly difficult to ignore that little voice that told him he might, just might, be gay when he was getting his insides rearranged by nine inches of Russian dick, bi (tri, if he was really lucky) annually.

Unlike Shane, Ilya Rozanov loved boobs. In his face, in his hands, in his mouth. Above him, below him. As something he can grope while he's got a girl's legs spread and his tongue embedded in her pussy, or caught between his hands as he plays with her nipples while he fucks her on her knees.

It used to worry Shane. In the early days of their heated rivalry, where the line between fucking and frenemies had started to get shaky and blurred, he used to lie awake at night wondering what Ilya saw in him.

If he used to lurk in the murky depths of online gossip columns to read about Boston Raiders Captain Ilya Rozanov's latest speculated flings with supermodels and upcoming song writing prodigies; well, that information was between him and his internet cookies and that's where it was going to stay.

It was hard not to compare himself though. All of Ilya's previous known partners (and there were many of them) were tall, razor thin and packing a stunning pair of perfectly round elevated breasts.

Shane has none of these qualities. He's not particularly tall - at least by the standards of ice hockey players - he's stocky, and he is pretty positive that, last time he checked, he did not possess a rack.

And yet.

And yet, Ilya cannot seem to keep his hands away from Shane's chest.

It was something he'd noticed absently in the early inception of their couplings. The first few times Ilya had gone down on him, sexy and smooth and confident, *'let me show you how to do this, kid'*, Shane had been so caught up in the moment; in the fact that not only was a *man* sucking his dick, but that that man was *Ilya Fucking Rozanov*, that he hadn't given it much thought.

The fact that it also felt really good had helped - Shane had never really given much thought to playing with his chest when masturbating, but this was coming from the guy who had a complex about touching anywhere too close to his own arsehole so it wasn't really surprising that he hadn't considered exploring how it felt to stimulate that part of his body sexually. Still, though, Ilya's hands always seemed to find a way of gravitating towards Shane's chest. Whether it's them rubbing at his pecs when Ilya is sucking him off, or plucking his nipples whilst Shane is riding his cock, Ilya's palms always seem to find their way there.

Glancing at the bathroom door where he can hear Ilya brushing his teeth, Shane reaches absently beneath his shirt, rubs at his stomach and the few stray hairs that grow beneath his belly button. He's at Ilya's house; they both have a rare free weekend, and Shane has pencilled nothing into the diary other than to get fucked so hard by his boyfriend that he goes cross eyed.

It's taken a long time for him to get to the point where he feels comfortable initiating anything in the bedroom, but they'd had a couple of beers at dinner and now he's feeling friskier than usual. Absently, his fingers drift upwards beneath the fabric of his shirt to brush against his nipple. The touch makes him gasp softly, the peaks stiffening into tiny points beneath his shirt, and he closes his eyes, thumbs against the pebbled skin.

"What are you doing?" Ilya's voice from across the room is low, painfully so, and Shane opens his eyes to see that he's leaning in the doorway, one arm propping him up while the other hangs slack at his side.

"Nothing," Shane says innocently, reaches for his glasses with the hand not currently under his shirt. Ilya shakes his head a fraction and a small smile tugs on Shane's lips, as he leaves them on his head for now.

"Oh really? Because it looks like you are touching yourself."

"I'm not." Shane's grin grows even more as Ilya prowls towards him, eyes dark and mischievous. He pauses at the end of the bed, watches Shane like a predator that's found its prey and is keen to play with its food a little bit.

If that's the case, then Shane is happy to be toyed with and consumed. He watches as Ilya's eyes rake over him greedily. They haven't seen each other in two weeks, and Shane feels like they could cut the sexual tension between them with a knife. Ilya has been hot for him since he arrived earlier in the day, his arm around Shane's waist and stroking the skin of his hip beneath his shirt while they were watching TV, pressing up against his back and kissing on his neck while they made dinner together. And then, when they were eating, he'd reached across the table and twined their fingers together, and Shane had been so stupidly overcome with love for him that he'd nearly choked on his food.

"What?" he asks shyly, as Ilya continues to stare at him.

"You look so handsome," Ilya says and Shane flushes.

"Shut up."

"No, no, I am serious." He leans down, kneeling on the bed, and snags Shane's ankle before he can pull his foot away. He presses a kiss to his ankle bone. "Soft." *Kiss*. "Sweet." *Kiss, kiss*. "Malysh." He grazes with his teeth.

"Ilya..." Shane breathes, as Ilya kisses his ankle again and then tugs him down the bed like he weighs nothing to slide his leg around his waist. He leans over and nudges his nose against Shane's as Shane reaches up and entwines his fingers in his soft bronzed curls, drags him down for a kiss. "I missed you," he admits as Ilya slots their mouths together.

He's super warm; shirtless, wearing those black tracksuit bottoms that accentuate the curve of his ass and the shape of his cock, no underwear, and Shane is losing his fucking mind.

He moans softly, pulls at Ilya's curls to let him know that he wants more.

Instantly, the kiss turns dirty and heated, as Ilya strokes the seam of Shane's mouth with his tongue. It's his favourite way to kiss, sloppy and passionate, and Shane finds himself melting against the bedspread and the span of his boyfriend's big shoulders as Ilya runs a hand up and down his ribs.

The effect is ruined by Shane mumbling, "You're gonna make my glasses steam up." Ilya pulls away with a laugh; Shane loves that sound, and sits up to carefully remove them. He takes off his shirt as well and puts them both neatly on the nightstand, shifting back on the bed and spreading his legs so that Ilya can crawl back between them. They kiss again, and Shane relishes in the way he can hear Ilya groan against his lips. His hands are on Shane's waist, big thumbs rubbing at his hips bones, but it doesn't take a lot for Shane to take one of Ilya's hands and guide it up to his chest.

He feels the way Ilya stutters into the kiss, how his breath hitches, and then he's rubbing his palm over Shane's pec, stimulating the skin and making his nipple harden in arousal. "Oh fuck," Shane grunts, head thudding onto the pillow as Ilya plays with the darkening bud.

"Oh, you like that?" Ilya asks. He's trying for cocky, but there's a tremble to his voice that usually isn't there. Shane glances down, can see the way that Ilya is bulging beneath his

sweats.

“Do you?” he asks. Ilya cocks his head, looking confused, and Shane uses the distraction to push his hands away and roll them over.

Ilya hits the bed with a quiet, “*oof*”, as Shane straddles his hips, sits back so he can feel the way Ilya’s hard cock is big and swollen against the fabric covering his crack. He watches how Ilya’s mouth moves around a silent cuss word, how he looks up at Shane like he can’t quite believe he is real. Slowly, Shane takes both of Ilya’s wrists and runs them up his stomach. His palms, calloused from a youth spent lifting heavy weights at the gym, feel sublime against Shane’s overheated skin, as he brings Ilya’s hands up to rest over his pecs. “Oh, fuck...” Ilya moans breathily. It’s exactly the reaction Shane expected him to have, and he starts to rub himself back against Ilya’s erection.

“You like my chest?” he asks lowly, and Ilya nods his head, lower lip caught between his teeth. He squeezes his handful experimentally, making Shane groan under his breath, so Ilya does it again. “Tell me,” Shane says.

Ilya’s eyes flicker between Shane’s gaze and his chest. “Is ok?” he slurs, and Shane nods.

“I wanna hear you say it,” he confirms, puts his hands over Ilya’s and encourages him to squeeze again. Ilya moans.

“Fuck, baby, I love it,” he murmurs, accent thick with lust. “Your fucking...*tits*, are so hot. I love the way they fit in my hands.” Shane rocks his hips a little harder.

“You wanna put your mouth on them?” he asks, breathless, and Ilya makes a wounded sound.

“Shane,” he moans, sitting up and kissing him in the mouth. The way his voice cracks as he says his name, it’s like he’s wrapped a thousand other meanings into that one word.

Shane lets himself be kissed, enjoys how Ilya nips at his swollen lower lip with his teeth. Without detaching their mouths, he shifts up onto his knees and gropes for Ilya’s waistband. It’s easy to find his erection, already almost hard, and to take it out; Shane is quick to shift his own boxers down beneath the curve of his butt as Ilya peppers kisses to his jaw and throat. This time when he rocks his hips back, they both groan at the feeling of Ilya’s hot cock against Shane’s bare arse, how it slots so well into the divot between his cheeks.

“Fuck!” Shane curses, arms locking around Ilya’s neck as the taller man slides his mouth down to Shane’s chest. Ilya licks between his pecs and hunkers his mouth to the hairless skin there, sucks a big wet hickey right in the middle. “Fuck, careful, what if someone sees?” Shane moans as Ilya turns his head and blows a wet breath on his nipple, licks the brown peak into his mouth and sucks again.

“You are taking off your shirt for someone else?” He says it into the meat of Shane’s chest, a bit muffled. “Hollander, I am hurt.”

“No, j-just in the locker room,” Shane groans weakly and Ilya smirks against his skin.

“Maybe they think you have sexy Russian girlfriend locked away at home?”

“Sexy?”

“That is right.”

“You’re so cocky,” Shane mumbles, and Ilya nods.

“Is big, yes. You like it.” The head of his penis is getting wetter with pre, catching on the tip of Shane’s crack. It’s making it a bit hard to focus on anything. Shane shakes his head to try to clear it.

“No, *cocky*, like arrogant.” He takes two fistfuls of Ilya’s curls and drags his face away from where it’s become preoccupied with leaving a ring of hickeys around his right nipple.

“Y’know, like, big headed?”

Ilya blinks at him with lust clouded eyes. “...You think I have big head?” he asks and Shane snorts.

“You’re impossible.”

“No, I am horny, too much English.” Ilya sticks his bottom lip out, hitches Shane up and back so he can really grind against him. “Come on, Shane, you have made me wait all day, I want to fuck you.”

“Yeah?” Shane reaches out and traces Ilya’s pouty bottom lip with a thumb. He rubs it back and forth till Ilya sucks it into his mouth, laves over the digit with his tongue. It hollows out his cheek bones beautifully, makes something warm and affectionate bubble in Shane’s chest. “You gonna fuck me, Rozanov?” he asks, throws in the surname like a pet name. Ilya lets go of Shane’s thumb with a final suck and his eyes go dark.

Suddenly, Shane is being flipped onto his back. Ilya grabs his boxers and peels them down his legs, shimmies out of his own trackies and, like, he’s *glorious*. They take a second to just stare at one another, and then Ilya slowly reaches down, never breaking eye contact, to put his hand around his dick.

Shane can’t help it; his gaze instantly drops to the sight of Ilya’s prick, flushed and red, big and hard and heavy in his grasp. “Touch yourself,” Ilya commands. He’s so voyeuristic; loves to watch Shane get himself off, to see him play with himself until Ilya physically cannot restrain himself anymore. Slowly, Shane wraps his hand around his own prick. His touch feels good, but it’s the heat of Ilya’s eyes on him that gets him really hot for it. He spreads his legs, pushes his heels into the bed and tilts his hips a little so that Ilya can get a look at his opening where he is pink and waiting, the place where Shane wants him buried so deep, he can feel it in his throat. “There we go...” Ilya murmurs absently, and Shane watches how he squeezes around the head of his cock, at the same time squeezing his round, bouncy arse cheek with his other hand. Ilya has the perfect arse, bubbly and delicious; sometimes Shane is mournful that he has no desire to top, because that butt is wasted otherwise. “So hot,

malysh,” Ilya says.

Shane licks his fingers and touches his nipple with the hand not currently milking his prick, and Ilya groans in the back of his throat as Shane touches his own chest. Seeing the way that it turns Ilya on - how his cock flexes and dribbles, how his fingers grip his own arse as he stimulates himself - has him pinching and plucking at the skin until it's taut, twisting till it starts to sting and a weak, pained noise bleeds out of him.

“Shane,” Ilya groans. A spurt of precum drips from the tip of his erection and Shane can't take it anymore. He releases himself and crawls across the bed on all fours, ducks his head to suck Ilya's cock into his mouth. He's got a lot better at this since the first time he did it, in the entrance of his hotel room, and Ilya seems to agree because he drops his head back and he closes his eyes. His fingers wind through Shane's black hair, twisting and gripping, as he rocks into his mouth leisurely. “Ooh, fuck,” Shane hears him groan, and it strives him to push through his gag reflex, to moan around Ilya's prick and to take it deeper. He pulls off for long enough to spit a glob of thick saliva on the hard flesh; it slides down Ilya's dick towards his balls, sloppy and wet, before he starts to suck him off again. The sigh that Ilya releases sounds like it's been raked from the depths of his soul; it has Shane's eyes rolling back in his head as he bobs down to press his nose to the thatch of groomed curls above Ilya's cock. “O-oh *fuck*, Shane-” Ilya gasps as Shane's throat flutters around him.

He moans and pulls Shane's head back; Shane coughs as Ilya's dick dislodges from his mouth, blinks the moisture out of his eyes as Ilya fights to get his breath back above him. “Good?” Shane asks. He's never lost that nervous spark; the one that says that he's hopelessly inexperienced and that Ilya has had better.

Ilya strokes his cheek, rubs a bit of stray spittle from the corner of Shane's lip. “So good,” he says, “Too fucking good.” Shane notes the angry red flush of his cock. He swallows, tastes cum in the back of his throat. It turns him on so much that he trembles.

Ilya lowers himself to the bed again as Shane shifts onto his back. Already, his legs are spreading for Ilya to take his rightful place between them, and it doesn't take much before they are kissing again. This time, Ilya laps at Shane's mouth hungrily from the get-go, eager to lick the taste of himself from Shane's mouth. “Can I fuck you?” he asks in between bruising kisses. Shane nods frantically, already rolling onto his front whilst Ilya crawls up the mattress to find the lube that they keep stocked in the bedside drawer. “Lift your hips,” Ilya says. He punctuates the instruction with a little smack on the globe of Shane's butt. It's barely enough to sting, but it still has Shane arching back into it. Between his legs, his dick hangs, drooling and weepy, flushed and red.

“Do it,” he mumbles, gripping the pillow to feed the corner into his mouth.

“You are impatient,” Ilya states from behind him. Shane hears the clack of the lid of the bottle of lube opening and closing, and then his cheeks are being parted. Three fingers smear petroleum jelly over his hole, and he draws in a sharp breath as Ilya plants a hand on the small of his back to steady him as he inserts a finger inside. “And *tight*.” He curls it up inside Shane, strokes the furnace hot heat off his walls. “You have not been playing with yourself here?”

“*Ngh*—” Shane’s body jerks as Ilya rubs against his insides. “N-no,” he croaks, grinding back against Ilya’s fingers.

“You did not even use your dildo?” Ilya asks and Shane whines.

“You’d like that, huh?”

“The thought of you with a dildo in your ass?” Ilya thumbs his hole open, spits into it alongside his finger and Shane grunts. “Yes, I like this thought very much.”

“Fuck off,” Shane mutters into the pillow, wincing at the feel of the blanket skimming across his sensitive cock head, and Ilya tuts.

“Maybe I just leave you here then?” he teases.

“No, wait, I’m sorry,” Shane says, moaning in gratitude when Ilya adds another finger. “Oh *fuck*, that’s good...”

“You love it,” Ilya murmurs proudly, watching the way that Shane’s hole flexes around his fingers. “Say that you love it.”

“I love it,” Shane groans, “Oh god, Ilya, I love it so much, touch me...”

“Where?” Ilya leans over him, nibbles on his earlobe. “Here?” He adds a third finger and curls, rubs them up against Shane’s prostate. It drags a weak sound out of Shane’s throat. He humps back onto Ilya’s fingers, fucks them against his pleasure spot. Ilya gropes beneath him with his other hand, catches and strokes his weeping prick. He wanks him, squeezes tight around the head so that pre drips from his sopping tip onto the duvet.

“Fffuck—”

“Here?” Ilya kisses across his neck, releases his cock to pull him up onto his knees. His hands find Shane’s chest, flushed red with arousal, and pluck at his erect nipple again. “Or what about here?”

“Oh god, fuck me, please!” Shane sobs as Ilya hooks four fingers into his hole, makes come hither motions on his g spot. Ilya kisses the base of his spine, bites his butt cheek with sharp canines, and then taps his arse again for Shane to unclench. He does so reluctantly, lowers his head and hitches a leg up so that Ilya can see how ready he is.

He can hear Ilya reaching for the condoms, the tearing sound of his ripping one open and the wet shucks when he rolls it over his prick. Then large hands are smoothing across his cheeks, one thumb brushing over his gaping hole. “You want it like this?” Ilya asks him lowly, and Shane nods, a little frantically, into the bed sheets.

“C’mon, I’m ready,” he gasps, then hiccups out a sob as Ilya shifts behind him. With one hand on the back of Shane’s neck and the other on his cocked leg, Ilya mounts him. Shane

can feel him rubbing the bulb of the head of his penis against him where he's shiny and wet.

"Breathe," Ilya murmurs; Shane grunts and then groans and his eyes roll back into his head as Ilya fits the tip inside him. Instantly, they both moan. Shane can feel Ilya trembling with the restraint to not just fuck his dick all the way into him, how he strokes his fingers through the hair at the base of Shane's neck and smooths soothing touches over his hip. "Good boy..." Ilya praises and Shane gurgles as he twists, flexes his pelvis.

"Go, go, 'm ready..." he slurs. Ilya lets out a breath through his nose, but he listens; he rocks his hips, slides a little deeper.

"Oh, Shane..." Shane hears him moan, and then he does it again, and again and again and again, until finally, he's all the way inside. All Shane can feel is Ilya; his breath behind his ear, his weight upon his shoulders, the stretchy aching girth of him inside Shane's raw hole.

"Ilya..." he whines, craning his head back for a kiss. Instantly Ilya comes to him, licks into his mouth as he starts to rock his prick into Shane. They both groan at the way Ilya's cock punches up into Shane's inside, hitting him hard and deep where he needs it the most. "Fuck, oh, fuck..."

"Get on your knees," Ilya growls into his ear. He steadies them while Shane drags himself out of his pleasure cloud for long enough to lift his torso. Ilya gets a hand on his throat - not squeezing, just to remind him that he's there, as if Shane could forget with his enormous cock inside him - and puts his other hand on his hip to hold him still while he pistons in and out of him. It makes Shane dumb to it; he reaches back to grip Ilya's curls, now damp with sweat, the other hand locked over the one around his neck as he gives himself over and lets Ilya use his body as he sees fit.

Every time Ilya's hips slap into him, a weak bleating sound is punched out of Shane's mouth. His head sags against Ilya's shoulder, the sound of their ragged breathing, little moans and the meaty slap of Ilya's balls against his arse filling the room.

"Fucking hell, Shane," Ilya groans. His hand comes down, finds his chest again and he pinches the whole thing in one large hand.

"Oh, baby!" Shane moans. He looks down dazedly at himself; at how he is flushed all the way down his stomach, where his cock slaps wetly against his belly button with each powerful thrust. "Fuck, Ilya, I w-wanna cum!"

"Yes, Shane." It's said into the juncture of his shoulder before sharp teeth sink into the meat of it. Ilya's other hand moves down to Shane's weepy erection and starts to jack him off. He rubs his thumb against his slit where white pre is bubbling from the hole, and it's this, combined with the relentless stimulation on his prostate and a well-timed twist of his nipple that has Shane choking out a pathetic moan as he starts to cum.

He's never known orgasms quite like the ones he has with Ilya. These ones ring him dry for everything that he has; steal his breath and weaken his limbs as the cum is milked from his body feverishly. He can feel it in his arse; his insides flex and cling to Ilya's thick cock,

desperate to keep him locked in as his hole flutters around the appendage.

“*Fffuck...*” Ilya moans into his neck as Shane goes boneless, the last few drops of sticky cum dripping down his cock towards his balls and the bed.

It takes a lot of self-restraint for Ilya to stop moving his hips, but it’s worth delaying his own orgasm to ease Shane down onto his belly, to stroke up his back and scrub his hair and to murmur to him what a good boy he is, how he took Ilya so beautifully. Shane makes a happy sound in his throat, sweat slick and sated, and Ilya kisses the back of his neck before carefully retracting himself.

His cock is flushed red and angry, shiny from the latex condom and glistening with lube. He puts a hand around himself to ease some of the ache that thrums in his balls, waits to see what Shane wants to do next. He isn’t disappointed when Shane flips over onto his back and opens his mouth, warm and wet and waiting.

“Oh fuck...” he groans, pinches the tip to roll the condom off and chuck it onto the floor to be disposed of later. He clambers over Shane, kneels on his chest with his legs under Shane’s armpits, and slots his rock-hard erection into Shane’s greedy mouth.

Ilya loves it when Shane sucks his dick; loves even more when he can ride his face. Shane’s post nut glow is going strong, his face red, eyes wet, as he reaches round and grips Ilya’s bum to encourage him to fuck in between his lips harder. “Shane...” Ilya moans, rocks again; his helmet brushes the back of Shane’s throat and Shane’s mouth flutters around him, but he only swallows around his mouthful and squeezes Ilya’s arse to get him to do it again. “Fuck, I love you,” Ilya moans, throws his head back and humps his hips. “I love you, malysh, ya tebya lyublyu!”

Shane groans around him, smacks a hand to his butt, and Ilya fists a hand in his hair, breathing coming fast and desperate through his nose as he desperately tries to stave off his orgasm. “I’m going to cum, you’re going to make me cum-” It’s a promise, a warning, a declaration. Shane smacks his arse again and Ilya wrenches out of his mouth, dick rigid and dripping with saliva and pre spend.

He looks down at Shane, who, wordlessly, gathers some of his own cum from his previous orgasm. He smears it between his chest and pushes his pecs together, and the implication has Ilya sobbing out a moan. “Oh my god, on your-?” he whines.

“Fuck my chest,” Shane says; his voice is so fucking husky and deep, deep because he’d been sucking Ilya’s monster prick, *fuck* - And he steels himself, adds, “Fuck my tits, Ilya, c’mon.”

Ilya moans. He settled on Shane’s sternum, his balls hot and heavy and tight against Shane’s stomach, and then pushes his dick through the cum slick clutch of Shane’s chest. They both moan, and Ilya does it again, then again, then again and again and again. He plants his hands on the headboard, ruts frantically into the space and curses in Russian at the ceiling as his cock twitches and flexes.

Shane has just enough pretence to close his eyes before Ilya shoots his load, molten hot and

thick, in powerful streams of spunk all across Shane's collarbones, neck and chin. A stream of it hits his mouth and Shane is quick to lap it up; the sight has Ilya shuddering and another jet of cum hits Shane on the cheek.

"Oh my *god*..." Ilya moans above him. Shane waits until his weight has settled before opening his eyes again. Ilya hangs above him, hands supported against the headboard, sweaty curls in his eyes. His own chest is heaving as he sucks in big lungful's of air, like he can't quite catch his breath.

Slowly, Shane runs his palms up Ilya's hairy thighs; strokes the crease of his groin till Ilya opens his eyes and blinks down at him blearily. He stares at Shane, the look in his eyes so honest and open and full of what Shane now knows to be love, and then he lets out an exhausted chuckle and scratches his hand through Shane's sweaty hair.

"You are incredible," Ilya tells him smokily, and Shane blushes even more.

"So are you," he mumbles. Ilya swings his leg off of him and snuggles in at Shane's side. He runs his fingers across Shane's chest where it's streaked in two different sets of cum, then leans in and laps at his nipple.

"*Mph*." The noise Shane makes is pinched in his throat. "Fuck..."

"Are you sensitive?" Ilya asks curiously, noses up to Shane's armpit and watches him over his collarbones.

Shane's whole *body* is sensitive. He feels like he's lying on air, fingers and toes tingling with excess pleasure. It's his favourite way to feel after Ilya has fucked him, when he's loose and floaty and everything feels really good. "I'm sticky," he admits.

"If we had just fucked when I wanted to, we could have saved the shower for afterwards," Ilya points out and Shane shakes his head.

"You'd have fucked me in the kitchen and we wouldn't have got anything done," he replies. Ilya raises an eyebrow and Shane scowls at him. "No."

"I did not say anything!"

"You were thinking it," Shane says, and gives Ilya's curls a punishing tug. "I told you before, no sex in the kitchen."

"It is hot."

"It is *unsanitary*."

"I could get you an apron," Ilya says, leaning up and smirking down at him.

"No," Shane replies, but then Ilya is ducking his head to attach their mouths and the time for talking is over. Shane kisses him till his lips feel swollen and bruised, and then he puts his

hands on Ilya's shoulder. "C'mon, shower," he says.

Ilya helps him up and they stumble into the ensuite. Once under the spray, Ilya kisses him again, then turns him around to face the wall. He squeezes some shower gel onto his hands and starts to spread it across Shane's back, planting kisses onto his neck as he does so. It's when his soapy hands come around to play with Shane's chest again that Shane snuggles against him, puts his hands over Ilya's where they are caressing his pecs. "You're obsessed with my chest," he points out and Ilya hums.

"Mm, it's good chest. Firm." He squeezes. "Bouncy." He gives his pecs a little tap. "Lovely nipples."

"Gross."

"Not gross," Ilya chides him. "Perfect."

"Yeah?" Shane fiddles with the temperature of the stream. "Sure you wouldn't prefer a set of big boobs?"

"No," Ilya says instantly. "What, are you thinking of getting work done?"

"No!" Shane says. "Just sometimes I..."

"What?"

"...*Worry*, sometimes" he admits.

"Shane Hollander," Ilya says immediately, and turns him around. He takes Shane's face in his hands and ducks to kiss his pouty lips. "I love you. I have loved you for very long time. Believe when I say, there is no one else."

"I know, I love you too," Shane says.

"And I love your freckles. And your ass, that one is particularly good. And your chest. Love your nipples."

"Ilya-"

"Even though you don't let us have sex in the kitchen-"

"Ok, ok, stop," Shane says, but he's smiling.

"There is no one else I would rather be with."

Shane strokes his face. "I love you," he repeats and Ilya presses a kiss to his palm.

"As long as you know it," he says, and Shane nods.

They finish their shower quickly, rinsing away the cum and sweat and lube, and Shane brushes his teeth again. Once he is done, he goes back into the bedroom, where Ilya has stripped and changed the bedsheets.

He climbs in beside Ilya, lies on his back and lets Ilya rest his head upon his chest. "Are you comfortable?" Ilya asks him.

Shane hums contentedly. "Are you?"

"Oh yes," Ilya says drowsily. "I am sleeping on two pillows."

"Shut up," Shane snorts, as Ilya winds an arm around his waist, caresses his side.

"I will not, you love me, remember?"

"Yeah, sure," Shane says, but his fingers are already combing the knots out of Ilya's curl. He feels when Ilya starts to drift off, because his breathing gets slower and more evened out. "I love you," Shane murmurs to him, strokes the back of his neck. Ilya makes a sound in his sleep and burrows closer, and Shane's heart feels full of affection for him.

He's never been great with emotions and feelings, but this one he thinks he likes.

God help him, but he loves being in love with Ilya Rozanov.

End Notes

Comments/kudos/feedback are always appreciated 😊

Also I never do this, but if you enjoy my writing and can't get enough of HudCon, I've written an Ember & Ice fanfic called 'The Glade'. I'm utterly obsessed with the audio drama and couldn't help myself!

The fandom is super small here on AO3 currently, but I'm actually so proud of the 'The Glade' (not to be egotistical), and I'd love for more people to check it out, as well as the other works within the fandom. No pressure at all, but, if you like the thought of HudCon being queer fairies, it might just be for you!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!