Ya Tebya Lyublyu

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Ya Tebya Lyublyu

by CarnivalMirai

Summary

“Ya tebya lyublyu…” Shane's heart skips a beat in his chest. Ilya’s lips kiss and kiss over and over but Shane can't stop thinking about where he's heard those words before. He's heard them in that soft, yearning tone, in a desperate, emotional frenzy—

And then it clicks. Ilya has said them to him before, and he can pinpoint exactly when.

Notes

Hello lowkey this sucks but take your food and just enjoy it idk no beta we die like men
Just here to spread my Shane Hollander has a pussy agenda

See the end of the work for more notes

“I love you.” Ilya presses his lips to Shane’s torso, letting out a soft breath. *“Ya tebya lyublyu… Ya tebya lyublyu…”* Shane’s heart flutters in his chest at the way Ilya almost sobs against his chest. *“Ya tebya lyublyu…”* Shane's heart skips a beat in his chest. Ilya’s lips kiss and kiss over and over but Shane can't stop thinking about where he's heard those words before. He's heard them in that soft, yearning tone, in a desperate, emotional frenzy—

And then it clicks. Ilya has said them to him before, and he can pinpoint exactly when.

Shane casts his mind back months and months ago, right back to when Ilya’s father passed away. *“Tell me everything you want to say… in Russian. I won’t understand but… maybe it will help?”*

Oh god. All these months Ilya has been ready to say it. All these months Ilya has been waiting for Shane to be ready to hear it. Shane can hear the relief in Ilya’s voice, the way his words tremble and his body relaxes between his thighs. Ilya has waited months for Shane to be on the same page.

Ya tebya lyublyu…

“Ilya.” Shane hooks two fingers under Ilya’s chin. Ilya lifts his gaze, staring at him with soft, almost pleading eyes. Ten years of yearning has led to this. This time, Shane says it again, more firmly, more intentionally. “I love you.” The tears Ilya has been holding back finally fall, as though it's finally sinking in that his adoration for Shane is being reciprocated.

Ilya’s heart thunders in his chest. He looks at Shane, eyes roaming his face, taking in his soft dark eyes and his jet black locks. Fuck, this man has his whole heart. Has done for years. He sits up and reaches out, hands grasping Shane’s face. He'll never get tired of kissing Shane. He’ll never get tired of how soft Shane’s lips feel, or the way he moans against his mouth and kisses back, or the way Shane gazes back with pleading, desperate eyes every time he pulls away.

Plush lips trace Shane’s jaw, then down his neck, and over his collar bones. Shane lets out a soft gasp, one hand digging into Ilya’s soft curls as he nips and sucks at his clavicle. Ilya’s lashes flutter as he glances up at Shane, whose eyes slip shut as he scratches Ilya’s hair and

tugs. When Ilya pulls away, there's a tender red mark left in his wake that he's sure will bruise beautifully.

“Please…” Shane spreads his thighs. He can feel himself getting wet already. Ilya has always had this effect on him. Ilya kisses over his hip bones, hands sliding into his shorts to pull them down. His lips trace the V of Shane’s hips, right down to the neatly trimmed hair that frames his cunt.

Ilya presses Shane’s thighs apart and takes a moment to just look. His folds are a dark, watermelon red, glistening and soft, hole winking as his clit peaks out from its hood. And as usual, Ilya is mesmerised. Leaning in, he gives Shane’s clit a chaste kiss and drags the tip of his tongue from the base of his slit all the way up.

“Ah, fuck… Ilya…” Shane throws his head back, bucking his hips against Ilya’s face. Ilya lets out a low moan against his pussy, kissing over and over, almost the same way he'd kiss Shane’s mouth. His thumbs gently tug Shane’s plush lips apart as he flicks his tongue, teasing the edge of his hole. Ilya revels in his taste, a mild, tangy sweetness coating his tongue with every lick.

“You're so pretty.” Ilya murmurs into his cunt, sealing his lips around Shane’s clit and sucking softly. “Could spend all night here if you let me.” Shane can feel the soft smirk against his pussy at Ilya’s remark.

“As if you don't do that already.” Shane retorts, digging his hand into Ilya’s hair at a particularly firm lick.

“Not true.” Ilya says, nipping softly at Shane’s soft lip. “When you've come a few times…” kiss, “you cry and your whole body shakes…” lick, “you make such a mess…” suck, “and then you beg me to stop…” lick, “so I do.” Ilya presses another kiss to Shane’s pulsing cunt, a rivulet of slick dribbling out and coating his lips.

“Shut up…” Shane murmurs, bucking his hips in an effort to get Ilya to give him more. “You're such an asshole—!” Shane is cut off by a sharp gasp, back arching off the bed as Ilya gives his clit another firm suck, moaning against his pussy, sending vibrations through his whole body.

Ilya’s eyes slip shut, his attention solely focussed on Shane’s pussy. “Ah, ah, Ilya… please, more…” The noises Shane makes are so delightful, Ilya can't help but purr against his soft cunt, rubbing his nose into the soft hair above his clit and pressing his lips against his plump folds. He stiffens his tongue and pushes firmly into Shane’s hole and the moans that spill from his lover only spur him on more.

Shane can feel himself dripping and leaking all over the bed. His hands yank at Ilya’s soft curls, tugging hard enough that Ilya gasps and startles himself when a whimper tumbles from his lips, hands digging into Shane’s thighs. Ilya Rozanov just whimpered.

“You like that.” Shane muses, voice cracking as the corner of his lip turns up. Ilya can't even deny it. It feels fucking good. The sting as Shane pulls on his roots, the power Shane has over him like this makes Ilya feel insane. He doesn't reply to him, but he nudges his head back into Shane’s hand. When Shane pulls his hair again, he can't help but let out a slightly pathetic noise, something reminiscent of a whimper, eyes rolling back in his head. Ilya slides two fingers into his cunt, almost like a reward for Shane, and Shane’s hand tightens again in those soft, blond locks. His hips rock against Ilya’s face, feeling the coarse stubble brush his pussy, hole squeezing around his digits.

“Fuck, I-Ilya, please… fuck…” Ilya crooks his fingers, digging into that soft spot he knows drives Shane crazy. He always knows exactly which buttons to press to get him off. “Ilya, Ilya, ahh…” Shane mewls, fingertips scratching Ilya’s scalp in a silent plea for more. Every time Shane pulls his hair Ilya feels his cock pulse. The way he moans, usually so low and deep and lewd, now replaced by soft, pleading noises. Fuck, out of all the kinks he thought he might have, he didn't think having his hair pulled would be one of them. Now that, paired with being suffocated by Shane’s pussy might just have him coming untouched. Ilya sucks his clit, lapping up every bit of fluid that dribbles around his fingers.

Shane can feel his orgasm building in the base of his stomach, thighs trembling and cunt clenching relentlessly as Ilya moans against his pussy and slips a third finger in. Shane sobs and gasps as Ilya digs his fingers into his sweet spot over and over, twisting his wrist and scraping his knuckles over his most tender areas. Shane’s thighs squeeze around his head, fingertips gripping his hair, drawing soft whines from Ilya that pulse through his whole nervous system. There's something so delightful about hearing those noises from Ilya, who usually is so vocal, who purrs and groans and is proudly loud in bed, suddenly reduced to quiet moans just with Shane’s hand in his hair. Oh, he's going to exploit the fuck out of that later.

“Ilya, Ilya… ‘m close…” Fuck, Shane is so close. It doesn't help that every time he pulls Ilya’s hair it elicits a sweet groan that reverberates through his whole cunt that makes his thighs tremble and his hips rock. There's something so… erotic about the way Ilya moans. Shane could listen to him for days. “Ilya, Ilya—” he’s about to squirt all over Ilya’s face and down his chin and Ilya will moan against his clit and soak up every bit and—

“My pretty boy,” Ilya purrs against his cunt, fingers spreading him open and tongue lapping at his clit over and over. He glances up at Shane, eyes loving and eager to please, and when Shane’s gaze meets those tender blue eyes, he feels his orgasm come crashing over him.

“Ilya, Ilya—!” Shane sobs, hands tangling in Ilya’s hair as he bucks his hips, electricity sparking through his whole body as he comes, fluid splashing Ilya’s face and making a mess of the sheets.

“You're so beautiful when you come.” Ilya has to bite back another noise, cock pulsing as Shane pulls his hair. Ilya works him through his orgasm, sucking on his clit, as each crook of his fingers coaxes another gush of fluid. Shane sobs above him, so sensitive, so blissed out that when he comes down from his orgasm, he has to swat Ilya’s head away from his throbbing cunt.

When Ilya finally withdraws his fingers, he wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and takes a minute to admire the mess Shane has made. His cunt pulses, clenching around nothing, all red and wet and ruddy and positively ruined.

Shane pants above him, skin glistening with sweat, hair matted to his forehead. He looks absolutely ethereal. Slowly, Ilya rises from between his thighs. He brings his palm to Shane’s face, thumb gently brushing his cheek. Shane’s eyes, half lidded and starry, pierce straight through him. Ilya feels his heart thunder in his chest - it doesn't matter how many times they've done this, it still feels like he's falling in love again and again.

“You like having your hair pulled.” Shane says, voice hoarse and raspy, a soft smirk on his face. Ilya lets out a soft huff, his cock neglected, weeping at the thought of Shane tugging on his hair.

“I like when *you* pull my hair.” Ilya clarifies, his lips brushing Shane’s. Shane kisses him sweetly, then brings both arms around Ilya’s neck, hands tangling in his hair.

“Like this?” Shane’s grip tightens in Ilya’s hair, ripping another lewd moan from him. His head tips back with Shane's hand, exposing the thick column of his neck, eyes rolling back in his head as Shane presses his lips to his pulse point. He kisses every mole that marks his neck, each little noise from Ilya spurring him on.

“Shane…” Ilya murmurs breathily as Shane nips at his neck. Fuck, he's so hard, desperate and aching to be buried in Shane’s soft, warm cunt. He yearns for the way Shane squeezes his cock, milking him for all he's worth. “Shane… I want to fuck you.” Shane’s hold on his hair releases. He relaxes against the bed and spreads his thighs, exposing his drooling pussy. His eyes are soft and tender, glassy with lust in a silent plea for Ilya to fuck him. “Fucking hell, you're beautiful.”

Ilya grasps him by the waist and turns them over, pulling Shane into his lap. With one hand on Shane’s waist and the other around his cock, Ilya lines himself up. Shane moans as he feels Ilya’s cock brush his clit. It kisses his hole, then slips in. “Fuck, you're so soft.” Ilya guides him all the way down.

“Ahh, fuck, Ilya…” Shane’s sweet moans ring in Ilya’s ears, his wet heat enveloping him. Once he's all the way in, Shane brushes his hand over his lower abdomen, feeling the bulge of Ilya inside of him through his skin. “Holy fuck.” Shane clenches around Ilya’s thick cock, breathless as he adjusts to his size. Every single time feels like the first. Fuck, he swears he can feel Ilya in his stomach, carving a space for himself inside of him.

“Pretty boy…” Shane preens at the praise as Ilya brings one arm around Shane’s back, digging his hand into his ass. He spreads him open as Shane rides him, slowly picking up the pace with each drop of his hips.

“Ah, ah, fuck, Ilya, fuck, please…” Every slam of Shane’s hips punches a breathy gasp from his lungs. The wet noise of his pussy fills the space between them as Shane rides him. Ilya meets him half way, snapping his hips, coaxing more of those delicate mewls from Shane’s. He fills him so well, each drag of his cock brushing over his sweet spot with every thrust. He looks delectable in his lap, head thrown back, eyes slipped shut, lashes fluttering.

Ilya cups his face with one hand, bringing their lips together. Shane sobs so beautifully in his lap, each cry muffled by his lips. Ilya kisses him over and over, swallowing every moan that

leaves Shane’s lips as he rides him. When he pulls back, there's a chain of saliva that connects their lips, now swollen and kiss-bitten. “Fuck, you're so stunning… so pretty… my beautiful boy, fuck…” Every bit of praise that Ilya showers him in has Shane’s cunt throbbing and leaking around him, rolling his hips in an effort to get him even deeper. Shane can't stop the slurry of moans that tumble from his lips as he circles his hips, his clit brushing the coarse nest of hairs at the base of Ilya’s cock.

Shane’s hands find themselves back in Ilya’s hair, fingers tangling in blond curls and when he pulls, another one of those delightful, lascivious moans falls from Ilya’s lips. The man beneath him is so painfully beautiful, Shane’s heart clenches when he opens his eyes and soaks in the sight of his beloved - from the beautiful mole on the side of his cheek, to his defined philtrum and heart-shaped lips.

“Shane… you feel so good, fuck… I'm close…” Shane clamps around Ilya’s cock and pulls his hair. Ilya doesn't even get a chance to think before he comes, a feeble noise tearing from his throat, almost shameful at how quickly he comes with Shane’s hands in his hair. Shane gasps at the wet heat that floods his pussy, hole fluttering as he milks Ilya’s cock.

“Ilya, Ilya—!” Shane trembles in his lap as he comes, pussy clamping around Ilya’s cock, fluid splashing his lap. Shane tugs relentlessly at Ilya's hair, those soft locks weaving between his fingers grounding him.

“Fuck, Shane, fuck…” The way Shane pulls his hair and clenches around his cock has Ilya twitching within him, barely soft yet eager to rise again. Shane collapses forwards, relaxing fully against Ilya’s chest. Ilya tries to pull out, but Shane gives him a protesting groan and clamps around him, tearing another sharp noise from Ilya.

“Stay where you are.” Shane murmurs into his shoulder. Ilya chuckles, tugging the duvet up to cover them.

“You'll get stomach cramps again.” Ilya warns, but Shane dismisses him.

“I don't care.” He mumbles, nosing at Ilya’s neck. Nimble hands snake up Ilya’s back and shoulders, fingertips scratching at the hair on the nape of Ilya’s neck.

“Shane…” Ilya purrs as Shane’s fingertips card through his hair. Shane can't hold back the soft huff of amusement that escapes his lips as Ilya's cock twitches within him.

“Does it do that much for you?” Shane teases breathlessly, an amused smile on his face. Ilya bucks his hips in lieu of answering, leaning into Shane’s hand.

“I'm a simple man.” Ilya says. “When you have your hand in my hair I'd do whatever you say.” Shane stares at him, studying his face. Ilya can see the gears turning in his head.

“I'll keep that in mind.”

End Notes

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