

Best part of waking up

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by [lately](#).

Summary

Ilya wakes up first. They bang about it.

(Ilya pov)

Notes

With thanks to my beta crew.

Consent notes at the end.

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

The light filtering through the curtains was still faint, and Shane was asleep next to him, breathing deeply. He was lying on his right side, curled into the space Ilya's body had hollowed to make for him. His left leg was bent, pulled up, and Ilya lifted the sheet to peek at his ass.

They'd fucked twice, last night, once with Shane on his knees, once with his calves on Ilya's shoulders, Shane grimacing a little but asking for more, with his mouth and his body. Ilya licked two fingers and very gently rubbed them against Shane's rim. Shane snuffled in his sleep, rocked back into the touch.

The problem was, Ilya wanted more. He always wanted more when it came to Shane.

But he'd tired Shane out, last night. Maybe Ilya could give it a rest. Maybe he could take his wanting and fold it up a little so it wasn't spread out over the whole bed.

One fingertip slipped into Shane, just a little. He was hot, and a little bit sticky-slick with lube. Shane sighed, pushing back into the intrusion.

Maybe Ilya could have him, like this, without waking him. Thought formed, he rolled over to grab a condom, the lube. Hard already, though from sleep or from proximity to Shane, Ilya couldn't say. He didn't warm the lube before gripping his cock. The cold brought him back to himself a little, and he slowed his hand, gently stroking himself a few times before rolling over again.

"My darling," he murmured in Russian, rubbing the head of his cock against Shane's hole. It gave, just a little, and Ilya rocked his hips forward. "My beloved."

He tucked himself close, reaching around Shane's body to take hold of his dick, smiling a little to himself to find it already half-hard. Even asleep, Shane's body wanted Ilya.

In his arms, Shane stirred, turning a little towards Ilya. His mouth was right there so Ilya kissed it, swallowed a little gasp as Ilya's cock slid a little deeper into Shane's body. His cock stiffened in Ilya's grasp, and Ilya gave it a little squeeze.

"Shhh, sweetheart," he said in English, the kiss not much more than a brush of their lips.

"You gonna fuck me?" Shane asked, voice sleep-burred.

Ilya let his grip on Shane tighten. He'd never wanted this before, preferred his partners to be awake, actively participating with the sex they were having. But something about this early morning hour, the soft pliancy of Shane, made him want to push in. To give Shane what he needed, before he knew he needed it. "Shhhhhh. Sleep."

Shane tried to laugh but it quickly became a gasp as Ilya drew a circle with his thumb on the head of Shane's cock. Soft, and hot, and already a little wet at the tip. Ilya pressed down, felt more slickness well up.

"Ilya. Ilya."

“Shane,” Ilya replied, ducking his head a little to kiss the corner of Shane’s jaw. “Good. Very good for me.”

There were little hitches in Shane’s breath as Ilya kept working his cockhead, kept easing his way inside, but his eyes stayed closed, his fingers relaxed. It made a swell of emotion bubble up in Ilya’s chest, the way Shane trusted him. The way Ilya could take care of him.

Shane stretched a little and Ilya squeezed his dick. “No moving, yes? I do.”

Shane subsided, nuzzling into the pillow with a sigh. This was perfect, Ilya decided, he was perfect, his ideal maybe-boyfriend who let Ilya fuck him half-asleep, let him rub his thumb round and round on his dick when Ilya knew that he was going to be overstimulated. Let him grind up against his perfect ass, little rocking thrusts that felt amazing on Ilya’s cock.

“I adore you,” he said in Russian, too overwhelmed to want to translate. “You’re the best thing that’s happened to me. My darling. I wish we could stay like this forever.”

“Hmm?” Shane’s fingers wrapped around Ilya’s wrist, just holding.

“Sweetheart,” Ilya said helplessly and kissed his shoulder, the side of his ear, his hair. He held Shane close and closed his eyes.

“Please.” Shane’s voice was barely there, but his abs were tight.

“You want to come?” Ilya dragged his whole hand down Shane’s shaft and back up again. Shane was leaking, like always, but it wasn’t quite enough. The friction made Shane shudder, so Ilya kissed him again.

“Please.”

“You can come,” Ilya murmured. “I fuck you after.”

He let go of Shane’s dick and tipped away so he could lick his hand, spit in his palm before rolling back and wrapping his hand back around Shane. That was better, Ilya decided, as he drew his hand up and down in a lazy rhythm. Shane was somehow tense and relaxed at the same time, his legs trembling against Ilya’s, but his fingers loose and open against the mattress.

“Fuck.”

He was so good, Ilya’s Shane. So good and tight on his cock, so unashamed of his pleasure. That feeling in Ilya’s chest fizzed until he almost wanted to laugh for joy. “Shanushka. I love you.”

“Fuck,” Shane said again, because Ilya couldn’t confess his feelings in English, not yet. He could show Shane, though. He could show him with the easy way he stroked him, the way he worked the head of his dick with his thumb, the kisses and the slow rocking against his ass, deep inside.

It took longer than it did when Shane was awake but Ilya didn't mind. He could luxuriate in the sensations, the smell of Shane's arousal, the sweat that was starting to prickle between them, the smooth hardness of his cock, the heat of his ass around Ilya's dick. It was exquisite torture, really, not doing more than rocking gently into him while he got Shane off.

It took longer, but eventually the tension broke, snapping cleanly. Shane was coming, trembling, *ah ah ahhing*, sighing, subsiding. Ilya loved him so much in that moment he thought he might crack open.

Ilya waited until his breathing had evened out again, then waited a few moments more before carefully turning over to grab a tissue from the nightstand to wipe off his hand. Then, equally carefully, he tugged on Shane's ankle to pull his leg straight, and gently rolled him onto his front. Shane snuffled but didn't wake up, shifting only to hug the pillow under his head.

Ilya knelt up on the bed, getting between Shane's legs and sliding his hands up the backs of his thighs to his ass. He pulled the cheeks apart to better see just how stretched Shane was now, and had to let go again to grip his dick at the sight. Ilya wanted him, wanted him now and always.

It wasn't difficult to slide back in, especially with the extra lube. Shane opened for him and Ilya slid home, revelling for a moment in the way Shane's relaxation made it so easy to fuck him, so easy to give and take pleasure from his body. He took care of Shane and now Shane was taking care of him, even mostly asleep.

"Ilya?"

Ilya slowed for a second, running his hands from the small of Shane's back to his shoulders, leaning over to kiss him on the side of his mouth. "Is okay, *vozlyublennyy*, sweetheart—"

His hips were pistoning faster now, driving him in to Shane, making the headboard rattle against the wall. He was close, after all this time, fingertips tingling, everything winding tight, tighter—

Ilya came back to himself lying on top of Shane, who was somehow still asleep. Ilya smiled at the sweep of his lashes, the curve of his nose, his parted lips. He kissed the nape of Shane's neck and levered himself up and off the bed, wrapping the condom in a tissue before tossing it into the garbage can. The washcloths were stacked neatly next to the towels and Ilya ran the water until it was warm before wetting it.

Shane lay on the bed, fucked out, beautiful. How did Ilya get so lucky? He laughed to himself, shaking his head, and made his way back to Shane's side.

"Come here."

Shane patted the mattress next to him blindly, and Ilya kneeled down to kiss his fingertips, shifting onto the bed as Shane kept touching him, his chest, his face.

"Shanushka, you need to turn over."

Ilya wiped Shane clean, careful of his oversensitive cock. He dropped the cloth on the nightstand and let Shane arrange him until Shane was lying half on him, head on his shoulder.

“Did you — did I dream us having sex?” he murmured, eyes closed. Ilya rubbed his fingers against the grain of his hair, then smoothed it down again.

“Was not a dream. You had sleep orgasm.” There was a phrase for that. “Wet dream?”

“No,” Shane said, pressing the back of his hand over his mouth. “If we had sex, it wasn’t a wet dream.”

Ilya laughed. “You were wet, *moy kotenok*, believe me.”

“Shut up,” Shane yawned again. “Was nice.”

“I took care of you, my darling. I’ll always take care of you. I love you.” It was maybe a bit cowardly to tell him only in Russian, but Ilya hoped he’d at least understand the tone. That Shane knew how much Ilya adored him.

But Shane’s breath had evened out again.

Ilya kissed his hair, and sighed. Ten more days until the real world pulled them apart. Every moment counted, and Ilya was determined not to miss a second.

End Notes

The sex is not prenegotiated but Shane is into it.

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