tastes like he might be the one

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tastes like he might be the one

by pocketsofsun

Summary

Ilya:

I'm hungry.

Shane:

Lunch will be ready by the time you get back, baby.

Ilya:

No. Not for food.

Get yourself ready for me in bed. I will be home soon.

Fingers only, do not touch your dick.

or: the come eating fic

Notes

hello i got this plot bunny right before going to bed and tried to get this done as fast as i could because it wouldn't leave my brain so here u go

thank u marissa pookie for the quick very unplanned beta

welcome to the come eating fic 🍑

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya's on his daily run, his perfectly curated Bad Bunny blasting in his headphones as nears the end of his lap around the neighborhood. He stops once he reaches the end of the sidewalk and pulls his phone out of his arm band while he waits for the signal to cross. He smirks to himself, pleased as he pulls up husband's contact and sends him a text, thumbs dancing across the keyboard.

Ilya:

I'm hungry.

Shane:

Lunch will be ready by the time you get back, baby.

Ilya:

No. Not for food.

Get yourself ready for me in bed. I will be home soon.

Fingers only, do not touch your dick.

He doesn't receive a text back but he doesn't need one. He knows Shane is rushing to their bedroom, tearing his clothes off as he rushes. Ilya can picture the flush on Shane's pretty freckled cheeks in his head right now.

His run turns into a brisk jog as he finishes the last ten minutes of his way home, just to keep Shane waiting. He knows Shane is waiting for him like the good boy he his, laying prettily on their bed, waiting for Ilya to get home.

By the time he walks through the front door, he's hard as a fucking rock, tenting almost embarrassingly in his shorts. He needs to get his hand on Shane *now.*

"Moya lyubov?" He calls, the tease obvious in his voice for Shane to hear.

"Get the *fuck* up here already." He hears Shane answer from the bedroom, voice strained in his throat as it carries through the house.

Ilya chuckles as he makes his way through the halls, tugging his shirt off on his way. A groan rumbles in his chest when he find Shane exactly how he expected him.

Shane is propped up on the bed, resting his back against the pillows and his legs spread for Ilya to settle between. His cock is hard and leaking against his abdomen as every breath he lets out is followed by a pretty little whimper. His arms are at his sides, hands white knuckling the sheets. Ilya already knows the answer, but he asks anyway.

"Did you touch yourself?" He smiles, a menacing look in his eyes and he crawls into the bed.

Shane shakes his head, already frantic. "No. Waited for you. Fingers only."

Ilya smirks. His hands squeeze hard at both of Shane's thighs. *"Good boy,"* he hums as he leans down to Shane's lips and kisses him like it's his last meal.

The moan Shane let's out melts right onto Ilya's tongue. His licks around Shane's mouth, across his teeth, everywhere he can while Shane arches into him.

Ilya presses a hand against Shane's chest to keep him still as he breaks the kiss. He grins when Shane chases his lips and pouts when Ilya pulls back too far. "I have plans for you today, my little *kotik."*

Shane whimpers, eyebrows curving as he looks him up him, eyes shining with want. "What is it?"

"You will see," Ilya teases. He licks a stripe up the side of Shane's neck before digging his teeth softly into the sharp line of Shane's jaw. Shane moans softly, his hand sliding up into Ilya's hair from the back of his neck.

Ilya drags his teeth across Shane's throat, letting the pretty sounds coming from him seep through Ilya's ears so he can file them with all the other sweet little noises he's made through the years.

He marks Shane up wherever his lips land, breathing in the familiar comforting scent of his body wash and cologne—the same ones he's used since Ilya's known him—taking in the feeling of *home* it gives him. He slides down Shane's body, kissing his chest and running is tongue over each of Shane's nipples on his way to his twitching cock. He can't fucking wait to get Shane in his mouth.

Ilya ghosts his lips over the tip of Shane's cock just to work him up. Shine whines, using both hands to dig his fingers into Ilya's curls and push his head down. "C'mon, Ilya. *Please."*

"Only if you think you can come more than once for me," Ilya says. "Can you do that?" He teases his tongue across the slit, lapping up the constant stream of precome leaking from it.

Shane's response is a shuddering moan as he lets out a broken, *"Yes."*

Ilya looks up at him, tracing the lines of his pleading eyebrows, over the slope of his nose, and the deep curve of his lips tucked between his teeth. He looks so fucking pretty, Ilya wants to eat him up. Which is exactly what he plans to do. "Good."

He nips Shane's hip once before sucking the head of his husband's dick into his mouth. He hums when Shane gasps, fingers tightening in his hair. Ilya presses his tongue against the tip, just to get another taste of him. He pulls of, briefly and moves up to brush his nose against Shane's. "You taste *so good,* sweetheart," he says against his lips before bringing them together for Shane to get a little taste of himself.

Ilya gets back to work, this time taking all of Shane in his mouth and letting his tongue run as as far as it can go. Shane whines loud above him as Ilya hollows his cheeks and bobs his head slowly, exactly the way Shane likes it. Ilya groans around his cock when Shane's fingers tug at his hair.

He keeps the pace like this for a while occasionally pausing at the tip on his way up to show it some extra attention, letting the precome melt into his tongue, savoring the salty bitterness of it. Shane's hips start to twitch up towards Ilya's mouth, a sign that Ilya knows *very* well.

"Fuck, Ilya, I'm gonna—"

He doesn't let Shane finish his sentence, sucking his dick harder, letting Shane lightly fuck up into Ilya's mouth and speeding up the pace. He slides a hand up Shane's chest, brushing his thumb over his nipple before squeezing a handful Shane's pec in his palm.

Ilya looks up at him from between his legs, humming at the sight of Shane withering in their bed, eyes fluttering shut, and brings his other hand up to brush his fingers over Shane's neck. Shane whimpers, leaning into the touch as much as he can. Ilya pulls one last move—his *best* move—and winks when he finally catches Shane's eye, and *that* sends Shane to throw his head back. His hips press up towards Ilya's mouth one last time as he comes with a loud moan.

Ilya stays with his lips wrapped around Shane's cock as he swallows rope after rope of his white hot come. Shane starts to soften in his mouth as Ilya sucks every last bit out of him while Shane's back arches as he whines from the overstimulation. Once Ilya is sure he's got it all, he pulls off, hitting Shane's torso as he sits up.

Shane follows him, practically pouncing on him and crashes their lips together. Ilya lets Shane lick up the remnants of his own come from Ilya's lips. "Thought you were gonna fuck me," Shane says, after they break apart.

"I will," Ilya says, bringing up one of his hands to splay against Shane's back. "But I want to make you come again first." He smirks as Shane's face flushes and pulls him closer, so he's sitting on Ilya's lap. "I am going to make you come all over my hand. Will you like that?" He makes his point by wrapping his fingers loosely around the base of Shane's cock, watching it fill back up again. He chuckles when Shane lets out a small whimper and bucks up slightly into Ilya's hand. He presses his lips against the middle of Shane's throat, licking up his Adam's apple. "I think you do," he teases, swiping his thumb over the tip of Shane's dick and collecting the already pooling precome on it.

Ilya feels the shiver that goes up Shane's spine when he drags his hand down his cock. Shane leans down, resting his forehead on Ilya's shoulder. "What—*ah*—what has gotten into you?"

"Was hungry. I told you," Ilya says, tracing the prominent vein that goes down the underside of Shane's dick with his thumb. "So, you will lay pretty for me while I do whatever I want with you." He lifts his hand from Shane's cock and holds it up to Shane's mouth, and Shane, already knowing, spits into his palm.

Ilya grasps Shane's cock again and drags his hand up and down in steady strokes. Shane moans, a beautiful in the shape of Ilya's name against his shoulder and fucks into Ilya's fist.

"You will let me use you, yes?" Ilya asks, squeezing and twisting his hand every time he slides down to the base. "You will come for me as many times as I want and let me swallow up every bit of it. Hmm?"

Shane nods with a whine. *"Yes, fuck."* He grinds harder into Ilya's hands. "How ever many times you want," he babbles shakily and gasps, "Fuck, Ilya—gonna come already."

Ilya moans with the feeling of Shane's ass sliding over his own painfully hard cock trapped in his shorts, he could come right then. He wills himself to hold off, focusing on getting Shane to reach is second climax. "Come for me, Hollander," he groans, lips pressed to Shane's ear.

He strokes steadily one, two, three times before Shane spills over his hands, his come dripping in between Ilya's fingers. He brings his hand to his own mouth, licking it off his fingers like Cheeto dust, one finger at a time, making a show for Shane when he lifts his head up.

"Fuck," Shane sighs, a blissed out smile stretching across his lips.

"Good?" Ilya asks, even though he knows the answer from the look on Shane's face and his chest heaving, a light sheen of sweat spreading across his chest.

Shane nods and slides off Ilya's lap and lays on his stomach between Ilya's legs, pressing his nose to Ilya's clothed cock, mouthing at the bulge.

As much as Ilya loves to have Shane like this, desperate for Ilya's cock in his mouth, he has to pull him away, gently tugging his head back by his hair. He doesn't want to come yet. Not until he's buried deep in Shane's devastatingly tight ass, pumping his come into him as Shane moans, the sound muffled against the sheets.

Shane whines, looking up at Ilya through his lashes. "You don't want me to?"

Ilya coos at him, his clean hand sliding down Shane's jaw, holding him in place with his thumb and forefinger gripping Shane's thumb. "I do, sweetheart, always. But right now, I really want to fuck you."

Shane's breath hitches in surprised before scrambling back up. "Yes, *Yes,* let's do that. Please."

Ilya grins and takes Shane by his waist, flipping him over on his hands and knees facing the headboard. He groans once he's faced with Shane's puckering hole, glistening with the lube he used to finger himself open.

It sits there waiting for him. *Calling* for him. He grips the muscle of Shane's ass, digging his fingers into the flesh, leaving bright red crescent shapes in his skin. *"Fuck,* Shane," he groans, crawling over him and pressing a kiss down each notch of Shane's spine. "You are such a

good boy, *kotik.* So perfect." He stands up, barely giving himself time to chuck his shorts and boxers off in one go before return to his spot over Shane's body.

Shane pushes back with a drawn out moan, dragging his ass over Ilya's hard cock. Ilya grips himself at the base and lines himself up with Shane's hole, wasting no time to bully himself inside of him. Shane moans into the pillow underneath him.

Ilya grips Shane's hips as he fucks into him hard and fast, too pent up to take his time. Shane whines and rocks back in time to meet Ilya's thrusts, the sound of skin hitting skin reverberating around the room when they join in the middle. "You're taking it so well, Shane, fuck. Being such a good fuck toy for me to use how I want."

"Fuck," Shane moans, hands wrapping tight around the sheets as Ilya pounds into him. "Love it when you use me, Ilya."

Ilya gasps when Shane clenches around him when he's buried in at the base. His hips are starting to stutter already. "I am going to come soon, Shane, are you—"

"Yes," Shane answers, voice cracking. "Make me come again." He whimpers rhythmically, *beautifully* as Ilya chases his own orgasm.

Ilya presses his chest against Shane's back, kissing across Shane's shoulder, biting when he can't help it. Fire blooms bright and fast in his gut as his orgasm approaches. He reaches around, cupping Shane's balls in his hand and rolling them around in his palm. "Holy *shit,* Ilya—"

Shane's moan of his name turns into a whimper as he comes a third time, and Ilya is *just* fast enough to catch it all in his hand. Ilya fucks him through it until he stills, coming with so much force, he can see it, starting to drip out of him, and onto Ilya's dick. Ilya brings his come full hand to his mouth and drinks it up like he downs his water bottle when he returns to the bench at the end of a period in a game.

He pulls out of Shane slowly after catching his breath and Shane drops, limply on the bed, but Ilya's still not done with him. He rubs a hand up and down Shane's back and through his hair. Shane looks exhausted, but luckily for him, Ilya doesn't need him to do anything but lay there exactly the way he his. "Stay just like this for me, *moya lyubov,* okay? I am going to clean you up."

Shane nods, still panting, hugging one of the pillows close to his chest to get comfortable. "'Kay."

Ilya doesn't leave to get a wash cloth, instead he spreads Shane's ass apart with his hands and watches how his own come leaks out of Shane's hole. He groans quietly and leans right, licking it up, smearing his come around with his tongue. Shane gasps at the unexpected sensation but backs up into it and moans. Ilya doesn't want to miss a single drop, sticking the tip of his tongue into Shane's gaping hole. He runs his tongue all around Shane's hot walls before fucking his tongue in and out softly.

Shane's moans rise in volume as Ilya eats up the rest of his come. Shane lets out a particularly loud one, back arching, like he usually does when he—

Ilya pulls back. "Did you just come *again?"* He truly expected Shane to finally tap out after *three,* but he's not opposed to the surprise.

"Fuck. Yeah," Shane responds breathlessly. "But there isn't…"

Ilya hums, licking one last stripe up Shane's hole to make sure he clears all the come up before laying next to him. His finger plays mindlessly with Shane's fluttering hole. Shane twitches against it, but let's Ilya do it anyway. "Holy shit," he breathes, still into the pillow.

Ilya chuckles and turns Shane over on his side and pulls him into his own body. Shane goes willingly, laying his head on Ilya's chest and leaving a kiss to the skin underneath his lips. "I didn't think—"

"What, that you can come dry?" Ilya jokes. "You have been with me for twelve years, Hollander. Do not underestimate me., I have many tricks."

Shane grunts, pushing at Ilya's chest with his hand. "Asshole," he mutters, but there's no heat behind it. In fact, Shane is looking up at him, smiling, like he is the brightest star in the sky.

It makes Ilya's insides warm and swarm with the butterflies like the first time he did when Shane smiled at him for that first time in the hotel gym all those years ago. He pulls Shane back with a hand in his hair and brings their lips together, licking into his mouth slowly. They lay together, taking their time to tangle their lips and tongues together in a slow make out session. It's the off season for the next two months, so they have all the time in the world that they want.

Ilya regretfully breaks the kiss eventually for air. "I need food."

"I thought the whole reason you did all this was because you were hungry," Shane challenges, a teasing sparkle in his pretty brown eyes.

Ilya scoffs and waves the comment off. "Now I'm hungry for food. You taste much better, though."

Shane hums, eyes blinking slowly as the tiredness takes over him. "I left your plate in the fridge. Made burgers today."

Ilya gasps and sits up abruptly, dropping Shane's head into the pillows. "You made burgers and I *missed it?"*

"You didn't miss it, I left them in the fridge. Three of 'em." Shane yawns in between his sentences. "Use the microwave to reheat them."

Ilya can help the smile his lips from when he looks down at Shane's sleepy face, eyes heavy lidded as he tiredly slurs his words. "I love you."

"I love you too," Shane mumbles. "Go eat, baby." He blinks up at him before reaching up to pull Ilya down for a quick but tender kiss. "I'm gonna take a nap."

"Yes, sleep, *solnyshko."* Ilya runs his hand softly through Shane's long hair, brushing it away from his face.

Shane falls asleep within a few minutes of Ilya's fingers scratching his scalp and Ilya stays there with him, watching his eyelashes flutter against his pretty freckles and lips parting as he breathes. Shane is too pretty to look away from.

Ilya can eat lunch later.

End Notes

thank you for reading!

i hope you enjoyed it bc i had a blast writing it teehee

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