I like the way you wear that smile (is it for me, is it for me?)

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I like the way you wear that smile (is it for me, is it for me?)

by Fuddlewuddle

Summary

Ilya has a thing about Shane in his glasses.

Or

5 times Ilya tells Shane to put his glasses on, one time Shane says no, and one time Ilya takes them off him instead.

Notes

Inspired by Shane in glasses and how down bad Ilya is for him in them.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Put glasses back on.”

That’s how it had started. Ilya had called, Shane had answered. Just like always. Shane had been focused on Ilya’s confirming his dad had just died, whereas Ilya had been more distracted by finding out Shane wears glasses for reading.

Ilya had made him come with just his voice while Shane wore nothing *but* his glasses, and since then, well… let’s just say Shane has noticed what Ilya has been doing. And he’s not stopped him.

Most of the time anyway.

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"Why you not tell me you wear glasses before?" Ilya asks that first time; blue eyes almost searing into Shane through the phone screen there's so much hunger in them.

Shane shrugs; pulling a thick, grey knitted comforter up to his shoulders, Ilya having stayed on the video call while Shane had quickly showered and dressed back into his boxers after they'd jerked off together. Shane had said he could hang up and he'd call him back, but Ilya had shaken his head; curls brushing over his forehead and said, “No.” His reason why so low and quiet, so painfully honest, Shane had almost missed it. "I don't want to be alone right now." Ilya hadn't even made fun of him for his off-key singing in the shower. Just smiled at him through the screen when Shane had picked his phone back up; face freshly scrubbed and flushed from the heat of the water, dark hair sticking up in haphazard tufts.

"I was embarrassed, I guess," Shane mumbles; nervously fiddling with the chunky knit of the blanket. "Kinda feels like a weakness, y'know? Like I can play hockey better than anyone—"

"Almost everyone."

"—yeah, yeah, you're as good as me, I guess." Ilya rolls his eyes. "I can play hockey, but I need glasses to read. It just - I don't know - seems silly, I guess. I don't wear them in the locker room, because I don't want shit from the guys for it. Whenever I check the match schedule, I just go right up to the wall calendar and act like I'm studying it rather than just reading it."

"That is cute, but also sad."

"Fuck off." Shane curls in on himself, part of him hating how easily Ilya always manages to dig at his soft underbelly.

"No, it *is* sad. Cannot trust team mates with glasses. Is okay though, because you wear them for me."

"That was one time! And only because I was reading when you called. And then we, uh, got distracted..."

"So, you won't wear them for me now?" Ilya pouts at him through the phone, and Shane's belly clenches from how weak he is for that look.

"*Ilya*."

"You are good boy, da?" Shane feels his cheeks heat; Ilya knows what saying that does to him. "Put them on for me, Shane."

He bites his lip before sighing in defeat and grabbing his glasses from the side table. Shoves them on his face. Righting them when they sit at an angle on his nose. "There. Happy now, Mr Rozanov?"

Ilya hums, licking his lips salaciously. Shane gulps; the sexual tension palpable even with the thousands of miles of distance between them.

"I j-just showered," Shane croaks in weak protest, obvious where the conversation was headed; cock already plumping between his legs.

"You can shower again. Now show me your hole, Hollander. I've missed it."

Shane chokes out an incredulous laugh. "You can't be serious."

Ilya just arches a brow.

Shane chews on his bottom lip. "You're actually serious. Why do I need to wear my glasses if I'm just going to show you my asshole?"

"Because I told you to."

They stare at each other through the screen and then Shane sighs again, and hoists himself up; shimmying out of his boxers again and getting onto his hands and knees, awkwardly twisting to spread his ass cheeks and aim the phone camera at his hole. "This is so humiliating," he grits out; beet red down to his toes.

"No, Hollander. This is hot as fuck." Ilya's accent is so thick with lust the click of tongue as he says the 'k' echoes in Shane's ears. "Glasses just make it even hotter."

It's that, that keeps Shane on his knees exposing himself to his rival turned lover until Ilya tells him to roll back over. By the end of it, the frames of his glasses are slick with sweat.

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The second time is at Shane's cottage in the summer.

They have at least three weeks together, just the two of them. Shane asks Ilya what he wants for dinner and the Russian shrugs from where he's sitting upside down on the couch; long legs folded over the back, curls tickling the carpet. Shane feels dizzy just looking at him imagining the rush of blood to the head.

"Do they do take away around these parts? Or would it be delivered by squirrel as we are hidden away?"

Shane scrunches up a piece of paper that had some old scribbles on and throws it at Ilya; hitting him in the gut. Ilya makes an over-dramatic grunting noise. "Don’t be a dick. You like us being hidden away."

"I do," Ilya agrees without hesitation. "I just wonder if there is take away is all. No big deal if not. Just question."

Shane huffs and stomps to the kitchen; rummaging in one of the drawers for the one take away menu he has. It's Chinese food, because sometimes he just really wants noodles even when he's on his strict diet plan. He keeps the menu hidden because usually he doesn't give into the urge. Ilya always makes him feel like the world won't end if he does give in though. "Here," he says, walking over to Ilya and holding out the menu to him. "They're discreet and don't tell people I own this place."

Ilya lifts his head up and stares at the menu. "You read it to me," he says, dropping his head back down again.

Shanes gapes at him. "What? I'm not reading the whole menu to you!"

"Why not?"

"That - That's insane!"

"Hollander."

"*What.*"

"Read me the menu."

Shane growls in frustration and grabs his glasses from the coffee table. He climbs onto the couch and straddles Ilya's waist. If he's going to do this, then he's going to make it so Ilya pays at-fucking-tention. Ilya's hands immediately come up to palm his thighs and he lifts his head to stare at him, a smirking grin on his face. Uncaring at the strain or awkward angle of his neck.

He starts with the dim sum and soups, and works on from there.

It's only when he's halfway through that he realises Ilya only asked him to read the menu so he'd wear his glasses.

He reads the whole thing.

Afterwards Ilya says they can just have salmon, rice and broccoli, nothing on the menu standing out and Shane can't even find it in himself to be mad. The memory of how Ilya had looked at him the whole time he spoke warming his chest for days.

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Ilya is sick the next time it happens.

Shane had hung out with Hayden and his kids, and the youngest had had a cold. Shane is fine, but Ilya has somehow picked up the cold too. So now he's tucked up snugly like the proverbial bug in a rug in his bed, all snuffly and congested. His accent is even thicker than normal.

"You always try to murder me, Hollander," he grumbles; wheezing in a breath before coughing. Shane winces in sympathy; stroking his lank curls back from his face. They're still together in secret, but it's nice that he can look after his boyfriend when he's sick and not feel so guilty about it.

"I'm sorry." He kisses Ilya's cheek, right on the mole he's inordinately fond of. "What can I do to make it up to you, love?"

Ilya blows his nose and sinks back into the pillows with a raspy sigh. He looks pathetic and adorable and Shane is painfully in love with him. "What book are you reading?"

"Uh...Frankenstein?"

Ilya seesaws his head from side to side, considering, and then nods. "Okay. You read to me."

"I'm like halfway through."

"I don't care. I sick. You be my nurse. Read to me."

"I'm not wearing a nurses outfit for you, Ilya," he huffs while he quickly clambers off the bed to grab the book from his duffel bag, before returning to sit against the headboard. Ilya settles his head in Shane's lap like a greedy puppy.

"When I feel better you wear sexy nurse outfit. We play doctor and patient."

Shane snorts out a laugh, but doesn't answer. Knows Ilya will take that as a yes. He's not quite sure it's not. Shane opens the book to where he last was, and starts reading. Idly combing his fingers through Ilya's curls as he reads aloud.

Ilya is snoring softly within ten minutes, unable to stay away any longer. Shane carries on reading aloud anyway hoping it'll make him feel better.

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The fourth time it happens they're already naked, and Shane already has Ilya's cock in his ass.

His nails dig into Ilya's shoulders and sweat coats his whole body as he bounces up and down on his dick like he's getting paid for it.

"Wait," Ilya gasps; hands palming Shane's ass hard enough to leave fingerprints behind. "Stop a second."

Shane pauses (with a little difficulty); up on his knees; the flared head of Ilya's cock keeping his puffy hole spread and wanting more. "What is it?" he asks, desperate to carry on. So close to coming.

Ilya blindly reaches across the bed to the side table for Shane's glasses and holds them up to him. Shane frowns, taking them from him. "Put them on, Sweetheart."

"W-Why?" He puts them on anyway.

"I want to see how fogged up they get while you ride me like pony and then scream my name so loud neighbours think I kill you with my cock."

Shane splutters out a laugh; sinking down, tight hole swallowed up every thick inch Ilya has to give him. "You're fucking - ah, fuck! - ridiculous."

"You love me though."

He drapes his arms around Ilya's neck and leans in close; kissing him sweet and slow even while he rocks his hips back and forth, hard and fast. "I do. I really do love you, Ilya."

Ilya devours his mouth, fingers clutching at his hair, not letting him escape. Fucks his cock up into the hot clutch of his ass again and again, like a man obsessed. Battering his prostate with every wet drag and sharp thrust.

Shane comes untouched; spurting his sticky release all over their bellies.

The only reason the neighbours don't hear him scream Ilya’s name is because Ilya is too busy feeding Shane his tongue to let him make a sound.

His glasses are completely fogged up by the end of it.

Shane doesn't need them to know Ilya is grinning like a smug asshole though.

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"Do I look okay?" Shane asks nervously, the fifth time it happens; tugging on his half-buttoned white shirt, making sure the yellow and red 'S' symbol underneath is visible *just enough*.

They're meant to be going to a Halloween costume party that Rose is hosting. Ilya is dressed as Eomer from *Lord of the Rings*, with the whole long hair and armour, and Shane wants to tear it all off him and suck his dick immediately. But he doesn't. Because he's a good friend and he'd told Rose they'd be there.

"You're missing most important part," Ilya says.

"Huh?"

Ilya snatches Shane's glasses off the table and carefully slots them in place; gently rubbing behind his ears to make sure they don't dig in. Teases the strand of hair curling on Shane's forehead just that little bit more. "There. You are perfect. Mr Superhero."

"Superman. It's Super*man*."

"I don't care."

"Do you think people will care I'm dressed up as Superman even though I'm Asian?" Shane grabs his keys and phone and shoves them in his back pocket as they make their way out the door.

"Superman is not even human, he is alien, da? so why does it matter?"

Shane opens his mouth to respond and then huffs through his nose. "Oh yeah. Good point."

"I make lot of those. Like how sexy you look in glasses."

"I know that's why you told me to goes as Superman by the way. You're not subtle."

"Who needs subtle when these are results?" Ilya grips Shane's chin and sips at his mouth until Shane is trembling in place, and then with a pat to his ass, Ilya heads off in the direction of the car. Shane takes a second to get a grip on himself because even though superheroes aren't real, for a moment there, when Ilya's lips were on his, he felt just like the character he was dressed as.

He felt like he was flying.

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"No. Absolutely not," Shane says, when Ilya tries to get him to wear his glasses in the shower.

"Why not? You can see all my sexy, wet body in clear definition." There's that pout again.

"Ilya. It won't be high definition is there's water all over the lenses. I won't be able to see anything with them on. It would be pointless."

"Oh." Ilya sighs in disappointment; stepping under the hot spray and dragging Shane in with him. Thankfully his glasses were still in the bedroom. "This is big shame. Almost as big as my cock."

Shane just covers Ilya's mouth with his hand and tells him to stop fucking talking.

Thankfully Ilya drops to his knees and proceeds to use his mouth for the purposes of dick-sucking rather than talking shit and the subject of Shane wearing his glasses in he shower is quickly forgotten.

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Ilya loves Shane in his cute little glasses, and he can't quite explain why. It's just an instinctive reaction. Makes him want to kiss the breath from his lungs and dishevel him all the fucking time. Maybe it's the way they frame his pretty dark eyes, or they highlight the smattering of freckles over his nose and cheeks. Ilya's not sure, he just knows he tries to get his boyfriend to wear his glasses as often as he can.

Except, Ilya also knows it's not good idea for Shane to sleep in them.

Shane had been reading Russian phrase book, trying to learn more words and sentences so he could understand more of what Ilya says. But they've been on the road for months and they're exhausted and they should've been asleep hours ago.

Ilya had worn him out fucking him on the couch and then again in the shower.

"I love you, kotenok," Ilya whispers; carefully removing Shane's glasses from his face so he doesn't wake him. Places them on the side along with the book and turns off the lamp. Curls behind Shane and kisses his nape.

Closes his eyes and lets his mind drift while he holds his beautiful Shane. Already planning on convincing him to wear his glasses for morning sex when they wake up.

Thinks it will not take much for Shane to say yes.

(It never does).

End Notes

Leave me a comment if you liked it so I know I'm not writing into the void <3

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