simple devastation

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simple devastation

by Astronaut_Mike_Dexter

Summary

Four times Ilya instigates a kiss, and one time Shane does.

Notes

idkkkkkkkkkk i am one of the Many who watched the show and became obsessed and then literally last night i had a dream that i wrote this???

and it took me all day to figure out what happened in the dream, but now i finally have and naturally, wrote this in an hour lol ooooops

for my angel Lawnchair, who inspired me to try my hand at writing Hollanov for the first time!

kudos/comments are always appreciated! 💕💕

Ilya's mouth is dichotomous. Capable of sharp wit and devastating pleasure. It stakes its claim on Shane almost immediately upon their first meeting, and holds steadfast since then.

That night, the star of the show isn't his heart-shaped lips.

It's his tongue.

Curling around his nipples.

Teasing his weeping slit.

Coaxing him to completion with nothing more than his fingers and words.

That tongue is devastation, and Shane can't get enough.

It's as he's leaving though, that Ilya slips the knife between his ribs, an act of total destruction.

Shane can hear him cleaning up in the bathroom, brushing his teeth. He knows when it's time to leave.

Tugging his sneakers on, he stumbles a little. The sound draws Ilya from the bathroom, one sharp brow quirked high. His lips are wrapped around a cheap plastic toothbrush. Grey sweatpants slung loose on his hips.

"You are leaving?"

Shane fights a shudder at the deep timbre of his voice. “Uh yeah. Early start.”

Ilya nods. Then strolls over to him like it’s nothing. Hooks a finger in his jean loops like it’s nothing. Smirks, pulls out the toothbrush, and leans in to kiss him.

He tastes of sweat and mint and all that devastation.

Shane swears he tastes it for days after.

—

“Hngh—oh, god—!” he cries out, less grinding his hips and more barely keeping pace with Ilya’s furious thrusts. Even when Shane is on top, Ilya finds a way to wrangle the control back in his favour.

“Fuck—” he groans, the slightest hitch in his voice. “You are so *tight—”*

“Ah, fuck—”

Shane can tell when Ilya is close. His brows pinch together a little tighter. Thrusts become more erratic. He’s chasing the high and using Shane’s honeypot walls to wring it from him.

Shane fucking loves it.

He could come just like this, watching Ilya use him.

“...me—”

Crap. Ilya's said something, possibly in Russian, too quiet for him to understand.

God, he wants to understand him.

"Wh-what?" he stammers breathlessly.

Ilya suddenly reaches up, circling his arms around his body to hold him against his chest. Sweat pours from their bodies, making their skin slick as they slide against each other.

"Hollander, *kiss me."*

He does.

It takes him over the edge, his trapped cock twitching and pulsing his seed between them.

Ilya follows soon after, groaning against his lips.

In the haze of pleasure, Shane dares to hope for just a moment.

Of how this could be.

How they could be.

Should be.

If only.

—

Dinner with his parents has become a strange affair.

Brilliant, but strange.

Normal, actually. That's what it is. It feels normal. And that is so damn strange.

It feels normal that Ilya and his father have inside jokes.

That Ilya and his mother chastise his form, or compliment his successes.

That he can reach under the table and hold Ilya's hand. Sometimes they even hold hands above the table.

So fucking strange.

"... should have seen him in his costume that year…"

Ilya lips stretch into an impish smirk, eyes twinkling with amusement. "I must see costume."

Shane rolls his eyes. "C'mon guys, I was twelve."

"It was cute!" his mother chimes, "You were so obsessed with bees that year.

Heat burns across his cheeks. It would be a mercy if the world were to swallow him whole at that moment.

“Bees, hm?” Ilya leans in close, in that really annoying way he does when he’s about to tease the shit out of him. “Did you make buzzing noise? Did you sting?”

Shane groans. “Enough, please.”

“Fine, fine,” his father relents, thoroughly amused by the situation. He stands and heads to the kitchen area behind Shane. “Another round, Ilya?”

“Yes.”

His mother stands too. “I’ll get the dessert.”

Ilya leans in close again. Much closer. Quietly, he says, “Later, you will show me your stinger.”

Shane swears his heart stops.

This Russian bastard is going to be the death of him. And what’s worse is, he knows it.

So he goes in for the kill.

His hand grazes under Shane’s chin, tilting his head towards him. Shane feels his body melt under his touch. The world narrows to Ilya, and Ilya alone.

Softly, he presses his lips to Shane’s. It’s chaste. A small brush. Achingly sweet.

It takes about two seconds for Shane to remember his parents are there. He tears himself away and scowls at Ilya, who still has that damn cheeky twinkle in his eye.

“My parents are right there,” he hisses under his breath.

Ilya shrugs. “Is just a kiss. No problem.”

They both miss the look Shane’s parents throw each other. One of elation for their boy.

Under the table, Ilya’s hand finds Shane’s. And it feels perfectly normal.

—

Shane grips the sheets beneath him even tighter, willing his body to obey.

God, all he wants to obey.

And come.

Fuck, he really wants to come.

Ilya’s throat is devotional in its glide along his cock, taking him to the hilt with barely more than a flutter of its walls.

It’s so, *so hard* to be good when Ilya gets like this. When he seems determined to wreck him.

A whimper escapes his lips.

"P-please—" he begs. For Ilya to slow down. Or speed up and let him finish. *Anything.*

He moans around his shaft, and glides his tongue along until his lips are wrapped around his tip, then wraps his hand around his length to stroke him.

But that's not what sends him over the edge.

It's those eyes, twinkling up at him, fair and luminescent in the moonlight. It's the tears pooling in the crinkles of said eyes.

It's the wink. The one that says to let go.

"Thank you, th-thank—hngh—!"

Shane spills himself into Ilya's open mouth, spraying his swollen lips with his seed. Stars dance behind his eyes as he tries to come back to reality. To Ilya.

Ilya who is crawling along his body. Almost manic, his lips still dripping his come along his skin.

When they're aligned, he hovers above Shane.

They both watch as a single droplet of semen pools on the cupid's bow of Ilya's lips, then drops straight onto Shane's glistening bottom lip.

Ilya smirks, the only warning he gets before his lips are on him. His tongue plunders Shane's mouth, forcing him to taste every part of himself.

And Shane does, as readily as he might taste Ilya.

Faintly, he swears he tastes something familiar. Sweat. Mint. Devastation.

—

And so, normalcy becomes less strange.

It becomes sweet. Easy. Ilya sometimes grumbles that it's boring. But Shane knows he loves it. A tumultuous life yearns for stability.

It becomes the little things.

Coming home to a new carton of ginger ale in storage, seven cans already tucked away in the fridge.

Meal-prepping healthy versions of all Ilya's favourite junk foods, so Shane can actually sleep at night knowing he's eating something somewhat good for him.

Reading in bed while Ilya watches a documentary in Russian.

Waking up to the smell of fresh coffee in the morning.

Living.

Just… living.

Shane particularly loves those quiet mornings. The ones where they just potter about, taking things as slow as possible.

It's watching Ilya put on another pot of coffee, his sweatpants slung low, his tattered Raiders shirt barely clinging onto his shoulders, that drags Shane from his lazy spot on the sofa and into the kitchen.

"Hey," he murmurs, coming up behind him to wrap his arms around his waist.

"Hello," Ilya murmurs back, leaning into the embrace a little.

Shane gently turns him around until Ilya is crowding him against the counter. He brushes his nose against Ilya's, lips ghosting over his.

"Give me a kiss," he whispers.

Ilya does.

And it is perfectly normal.

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