

Mamelons

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Mamelons

by [spiderlilysam](#)

Summary

Shane crawls back into bed, wearing only pristine white briefs that hug the curve of his ass and sit low on his hips. Ilya's smile widens as he runs warm hands across Shane's back, pulling him close for a cuddle before sneaking in squeezes of cheeks and bare thighs. Shane squirms, hiking a leg over Ilya's hip and settling himself against plush pillows.

"Y'know...dreaming about teeth is a sign of anxiety."

Ilya grumbles, "Yes, I know."

"Are you anxious?"

Notes

So, I'm an insane person and I love scrutinising all kinds of celebrities for badly done dental work. We are in an epidemic of bad veneers. One look at Hollywood, Kpop and Love Island will send you reeling with bright, blue-white, opaque, rectangle, horse teeth.

I was explaining to my sister after looking at Golden Globes photos that Connor has one of the best smiles I've ever seen, and it's because he's got all his natural teeth. His teeth have maintained all their pointiness and mamelons (aka, the little zigzags at the bottom edges) from childhood; meaning he hasn't worn them down over time. He's a very gentle biter, with minimal bruxing and grinding, without tons of protrusions that would grind down on his teeth, and I think there's something poetic about that. Also the fact that he ALSO dreams about his teeth falling out is so sweet, so I incorporated it into my Ilya canon.

I'm also obsessed with veneercheck on tiktok and I've pulled almost all my dental knowledge from her. I've also had a lot of ortho done, survived braces and had my 2 molars removed. When I'm too lazy to floss and skip a night, I dream fitfully of my teeth falling out. In the name of Hollanov, I exorcise my teeth hangups: BEGONE FOR GOOD!

Ilya wakes up with a start, sucking in shaky breath through his nose. The sting of golden morning light pricks at his eyes as he blinks away the grogginess of sleep. The muffled sounds of Shane shuffling across hardwood floors in the kitchen bring him back to the land of the living. Shane's insufferable discipline one-ups him in every way, including their circadian rhythms. On normal nights, when they aren't tangled together, when he's not bringing him to heaven, hell and back, Shane falls asleep first, embarrassingly early. He wakes up earlier too, usually at 6am, to do yoga, something called a *sun salutation*.

It's not that Ilya isn't capable of the same discipline, it's just that sleep, for him, is not always as restful as it is for Shane.

According to Svetlana, recurring dreams about losing one's teeth are a sign of anxiety. According to Google, she's right. (She's always right.) Sometimes, it's obvious what the cause is; he'd wake up on game-day with cottonmouth after an evening of spitting out the crumbled remains of decaying teeth out of his mouth into a dream-like sink. Sometimes there's blood, sometimes there isn't. One time, the teeth fell out of his gums intact, all in a row, and then like a great white shark, they grew back sharper, thicker, whiter in rows of two. He felt his jaw extend impossibly wide to accommodate, canines and molars filling his mouth and shredding the soft pink membranes on the insides of his cheeks. He woke up that morning at 3am, in a sweat, swiping his tongue along the edges of his incisors, proving to himself that they were still there, that they were the right size, that nothing was wrong, before passing the fuck out again.

Boston had won that same day. Call it predator instinct, but the visions of morphing into a monstrosity always helped him focus.

Ilya doesn't normally remember his dreams - a waste of precious brain space - but he takes a couple moments to calmly reflect on this particular reverie.

Shane pads back into the room, barefoot, in heather-grey sweatpants and a navy hoodie, both embroidered with an obnoxious beaver in the front and *ROOTS* in all capitals. Everything is oversized and slouchy; the perfect image of Canadian comfort. Ilya wonders idly if Shane has done some kind of boring commercial or modelling campaign for this boring fucking brand that only makes sweatpants, hoodies and wool socks.

“Oh. You’re up. Did I wake you?”

“No, no. Just bad dream is all. Come here.” Ilya reaches a bare arm to Shane, beckoning the early bird (a loon, probably) to come back to bed and get his worm.

Shane circles around to “his” side of the bed - an endearing and ridiculous habit because the bed, the room, the entire cottage belongs to Shane, yet he insists upon entering, sleeping and rising from the left side of the bed, every time.

“Do...you wanna talk about it?”

“No. Is not important. Just another teeth dream.” Shane closes in to the edge of the bed and Ilya’s fingertips begin grazing up the bottom edge of his hoodie.

“This. Take off please.”

“It’s cold.” Shane whines, before begrudgingly pulling the hoodie over his shoulders.

"Then come back to bed and I will warm you up." Ilya crooks the corner of his lip into a smirk before hooking a thumb on the drawstring waistband of Shane's sweats. "These too. Off."

Shane rolls his eyes in what Ilya has come to understand as performative annoyance. It's part of his little rituals; giving in too quickly and too willingly would ruin the fun.

He tugs his boring, grey sweatpants down, exposing soft, clean skin to the brisk, morning air. Muskoka is colder than the suburbia of Montreal at the tail-end of summer. The threat of the brutal Canadian winter sharpens its fangs in late September before swooping in and consuming cottage country whole. October is wet, grey and windy, scattering heaps of dried, orange leaves across the lake and by the time November rolls around, the cottage is a pain in the ass to drive to.

Shane crawls back into bed, wearing only pristine white briefs that hug the curve of his ass and sit low on his hips. Ilya's smile widens as he runs warm hands across Shane's back, pulling him close for a cuddle before sneaking in squeezes of cheeks and bare thighs. Shane squirms, hiking a leg over Ilya's hip and settling himself against plush pillows.

"Y'know...dreaming about teeth is a sign of anxiety."

Ilya grumbles, "Yes, I know."

"Are you anxious?"

"No, not really." He sighs. Even when things are more or less fine, he'll have a dream about losing his pearly whites, which supposedly signal anxiety, which then makes him wonder what he should be anxious about, which then makes him anxious about not knowing what he's subconsciously anxious about. It usually means nothing, so better to let it go.

Shane hums thoughtfully, bringing a hand to cup Ilya's cheek.

"I used to have teeth dreams too, when I had braces. They were so uncomfortable and a nightmare to clean."

Ilya squeezes his bum before letting his eyelids fall, ready to doze off again. Shane continues on, ever the chipper morning person, "I hated wearing a mouthguard with braces."

Ilya chuckles at the thought of sweet sixteen Shane with a mouthful of metal, chewing on a blue silicone half-moon. Once a loser, always a loser. No wonder he won so much on ice; he had to make up for all those years of uncool, loser adolescence.

Ilya is softer when he's sleepy, so instead of teasing Shane, he rumbles in a low, dolce baritone "I bet you we're still cute with braces."

Shane cracks a smile before trailing a thumb down from Ilya's cheek to pull on his protruding bottom lip. He raises an eyebrow - both in curiosity and surprise. After all these years, Shane rarely takes initiative, preferring to follow Ilya's lead.

"Open your mouth. Show me your teeth."

Ilya obliges, stretching his lips across his gums. He drags his tongue across one of his canines absentmindedly.

The sexual undertones (overtones, really) and inherent eroticism of sticking one's finger inside the mouth of your lover is, of course, lost on Shane. He furrows his brows, studying Ilya's cigarette stained teeth with his typical serious sincerity.

He presses the pad of his thumb against one of Ilya's fangs; testing for sharpness, for venom. He runs the same thumb gently, tentatively towards the two front teeth, rubbing back and forth against the faintly transparent edge before pulling softly away.

"Did you know your lateral incisors still have mamelons?" Shane's brows are still furrowed as he flickers his eyes from Ilya's pearly whites to his baby blues.

"...my...what?"

Shane huffs, "Your lateral incisors still have mamelons." enunciating every syllable of mamuh-lons.

It's Ilya's turn to furrow a brow. "What the fuck is a mamelon?"

Shane holds his gaze and says matter-of-factly, "y'know those little zigzag ridges on the bottom of teeth?" He demonstrates with his index finger, drawing scalloped edges in the space between them. "Those are called mamelons. They are naturally occurring in teeth."

Ilya stares blankly, brows still furrowed. Shane is doing the thing where he flourishes and embellishes a story, just to make a point. He fights his instinct for insouciance and waits patiently for Shane's point to arrive.

"Lots of kids have mamelons. They're considered very youthful. Most adults wear them down with age, but you still have yours."

"...okay. How do you know this?"

Shane looks down sheepishly, "I went down a rabbit hole on youtube. I like watching the dentist lady clean teeth and fill cavities. It's relaxing."

Ilya barks out in laughter, baring his teeth, mamelons and all. "You are so fucking boring, Hollander."

Nothing could be further from the truth. Ilya thinks it's hilarious that Shane not only watched dental cleaning and root canal videos to decompress, but he also picked up on dentistry terminology.

He leans in to close the space between them, but Shane stops him with a finger pressed to the bottom of his lip again. Ilya wordlessly parts his lips, letting Shane run the tip of his finger against the tapered edge of his fangs.

A comfortable silence stretches between them while Shane contemplates Ilya's youthful mamelons and pointy canines.

"The Youtube lady says, if your teeth are still pointy and jagged as an adult, it means your bite is very gentle." He increases the pressure of his fingerpad against Ilya's canine. "You don't grind or brux your teeth, so they kept their sharpness." He removes his finger from Ilya's mouth. "Sharp teeth. Gentle bite. I think it's...nice."

Shane leans in to punctuate his point with parted lips. Ilya leans into the open-mouthed kiss, licking a wicked tongue into the cavern of Shane's spearmint mouth. He sucks Shane's plush

bottom lip in between his front teeth, nipping gently on rapidly reddening flesh before pulling back and releasing.

They come up for air, cheeks flushed and pupils blown wide. Ilya's eyes flicker between Shane's glistening bottom lip and dark, lowered lashes. He's forgotten the contents of his dream now - the taste, the smell, the touch of Shane short-circuiting his brain, the smoothness of his bare skin, the scent of soap and shampoo, the-

"Ilya. Your morning breath is soo bad. Go brush your teeth."

Ilya roars with laughter, playfully pummelling Shane with pillows wrapped in Egyptian cotton. He silently promises to leave a trail of bite marks and bruises across the expanse of Shane's flawless skin after a rushed brushing and a swig of mouthwash.

The bite marks will leave the indents of jagged molars, pointed canines, and, of course, youthful, gentle mamelons.

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