

Sarang-ni

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Sarang-ni

by [mokuseisan](#)

Summary

The wisdom tooth in the X-ray looks fine on the surface but turns sideways inside Shane's gums. "I would recommend extraction," says Dr. Robbins. Shane thinks, *is it so easy a thing to take from someone?* He tells her, "I'll book an appointment."

"You're in luck, Mr. Hollander, a patient cancelled their surgery this morning and we have an open slot in an hour's time. Do you have someone who can drive you home?"

OR, Shane gets his wisdom tooth removed and returns to Ilya high on drugs, featuring his unfortunate oral fixation.

Notes

Title Sarang-ni is wisdom tooth in Korean. I chose this because it literally translates to 'love tooth' which I find very cutieful. Shane's hospital scene has my entire heart.

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

The wisdom tooth in the X-ray looks fine on the surface but turns sideways inside Shane's gums. "I would recommend extraction," says Dr. Robbins. Shane thinks, *is it so easy a thing to take from someone?* He tells her, "I'll book an appointment."

"You're in luck, Mr. Hollander, a patient cancelled their surgery this morning and we have an open slot in an hour's time. Do you have someone who can drive you home?"

"You went to get cavities checked out, yes?" Ilya asks, "Why was she looking at your wisdom teeth?"

Willa shrieks as Andrew spills a bit of flour on the kitchen counter. Kate quickly shushes her daughter and glances at Ilya apologetically. Ilya smiles, waves away her concern and steps outside into the lawn through the glass slide doors.

"Are you suspicious of my dentist?"

Immediately the smell of cookie dough and chocolate is swallowed up by wet summer heat—Ilya tucks his chin into his chest; Shane's exasperated tone is well-worn nostalgia. "Yes, you are quite naive. And maybe she is a pervert."

"Don't start," Shane murmurs, *"Will you guys be done by three? I can always ask mom to come get me."*

All that's left is to bake the cookies. Besides, that'd never be an issue, "Why? You don't have a husband?"

"Oh, do I?"

Ilya shrugs, "If you do, he should be there by three."

"Mm, here's to hoping he shows up, then."

"He better show up or he'll deal with me."

Shane chuckles, Ilya's smile grows wider. A small breeze picks up and teases across Ilya's face, leaves rustling like whispered conversations. *"Baking going well, though?"*

"Yes. We're going to win the charity competition, obviously," then, "Oh I wish you could *smell* Kate's kitchen, Hollander."

"Ugh, fuck you. I'm about to get my wisdom tooth removed!"

"Fuck me, yes, always."

“See you later, asshole.”

Mhm, “Тоже люблю.”

Shane is swollen and alive. The ceiling light refracts into pigment pink, emerald bits, and molten ivory.

He blinks away drowsiness and tries to focus on what the nurse is saying, “Your husband’s waiting at the reception desk, Mr. Hollander.”

Shane floats to the reception area like a cloud. He blinks against more inertia—he will *bite* it—and *there* he is.

Ilya smiles at Shane, bright-eyed, handsome. Shane hugs him close and presses his hot cheek to Ilya’s soft skin.

“Ilya,” he sighs, “My Ilya.”

Ilya hugs him firmly back. Someone rocks them side-to-side like a ship on storm water, “Missed me?” Ilya quips, whisper voice dragging against gravel. *How do I miss you when you never leave me?* Shane smiles, eyes closed and mouth full with satisfaction.

“He’s fine,” Ilya tells Yuna, glancing at Shane napping away in the passenger’s seat. Sunshine draws Shane’s pale complexion golden. His poor left cheek is swollen.

“I bet he’ll be loopy for a while after waking up. You guys have everything you need? I’ll bring him some bone broth later tonight.”

“No, we have everything.” He went shopping before going to the dentist’s clinic. At the next red light, Ilya brushes Shane’s cheek gently with his fingers, “Should I make dinner for us?”

“No, thank you. But I’m bringing you some of the lemon loaf David made.”

Ilya smiles, “He cannot bribe me out of winning Monopoly.”

Yuna laughs, *“That’s exactly what I’ve been telling him for three decades.”*

Hand on his shoulder, “Shane.”

“Ilya,” mouths Shane, and looks up.

“We are home.”

“Okay. There’s something in my mouth.”

“Yes, you need to keep it in there.”

Ilya’s thumb pushes at Shane’s frown.

“You can remove it inside. Come on,” Ilya nods at their house.

“Okay.”

Shane blinks too much. Ilya would think he might be fighting sleep if his staring wasn’t so keen. The blood clot over the surgery site looks to have solidified, so Ilya throws away the saliva-soaked red-stained cotton gauze, “What is it?” he asks, leaning his hip against the kitchen counter and turning off his phone’s flashlight, “You forgot what I look like, Hollander?”

Shane impulsively covers his face with his hands, then uncovers them just as quickly, “I have a secret,” he whispers.

“Really? What is it?”

“I have a huge crush on you.”

Ilya smiles, “Ah,” he whispers back, his face suddenly feeling all too bare, “But I am married.”

“Oh no,” Shane says.

“Oh my god, Shane,” Ilya steps in to hug him, “I’m married to you. Shut up.”

“Yay,” Shane says into his chest, forehead nuzzling forcefully into Ilya’s sternum like he’s digging for gems.

“I’m so thirsty,” says Shane, the talk show on TV bleeds light.

“I just gave you water.”

“No you didn’t,” Shane frowns, stretching his neck on the couch pillows to stare at Ilya in the kitchen.

“Yes I did, sweetheart. It’s on the table in front of you.”

“Oh. Thank you, Ilya.”

“You’re welcome.”

The host displays an album cover; handsome subject in a white tank top against a summer blue backdrop. The guest has that shy-proud-embarrassment on his face. Shane’s thoughts are fire sparks struggling to hold on to neighbouring sharp ends. The sound of the fridge door shutting closed; the sound of his head crashing into the boards. Shane blinks. Blinks. The singer is in a white tank top playing a sleek black electric guitar. The love song sounds like Ilya.

Shane is a half-finished chord progression with an urge to bite. Sudden pain pulls in his wrist. Ilya stands next to him and holds his hand.

“You bit yourself?” Ilya asks, eyes on Shane’s throbbing index finger.

“Ilya,” Shane grins.

“Show me,” Ilya tilts Shane’s chin up, “Open.”

He opens his mouth, watching Ilya closely.

Ilya meets his gaze, “Are you growing new teeth, hm?” Ilya asks, Shane blinks, mouth still open. “Gums itchy?”

Shane shakes his head. Nods.

“Oral fixation, is it? You like to bite and suck, of course.”

Shane closes his eyes. Ilya closes his jaw and Shane’s teeth click in his skull.

“Too bad. You have just had surgery. No sucking or biting for you.”

The final chord of the song drags into a technicolor buzz.

Shane weighs him down like Ilya's holding his breath at the bottom of the pool, looking up; sunshine painting its surface bright light. And Shane gnaws at his jaw like a dog. "My god," Ilya groans, pulling Shane's head away gently by his hair.

"Something's in my mouth," Shane complains. Ilya reaches for the TV remote to lower the volume.

"Yes, it's swollen. But it's still all your mouth. Nothing else."

"Take it out," Shane nuzzles his nose at Ilya's cheek. "Do you know I really like you?" He asks dreamily.

Ilya laughs quietly. Scratches Shane's nape, "Yes. I really like you too." He should be recording this, but feels reluctant to leave the couch and Shane to get his phone from the charging port.

"Oh yeah?" He feels Shane's dumb grin against his face; his hand busily kneading Ilya's pec under his T-shirt. Ilya buries his mouth into the top of Shane's head.

"I love you."

"Oh," Shane melts into him more. "I want to eat you."

Ilya scowls, moving his head away to look down at Shane. "Wow it is really bad, huh."

"What is?" Ilya softly pries open Shane's lips and knocks lightly on his teeth. Shane bites his first knuckle eagerly. Ilya sighs.

"Poor baby, huh?" Ilya says. He takes away his finger and kisses Shane's mouth to distract him from the lack.

"Ilya, ugh, is that chicken bone broth?" Shane grumbles, walking into the living room. His throat is dry, his mouth tastes like how hospitals smell.

Ilya ruffles his curls. He's setting the dining table, "Yes. Yuna dropped by with it."

"Okay. Thank you." He sits down, "What happened?"

Ilya quickly relays all the clinic's instructions about post-surgery care. Shane carefully drinks some broth, the metal spoon clanging satisfyingly against his bicuspid. He swallows. Ilya looks at him closely.

"What?"

His shrug is exaggerated and obviously playful, "Nothing."

"What is it? Tell me."

"Is nothing. Just, what is the word? Fascinating."

"Stop trying to get a raise out of me. Spit it out."

"Spit it out, huh?"

A pause, "What about it?"

"What about what?"

"Ilya..."

"Shane..."

"Fuck you."

"Of course."

"I swear to—"

TWO MONTHS LATER

"Mh!" Shane goes deep and pulls back up and away. Strings of saliva and cum hang between his lips and Ilya's cock, "Oh god," he coughs and stares up at Ilya with wide, wet eyes.

"Da, Shane," Ilya cradles the back of Shane's head—and when Shane leans forward pliantly—he puts strength behind his hand to push him down, "That's it. My cock is yours. Take it."

Shane moans against his dick open-mouthed and swallows him down, fitting Ilya into his throat.

"Ooh, Shane. Come on. Come on."

Shane bobs his head, throat spasming—gagging, before he pulls back up until Ilya's cockhead's pressed against his inner cheek. He sucks his dick right there, rubbing the underside with his tongue and moaning obscenely; teeth grazing his sensitive cock soft soft softly; his eyes closed, long lashes fanning over his blush-coloured freckles.

“Yes,” Ilya encourages, voice deepened with desire, and brushes his thumb back and forth over Shane's cheek while he comes—his cock jerking and pulsing his semen into Shane's wanting mouth, “Is it good?”

Shane shudders. He opens his eyes and slowly backs away. Swallows loud and clumsy, lips glistening obscenely.

Ilya drags him up and kisses his mouth silly. Gets him off with his mouth on his hole and hand around his cock.

“Holy shit,” Shane's chest heaves afterwards in bed. He touches his tender mouth tentatively. “Okay, maybe you were right about the mouth thing.”

Ilya gives him an incredulous look, “Maybe?”

“Whatever.”

“That's not what you were saying when I offered you to suck my dick however long you want ___”

“Maybe you need to shut up. Okay?”

Ilya taps Shane's pout twice. “I don't think so.”

“Ilya,” Shane groans.

“Shane,” Ilya groans back, “See, I can do it too.”

“You just never shut up—”

“I learn from the best—”

“Fuck you.”

“Yes, quite literally.”

End Notes

Tumblr: <https://www.tumblr.com/blog/tayasui-mono>

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