like you’re the only one in the room

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/81166176.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Minor Characters
Additional Tags:	Clubbing, Sex Toys, Anal Plug, Anal Sex, Explicit Sexual Content, BDSM, Sadism, Masochism, Hand Jobs, Clothed Sex, Dom/sub, Power Dynamics, Lap Sex, Danger Kink, Trust Kink, Multiple Orgasms, Teasing, Brat Shane Hollander, but he doesn’t try that hard, Bratva Ilya Rozanov, former mafia boss!ilya, Ilya Rozanov is Whipped, a little bit of, Shane Hollander Walks Ilya Rozanov Like A Dog, Alternate Universe - Mob, Russian Mafia, Fluff, Fluff and Smut, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Porn with Feelings, POV Multiple, One Shot, do not upload my work to another site, no AI, Neurodivergent Shane Hollander, Semi-Public Sex, Exhibitionism, Subspace, Domspace
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of we’ve got bad things to do
Stats:	Published: 2026-03-14 Words: 4,726 Chapters: 1/1

like you’re the only one in the room

by fonduebroski314 (anon_carrots)

Summary

Ilya convinces Shane to go to the club with him. While wearing a plug.

This goes about how you’d expect.

Notes

▶ content warnings

This is set after the events of the first fic in this series. If you just wanna enjoy some smut, you can probably figure it out.

See the end of the work for more notes

When they arrive at the club, Shane remains motionless in the plush leather car seat for a moment.

Ilya climbs out first, before walking around to the other side to open the door for Shane, offering his hand like an old-fashioned gentleman. Shane takes it; normally he would protest at being treated this way, but in the moment he's grateful for the contact. It's grounding. He hopes his cheeks aren't flushed, but it's probably a losing battle.

They're dressed in suits. Shane's not sure if it's proper clubbing attire, but Ilya assures him that nobody will bat an eye at it. Not when he's with Ilya.

Which is good, because Shane feels certain that anybody who looks will be able to tell that Shane has a rubber plug stuffed up his ass. It's not an unmanageable size, but it's a feeing he hasn't experienced before—it sits low, holding him open no matter how hard he clenches down on, and he has to focus on walking normally to the front doors instead of waddling.

Ilya smirks at him, as if he knows exactly what Shane is feeling right now.

"Shut up, asshole."

"I did not say anything."

"I can't believe you convinced me to do this. Everyone will know."

"Everyone will see you with me, and they will fall over themselves to offer you anything your heart desires."

"Well, my heart desires for them to leave me alone."

Ilya chuckles. "Nobody will give you trouble. I literally own this place."

("Why do you own a club?"

"I own clubs. More than one."

"…multiple clubs. Does Svetlana not pay you enough?"

"She pays me plenty. But I have other investments. It is called passive income, Hollander. You should ask Yuna about it."

"Don't bring her up after you just put a… a… you know… in my ass."

"Aww, poor baby cannot say *anal plug*?"

"I hate you.")

They walk up to the door. There's a massive line outside of the unmarked venue, thickly-muscled bouncers waving little flashlights over ID cards. Ilya ushers him to a different entrance, discrete; without a word, the bouncer opens the door for them.

A wall of sound hits Shane. Heavy bass thrums through his body in a steady beat. The inside of the club is dark, masses of bodies writhing against one another, backlit by flashing lights. Ilya flicks his eyes at the dance floor in question, but Shane immediately shakes his head. There's nothing he wants less right now, really.

Obligingly, Ilya takes Shane's hand and leads him up a set of well-hidden stairs, where the pounding music recedes a bit. At least Shane can hear himself think, here. He still has to raise his voice to speak.

"Should we get drinks?"

"You want to drink?" Ilya raises a brow.

Shane shrugs. "It's a club. You're supposed to drink at the club."

"Well, I usually dance at club. While drinking."

He cuts his eyes back at the dance floor, biting his lip. If Ilya wants to…

But Ilya's already pulling Shane away. "We will do whatever feels best to you."

A pitiful wave of relief floods through him.

Ilya leads Shane to a small bar tucked in the corner. The bottles look high end, fancier than what's being served downstairs. He gestures to Shane to sit in one of the plush velvet stools before the counter; Shane climbs onto it gingerly, trying not to jostle the plug. It doesn't fill him the way his dildo (or Ilya) would, but he still tries to hide his instinctual twitch with a cough.

Ilya, the fucker, catches it anyway. "Order for us," he says with a wink. "I will check on some arrangements. Be right back."

Shane feels bereft the moment Ilya steps away. Then he shakes himself—he's a grown ass man, he's been to bars and clubs on his own before.

The bartender looks at him attentively. "What'll it be?"

"Ginger ale for me," Shane says, swallowing down his instinctive embarrassment. "Vodka neat, for Ilya."

The bartender nods, sliding him his soda first before pulling out a glass. "Wow, you really are close with him," he says, tone incredulous as he reaches to grab the vodka. Shane doesn't recognize the bottle.

"Ilya? Yeah, I guess so." It's an understatement. But he isn't sure if Ilya wants to be parading their actual relationship around. Even if he is parading Shane around.

“You call him by his name, and everything.”

He frowns. “What else would I call him?”

“I mean,” the bartender says, pouring generously, “you call him by his first name. Nobody else would dare.”

Svetlana would beg to differ, he thinks. He opens his mouth to say so, but something strikes him about the man’s tone, and he snaps it shut. Tilts his head in thought, realization dawning.

“Are you,” Shane says, eyebrows climbing by the second, “*scared* of him?”

“You aren’t?” The bartender shakes his head. “That’s basic self preservation.”

Shane thinks it over. Sure, he hadn’t liked Ilya when they first met—he was annoying, persistent, and childish. He’d been nervous about him connecting the dots with his mom and the family business. But he can’t think of a moment where he felt true, actual fear toward Ilya.

“He’s not that bad once you get to know him.”

“Not that bad—“ the bartender sputters. “You’re talking about *Ilya Rozanov*? The guy who would take out your kneecaps if you so much as breathe wrong near him?”

Shane wonders what this guy’s deal is. “Don’t piss him off, I guess.”

“He’s not, like, paying you, right? Or is it blackmail…?” The bartender leans forward. “I didn’t think he would be the type, but you *are* pretty enough.”

Now he’s really starting to get irritated. “Whatever you’re thinking is wrong,” he says snippily. “And really, it’s none of your business.”

The bartender looks like he’s about to say more, but instead pales and shrinks away. The reason for it plasters himself along Shane’s back, reaching over his shoulder to pluck the glass of vodka from the counter.

“Making friends without me, *lyubimyy*?” Ilya’s voice murmurs in his ear.

Shane stands, grabbing Ilya’s arm. “Just leaving, actually,” he says. He can’t help but glare.

Ilya follows his line of sight, and looks at the bartender in consideration. “I thought I told you not to run your mouth, Carmichael.”

“N-not at all, boss!” Carmichael wipes studiously at a glass.

“Hm. We will talk later,” Ilya says.

Carmichael nods mutely, wide-eyed.

Thankfully, Ilya ends the conversation there. He takes Shane's hand again and leads him away.

"Was he rude to you?" Ilya probes gently. "I will have his tongue."

"No, no," Shane shakes his head. "It was nothing."

"Ah. Too bad Carmichael is much too good at watering liquor down to truly get rid of him," Ilya says. He sees the expression on Shane's face, and hastily amends, "when we *used* to water liquor down. Not anymore."

"Uh-huh. Just leave it, the guy is terrified of you."

"As he should be."

They reach a curtained section, which Ilya lifts gallantly for Shane to step through. It leads to a small balcony overlooking the dance floor, furnished with a black leather chair and low glass table.

Ilya sets his cup down and settles onto the chair, spreading his legs to take up all the space. He looks meaningfully at Shane. Shane rolls his eyes. He walks over to sit on Ilya's lap, sideways so that he can sling his right arm around Ilya's neck and hold his drink with his left.

The music is loud again, so Shane leans close to Ilya to be heard. "Should I be?"

"Should you be what?"

"Scared of you," Shane says. He gazes at Ilya, low and through his lashes. "Seems like you're a dangerous man, Mr. Rozanov."

Ilya nips at Shane's ear. "That is what you like about me."

"That you could kill me?"

"No. You like that I would kill for you. That I *have* killed for you."

"...you have, haven't you?" Shane breathes. He puts his drink down without looking, turning so that he can hold Ilya's face with both hands. "I do like that about you. I love that."

"Then I see no problem," Ilya says, and kisses Shane. It's wet and hungry, their teeth knocking together for a moment before they find their rhythm. The bass of the dance music pulses through Shane, and he feels giddy with it. Is shocked to realize he's enjoying himself, here in Ilya's arms.

Then Ilya's hand finds Shane's cock, making him jump. He fondles it over his slacks, shamelessly. The boldness of the move has Shane burying his face in Ilya's neck with a shocked noise, cheeks warm.

"So shy, all of a sudden," Ilya chuckles. "Where did my bold *kotenok* go?"

“Fuck you.” He digs his nails into the soft skin peeking above Ilya’s shirt collar.

“There he is. I like to see your claws.” Ilya works his hand up and down some more. His grip is almost painful, and Shane squirms, body conflicted between escaping and wanting more.

With the way their bodies are angled, Shane plastered to Ilya’s side on full display, anybody who looks would see Ilya’s hand working away at Shane’s covered cock. Not that anybody looks. The thought of it alone, though, sends red-hot arousal through his body. He clings to Ilya’s shoulders and focuses on breathing.

Ilya presses a kiss to Shane’s cheekbone. “Everything is okay, Shane,” he says. “Just you and me. And we leave whenever you want, *da*?”

Shane lets out a long breath, before nodding into Ilya’s neck. “I’m okay. I want to stay.”

“Okay. Say the word and we are gone.” Ilya punctuates this with another kiss. Shane leans in for it, and Ilya licks his way into Shane’s mouth again, deepening it filthily. He lets out a small whine, the sound swallowed by Ilya and the noise of the club.

Ilya’s hand moves relentlessly. The pleasure of it causes Shane to grind into Ilya, pressing his ass against the growing hardness he feels against him. He imagines how he must look right now—writhing in a (former) mafia boss’s lap, debauched, cheeks flushed. Nothing more than a plaything for a dangerous man. Shane’s breath hitches.

“Tell me what you are thinking,” Ilya says.

“I’m thinking I must look like—like a whore,” Shane says, recalling Carmichael’s words from earlier. “Like you paid me to be here and sit in your lap and let you grope me.”

Ilya licks his ear. “You look beautiful. Stunning. Nobody’s whore but mine.” He grips Shane tightly through his slacks to punctuate his statement.

“I notice that I’m still a whore, in this scenario,” Shane says, dryly. “Is that what you think of me?”

“Of course,” Ilya smirks. “If only everyone here knew what you liked to get up to.”

Before Shane can protest and defend his (nonexistent) virtue, Ilya bounces his knee. Shane rocks with the motion, too, and the plug he’s still wearing jabs deep into him. He goes slack-jawed.

“Ah, adorable,” Ilya says. He cups Shane’s face, rubbing his thumb over his bottom lip. In a haze of arousal, Shane sucks it into his mouth, licking and hollowing his cheeks like it’s Ilya’s cock. Begs with his eyes, letting them go hooded and watery, the way he knows Ilya likes. He wants Ilya inside him so badly.

Instead, Ilya takes his fingers out of his mouth. They kiss again. Shane presses his tongue against Ilya’s with feverish desperation. Ilya tastes like vodka, the kind he and Shane’s dad both like. He wonders if he can get drunk off the alcohol on Ilya’s breath. He opens his

mouth wider, determined to find out. They make out sloppily, like teenagers behind a school instead of the sleek businessman that Ilya is.

All the while, Ilya's hand hasn't stopped on Shane's covered cock. It's, admittedly, a bit uncomfortable. Even with the quality of the suit, the cloth is rough, and the spreading wetness from his precome makes him feel dirty.

He breaks from the kiss with a gasp. "This is all I get for the night?"

"You would like that," Ilya says. "Making me do the work."

"I don't make you do anything."

"Then who was nagging me about picking up dirty socks last night?" Ilya's hand speeds up. "Or waking me up early for a run."

Shane huffs. "That's—*mm*—nothing. Any functional human would do that—*ah*." And then he grabs Ilya's wrist tightly. "Shit, you have to stop or I'll—"

But Ilya doesn't let up. His lips remain half-quirked, enjoying Shane's discomfort. "Or you'll what?"

"I'll—" Shane tries to say, and then chokes as Ilya rocks his leg again, nudging the plug at just the right angle.

The orgasm rips through him, catching him completely off-guard. He's far too old to be shooting off in his pants from nothing but some heavy fondling, and yet here he is. Shane groans in equal parts pleasure and embarrassment. Ilya milks him through it. He gasps, trembling at the sharp spike of pleasure in his gut. His hole clenches tightly around the plug, and he arches his back to try to chase the feeling of it against his prostate. But it doesn't reach deep enough—it's just not the same as Ilya's cock.

He pants against Ilya's neck, feeling like he's just run a marathon without warming up properly. Ilya runs a soothing hand through Shane's hair, the other loosening from his cock to deftly unzip Shane's pants. He doesn't touch Shane directly, though, only pulls his waistband aside to peer down at his handiwork, as casually as if he were studying fruits at the grocery store. The club air is shockingly cold against his wet skin.

"Naughty." He clicks his tongue, before redoing his fly.

"Asshole," Shane mutters into Ilya's skin.

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Shane's face is dazed as Ilya leads him from the balcony. Ilya could get off on Shane's expression alone—hazy, blissed out, completely desensitized to the world around him. And

they haven't even fucked properly yet.

Ilya imagines how he'll feel around him, pretty hole stretched wide around Ilya's cock. How he'll look stuffed full of Ilya's come. He wishes he could keep Shane like that forever, drunk on Ilya's touch and nothing else.

Shane stumbles over his feet. Ilya catches him, rubbing his wrist and murmuring in Russian.

"Almost there," he says. He's pretty sure Shane doesn't hear, much less understand him in this state.

LaPointe is guarding the hallway when they arrive. He steps aside for Ilya; Ilya glances at him as they pass, and LaPointe nods at the nondescript door. Ilya nods back in acknowledgment, wrangling Shane toward the private room. LaPointe turns away, continuing to monitor for revelers who might mistakenly stumble into the VIP section.

The room is as he remembers it—mostly black leather and velvet, dim lighting, soundproof walls muting the music outside. Someone has thoughtfully added a stocked minifridge, as well as a stack of towels on top. He probably doesn't pay LaPointe enough.

"Where are we?" Shane asks, voice airy, still high on his afterglow. "Don't tell me this is your secret murder room."

"Of course not," Ilya says. He puts his hands under Shane's thighs, lifting him to sit on the table. Shane makes a noise of appreciation, immediately leaning forward to bump his forehead against Ilya's. "It is simply private room, now. For important people like us to use at our leisure."

"So it was the murder room *before*," Shane says.

Ilya chuckles. "Who taught you how to be yakuza? Murder in a place like this is too messy." He begins stripping Shane out of his clothes. "If you have to know, this was storage room. Drugs, money, alcohol. Club is a good place to sell and transport."

"You don't do that anymore, right?" Shane says, eyes narrowing. "Not dabbling on the side still?"

"I am fully on the straight and now, pinky promise," Ilya says. "Cross my heart and hope to die. Club is more than profitable enough on its own. Plus, people bring their own supply these days anyway. We no longer sell, and only the normal stuff is allowed in."

"Normal stuff?"

"Mm. Weed and coke, the like. People can get without our help." Ilya finishes pulling Shane's jacket and shirt off, and starts on his dress pants. Shane lifts his hips to help, letting out a breathy whine when Ilya peels his come-stained briefs off. He doesn't seem to realize he's made the noise, and it goes straight to Ilya's cock.

Now fully naked, Shane shivers, nipples erect at the temperature. Ilya's still clothed; the difference sends a thrill down his spine. That Shane would trust Ilya to put him in such a

vulnerable state without a second thought.

“Are you finally going to fuck me, Rozanov?” Shane flutters his eyes outrageously. “Can’t let these guys think their boss has gone soft.”

Ilya snorts. “You sound like bad porn.”

He pushes at Shane’s shoulders until he lies back onto the table. Shane spreads his legs shamelessly. The base of the black plug in his ass glistens with moisture, and Ilya swallows hard. He pulls his own tie off, tossing it aside as he pops the top few buttons of his dress shirt. Adjusts Shane so that Ilya can stand between his legs at the edge of the table. He kneels, and Shane’s pupils blow wide, wider than they already have been.

“I wouldn’t need to—*mmph*!”

Shane grunts as Ilya swallows his soft cock down. At the same time, he presses the base of the plug with one finger, pushing it further into Shane where he knows the tip can barely brush up against his prostate.

“Holy shit, Ilya.”

Ilya hums. Shane’s cock twitches valiantly in his mouth. He wishes he had set a timer before they started—how long will it take for Shane to get hard again? He pulls off of Shane’s cock for a moment.

“You like that?”

“I don’t know if I can do it,” Shane pants, eyes glassy. “It hurts, a little.” He reaches a hand to pet Ilya’s hair.

“Does that bother you?”

Shane pauses. “…not as much as I thought.”

“Good,” Ilya says, and dives back in.

Shane shouts, arm trembling in Ilya’s curls. He pushes away, but not hard enough to truly move Ilya’s head. He’s strong, a student athlete; if he really wanted to, he could do it. Ilya flicks his eyes up to Shane’s, a silent challenge. Shane’s face creases in a grimace, but slowly, slowly—he lets go of the pressure. Changes his grip so he’s only clenching Ilya’s hair tightly in his fist, instead of pushing down. Ilya takes it as his victory, bobbing his head to fully take Shane into his mouth and suck vigorously. Swirls his tongue around the tip, grazes his teeth down the shaft. Shane’s quiet moans are sweeter than sugar.

Ilya tugs at the plug again, this time pulling as if to remove it. Can feel Shane’s hole tighten instinctively, fighting against him.

He moves away from Shane’s cock to look up at him. “You want to keep it so badly? I can leave it if you want.”

“Asshole—“ Shane pants, “I can’t—relax, not while you’re—*ah*—sucking me.”

“Maybe you are not trying enough,” Ilya teases. “Ah, but okay, we will focus on one thing at a time.”

He sits on his heels, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Rubs at Shane’s inner thigh. Then Ilya hooks two fingers behind the base of the plug, tugging slowly. After some initial resistance, he watches the way Shane’s hole gradually loosens. The muscle flutters around the black girth of the plug. Fascinated, Ilya runs his other thumb over Shane’s hole, tracing the muscle.

“Shit!” Shane’s hips buck, dislodging Ilya’s grip.

Ilya tuts disapprovingly. “Do not move like that, Shane. Now we will need to start over.”

“Fuck you,” Shane says. He glares at Ilya. It sends a bolt of arousal straight to his cock. He loves Shane’s eyes, whether he’s glaring with annoyance or wet with tears, hazed out with pleasure or glowing with happiness.

“You love it,” Ilya laughs, standing to lean over Shane’s naked body to kiss him. Shane bites at Ilya’s lower lip vindictively, Ilya groaning at the pinpricks of pain. When they break the kiss, Ilya returns to toying with the plug and Shane’s hole.

Shane throws an arm over his eyes. “Hurry up.”

“Ask nicely.”

“You called me a whore. I’m not feeling very *nice* right now.”

For that, Ilya tugs the plug all the way to its widest point, forcing Shane’s hole open with it. Shane groans, swearing profusely, thighs shaking. Right as the plug would begin to taper and slide out of Shane, Ilya nudges it back into him. Shane clenches, seemingly on instinct; Ilya’s entranced by the way his body sucks the toy in.

He pumps it in and out more, slowly, never pulling the plug fully out before pushing it back in. Fucks Shane with it, as Shane covers his face with his hands and spreads his trembling legs wider. His cock, Ilya notices, is starting to fill out again.

“Tell me what you want,” Ilya says.

Shane gasps. “Stop teasing me.”

“Be honest.” Another pump of the plug. “Try again.”

“You know what I want.”

“Use your words.” Ilya pinches his nipple in reprimand.

Shane shudders. “I want—I want you to fuck me,” he says. “With your cock. Properly.”

“Almost. You know what I want to hear, Shane,” Ilya says.

Shane holds out for a moment longer, before Ilya can physically see him cave in.

“...Please,” Shane says, breathing the word almost inaudibly.

Most nights he says it so sweetly, earnestly. Others, like tonight, Ilya has to drag it out of him. Break down his walls, push him to his limits, reduce Shane to a quivering mess before he gives in to Ilya. It’s Ilya’s most favorite thing to do in the world.

“Please, fuck me, Ilya. I need you so bad.”

A shiver of anticipation runs down his spine. “Mm. Perfect.”

He reaches down to unbutton the top of his pants and pull his own cock out. Then, he grips the plug and finally removes it all the way. He’s sure it’s an intense feeling—Shane gasps audibly, biting at the meat of his forearm. A string of lube follows the tip of the black rubber toy, trailing from Shane’s hole; Ilya had been sure to use plenty while prepping Shane so that the plug would glide smoothly. And, so he can do this: hold Shane open with his thumbs, and push his cock into Shane with one glide.

Shane sighs as Ilya enters him. Ilya goes slowly, almost glacially, savoring the warm heat. He’d specially bought a plug that was close in thickness to his cock, but not quite—so that Shane is prepared to take him, but still tight around Ilya.

It’s exquisite. Ilya sometimes likes to tease that he’s ruined Shane for all other men, being his first and only. In reality, Ilya muses, it’s the other way around. He doesn’t think anybody else could satisfy him ever again. Not when he knows Shane is his perfect complement, always ready to submit so beautifully—Shane, who knows of the blood on Ilya’s hands and still twines his fingers through Ilya’s, who understands Ilya wholly and still looks at him with nothing but love in his eyes.

Ilya kisses Shane as he thrusts. He tries to convey all of these thoughts to Shane, whether through the snap of his hips or the stroke of his tongue. Shane arches up, moaning, grinding his hardening cock into where their bellies meet; Shane fully bare, Ilya still clothed.

“You are going to come again,” Ilya says, slipping out as a command rather than the question he intended to ask.

“I don’t know, I don’t know,” Shane moans, but his head nods, his body communicating what he can’t find the words for.

Ilya grabs Shane’s cock as he continues to fuck into him, feeling his own pleasure mounting. Strokes a thumb through the tip, gathering precome and slicking it down Shane’s length. The motion causes Shane to clench down harder on Ilya. He groans at the feeling. Ilya begins moving his hand in time with his thrusts, and imagines that he’s jerking himself off, Shane nothing more than a cocksleeve for Ilya’s amusement. The thought pulls him right to the edge of his own orgasm.

His eyes have slipped closed without noticing. He opens them now to the sight of Shane laid out below him, face flushed, chest heaving, hole fluttering around Ilya's cock. He drinks it in. If Ilya could crawl into Shane's skin and stay there for the rest of his life, he would.

"*Lyubimyy*," Ilya murmurs, speeding up. "Tell me that you love me."

"I love you," Shane says, instant. "I love you so much, Ilya."

He's so close. "*I love you too*," he says, in Russian.

Shane repeats it back carefully. "*Ya tozhe tyebya lyublyu*."

Ilya can tell he's been practicing. For him. For Ilya. Because Shane loves Ilya.

He buries himself into Shane, coming. White-hot heat courses through him. Ilya presses his forehead to Shane's shoulder, blocking out the rest of the world. Right now, there's only Shane—his tight heat around him, the smell of his soap and cologne and sweat, the sound of his voice in Ilya's ears.

Ilya can't quite remember how he managed to survive all those years before meeting Shane. Now, he thinks he would die without him.

His cock pulses in time with his heartbeat. It roars in his ears. Grips Shane's hips tightly, tight enough that he knows Shane will wear bruises the next day. Like leaving claw marks on his territory, Ilya thinks, in a daze.

When his heart rate finally slows, he remembers that Shane's cock is still hard between them. Reaches a hand to begin pumping it again, slowly but gaining speed. It doesn't take long to push Shane over the edge; his second orgasm of the night. Ilya tries to memorize the way Shane looks, lost in pleasure—head thrown back, mouth parted, panting out those needy whines that drive Ilya insane.

His hole tightens, around where Ilya is still buried inside him. Ilya grunts at the feeling. Wonders if he could go again too. Maybe once they get home.

He strokes Shane's hair until he returns from wherever he goes after each orgasm. His big doe eyes blink, unfocused, a tear slipping down his cheek. Ilya chuckles, filled with a sudden affection that borders on aggression.

"Felt good?"

"Felt amazing," Shane says. "You always feel amazing."

Ilya laughs again. He pulls out of Shane gingerly, both of them hissing at the sensation. Uses his finger to catch a drop of come that leaks out, pushing it back into Shane's abused, puffy hole.

"What—" Shane says, but is interrupted when Ilya slides the plug into him.

"Ah!"

His muscle clamps down eagerly, as if welcoming the toy to its proper place.

“Don’t spill,” Ilya says. “I want it all in you.”

Shane grumbles about hygiene, but with the way his eyes darken, Ilya is sure his boyfriend is just as into it as he is.

Ilya steps off of where he’s been half-kneeled on the table, tucking himself away and zipping up his pants. Reaches down to pick up Shane’s discarded clothes, holding them out for Shane.

Shane’s face is puzzled as he studies his soiled underwear. “You want me to put it back on?”

Ilya leers. “Unless you would rather leave naked. That is okay by me.”

His boyfriend’s adorable face flushes instantly, and Shane snatches the underwear away from Ilya. “Asshole.”

Ilya savors Shane’s discomfort as he slides his sticky clothing back on. He enjoys anything that ruffles Shane’s collected appearance. He would enjoy anything about Shane, he thinks.

Shane pops the last button of his collar into place, before pulling his jacket back on. His hair is disheveled beyond saving, his clothes wrinkled, visibly well-fucked. Ilya thinks that Shane has never looked more beautiful.

He holds his hand out. Shane takes it.

“Let’s go home.”

End Notes

Russian translations:
kotenok - kitten
lyubimyy - my love, darling, etc
-

This one was almost titled ‘in da clerb, we all fam’
Dead meme? Sorry, I’ll see myself out
-
Lap sitting part based on this gif of jude law in wilde. Love how it gets resurrected every time there’s a big new yaoi ship. Please accept my humble offering to this phenomenon
-
I pull random names of Ilya’s teammates to fill NPC roles, if you can’t tell. Hopefully none of them are actually important characters lol.
-
Every time I think I’ve finally scratched this itch for hollanov smut, an idea pops into my head and i enter a trance state where my body is possessed by ghosts and they use my fingers to type another oneshot full of porn for this AU. My other WIPs cry for help but I am committed to being a neglectful parent. the ao3 social worker is breaking down my door and I simply do not car
all that to say I hope you liked it <3
-

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!