I'm here, come back to me

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I'm here, come back to me

by quietglass

Summary

A rundown of Ilya's inner thoughts during the spooning sex scene the day after they confess their love for each other. Ilya's overwhelmed by Shane's mere existence and the enormity of his love for Shane, but Shane keeps him tethered to reality, where he is loved and wanted in ways that he could've never imagined.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“4,” Ilya mentally counted the rapid flutters of Shane’s eyelids for the third time in the past 10 minutes. He had been watching the contortions of his facial muscles for way longer, enjoying the soft waves washing up the shores of the soft contours of his features, occasionally accompanied by the softest of whimpers and sudden hitches of breath. Shane’s beautiful features, accentuated by the warm glow of the afternoon sun until minutes ago, held a sense of urgency laced with utter vulnerability. The overall expression was one that Ilya was oh so familiar with and at this very moment, the knowledge that he’s been the only one in the world who’s gotten to put it on his face was destroying him.

In terms of its uniqueness, it was akin to the decadently debauched look that he’d sometimes get while preparing them smoothies on a weekend morning, when Ilya would hug him from behind, making sure that every possible point of contact on their bodies touched, and would push both of his hands down Shane’s briefs, simultaneously fondling his balls and stroking his length. At such moments, he looks perfectly at ease, comfortable in the knowledge that he’s absolutely desperate for Ilya’s touch, and confident that he’s going to get it whenever he so much as beckons Ilya over with a slight head tilt or a lingering gaze. It was reminiscent of the depraved, yet immensely sacred, declaration of total submission that manifested itself with full force whenever Ilya straddled his hips, cock hard and begging to be engulfed in the heat of Shane’s hole, silently inviting him to fully let go, to open his legs wide open, hook his forearms under his knees, and push his knees to his chest. And he would, without fail, every single time, a scintillating sense of reverence replacing the barricades of shame and doubt that Ilya had spent years prying out of him.

The look that he was currently sporting, however, must have been Ilya’s utmost favorite. Busy schedules, complicated dynamics, untold secrets, and the heavy weight of unexpressed life-altering emotions aside, they had simply never had the time nor the opportunity to bask in each other’s warmth and bloom under one another’s undivided attention. For as long as they could remember, every encounter could’ve very well been their last. Granted, that sense of urgency that has long characterized each and every graze of skin, touch of lips, suck of digits, and flutter of wet and warm muscles had been thrilling. But this … this was uncharted territory for them both. The intimacy of what they were sharing was nothing like the way that Ilya knew all the telltale signs of Shane’s imminent orgasm: mouth falling open in a perfect O, breath hitching for a few seconds, not a single noise emitted past those beautiful, kiss-bitten lips, hands scrambling for purchase on Ilya’s forearms and placing Ilya’s hands on his soft pecs, demanding a harsh squeeze that never failed to send him over the edge. It also couldn’t be compared to how cognizant Shane always was of the subtle growing hardness of Ilya’s cock moments before he filled him up with the warmth of his come. No, this was foreign, an untrodded path that they had missed while trying to ensure their survival in a harsh climate that did not take kindly to exploring, setting up camp or even stopping briefly to enjoy what the scenery had to offer.

Ilya’s right arm had grown numb past the point of discomfort. For the last ten minutes, his right hand had been gripping the back of Shane’s neck gently, his forearm blanketed fully by the hard muscles of Shane’s back. His entire frame, partially hovering over Shane’s, was set ablaze by the cumulated heat emanating from Shane’s and his own body and the last rays of sunlight streaming through the glass walls, once highlighting Shane’s blissed out features and

now highlighting the dozens of moles adorning Ilya's broad back and shoulders. He felt almost hollow, not of this earth, floating somewhere in an outer space full of glaringly red planets orbiting around a sun that seemed to be fueled by Ilya's irregular intakes of breath every time he rutted forward. The backs of Ilya's eyes stung, signalling the activation of his tear glands, and his neck began to droop under the heaviness of the rush of heat coursing through his veins and snagging on the tail end of every neuron attempting to contribute to the formation of a single coherent thought. He let his head drop low enough to rest his chin on Shane's smooth pec, lips dangerously close to the pebbled nipple that quickly grew moist in the aftermath of Ilya's panting in its proximity. From where he was situated, Ilya had a perfect view of Shane's face, all content hooded eyes and parted lips still wet from the filthy kiss planted onto them seconds ago.

"How did we let this happen?" Shane muttered, his left hand now holding Ilya's head up with a firm clasp on his soft, disheveled curls.

"We were both very stupid .. and irresponsible," Ilya responded, shifting his gaze from where it was fixated on Shane's barely there smile to where their hips joined.

God, he looked so fucking delectable with a five o'clock shadow. Ilya had half a mind to lick his cheeks, trap his delicate chin between his lips, and suck until a bruise formed that he could kiss better for the days to come over and over again. He planted his left hand on Shane's upper thigh, regarding his leg that was bent to the side in order to allow Ilya's hips to jut into his clenching hole.

"This is real though, right?" Shane asked.

It must've been a rhetorical question because Ilya doubted that either of them had ever felt so thoroughly grounded in reality, with all senses heightened, every nerve vibrating with pleasure, and each touch overstimulating their receptors so rapidly that it bordered on pain. None of this deterred Shane from reaching forward and drawing Ilya's bent knee closer, deepening the connection.

Ilya regarded him momentarily before nodding his head yes, physically incapable of forming actual sentences at this stage. For a second there, it seemed as though all of his linguistic knowledge had escaped him. He didn't want to talk and he didn't see it in himself to be capable of feeling any more than he already was. Ilya felt like his heart had enlarged over night and transformed into a walled space so massive that it by default, not by design, separated everything that he had ever known from all things tinged with a taste of Shane. *His* Shane. His beautiful Shane who had made having a heart an easier burden, if it could be called that anymore, to carry, and because of whom making impossible decisions and tough choices had become as simple as spotting him in any crowd, so simple that it probably should've freaked Ilya out had he been capable of giving a damn.

"Please fuck me," Shane's monotonous tone, just another delicacy in the assortment of items that endeared him to Ilya greatly, broke his reverie.

He began rutting into Shane at once, running a hand up and down Shane's thigh until it stopped at his knee and pushed him back onto his dick even more. The built-up tension caused Shane to close his eyes as his head fell back involuntarily. Both of his hands were on

Ilya now, trying to savor whatever purchase they could gain as he neared the breaking point rapidly. Shane laid one hand flat on the side of Ilya's neck as the other fisted a handful of curls at the top of his head, keeping him upright, present, moderately sane as Ilya pressed a lazy, open-mouthed kiss to the soft, fleshy spot right between his pec and armpit. Ilya was so fucked out and far gone that the press of his lips against Shane's skin did not resemble a kiss anymore. At this point, he was just caressing the smooth plane of Shane's chest with his swollen lips, dragging spit along the muscle. Almost on instinct, Shane moved his thumb from where it was resting on Ilya's red cheek and unceremoniously pressed it into Ilya's welcoming mouth. He started sucking right away, not once breaking eye contact as he laved his digit with practiced ease. To Ilya's dismay, Shane removed the thumb shortly after to grab at the pillow, desperate to grasp onto something not Ilya-related that could tether him to his corporeal reality at a particularly heady juncture.

Ilya's cock was hitting every spot inside of him perfectly, every ridge and vein of his thick cock must've been leaving an imprint of their own on his walls. At that moment, Shane couldn't have been more grateful for Ilya's forthrightness with the love confession the night before, after which they had discussed the possibility of fucking raw. In the absence of Shane's thumb, Ilya finally succumbed to the temptation that had been brewing in his mushy brain since his face first touched with Shane's chest. He knew it wasn't fair to Shane, always the one wanting to drag out his orgasms and remain within the hazy headspace that Ilya's wordless displays of dominance provided, but he just couldn't help it any longer. Bringing a hand up to Shane's chest, Ilya guided the soft flesh of his pec to his mouth and latched onto his perked up nipple, sucking softly and humming purely out of want.

Nothing was ever enough. No amount of grabbing, fucking, sucking, and kissing seemed to quench Ilya's thirst or assuage the deep-seated pain that sizzled in his gut whenever he found himself particularly lost in Shane. Fears resurfaced, doubts reared their ugly heads, and decades-old deflective tendencies overpowered the modicum of hopefulness that Ilya had managed to find and hold on to within the last couple of days. Ilya's grasp on the current dream-like state was slowly loosening and along with it, his thrusts grew more erratic and pronounced. Somewhere in the back of his Shane-addled mind, he decided that his love, this gigantic, amorphous, and faceless entity that had over the years outgrown its enclosure, would never be enough to keep Shane. He doubted if he could even label it as *"love."* Ilya often hesitated to confess to himself that what he felt for Shane wasn't short of … mania. It scared him greatly and at the same time, humbled him when he needed to to feel the solid ground beneath his feet the most.

Usually, all it took for him to consider his frenzied obsession with Shane a competitive advantage was an unexpected kiss, an innocent reassuring touch, even a shy smile from across the room. The downside to how easily he fell under Shane's spell though was that in the absence of his touch, presence, and ongoing affirmations, Ilya would simply collapse. He would fall flat, unable to carry out even the most basic tasks that he once used to do on autopilot. He had detected these transformations for a while now, but had never thought of disclosing them with Shane. Hopefully, he will never need to inconvenience the love of his life with his inadequacies. After all, as his father used to say to his mother, *"shortcomings were meant to be overcome."* Ilya would see to that. He knew he would. For Shane.

Ilya released Shane's nipple and raised his head to savor the look of pure bliss that had overtaken the face of the beautiful man writhing under his touch. It broke his heart how delicate and precious he looked at moments like this, when he rid himself of the need to hide just how much he yearned for being claimed, laid bare beneath the gaze of a lover whose fascination with his every move bordered on unduly grotesque.

Ilya often wondered how Shane might react were he to draw him a mental image of how every single one of his lived experiences, ranging from warm and fuzzy to arctic and rancid, intersected whenever Shane so much as poked his cheek playfully.

Would Shane be put off by how he involuntarily fueled Ilya's inability to keep every layer of his own carefully compartmentalized brain from enmeshing? Would he stop loving him if he found out? Would Shane's love for him shrink and quiver at the sight of the behemoth that Ilya has been recklessly nourishing for years?

Ilya was slowly slipping, trudging down a rocky path leading to a makeshift hideaway where he could discipline himself to become less overbearing. Something must've shifted in the way that he was scanning Shane's face because the next moment, Shane's hand began to frantically move around, holding his pec and then grabbing his jaw to anchor him to the here and now.

"Here, I'm here. Look at me," Shane whimpered, nodding his head for good measure.

Shane's mere acknowledgment of his dissociation sent a rush of heat down Ilya's spine as his deep thrusts got more erratic. He was no longer pulling out and pushing back in. The spooning position they were in allowed him to bottom out and just rut and rotate his hips. From the corner of his eyes, Ilya could detect the haphazard bobbing of Shane's leaking cock. Making sure his eyes stayed locked into Shane's, Ilya moved his left hand from where it was perched on Shane's knee only to place the palm flat against Shane's red tip. The miniscule touch wrenched a broken moan out of Shane as he pushed his hips back impossibly closer. He was close and Ilya had no intention of edging him any longer.

With a quick flick of his wrist, Ilya wrapped the hand already wet with Shane's precum around his length and synced the rutting of his hips to the strokes of Shane's warm and twitching dick.

"Oh, Ilya .. Ilya …," Shane slurred, lips parted, eyes closed, and laser-focused on every thrust and stroke.

It was still very novel, hearing Shane utter his name so easily and freely, as if it's always had its own compartment built into a safe corner of Shane's voice box. Under normal circumstances, hearing it would fill him with a dopamine rush, but catching it while the man for whom he would burn every single bridge was thrashing around in the throes of pleasure that only Ilya could provide? It made him almost livid with possessiveness. The surge of extreme emotions made it virtually impossible for Ilya to discern anger from affection or to distinguish between wanting to love and wanting to be completely owned by Shane.

"Here … I'm here my love. It's ok, let go. You can let go," Ilya whispered, lips pressed right against the shell of his ear and blowing hot air against his damp skin.

Tightening his fist around Shane's tip, Ilya took his earlobe between his teeth and gave it a soft tug, making Shane jerk as several ropes of cum covered his hand and Shane's stomach. Ilya brought his soiled hand up to squeeze a pec, smearing cum all over the smooth expanse of flesh, as he rotated his hips for a few more seconds before groaning out a barely intelligible *"I love you"* and filling Shane up.

The next few minutes were spent in total silence as both returned from their highs and tried to catch their breaths. Eventually, Ilya attempted to pull out only to be stopped by the weak grasp of Shane's hand on his thigh. He only smiled and buried his nose in Shane's soft hair, pressing a kiss to the crown of his head.

"Ya tebya lyublyu," he whispered not necessarily for Shane to hear but just because he now could. He had earned it. God knows they both had.

Somewhere against his forearm, which was now supporting Shane's neck, Ilya sensed his smile.

"And I love you," Shane replied, sealing it with a gentle peck on the inside of Ilya's wrist.

End Notes

This scene's been haunting me ever since I watched it last Friday. It's just so vulnerable and raw. Connor's depiction of Ilya's fuck-drunkness might've altered my genetic composition.

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