

let me paint you a picture

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by [beautifullyblue](#)

Summary

Shane wearing glasses makes Ilya unbelievably horny.

cue Shane getting his face fucked within an inch of his life.

Notes

this is pure, unadulterated filth. and I'm not sorry in the slightest.

not beta read.

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

Shane can't remember how he got here.

One moment he was reading in bed, waiting for Ilya to come to bed after their cosy evening of watching trashy television and eating home cooked dinner, the next moment Ilya's cock was sliding down his throat, glasses threatening to slide off his nose with every thrust of Ilya's hips.

Although he's not complaining. Not that he could anyway, with his mouth stuffed full.

Shane sits with his back against the pillows, the way he was before Ilya came into the room, his book lost under the sheets somewhere but with its bookmark dutifully in place where Shane was reading last. Because whilst Shane loves sucking Ilya's cock, amongst other things, he also does not want to lose his place in his book.

Ilya kneels above him like a predator looming over its prey, bare chested with his golden crucifix glimmering against the soft glow of the bedside lamp in the otherwise darkened bedroom. His shorts and boxers tucked beneath his balls, too impatient to remove them properly.

Shane's making a mess. Spit dribbles past his chin, Ilya's balls practically covered in it, his cock shining as it slips in and out of Shane's slack mouth. He always makes a mess when he sucks Ilya's cock, and it drives Ilya crazy.

Not as crazy as it drives him seeing Shane in his glasses though, which are precariously balanced on the edge of Shane's nose, jostling every time Ilya fucks into his mouth. Shane always knew Ilya liked him in his glasses, if anything from the dark look that Ilya always sent his way whenever he wore them. Or those times when Ilya made him keep his glasses on as they watched each other get off over videocall. He has tried to get him to wear them during sex but Shane always complained about them getting in the way, and Ilya would always fuck him so hard they'd fall off anyway. And Shane doesn't want to break them, horny or not. But Shane hadn't had time to think about removing them when Ilya had practically pounced on him, as Shane had looked up from his book to find Ilya staring at him in the doorway. Shane barely had time to say Ilya's name questioningly before he had crossed the room in long strides.

Ilya hands grip Shane's hair, fingers curled in the strands as he keeps his head still. Shane's hands clutch at Ilya's thighs, but one of them shifts so the back of one of his knuckles can nudge his glasses up his sweat slicked nose. With the movement, Shane looks up at Ilya with watery eyes, framed perfectly by his black frames, a blush across his freckled cheeks, and Ilya groans out loud.

'Fuck, look at you.' He mutters, his hips pumping faster. Filthy sounds of Shane's mouth being fucked ring out in the room, loud *glug glug glug*'s that makes Shane's eyes roll into the back of his head and a moan break out around Ilya's length.

Ilya moans at the vibration, head kicking back so Shane can only see his thick neck, Adam's apple bobbing as he swallows.

Shane's eyes flutter, the only thing he can think of is the salty taste of Ilya's precum dripping down his throat, the feel of Ilya's balls slapping against his chin, the musky smell that has Shane's hole clenching appreciatively. Ilya using his throat like a cocksleeve, Shane being forced to take everything Ilya gives. Heat collects in his belly at the idea of existing just for Ilya to use.

Shane's hard cock twitches between his thighs, leaking through his sleep shorts. His thighs rub together desperately for friction as Ilya moans loudly at the feel of Shane's throat spasming around his cock as it hits the back of his throat. Shane's half tempted to reach a hand down to give his steadily dripping cock relief but he knows Ilya would notice, and he's made it very clear to Shane that he is not allowed to touch himself without permission.

And it's not like Shane is in a position to ask. He's also not sure if he'd be able to form words, Ilya using his throat like this has his head floating, eyes glazed, brain empty of anything except *Ilya*. At that, Shane blinks hard to look up at him, only to find Ilya already staring at him in awe, eyebrows furrowed, mouth parted, sweat glistening across his forehead.

'Fuck, *fuck Shane*,' Ilya gasps out, hands tightening in his air, delicious pain prickling across Shane's head at the pressure, sending heat coursing down his spine.

Ilya withdraws his cock abruptly, cockhead just brushing Shane's open lips, strings of spit connecting Shane's tongue to Ilya's flushed cock.

Suddenly empty, Shane leans forward instinctively to try and suckle the head back into his mouth but Ilya's grip in his hair prevents him from moving.

'So hungry for it, aren't you *moya lyubov*?' Ilya croons, taking his cock in one hand to slap it against Shane's cheek, precum and spit splattering against Shane's glasses.

Shane's eyelashes flutter like delicate butterfly wings and he whines quietly, looking pleadingly up at Ilya. A cock sober Shane would be mortified at his reaction, his desperation for Ilya's cock, but Shane isn't thinking right now. He didn't have to when it came to Ilya. Because it was always instinct with them, trust.

Ilya smirks, swiping the head of his cock against Shane's lips and he instinctively licks his lips to taste the trail of precum left across his bottom lip.

'So good, so perfect.' Ilya murmurs affectionately, eyes roving across Shane's face, gaze catching on how Shane's glasses makes him look even more beautiful than he already is, if that's even possible. But Shane taught Ilya that a lot of things that he thought were impossible, were not. Like that he had a really big thing for Shane in glasses, for example, amongst other things.

'Stick out your tongue', and Ilya sucks in a breath as Shane immediately obeys, pink tongue lolling out of his mouth, drool dripping from the tip of it.

The wet *plap lap lap* sounds of Ilya slapping his cock on Shane's tongue seeps into Shane's ears and his cock drools in his shorts. He moans breathily with his mouth open but doesn't dare move, refusing to break eye contact with Ilya as he does anything but fuck his mouth.

Shane soon grows impatient, fingers twisting in Ilya's twisted boxers shoved down his thighs, hips twitching, yearning for friction against his wet cock restricted by his shorts that are now incredibly sticky with precum.

‘You want my cock, *kotenok*?’ Ilya teases, dipping the head of his cock past Shane’s lips but withdrawing quickly before Shane can close his lips around it hungrily.

Shane tries to nod but one of Ilya’s hands remains fixed in his hair, stunting the movement, but Shane’s eyes tell Ilya everything he needs to know. The tears glistening in his lashes, his blown pupils, the way his eyebrows come together slightly in a frown. Ilya looks down at him like he wants to eat him. Shane wishes he would. In a sexy way, obviously.

‘You going to let me fuck your mouth, Hollander?’ Ilya slaps his cock on Shane’s tongue one last time before letting it bob in front of Shane’s face. Shane practically goes cross eyed looking at it, before quickly flitting up at Ilya, waiting, his mouth closing quickly to swallow, desperately sucking in a breath.

Ilya swears softly at the sight of Shane sitting pretty and waiting for Ilya to take what he wants, waiting for Ilya to tell him what to do. God he loves him. Ilya wipes the drop of precum off Shane’s glasses, smearing the lens slightly but still offering him the view of Shane’s doe brown eyes.

‘Such a good boy, hmm?’ And before Shane can try to nod again, Ilya slowly feeds his cock back into Shane’s waiting open mouth. Ilya doesn’t quicken the pace, a far cry from earlier when he was quite literally face fucking every thought out of Shane’s head.

Shane whines softly, but Ilya keeps his hips in a slow roll, mesmerised by the sight of his cock sliding in and out of Shane’s mouth, glistening in saliva, the way Shane’s glasses are beginning to slowly slip down the bridge of his nose again. He looks like a hot librarian, or a nerd Ilya would happily rail against the bookshelves. *Fuck*, that’s a thought. Shane as a hot librarian, or a book nerd, hands fumbling at the textbooks falling out of his hands as Ilya sucks his cock. Maybe Ilya should mention it to him later, Ilya would happily rent out a library for a couple of hours just to see that happen.

Shane unconsciously suckles on the tip as it retreats, his tongue curling around it in an effort to keep it from leaving his mouth and Ilya chuckles darkly.

‘You’re a little cockslut aren’t you?’ But Ilya isn’t really asking, simply goading Shane closer to the edge. Shane whimpers around his cock and one of his hands begins to drift down

unconsciously towards his aching cock, but Ilya quirks an eyebrow at his lame attempt of trying to touch himself without Ilya noticing.

‘Ah, ah, ah, *moya lyubov*, hands where I can see them.’ Shane whines but his hand returns to clutch Ilya’s thigh in a death grip. Shane’s thighs continue to rub against each other and he looks pleadingly up at Ilya as he still refuses to fuck his face properly. Shane can feel a dull ache in his jaw but it feels so far away to feel real right now. Cock now, worry about the jaw later. He gulps down saliva.

Ilya looks down at him with an affectionate glint in his eyes, fingers in Shane’s hair softening to run through the brown strands.

‘Don’t worry, *solnyshko*, I’ll let you cum soon.’ Ilya’s fingers tighten suddenly in Shane’s hair.

‘But first I fuck your throat.’

And with that, Ilya yanks Shane down his cock, setting up a brutal pace of using Shane’s mouth to chase his orgasm.

Shane relaxes his jaw to allow Ilya’s cock to slide down his throat with ease, and swallows when it hits the backs making Ilya moan loudly. The sound of Ilya’s sounds makes Shane moan, hips jerking. The feeling of Ilya’s length fucking down his throat sets Shane’s body on fire, failing to suppress a bodily shudder.

Ilya stills Shane’s head to thrust into his mouth with the force of his hips, a hand leaving Shane’s hair to push his glasses up for him.

‘Such a good mouth, made for my cock, no one else’s, weren’t you?’ Ilya continues to lavish Shane in filthy praise which makes his eyes roll back as Ilya continues to use his throat as a cocksleeve.

Shane is floating and never wants to come down, the slick sounds of his throat being used so filthily ringing in his ears and his nails leave crescent marks in Ilya's strong thighs.

'Fuck, want to come on your face, *moya lyubov*' Ilya gasps out, hips quickening as his orgasm veers closer, surrounded by Shane's tight, wet mouth.

Shane moans loudly around Ilya's cock and tries to surge forward to take more of Ilya's cock into his mouth at the suggestion. The idea of being painted in Ilya's cum like a brand has Shane scrabbling in barely suppressed desperation to cum, and be cummed on.

'That a yes?' Ilya purrs as his hips jerk into Shane's mouth, and Shane curls his tongue round the head of Ilya's cock as it fucks into his mouth, enthusiastically hollowing his cheeks. Ilya will take that as a yes.

The sight of Shane so desperate for his cum makes something roar in Ilya's chest, and his balls draw up for his impending orgasm.

Groaning deeply, Ilya quickly pulls his cock out of Shane's mouth, one hand remaining in Shane's hair to tilt his head back slightly, his other hand jerking his cock quickly with a tight fist.

Shane's chest heaves, mouth hanging open, drool covering his chin and dripping down his neck as he looks up at Ilya's face contorted in pleasure, his glistening chest, golden curls that look like a halo from where Shane sits below him.

'Fuck, Shane!' Ilya moans loudly, elongating the words in ecstasy, before his cock paints stripes of cum across Shane's cheeks, his glasses, some hitting his tongue, his chin, his forehead, a few streaks catching in his hair.

Shane quickly closes his mouth to greedily swallow whatever cum he's caught on his tongue, humming at the salty taste of Ilya. He doesn't realise his eyes are closed before he hears Ilya mutter something in Russian under his breath. Opening them, he realises he can't see Ilya clearly as his glasses are smudged. His eyebrows draw together slightly in confusion, head stuffed with cotton.

‘Beautiful’ Ilya whispers at the sight of Shane’s face covered in his cum. He’s half tempted to snap a photo but he knows Shane would never let him. So he ingrains the image into his head. Shane looks good covered in his cum, maybe he should do this more often. Something possessive settles in Ilya’s chest at the sight of Shane panting, glasses and cheeks smeared in his cum. Thoroughly claimed.

Ilya’s hands gently release Shane’s hair, softly petting his face, before a finger catches some cum dripping down his cheek. He can see Shane blinking slowly behind the smeared glasses, and Ilya leans forward to lick up his cum off one of the lenses.

‘Hmm, you look good covered in my cum.’ Ilya says simply, before gently sliding Shane’s glasses off his face to look at him properly.

Shane is dazed, still sort of floaty, his fingers still clutching Ilya’s thighs. Gentle fingers brushing under his chin has him coming back down to earth slightly as Ilya tilts his chin to look at him.

‘You okay?’ Ilya prompts, eyes assessing as he always does whenever they fuck particularly hard and Shane retreats to that nice place that Ilya always sends him sinking down to.

Shane nods slowly.

‘Words, Shane.’

Shane tries to clear his throat, swallows heavily to clear some of the excess saliva from having his throat fucked, grunting out a hoarse, ‘Yes.’

Ilya smiles and bends down to capture Shane’s lips in a soft, loving kiss. Shane hums into it, hands coming up to clutch at Ilya’s shoulders. Ilya pulls back slightly to look down at Shane’s crotch, at the very big wet patch on Shane’s shorts.

Shane doesn't even know when he came untouched, maybe it was when Ilya said he wanted to cum on his face, maybe it was after. But he soon becomes acutely aware of how wet his shorts are with cum, and his thighs chafe as they part slightly.

Ilya chuckles softly, fingers brushing Shane's now soft over sensitive cock. Shane gasps softly and his hips try to jerk away unconsciously.

'I don't remember you asking to come, *solnyshko*. You like sucking my cock that much?' Ilya says with a raised brow and a soft smirk, and Shane flushes. He weakly whacks Ilya's shoulder.

'Shut up,' Shane grumbles, averting his eyes but Ilya grips his jaw to force his gaze back to him, before swooping down to kiss him, tongue sliding between Shane's parted lips, making Shane's toes curl.

Ilya pulls back slightly so their lips are only a hairbreadth away, before smiling lovingly.

'Come, let us clean up.' He whispers, before pulling back and reaching over to the box of tissues set on the bedside table closest to them. Yanking a few tissues out, he delicately swipes the cum off Shane's heated cheeks, half tempted to grumble about having to clean his cum off Shane's face when it looks so good.

Shane gazes up at Ilya lost in concentration, and smiles softly before his eyes flit down to his cum covered glasses resting on the bed.

'My glasses!' He gasps, picking them up and inspecting the cloudy stains across them. Shane glares at Ilya, and Ilya chuckles but shrugs a shoulder cheekily.

'Don't act like you didn't ask for it, *kotenok*,' Ilya leans forward to place a loud kiss on Shane's slack lips, before slipping off the bed into their en-suite.

Shane splutters before leaping off the bed but stopping in his tracks to shimmy his damp shorts down his legs, cringing at the feel of the tackiness it leaves behind on his skin. Walking naked into the en-suite, he sees Ilya already nude with his hand under the running shower, testing its temperature.

The curve of Ilya's ass and strong legs momentarily distracts Shane's train of thought before he shakes his head to refocus.

Happy with the temperature, Ilya holds his hand out to Shane.

'Come here, we shower now.'

Shane's heart softens at the gesture, and he smiles before he catches his reflection.

'Did you even *try* to wipe your cum off my face?' Shane questions, looking at Ilya's amused reflection, unimpressed. There are still streaks of Ilya's now dry cum on his face, some on his neck, Ilya had simply wiped it *across* his face, leaving it feeling tight whenever he moves his eyebrows or frowns. Like he was trying to rub it *into* Shane's skin.

Ilya grins, 'That is why we shower.'

Shane rolls his eyes, before walking over to Ilya, letting himself be pulled under the spray.

'I'm going to have to re-do my skincare now.' Shane gripes as Ilya's wet fingers come to gently rub at his face to remove the dried cum, Shane leaning into his palm and eyes fluttering closed contentedly. Ilya draws him closer to rest his head against his chest, tucked under his chin, as Ilya squirts shampoo into his hands, lathering it and beginning to massage his hands into Shane's hair. Shane practically purrs against Ilya's chest, moaning softly at the feel of Ilya's hands in his hair.

Ilya hums softly, the sound vibrating against Shane's cheek.

‘My cum can be your new skincare.’ He responds simply after a few moments.

Shane’s head whips up from where he had nestled himself against Ilya to glare at him in disbelief, Ilya blinking down at him innocently.

‘Ilya!’

‘Shane.’

End Notes

and you did it at my birthday dinner.

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