

all to be close to you

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all to be close to you

by [pinklicour](#)

Summary

Shane didn't need it. Needs were high protein meals, 104 ounces of water a day, eight hours of sleep at night, hockey. He'd survived years without ever doing anything like it, so it wasn't a need.

Notes

haven't read the books so this is completely based on the show, apologies if I've missed something crucial!

Shane didn't *need* it. Needs were high protein meals, 104 ounces of water a day, eight hours of sleep at night, hockey. He'd survived years without ever doing anything like it, so it wasn't a *need*. And despite what Ilya said, whispered in that deep, soft tone from above him while Shane was blissed out and foggy, he wasn't addicted to it either. He just- he just *wanted* it. Badly. Often.

He'd always liked sucking cock. The weight of it in his mouth, behind his teeth. The slick slide of it between his lips. The way Ilya's- because really, wasn't it always best with Ilya?- thighs flexed beneath his fingers and his heavy breaths echoed in Shane's ears. It'd been a long day, a lot of long sponsorship Zoom meetings where Shane had mostly had to smile and focus and nod along to his mother's remarks. A long day of seeing his face in the corner of the screen and wondering if he looked right, if he was acting right, was he saying the right things.

He'd come out of his office to see Ilya laid out on the couch with a headset on and a controller in his hand. He was sneering out angry Russian as he furiously smashed buttons. His legs were spread out wide in front of him, and something in Shane's stomach flipped, a fleeting thought of *I belong there* whispering in his head.

And then he was there, somehow, his knees pressed into the carpet and his head nuzzling the crease of Ilya's hip. A strong hand landed on the back of his neck, kneading into the soft skin there.

"Need something, kótik?"

Shane heard the words, but it took time to cipher through the meaning. In the meantime, he hooked his fingertips into the stretchy band of Ilya's pants. Eventually, with a tiny, disappearing voice in his head saying he was taking too long, he looked up at Ilya and nodded. He rubbed his cheek against Ilya's hardening dick, mouthing at it. He registered, blearily, that Ilya had taken the headset off and set the controller down, that he had fixed his attention now solely on Shane. It sent a shiver down his spine, made him close his eyes, overwhelmed. He pressed closer and licked until there was a wet spot beneath his tongue.

He whined at the slight taste of Ilya's precome, overpowered by the cotton of the pants. He could feel Ilya hot and ready beneath his mouth, but he'd lost the sense of what he needed to

do to get Ilya closer, wished desperately the barrier between them would go away. There shouldn't be anything between them, ever.

"Shhh," Ilya's voice was shakey, but his fingers were firm as they lifted up Shane's chin, rubbed a thumb against the side of his mouth. Shane immediately sucked it in, lapped at the tip with his tongue until spit ran down his chin. Ilya groaned. "Okay, okay."

Shane's eyes fluttered open indignantly as he was jostled, only to see Ilya was lifting up to pull down his pants. He made a hummed, pleased noise in the back of his throat as Ilya's dick came into view, hard and flushed and only inches from his face. He released Ilya's thumb from his mouth to press his lips to it, open mouth and sloppy. When he'd wetted the side enough- some warm, satisfied space in him preening- he finally took it into his mouth, one whole, open swallow. His heavy eyes dropped closed.

The second the underside of Ilya's cock was on his tongue, the clawing, aching hole in him settled. His mouth was full, warm and wet and leaking. His nose was tickled by the tiny blonde curls around Ilya's cock. Ilya was rubbing his spit-soaked thumb over Shane's cheek, under his eye, into his hairline. And that was all. Shane didn't have a body, didn't have a thought. He didn't need to worry or plan. There was nothing for him to do but be where he was, right here, holding Ilya inside while Ilya held him.

He didn't move. He didn't pull back, or bob his head, or grip the base of Ilya's cock. He swallowed, reflexively, his lips suckled a little. Uneven, sobby breaths came from his nose, but he didn't try to give himself more air. He was more relaxed than he'd ever been, soft and safe between Ilya's legs.

"F-fuck, Shane," Ilya gasped above him.

Shane had to fight to open his eyes. It felt like wading through an ocean, barely lifting his head from a dense fog, but the pull to see Ilya's face was strong. And he was happy he did.

Ilya was panting, his chest rising and dropping like he'd just finished a game. He was flushed. The muscles beneath his hips were twitching, seemingly reigned in by a thread, but his hand was cupping the back of Shane's head so gently, like he was something delicate.

“Go ahead,” he said, seeing Shane watching him. “Take what you need.”

Shane melted more, feeling floaty and soft like only Ilya could make him, careless and cared for. He let his head rest against Ilya’s body as much as he could with him still hard and throbbing in his mouth, settled his shoulders closer to lean against Ilya’s open thigh, and closed his eyes again.

When Shane came back, it was to fingers stroking his face and clicks of buttons from above. He blearily blinked his eyes open to look up and saw Ilya, face screwed up into a sneer. He was trying to play his video game with one hand, whispering curse words, both English and Russian, under his breath. The rest of his body he kept completely still, his free hand still gentle against Shane’s face, rubbing softly at his jaw.

His jaw which was sore as *fuck*, Shane realized, from Ilya’s hard dick in it. He’d gone down a little from when Shane started, however long ago, but he’d never really flagged with Shane’s warm mouth enveloping him. Shane could taste precome on the back of his tongue.

Still, he looked up at Ilya, who let Shane come in here and do whatever he wanted, even if he didn’t really even maybe know *why*, even if it meant he didn’t get off. Ilya, who decided to distract himself with his game while Shane was being an absolute freak between his legs, but not so distracted as to even threaten to disrupt Shane. Shane’s heart fluttered.

He started slow, not drawing attention to himself, not quite ready to stop seeing the way Ilya took care of him so naturally. Shane made a few huffing noises, as if he was still asleep, just to watch Ilya shush him absently, patting his cheek. Shane fought the urge to smile and fluttered his tongue. Ilya grimaced, his stomach tensing. Shane wondered how long Ilya had sat there like this, half-hard and ignoring Shane’s every move so he didn’t accidentally come. Heat swirled in Shane’s stomach at the thought, until he couldn’t hold back anymore and started to move his head.

“Shit, *Shane*,” Ilya hissed, finally looking down with a double-take when he saw that Shane was zeroed in on him, eyes wide and focused. “Oh my god, you drive me crazy. Been sitting here for hours, fuck, will not last-“

Hours, Shane thought, dizzily, as he bobbed his head faster. There was so much spit, wet and sloppy from the *hours* he'd spent with Ilya in his mouth. It dripped down his neck and pooled in the curves of Ilya's pelvis. Shane felt dirty with it. He was hot and greedy, and he needed Ilya to come in his mouth so he could feel more. He pressed his mouth down, as far as he could, and swallowed, hollowing his cheeks and thinking *please, please, give it to me, please* at Ilya like a prayer, his mouth too full to beg, when he felt Ilya, finally, come down his throat.

Shane kept swallowing, licking every trace of Ilya's come off his cock, until Ilya pulled him off with a hand in his hair. Ilya's breath was heaving, but he set his hands under Shane's armpits and lifted him up onto his lap and into a kiss. Shane smiled as Ilya licked into his mouth, finding every corner that held a trace of him.

"Hours," Shane whispered, voice dreamy and soft and a little hoarse, into their kiss.

Ilya hummed.

"Hours, kótik," he answered, pressing sloppy kisses down Shane's neck. "If you want to kill me, there's faster ways."

Shane huffed a laugh. Ilya blew a raspberry against his skin, and Shane pressed his neck to his shoulder to try to keep him away.

"Stop," Shane said, laughing.

"Oh, me stop?" Ilya said, pulling back. "Who is torturing who, hmm?"

"Wasn't trying to torture you," Shane answered, setting his head on Ilya's shoulder.

Ilya wrapped an arm around his waist to pull him in closer. Shane took a moment to think. Tried to put into words what that was, what he was trying to do, why he wanted it. He could feel himself start to get anxious with the thought of explaining what he didn't really understand either, tensing up.

"It's okay," Ilya said, softly kissing Shane's temple. "I liked it. Felt like you needed it, somehow."

Shane grumbled at that, before settling down again, sighing.

"I just- I just wanted you."

Ilya grabbed his face, pulling Shane toward him until he could look into his eyes. He dropped a soft kiss on Shane's lips.

"You have me."

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