

Can I have your attention (please)

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by [Queerfeministdork](#)

Summary

Ilya knows that Shane needs to get out of his own head, he helps. In his own way.

Notes

Set vaguely after they've been hooking up comfortably for years. Timelines are hard man.
Beta'd by @buckeride - thanks love!

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

Ilya had been hooking up with Shane Hollander for long enough to know when Shane needed something, things that sometimes either Shane didn't know how to ask for yet, or didn't know he needed. But he didn't need to know. Ilya would know for him.

It had been years since that first blowjob, one that was more enthusiasm than skill, the danger of what they were doing, and Shane's willingness to slide down to his knees being more what got Ilya off than the actual act of the blowjob itself. Years since the first press of his fingers inside of Shane, who when he learned to let go enjoyed the act of being fucked more than anyone else Ilya had ever known. Years of quick hookups, and introducing Shane to things he didn't know he liked, and proving to him just how good they could be.

So when it was late night, more like really early morning, and nothing he could do was getting Shane out of his own head and into the moment, Ilya figured he would try something new.

Something he always knew Shane would like, if only he could get out of his own way enough to enjoy it. He knew he would enjoy seeing him like this, seeing the moment he fully relaxed into it, and just let go. So he was willing to put up with whatever fight he was sure Shane would give in the moment.

"Get on your knees," he said, pulling back from where he was pressing open mouthed kisses into Shane's collarbone.

His good boy, unable to ignore any order, of course slid to his knees without complaint. Kneeling between Ilya's open legs while the man himself leaned back into the couch. He leaned in, pressing his face into Ilya's covered cock, and it only reinforced what Ilya was planning to do. His hand trailed down into Shane's hair, carding through the short dark locs, Shane's breath caught in his throat, a small whining noise making its way to the surface as he nuzzled his face in harder.

Shane's hands slid up his legs, squeezing his thighs before gripping the waistband of his sweats. Ilya allowed them to be dragged down just enough for his half hard cock to enter the equation before stilling Shane's hands. "Put your mouth around me." He said, and Shane went to lick a stripe up Ilya's cock, make him harder, but that wouldn't do.

Ilya made a fist out of the hand still in Shane's hair and pulled him back. "Not lick. Just in mouth." He watched as confusion played across Shane's features, his dark brows pressing together.

"I wanna get you off." Shane mumbled, confused. Loud enough to be heard but almost quiet like he didn't want to be heard saying the wrong thing.

"You will." Ilya assured, causing Shane's features to slacken back to what they always were when he was on his knees for him. "But now you take my cock in your mouth and you wait."

"Wait for what?" Shane asked, unable to see where this was going. Ilya knew he did not have much experience, knew he had only had two other brief encounters with men, so it should not

be a surprise that Shane didn't quite realize Ilya was telling him to warm his cock in his mouth, but being explicit, Ilya's normal go to, would cause Shane to pull away in this moment.

If he said, 'Hollander, you need to relax so suck on my cock and just breathe.' Shane would revolt, despite both of them knowing he loved having dick-*Ilya's dick* in his mouth whenever possible, Ilya knew Shane wasn't quite ready to admit just how far down he went when he was with him. But that was okay, Shane did not need to admit these things because Ilya knew, and Ilya would take care of them for him.

"For me to decide you deserve to make me cum." Is what he said instead. It had the intended effect, Shane rolled his eyes, but wrapped his mouth around Ilya's cock all the same. He was tense for a moment, clearly unsure of what to do if not actively trying to get Ilya off, and Ilya had to take a second to tell himself not to harden despite what his body wanted. So used to years of knowing that when Shane's mouth got on him it would be an amazing time for them both, and it would be, but climax would have to wait.

Once Ilya was settled, he took the hand in Shane's hair and guided his head down to rest on his thigh. Shane, luckily, did not need to be told he was expected to keep Ilya in his mouth for this process, and did so naturally. From there Ilya took to carding his hands through Shane's hair once more, running his other hand across the freckles on the bridge of his nose, his thumb coming down to drag Shane's lip slightly from where it was resting at the base of Ilya's cock. This brought forth a small whining noise from the back of Shane's throat as he started to relax into it, just as Ilya knew he would.

"So pretty," he said, and Shane's lashes fluttered, the type of compliment he would normally tell Ilya to fuck himself for, instead was hitting whatever place Ilya had not been able to reach before, sending Shane even further into that zen state.

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Thoughts were hard to come by. Not normally, normally Shane had a running cycle of thoughts in his head no matter how hard he tried to stop or ignore them. The hamster wheel of analyzing his and everyone else's behavior around him was something he couldn't get rid of, and he had come to terms with that, mostly, it was easier before he and Ilya were whatever it was they were and Shane learned that the wheel would stop running when he was with Ilya. That somehow, Ilya seemed to have this magic ability to shut it all up and get Shane out of his own head.

When Ilya told him to just sit there with his cock in Shane's mouth he figured that this was some power trip for him. That he wanted to see if Shane would listen, and he did, of course he did, he always would when the rewards he reaped for doing so were always so good.

But now? Now Shane was wondering if this was maybe more for him than it was for Ilya. It couldn't be comfortable for him, sitting there, half hard, with Shane using his thigh as a pillow as he drooled around his cock and did nothing more. He didn't complain though, just kept a steady motion of his fingers through Shane's hair, his other hand tracing light patterns all over Shane's face and back.

“You are so good for me.” Ilya said, his words coming through the slight haze that was Shane’s mind.

It was like Ilya could tell every time Shane almost started actually thinking about anything other than this, this moment on his knees at Ilya’s mercy, because he would make another little comment and send Shane flying again.

Eventually, even those comments were just noise, and Shane lost himself in the haze. The soothing weight of Ilya’s cock in his mouth was more important than anything else in the room. He knew he wasn’t asleep, he could still feel some of what was going on, but he felt almost drunk despite not having had a drop of alcohol. Even if Ilya decided Shane wasn’t allowed to make him cum, this, just being close to him, holding him like this, would have made the entire encounter worth it.

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It was a subtle shift, but Ilya had nothing to do except to watch Shane look so pretty as he warmed his cock for him. When Shane had slipped fully down he changed nothing about what he was doing, wanting to keep him there as long as possible. But now, he could see that Shane was returning to the present moment, and he wanted to ease that journey for him.

“Such pretty boy,” he said, and Shane, instead of having no reaction to Ilya’s words, whined, and nudged his mouth, impossibly, farther down Ilya’s shaft.

“You want to make me cum?” He asked, and Shane’s eyes opened, before meeting his gaze, a slight nod bobbing from his head. “You can, you are so good. You deserve this.” He told him, and Shane looked so relieved at these words before he set to work actually trying to get Ilya fully hard finally.

His cock did not need much encouragement, after the torture that was just sitting in the hot wet heat of Shane’s mouth for so long, it took only seconds for him to harden. Everything was so wet, and slippery, and good.

Shane was moaning around his cock, looking up at him every so often from where he was bobbing up and down like a maniac, cheeks hollowed out, as he tried to suck Ilya’s soul through his dick.

It was over embarrassingly quickly, Shane swallowing down everything Ilya had to give him instead of pulling off and finishing him with his hand like he was sometimes known to do. Before Ilya could even catch his breath, make vague praise sounding noises in Shane’s direction, Shane was tucking him away, and crawling into his arms, with a quiet “Thank you.”

“Was good for me too, no?” Ilya asked, and Shane huffed, rolling his eyes.

“Obviously.” Shane retorted, before pulling back to catch Ilya’s eye, “but seriously, thank you. I uh. I didn’t know I needed that, but it was really good. I know it can’t have been comfortable to just-”

“Getting to watch you with cock in your mouth, looking so pretty for me is good. I do not need anything else.” Ilya said, stopping Shane before he could spiral down about this. “Now.” He hummed. “How do you want to cum?”

End Notes

Comments and Kudos are always appreciated!

I jokingly said to my sibling 'what better way to dip your toe into a fandom than by writing cockwarming fic' and here we are. Hope you all enjoyed! I'm on tumblr at the same url.

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