

don't you need me like i need you now

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don't you need me like i need you now

by [if_not_now_tell_me_when](#)

Summary

"I'm not going to shave your head. Unless you keep moving. But you need a trim, your hair is turning into a mullet." Shane runs his fingers through the silky strands again, inhaling the citrus scent of Ilya's shampoo. For a moment, he's tempted to bury his face in Ilya's curls rather than cut them.

'What is mullet?'

'It's uh - you know, business in the front, party in the back. Short in the front, long in the back.'

'This sounds terrible. Why would anybody want this?'

'They don't. That's why I'm saving you from it. So, stop squirming.' Shane gently tilts Ilya's head back to center, his fingers lingering against Ilya's jaw."

Notes

for my girl @thepinkus27! <33333 thank you for sharing the Hollanov brainrot with me!

“Will you *hold still*?” Shane lets out a huff that utterly fails to sound irritated. “I’m going to take the top of your ear off if you keep wiggling.”

Ilya deliberately shimmies his shoulders, his hazel eyes sparkling with mischief. “I cannot help it - your hands are so cold.”

“Well why don’t you warm them for me?” Shane carefully parts Ilya’s curls, considering where to make the next cut.

“I would, if you had not insist on cutting my hair. My perfect, beautiful hair.” Ilya pouts dramatically.

“I’m not going to shave your head. Unless you keep moving. But you need a trim, your hair is turning into a mullet.” Shane runs his fingers through the silky strands again, inhaling the citrus scent of Ilya’s shampoo. For a moment, he’s tempted to bury his face in Ilya’s curls rather than cut them.

“What is mullet?”

“It’s uh - you know, business in the front, party in the back. Short in the front, long in the back.”

“This sounds terrible. Why would anybody want this?”

“They *don’t*. That’s why I’m saving you from it. So, stop squirming.” Shane gently tilts Ilya’s head back to center, his fingers lingering against Ilya’s jaw.

“Okay, okay, *captain*. I will be still as statue.” Ilya adopts an exaggerated pose, his chin tilted down and shoulders squared, although a smile tugs at his lips.

“You are impossible, you know that?” Shane laughs softly as he cuts the curls at the nape of Ilya’s neck, watching each one fall onto the towel draped around Ilya’s shoulders. The intimacy of the moment, of the soft bathroom lighting and the quiet snip of scissors, of Ilya’s complete trust in him, settles over him like a warm blanket.

“Impossible or irresistible?” Ilya looks up and catches Shane’s eye in the mirror, his playful expression softening into something that makes Shane’s heart flutter in his chest. Something vulnerable, almost fragile, that Shane rarely has the privilege to see. That he gets to see only in these late-night moments that feel stolen from time.

Shane sets the scissors down and moves to cup Ilya’s face between his hands. “Both,” he murmurs, tipping Ilya’s head up until their noses brush.

Ilya’s breath hitches, and he leans into Shane’s touch, color flooding his cheeks. “*Moya lyubov*,” he whispers.

His mouth taste like mint toothpaste and something indistinctly sweet as Shane leans in, the kiss soft and unhurried as he parts Ilya’s lips with his tongue.

Ilya makes a sweet, needy sound against Shane's mouth, a sound that nearly drives all thought from Shane's head except for *more*. More of Ilya's touch, his warmth, his body pressed desperately against Shane's as they move together.

They're both breathing heavily as they part, resting their foreheads together. Ilya's hands grasp at Shane's wrists, gently holding him in place as if afraid he'll disappear if Ilya lets go.

"I would say you're pretty irresistible." Shane softly rubs a circle over the back of Ilya's hand with his thumb. "But your haircut isn't finished, and I'm not going to leave it lopsided."

Ilya purses his lips, but his eyes dance with amused affection. "You are cruel man, Shane Hollander. You kiss me like that, and then make me wait to fuck you."

"You'll survive." Shane leans in again, touching his lips to Ilya's forehead, before stepping back and picking up the scissors.

"I will not. I will shrivel up and die from neglect." Ilya dramatically flops back in the chair, letting his head loll to one side. "And you have to explain to coach why I am dead with bad, unfinished haircut."

"You are such an asshole," Shane whispers, a smile spreading across his face until his cheeks hurt from it.

"But I am *your* asshole." Ilya tilts his head further, looking at Shane in a way that makes his chest ache. Ache with how much he loves this ridiculous, beautiful man.

"You are. Always." Shane gently tips Ilya's head back into position. "Now hold still, or I *will* shave it all off."

"*Da, da.*" Ilya sits up with the same mock solemnity, although he watches Shane in the mirror with a fond smile on his lips.

Shane works slowly and deliberately, trimming and shaping Ilya's curls with careful precision. Occasionally he catches Ilya's eye in the mirror, and the overwhelming affection in Ilya's expression makes his hands tremble.

"Okay. Done," he finally says, setting the scissors down and brushing the stray hairs from Ilya's skin. He leans down, touching a gentle kiss to the back of Ilya's neck, and then rests his chin against Ilya's shoulder.

"Is not terrible." Ilya turns his head from side to side, admiring himself in the mirror. "I still look hot."

Shane snorts against Ilya's shoulder, turning his head to press a kiss to the side of Ilya's neck. "And cocky as ever."

"You love it." Ilya turns, grasping Shane's waist and pulling him closer until he's standing between Ilya's knees.

“I do.” Shane wraps his arms around Ilya’s neck, feeling Ilya’s breath ghost against his lips.
“I love you.”

“*Ya tebya lyublyu.*” Ilya leans up, seizing his lips in a kiss that starts tender but quickly turns passionate, hungry, desperate.

Shane tangles his fingers in Ilya’s hair, moaning against his mouth and tugging him closer as Ilya’s hands slide under his shirt.

Ilya’s long fingers slide over Shane’s spine, his fingernails digging slightly into Shane’s skin and igniting the fire that simmers under his skin whenever he’s near Ilya.

“*Bedroom,*” Ilya gasps, breaking away for just a moment. “Unless you want me to fuck you right here in bathroom chair.”

“Yes. *Please.* Take me to bed now.” Shane wraps himself tighter around Ilya, who hoists him up in one fluid motion and carries him down the hallway.

Shane wraps his legs around Ilya’s waist, their lips never parting as Ilya carries him through the dimly lit apartment.

They collide with the doorframe, and collapse onto the bed in a breathless tangle of limbs and laughter, of kisses both sweet and desperate.

Ilya’s weight presses down on top of him, steady and reassuring, as his hands grasp at Shane’s waist.

“You are so perfect. So perfect for me,” Ilya gasps as he presses hot, open-mouthed kisses to Shane’s neck, as Shane arches up against him in search of more contact, more heat, more of everything Ilya has to give.

And Ilya does give it, carefully taking him apart with each kiss, each touch, each whispered word of devotion and love as their bodies move together.

Afterwards, as they lie tangled in the sheets, their sweat mingling as their breathing slows and evens, Shane traces idle patterns across Ilya’s chest with his fingers. “I think your haircut looks good,” he whispers, smiling against Ilya’s skin.

Ilya’s fingers card through Shane’s hair, and he presses a kiss to the top of Shane’s head. “You say this now, after you threaten to shave it off.” His laugh rumbles through his chest.

“I would never. I would only shave the sides, if anything.”

Ilya’s fingers skate down, and he pokes the ticklish spot in Shane’s side.

“Stop, stop!” Shane laughs, trying to squirm away as he dissolves into helpless giggles.

“You threaten my hair, you must suffer consequences.” Ilya effortlessly flips him over, pinning him down his weight. His face is flushed, his eyes sparkling with affection as he brushes his lips against Shane’s jaw.

“Okay, I surrender, I surrender. I will never shave your hair. Not a single curl. I promise.”
Shane gasps for breath, his heart overflowing with warmth as Ilya nuzzles against his neck.

“Good. Because I like when you touch my hair. And when you cut it.” Ilya’s voice drops to a whisper, trembling ever so slightly, and he buries his face in Shane’s neck. “You make me feel safe. Even with scissors near my head.”

Shane swallows the sudden lump in his throat, wrapping his arms around Ilya’s shoulders. “You are safe with me. Always.” He touches his lips to Ilya’s temple, tasting the salty sheen of sweat on his skin.

The night stretches on, the distant hum of the city a comforting backdrop as they shift in each other’s arms, drifting towards a peaceful and well-deserved sleep.

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