Just a little help

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by canarioamarelo

Summary

Shane wakes up painfully horny, but his husband is sleeping peacefully beside him. He figures he can take care of himself.
In his defense, Ilya looks really good when he's sleeping.
That's his defense. That's all he's got.

Notes

Warnings: Somnophilia and dubious consent (everyone is happy and enjoying it)

Hope you enjoy ♡

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane wakes up and can still almost feel the hands that were touching him in his dream. There were so many of them, all over his body. They were squeezing and caressing his hard nipples, moving up and down his thighs and ass, holding him down, pressing his body into the mattress. All at the same time.

He felt a tongue playing with his ass, wet and soft, moving back and forth over his perineum and another one pressing against his entrance over and over again. Shane can still feel his ass throbbing. In the dream, his dick was wet, so fucking wet...

None of it makes sense. And yet, he wakes up so horny. There really is a wet spot that keeps spreading through his underwear, and his dick is painfully hard. Beside him, his husband lies naked, half-tangled in the white sheets. Ilya always manages to steal most of the blankets, even when he's not using them. Shane starts rubbing himself against the mattress without even realizing it.

It's easy to imagine Ilya laughing and teasing him about having such a drooling cock while he licks it and swallows every drop. Still half-asleep, he can almost convince himself that part of the puddle in his underwear is his husband’s drool.

Shane keeps rubbing himself against the mattress; the more his cock leaks, the slipperier it gets, and it feels so good. He looks at Ilya’s back, his muscles, and his messy hair spread across the pillow. It's almost unfair how peaceful he looks. Shane can't remember the last time Ilya looked this innocent while awake.

When his gaze drops to his husband’s ass, he just can’t take it anymore and has to pull his cock out of his underwear.

He spits into his hand and starts slowly stroking himself while staring at Ilya’s ass and imagining the pink hole surrounded by blond curls that’s so, so close to Shane. His hand gets firmer and faster, and he feels himself getting close, but he needs a little help so badly...

For a moment, he considers waking up his husband and begging Ilya to make him come, any way he can. Shane is still a little loose from the night before. But the truth is, he's enjoying listening to his husband snore and thinking that he has no idea what is going on.

Carefully, Shane inches closer until he can catch Ilya's scent at the back of his neck, trying not to wake him. Everything immediately becomes more intense; he strokes himself faster, unable to hold back. Now the idea of doing this without his husband knowing is driving him crazy.

Shane feels an overwhelming urge to moan, to tremble, to whimper, and he tries to hold it all in, barely breathing, biting his lip. He takes quick, shallow breaths, each movement of his hand feeling better and better.

He finds himself needing to shove two fingers from his other hand into his own mouth, sucking on them as he would with Ilya, and muffling the high-pitched sounds that escape him.

The sight of Ilya makes him feel the urge to stick out his tongue and lick him. And then he pushes his fingers deeper and squeezes his dick harder. He sees his cock so close to his husband’s ass. So beautiful and round, covered in moles and still red with scratch marks. A crazy thought crosses his mind. Could he do that?
God, it feels so good.

He pulls his wet fingers out of his mouth and slides them into that ass, feeling all the soft skin, the hair, and the wrinkled hole. Fuck. Shane feels that overwhelming urgency building inside him. He moans loudly and uncontrollably and leans over his husband, coming as he spills his cum onto Ilya’s ass cheeks, across the sheets and over his own wrist.

He falls back against the mattress, adjusting himself into a less awkward position. His eyes roll back. He's still rubbing Ilya's hole as he shoots stream after stream, dripping and making even more of a mess. He feels Ilya move beneath his hand, then hears a low, sleepy groan. Fuck. Is he awake? Shane whimpers and drips out the last few drops. Fuck. Fuck.

He barely has time to glance at Ilya's ass, streaked with cum, just like his own hand, before his husband turns around, blinking sleepily at him. His hair is a mess and his eyes are still heavy with sleep, but his expression is already darkening. Shane wonders how long he's been awake. So much for letting his husband get some sleep.

Ilya pushes him down, rises onto his knees, and swings one leg over him before settling onto his chest, pinning him in place. His hard cock is right in his face.

“You little pervert. What do you think you’re doing? You can’t even go a few hours without touching it, can you? So fucking needy...”

Ilya gives him a slap on the face. Shane feels his sensitive cock throb as his face burns. Ilya flashes him a crooked smile, and Shane craves another hit, but Ilya instead presses the tip of his cock against Shane’s lips.

“Now, please, open your mouth for me, yes?”

End Notes

Just a little something I wrote because I couldn't get this scenario out of my head.
English isn't my first language, so please be kind about any mistakes!
Comments and feedback are always appreciated!
Hope you enjoy ♡

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