

next time, like that

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by [meriwethersays](#)

Summary

“Don’t finish that sentence,” Shane says, so Ilya bites at the inside of his thigh instead. When Ilya sucks at the spot, Shane makes a high-pitched noise. “You can—oh fuck—you can leave a mark—”

It takes a second for Ilya’s brain to process that as *please leave a mark* instead of *be careful, what you’re doing could leave a mark*, and then he grips Shane’s thighs and does just that, one on the soft skin of each, while Shane shakes a little beneath him.

Notes

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

They drive back to the cottage in kind of a daze. “Fuck,” Shane says a lot, and “I can’t believe that just happened,” and “I love you.”

“I love you,” Ilya tells him. “They love you.” It doesn’t escape him how differently this would have gone if it had been Ilya’s father discovering them. Ilya would have forced himself to go, as he always has, but he would never have let Shane come along. If there had been tears, they would have been tears of rage. But his father is dead; there will be no discovery, no admission, no frustrated rage, no final disappointment. And he’s happy for Shane, who is warm from his parents’ love, and Ilya is warm with good vodka, and the Canadian sun is bright overhead, and five, ten, fifteen years from now, they won’t have to hide it.

Back at the cottage, Shane collapses onto the couch like his legs won’t hold him up any more, and Ilya lets himself sag forward onto Shane until he’s blanketed Shane’s body with his own. “I can’t believe it,” Shane says.

Ilya presses his ear to Shane’s chest and hears his heart pounding. He shifts up so he can press a kiss to Shane’s neck and murmurs, “*Ya tebya lyublyu*,” against Shane’s neck, then bites a little.

Shane sucks in a sharp breath and spreads his legs a little wider so Ilya’s hips rest against his. Ilya does it again, a little sharper—not enough to leave a mark, but enough that Shane groans “*Fuck, Ilya.*” Ilya fucked Shane this morning and he’s never come so many times in his life in just a few days, but it feels like he’s always frantic for Shane. Before, he used to tell himself that it was just that Shane is a man and fucking women is different, but he can’t lie to himself about it anymore. He’s in love with Shane and it’s fucking ruined him for anyone else.

Ilya slides his hand down between them to find Shane’s cock and squeezes it lightly through his pants. “You want me to make you come, no touching your cock?”

“Fuck,” Shane groans again. “You know—you’re touching it now—”

“Oh my god, that’s what this is?” Ilya pulls back to give Shane a look of fake horror. “Lift up.” He nudges at Shane’s hip and Shane lifts his hips enough to shove his pants and underwear down. “Ah yes, I see now. I thought was—”

“Don’t finish that sentence,” Shane says, so Ilya bites at the inside of his thigh instead and Shane’s cock twitches. Ilya sucks at the spot and Shane makes a high-pitched noise. “You can—oh fuck—you can leave a mark—”

It takes a second for Ilya’s brain to process that as *please leave a mark* instead of *be careful, what you’re doing could leave a mark*, and then he grips Shane’s thighs and does just that, one on the soft skin of each, while Shane shakes a little beneath him. Then he reaches behind him to grab a pillow and says, “Up,” again.

“What are you,” Shane starts as he shoves the pillow under Shane’s hips, and then gasps when Ilya spreads him open and leans down to press the tip of his tongue to Shane’s rim. “Oh fuck—fuck fuck fuck—” Shane sounds like he can barely breathe.

Ilya keeps going, slowly, until he dips his tongue inside and Shane pulls his hair and clenches around him. He pulls back a little, enough that he can see Shane's face, and presses the tip of his finger inside instead. "You think about this?" he asks. "You think about me doing this to you?"

"I think about you doing *everything* to me," Shane rasps out.

"Someday I make you tell me," Ilya says, and Shane clenches around his finger again. "You want me to keep going?" Shane nods frantically. "Say please."

"Please—fuck, please, please—" Ilya bends down again and this time he's not so tentative. He goes for it, wet and messy, fucking Shane open with his tongue, and Shane grips his own thighs and pulls them to his chest so Ilya has better access. Shane pants, "Fuck—I'm so fucking close—fuck me—" Ilya is aching to fuck him, but the only thing he wants more in the world is to make Shane beg him for it. He adjusts a little, licks Shane's rim, and Shane actually pulls his hair this time. "*Please*—god, I need you—I need you to fuck me, Ilya—"

"You can't come like this?" Shane's fingers have gone white from how tightly he's gripping his thighs and Ilya can see those marks turning purple. "You need my cock inside you to come?" He works his tongue deep again and Shane swears and tries to shove his ass against Ilya's face to get him even deeper.

"Please—"

Ilya breaks. He shoves his shorts down, adjusts, and then thrusts his cock into Shane. Shane takes Ilya so easily, and he stares up at Ilya like this is all he's ever wanted. Neither of them makes it more than a couple strokes before they're coming, Shane all over his shirt and Ilya inside him, hips jerking helplessly. Ilya stares down at Shane's face. "You will kill me," he says.

Shane grins. "Not if you kill me first." His eyes are very bright. He shifts a little, Ilya still inside him. Ilya wants to hold him here, keep him just like this until one of them gets hard again. They have two weeks—more like ten days, now—and yes, they have a plan for the future to see each other more, but *this* kind of time is so rare and Shane is so beautiful when he's like this. But Shane's parents are coming back over for dinner in a few hours and they're on the couch in the living room where anyone could see, and he should be glad that he made Shane forget long enough to get to do this, because now that Shane's parents have popped the bubble they had, Ilya suspects that Shane will make him close the bedroom blinds.

"Never." Ilya pulls out slowly. Shane is splayed out in front of him, and Ilya leans down to suck his cock clean very gently. He kisses the mark he made on the inside of Shane's right thigh, then the left. Then, because he can, he spreads Shane open again and licks across his hole. Shane chokes and grabs a handful of Ilya's hair, so Ilya smacks his ass and pulls back. "Next time," he says, "I make you come like that."

End Notes

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