

Chewed Ends of Drawstrings

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Chewed Ends of Drawstrings

by [Written_Willis](#)

Summary

When Shane's mind gets too loud Ilya finds a way to quite it. And no, it's not just because he's fed up with finding the ends of his hoodie strings chewed.

Notes

Merry Christmas, Carina!!

Thanks to Jos for beta-reading 

Ilya is well aware of Shane's *oral fixation*. A term he learned in his last session with Galina. He playfully grumbled about Shane's constant stealing of his sweatshirts, only to return them with the drawstrings chewed up. She had merely smirked when Ilya exclaimed that Shane constantly needs something in his mouth and while he is normally happy to *oblige*, he means with his cock not the string of his sweatshirts.

"Sounds like he has a rather significant oral fixation," she had teased.

Ilya had nearly choked in his surprise before his eyes glazed over at the clinical definition she provided. She had made it clear she wasn't actually diagnosing Shane and his habit of chewing on things likely stemmed from the sheer amount of his life he spent with a mouth guard in. Ilya thought it was more likely the lovely but undeniably tightly wound man's near-debilitating anxiety at play.

Which is where Ilya's astonishing show of understanding is sprouting from as he watches his boyfriend—a thrill at the no longer secret title shooting through him—roll the plastic-covered tip of the drawstring between his teeth. The drawstring is not attached to Ilya's sweatshirt this time, but rather his sweatpants—the sweatpants he, Ilya Rozanov, is currently wearing.

So, ok, maybe that is also part of the reason he can manage to keep his annoyance at bay.

The beautiful and infuriating creature has his head in Ilya's lap. They are lying on the couch, in a rare moment of peace between their charity summer camps. Shane blows warm puffs of air across Ilya's crotch with each breath as his fingers draw invisible patterns across his thighs that he's not certain Shane is even aware keeps traveling higher and higher with each slow drag. He has his gorgeous dark eyes closed, lashes fanning over freckles, and glasses pushed up to the top of his head. He has long given up pretending to watch Ilya play the PlayStation.

It's the most relaxed Shane has appeared all day. They wrapped up the Montreal summer camp two days ago and will be headed to Ottawa tomorrow to ensure everything is ready to go for the start of camp next week. His eyes are bloodshot beneath his red-rimmed eyelids from staring at the screen and his brows are permanently creased under the burden of his overthinking mind.

Ilya's controller vibrates and his eyes snap up to the large TV screen. *Shit*. His player has lost the puck and is stuck skating into the boards behind the goal.

Shane rolls his head to peek up at him, asking, "Something distracting you, Rozanov?"

Ilya manages to win back the puck, but a quick glance shows the drawstring of his pants hanging off Shane's smug little smirk. It shouldn't be such an endearing sight. He bites his cheek to keep from smiling and focuses on scoring. He sinks one into the net and tries not to notice the way Shane's eyes light with a challenge.

Shane rolls over to face the couch and nuzzles Ilya's bare stomach. Shane's nose runs up and down the trail of coarse hair disappearing beneath the band of his sweats. Ilya tries to keep

his breathing steady, but can do nothing to suppress the way his muscles jump under the too soft touch. The stupid string is still in Shane's mouth, so every time he travels upward it tickles his belly, causing Ilya to squirm more than he'd normally allow.

Ilya is lining up for his shot when Shane's path dips further down. Ilya's half-hard cock restrained by nothing but his black joggers is suddenly engulfed in the heat of Shane's deepening breath. The tip of the drawstring peeking out from between Shane's teeth is lightly scratching along him adding a sensation similar to when Shane teasingly scrapes his teeth as he bobs up and down. Ilya does his best to ignore him but the sounds of the missed goal echo around them.

"I thought you never missed?" Shane parrots from an earlier game between them, a failed attempt to distract his boyfriend from his nerves.

Ilya pauses the game and sinks a hand into the long black hair. His other hand glides beneath the collar of Shane's T-shirt and kneads at the ropes of tension along Shane's back. "Fuck, you are tense."

Shane lets out a needy sound when Ilya rolls his hips upwards into the heat of Shane's open mouth kisses. "Don't have to chew through my clothes, sweetheart. If your mouth must stay busy, pull it out and suck it."

"Ilya," Shane whines despite the clear effort to pretend he is unaffected and not desperate for Ilya's cock. His tongue reaches out in a quick swipe to pull the other end of the drawstring into his mouth. He bites them and pulls back. It tugs the band of Ilya's pants down just enough to reveal that he is wearing nothing beneath them.

Ilya reaches down and hooks his finger around the string hanging from Shane's mouth. He uses them to tilt his head up as he searches those hungry eyes. "You are worried. Mind too full."

Shane nods.

"I can fix that."

"Please," Shane sighs.

Ilya pulls at the drawstring in a silent request and Shane lets them fall away. "Up."

Shane obeys immediately, allowing Ilya enough room to pull his pants down. His cock is nestled half hard on a bed of dark blonde curls. Shane stares unblinking at it, waiting for instruction. Ilya can already see the tendrils of tightly coiled control unraveling.

He strokes the back of his fingers over the constellation of freckles. "You're so beautiful."

Shane's cheeks color and Ilya feels the heat against his fingertips. "All this work makes you forget what you are."

Shane hums, eyes crawling up Ilya's exposed skin to land on his face. He licks his lips as he asks, "And what am I?"

“Mine.”

“Yours,” Shane breathes out, the fingers on Ilya’s thigh spasm and squeeze tighter.

“And I am yours,” Ilya reminds—the rush of belonging to someone who gives themselves back so wholly never fails to amaze him. Ilya has had many try to claim pieces of him but never had someone offer themselves in equal exchange.

“Mine,” Shane agrees easily with a soft smile playing on his lips and an unbearable fondness glittering in his eyes.

Ilya pinches his chin between his fingers, guiding Shane’s attention back down to his cock. “Yours to use.” Shane’s shuttered breath caresses sensitive skin and waves through coarse curls. “So if you want to suck on my cock like Pike’s surprise baby does its little fake nipple—”

“Soother,” Shane corrects under his breath, but his eyes are already clouding with a haze of surrender.

“Sure, yes. Suck my cock like soother and when I’m done playing, I fuck you until you forget your name. So no hope to remember your do-now list.”

“To-do.”

Ilya tuts. “Mouth not full enough if you are correcting English.”

Shane rolls his eyes but is uncharacteristically timid as he closes his mouth around Ilya’s dick. Ilya scrapes his blunt nails through Shane’s hair patiently and hums encouragingly as a shy mouth slowly takes him in. “So good.”

Shane lets out a soft whine and starts to move as if preparing to give a blow job. Ilya grabs a fistful of hair to hold him in place. “No, just suck. Keep it warm and wet. Hold it on tongue. Nothing else matters.”

Shane’s dark, dazed eyes search him before drifting closed. Ilya gently reminds, “Yours to use.”

The freckled cheeks are burning with embarrassment, but Shane slowly lets himself take what he wants and sinks into the feeling of Ilya on his tongue. He allows his eyes to close and his calloused fingertips to fall lax where they rest on Ilya’s thigh and stomach. Ilya smiles as Shane’s breathing begins to even out and sync with his own. He cards his fingers through long strands and shudders at the slow steady waves of pressure around his cock.

With a great deal of effort, Ilya drags his eyes away from the sight of plush lips wrapped around him and resumes the game. Eventually, Shane’s limbs go slack but the pulsing of his rhythmic sucking does not. Ilya can feel the relaxing effects slowing his own heart rate and loosening the strain he’s been holding in his neck. He always hates it when Shane’s anxiety hits its peak because there is nothing he can do, no tangible way to silence the insane

scenarios running through his mind. It puts him on edge and makes him doubt his usefulness and worth.

Right now though, Shane's mind is quiet. Ilya knows because his hands have stopped their fluttering and the crease in his brow has finally disappeared. He knows because he has always felt Shane down to his very core, his body reacts to him in an instinctual and inescapable manner. Shane Hollander was a fight Ilya lost before he even laid eyes on his stupidly endearing freckles and adorably awkward stance.

Ilya gives up the game after two failed shots and instead surrenders to the desire to touch the content angel in his lap. He tugs Shane's shirt up, apologizing at the low whine the temporary separation earns him. His fingers trace the long lines of Shane's back and transverse every hill and valley along his spine. He massages the exhausted muscles beneath his palm. The groan of appreciation he receives vibrates through him.

He looks down to find Shane's half-lidded gaze and the teasing of a lazy smile crinkling his eyes. God, he's so damn in love with his man. "You can't know what you do to me."

Shane snakes his hand up over Ilya's stomach and presses it to the place over his heart. Ilya weaves their fingers together. "I love you too."

Shane sighs and hollows his cheeks as his fingers dip harder into the place they are resting. Ilya smirks. "Tell me, want me to fuck your mouth?"

Warm, brown eyes roll back as he subtly begins to move up and down on Ilya's cock. He pulls off with a gasp, eyes watering and drool dripping from his chin. "Use me like I'm yours, Ilya."

"Fuck, sweetheart."

Shane crawls over Ilya to settle himself on his knee between Ilya's legs. Kneeling on the plush rug, he kisses up the thick thighs before engulfing Ilya's cock back into the delicious heat. He doesn't move from where his nose is buried in musky curls.

Ilya's hip buck and Shane hums despite the way the move gags him. Ilya apologizes, but Shane's nails cut into his skin in warning. He then starts a slow pace of bobbing up and down until he gets frustrated by Ilya's still stunned staring and reaches for the massive rough hand. He drops it onto the back of his head and sinks back down.

Ilya might like to pretend he's in charge, but Shane is not one to shy away from asking for what he wants. And Ilya is hopeless to deny him anything. Ilya fists at the silky black strands and gives Shane exactly what he wants. He uses his mouth, roughly pulling him up and down or holding him still as his hips snap up. Any remaining tension in Shane's body evaporates as he lets Ilya use him.

Ilya is on the edge of release when he hears a muffled sound pulled from Shane's chest. Shane shudders and his knees give out a little before he rights himself. Ilya pulls him off by the hair, taking in the glassy eyes and swollen lips. "Did you- you just cum?"

Shane gives him a weak pleased smile and that's all it takes for Ilya to tip over the edge. He comes across Shane's face and surprises them both. Shane will be horrified later but right now he's looking up wide-eyed and satisfied.

“Better?”

Shane lays his cheek on Ilya's thigh, looking content and carefree. “Better.”

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