baby, heaven's in your eyes

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baby, heaven's in your eyes

by Anonymous

Summary

“Touch me,” he pants, “please, Ilya. Touch me.”

“Where?” He broods, resting his chin on Shane’s knee, waiting. The view is magnificent. There’s no other way he’d want to start the new year.

“You know where, Ilya, please.”

“Where, baby?”

“My pussy,” he gasps, flushed pink.

Ilya groans, “So wet, baby. Good girl. How do you want it?”

“Ilya!”

He smiles, “Tell me how you touched your other girls.”

“Not now, Ilya.”

“Tell me." He demands, "What do you girls like? How should I play with your pussy?"

or, It’s New Year’s Eve and Shane has something to share.

Notes

Helloooo! I wrote this crazily in one evening, so it’s not betaread, but I hope you love it. It may be a little late for a New Year's fic, but in my honest opinion, New Year’s Eve shouldn't just be a day but a *mindset*. (So, after reading this, if you decide to finally make a resolution, I will cheer you on!!!)

Now, the serious stuff. Read the tags. There is a minor gender crisis, and some gentle exploration. There are mentions of past (hetero) relationships. This is new territory for me: my first Hollanov fic (so be nice). I do not have a twitter but if you want, you can reach me on my tumblr, honeymoonhollanov. I would appreciate any reblogs on the fic post!!

I think we all know by now that the title is from 'National Anthem' by Lana Del Rey.
Happy New Year!

See the end of the work for more notes

Coming home with Shane always feels fresh, brand new, freeing, like it's the first time when it most definitely isn't. Usually, they like to alternate where they spend their holidays, but Christmases are non-negotiable. With Ilya's family so far out of reach, they typically come to Shane's. He doesn't mind; seeing the sparkle in Shane's sweet eyes when they pull up to his childhood home is more magical than every ritual of Christmas combined. Now, with Christmas over, they've got New Year's to think about. Shane's parents have flown away for a little get-together and have left them alone with the house. Naturally, things have blown out of proportion.

With less than an hour left till the new year, Ilya searches for his other half, a shot of liquid courage running through his veins amidst the party. The house has been transformed, Christmas lights repurposed along the staircase and walls. The music is loud and pounds through his brain, but it's one of Shane's favourite songs, so he won't complain. It also means he might find his boyfriend lingering by the speakers, because everywhere else had been futile.

There are definitely far too many people in this house than there should be, but the joy is infectious. Even though he's sweating and a little hot, he just thinks about the New Year. What it'll bring for them. All the places they'll see, the promises he'll keep. Kissing Shane at twelve. For the first time, starting the new year off with someone who cares.

Lost in his daydreams, Ilya jumps when strong arms curl around his waist, and a whiny voice greets his ear.

"Where've you been? I've been so lonely."

"Shane," he smiles, turning over.

He stands, cheeks flushed, red and blue lights scattering over him, hair slightly matted to his forehead, wearing his nice jeans, fitted shirt and a blazer. His thoughts turn south.

"Ilya."

"Hi, baby. Sorry, I missed you." He drawls, settling his hands on both sides of his waist to bring him in. "I knew I'd find you here. I hate this fucking song."

Shane laughs, letting him nuzzle under his neck, licking the sweat lazily. "Whatever, Ilya. Come, the fireworks will start soon."

"I had another idea," he rasps, suckling under his ear. Shane digs his fingers into his shoulder, gasping in that way Ilya knows means he's already considering his option. He's always been so easy to influence and ruin. "Let's go to your room, baby."

He knows how much Shane loves it when he says it like *that.*

"Ilya," he huffs, pulling back. "You know I wanted to see the fireworks."

"You can see from your window. Baby, please. I need you."

Shane shivers as Ilya moves his hands, rubbing his hips and stepping closer. He kisses his nose, slowly, torturously drags his lips down to suck the corner of his lip.

“This isn’t fair,” he mutters, “you know how excited I was.”

“Go and watch it if you want. I’m not stopping you, baby.” He purrs, tilting Shane’s neck to the side to suck the sharp jut of his jaw. Shane turns to putty in his hands, making him smirk.

“You always do this. You know I can’t…” Shane pulls away and grips him sharply by the chin. “I hate you, Ilya Rozanoz.”

He tuts, “Baby, that’s not good to start the new year. *Our* new year. Together. Just me and you…”

Shane sighs loudly, eyes fixed on him until he caves in. Ilya can see it in his eyes, liquid brown like rum, intoxicating. He pushes himself forward and steals a kiss, pecks his lips until Shane giggles and holds him in place, locking their lips in a proper kiss. When they’ve both had their fill, they pull back, breathing heavily. Shane’s eyes run over his body.

“I can’t believe you’re wearing that fucking shirt for New Year’s. It’s cold in Canada, you look like we’re about to board a flight to Hawaii.”

“I’m always warm with you.”

“Shut up,” he laughs, cringing. Ilya broods happily, kissing down his neck. Now that he’s got him, he can’t stop.

“Come, I have surprise planned for you.”

Shane smiles, bright and wide, any resistance he had melted away by affection. Ilya raises his hands up and plucks the golden *2026* novelty glasses from his hair and throws them aside, before he laces their hands together and tugs Ilya along.

“Where are we going?” Shane giggles, pressed up behind him. “I thought you wanted to go into my room.”

“Trust me.”

Ilya navigates them through couples pressed up against the hallways, kissing and touching, some doing even *more* in the shadows. That’s gonna be him soon.

“Come here,” he hushes, pushing Shane in front, not before kissing him.

A few days ago, he’d done some exploring and discovered that the attic in the Hollander’s house was empty, sparse of furniture or storage. There’s a huge, rounded window which will give them an excellent view of the fireworks. He’d snuck away earlier and laid down several old blankets and some pillows, two glasses and some champagne. He’d even hung up some fairy lights for the festive cheer.

“There’s nothing up here, Ilya,” Shane murmurs, creeping up.

“That is the point. Just me and you. No one else will disturb.”

Closing the door behind them, Ilya takes his hand and takes him to the set-up. Beaming with pride and waiting for a reaction.

“Ilya? When did you do all this?”

“Before. Surprise! Now, you have me *and* the fireworks!”

Shane’s eyes twinkle as he takes it all in, eyes lingering on the blankets. They're old ones from his childhood room. Not much has changed. They sleep together, curled up in his small, twin-sized bed instead of the guest room where the bed is bigger. Ilya likes learning about Shane’s past. Imagining what his childhood was like. He likes everything to do with Shane. *Loves him.*

“Do you like?”

Overcome with emotion, Shane surges forward and captures him in a heated kiss, looping his arms tight around his body. Ilya groans appreciatively, fisting a hand in his hair. It grows heated quickly as he tugs on Shane’s hair, pulling out little whimpers that stir his cock with interest. Pressing him up against the wall, Ilya roams his tongue over Shane’s teeth, pushing forward with his tongue to open his mouth.

“Is that my thanks?” He gasps, pulling back for air to admire him, but Shane’s turned frantic, sucking under his jaw messily as he nods, gasping out an answer.

Ilya smirks, fingertips crawling under his clothes to tweak a nipple. Shane gasps, grinding his lower half against him, cock half hard.

“Relax, baby.”

Pulling Shane away, he cards through his thick hair with a gentle hand, smiling tenderly. Round doe eyes look up at him, lips wet and puffy.

“Let’s sit down, celebrate. We have all night.”

Shane nods, closing his eyes and taking a breath. Ilya smiles at him fondly. “You are my favourite person in world.”

Pretty brown eyes open, blinking up at him. “I know. That’s why you want to spend your New Year with me. You’re hoping for a kiss.”

“Yes,” he laughs, pulling him close. “That’s what I want. *A kiss.”*

Wearing a dopey smile, Shane nods, sighing into his chest. “You’re my favourite person, too.”

In the dark of the room, the only light they’ve got comes from the weak fairy lights and the moon. Shane looks ethereal in his arms.

“Come, baby. Sit. Let’s be comfortable.”

Stretched out in the little makeshift bed Ilya had made for them, they’ve lost their trousers and shirts. Both now in their boxers and vests, Shane rests between Ilya’s legs, lying against his back. They share a glass of champagne, switching between them.

“I can’t wait for the New Year. There’s so much I want to change.”

“Yeah, baby? Like what?”

“I don’t know,” he shrugs, curling up a little. “My skills, myself. After meeting you, I finally felt like I understood who I was for the first time.”

His voice gets a little soft, wistful. And he reaches for Ilya’s hand, lacing them together. Ilya presses a kiss to his neck, breathing in his scent and finding relief.

“You showed me so much, Ilya. I never really knew who I was. All this time, I must’ve been hiding. Or *so* blind. After you…” he stops himself, laughing.

“What?” He frowns, wanting to know. Curling his hand under his boy's chin, Ilya faces Shane towards him. *“Tell me.”*

“It’s stupid, but oh my god, I’ve never had so much sex before. That’s another part of my life which I guess was closed off.”

“What was sex like before?”

“Okay. Good, even. It wasn’t *bad,* it was… I don’t know. With you, it’s a million times better. It’s *sex,* you know? You make me feel seen, and it’s always so good. Before that, it felt like a performance. I worried more about it than I enjoyed it.”

Ilya nods thoughtfully, leaning down to peck his lips. “I love you.”

“I love you.” Shane smiles, murmuring against his lips.

Lazy, sweet, slow. Kissing Shane tastes like freedom and everything good in the world. Ilya struggles to stop each time. Pulling away to look at him, he feels himself wanting more. Then, he spots it, the small glint by the corner of his eyes. He lifts his hand, thumb stroking over it.

“What is that?”

The blissful look on Shane’s face fades. “What?”

“Something on your eyes, what is that word… glitter?”

Shane sits up, rubbing at his brow.

“Is it glitter, baby?”

“It’s not mine.” He starts. “Rose was getting dressed, she needed some help, and I was there.”

“And?”

Shane looks down, reserved in a way Ilya doesn't usually see him. They’re the two closest people in the world, he likes to think. This won’t do.

“I love you.” He whispers, smiling when Shane meets his eyes.

“Rose wanted me to try her gold eyeshadow, she said it would look good on my skin. She doesn’t like the way it looks on hers. It really wasn’t *anything,* she just had nobody to ask, and I was there. I took it off as soon as we were done.”

He looks conflicted, scared of Ilya’s reaction more than his own.

Stroking Shane’s hair, Ilya hums, “And did you like the way it looked?”

“What?”

“The shadow.” He strokes over it again, peering at the gold streaks on his thumb. “Did you take picture?”

“No… I mean, it was only for a few minutes. She just wanted to see, I didn’t want to do it.”

“I know, I didn’t say you did. I bet you look good. You could wear a bin bag and be sexy.”

“Stop,” Shane laughs, startled by the sudden attack of Ilya’s fingers on his hips. “Stop it, Ilya!”

“What?” He feigns innocence, grinning when Shane pins his wrists to the side, straddling his hips.

“I don’t want to talk about it anymore. Tell me about your New Year’s Resolutions—do you have any?”

“No, I don’t do that.”

“Come on, *everyone* makes one.”

“What is *yours?”*

“I asked first.”

Ilya sighs in defeat, sinking back into the sheets. Above him, Shane’s golden skin shimmers. He’s so soft, and smells so good. He’s everything Ilya has ever wanted. He gets a bit greedy, tugging at his wrists until Shane reluctantly lets go and allows him to grip his waist, squeezing him.

“Uhhh….” he rolls his eyes back, thinking. “Next year I want—”

“It’s not about what you *want,* it’s what you’ll try to do. You’re not making a Christmas list. How old are you? Five?”

“I can be any age you want me to be,” he smirks.

Shane rolls his eyes, “Shut up and *talk.”*

“I will try—”

“Next year,” Shane prods.

“Next year,” he parrots, “I will try and have *more* sex.”

Shane looks at him, disappointed, a brow raised and his arms crossed. “I was being serious.”

“What? That *was* serious.” He argues, biting back a grin. He takes Shane’s hands, kisses them, before he rests them over his heart. “Tell me yours.”

“You don’t deserve to hear it after that pathetic resolution.”

Ilya laughs, pulling him in closer. “You won’t say that next time I *fuck* you.”

Shane pushes him away, pressing his lips together to stop the laughter. “God, you’re irritating.”

“You love me.”

“Whatever,” he rolls his eyes.

“Baby, don’t be like that.”

Shane rolls to his side, staring out at the fireworks. Already mourning his weight, Ilya turns to his side, spooning him. His eyes fix on the sky, listening to Shane breathe.

“I’m sorry, baby.”

“No… it’s not you. I don’t have a proper resolution. I just want to be myself. That’s all I’ve been thinking about these past days. Making sure I live next year as *me.”*

“You are always you when with me. You never have to be scared of being who you are, Shane.”

“Thank you.”

He nods, holding him closer. “What else on your mind? You can tell me anything.”

“Would you love me if I changed?”

Ilya perks a brow, “I’ll always love you, but change? What way?”

“I dunno, I keep thinking about change. I don’t want something to happen. What if I change, and you don’t want me anymore?”

“Shane,” he frowns, rolling him over onto his back. “Nothing in the world could change how I feel about you.”

Shane looks up at him, searching his eyes for any sign of hesitation or lies, but there isn’t any. Ilya’s never been more sure about anything.

“I love you, Shane Hollander.”

He leans in slowly, lets Shane decide if things are okay, before kissing him. It packs a lot: feelings and words and emotions that he hopes Shane understands.

“When I was with Rose, we talked about some things.”

So there is more.

Ilya nods, listening carefully, letting him know he’s got his attention.

“We talked about me.” He stutters. “We spoke about this before, actually. Me being gay, or bi, not labelling myself, I guess. I said I was sorry about the past.”

“You don’t need to be sorry.”

“I know, I just wanted to get it off my chest.”

“And you feel better?”

“A bit.”

“It’ll get easier.”

“Do you ever think of your past partners now that we’re together?”

The question is weighed down with tension and uncertainty. Ilya takes a breath.

“Not as much as I used to. It’s all you, now.”

Shane smiles at him, gently, before he thinks about his own answer.

“I think maybe I always knew I liked boys, or was slow realising. I just never said it. Sometimes when I was with Rose, it didn’t feel right. Shit, *she* was okay. The problem was me.”

“You’re not problem.”

“But what if I am? I, oh my God, I can’t believe I’m saying this, it’s the 20th century, this is normal, but for some reason I just don’t know why I can’t…”

“Shane?”

“I don’t want to be a girl!”

“Shane?” He frowns, cupping his cheek. “What are you talking about?”

Looking down, he sees tears in his eyes.

“Baby?”

“I don’t know why it’s so hard when I think about it as *me.* I just… today she put that stuff on me, and I didn’t hate it. I wouldn’t wear it out, but if she were to put it on me again, I don’t think I’d mind.”

“That’s okay. Lots of guys like it.”

“But it’s not just that!”

“Tell me, baby.”

“She threw a thong at me. We were just playing. She needed an opinion and, oh my god…”

“Stop worrying, baby. It’s me. I love you so much.”

“What would you think if I wore a thong?”

Ilya swallows hard at the vision. *Holy fuck.*

“You’ve gone quiet. You think—”

“I want to see.”

“What?” He stammers, “You don’t think it’s…?”

“I don’t think *anything,* baby. If you wear thong one day, I want to see. If you wear *any* kind of panties, I want to see. You are beautiful.”

Shane looks at him, and Ilya can’t tell what he’s thinking.

“Makeup, panties, even if you want to wear *dress*, I don’t care. If that’s what you want, *I want too.* I don’t care what anyone thinks, baby. You shouldn’t. I love you, Shane, and everything that comes with that.”

“I’ve got one in my pocket,” he mumbles, not meeting his eyes.

Ilya’s stomach *drops*.

“Y-you have thong?”

Shane pulls away, frightened. “You hate the idea of it.”

“N-no. *No.”* He insists, holding Shane in place. He forces the other to look into his eyes. “I don’t hate it. I don’t. Do you want to wear?”

The silence that falls is charged with tension. Ilya looks at him patiently.

I love you. I want whatever you want. You're okay, you're always safe with me.

"Put it on, baby."

"But—"

"Let me see, please."

He knows that's what Shane wants; he can see it in his eyes. He needs reassurance, comfort. A little guidance that what he wants is okay. Ilya will give it to him blindly, for the rest of their lives if he has to. He'll never tire of pushing Shane to be himself. Never tire of loving him.

"Go to the corner, put it on. If you like, come out. If no, we don't need to talk about it again."

Shane looks at him, heart in his throat. He nods, getting to his feet, disappearing in the shadows. Lying back on the pillow, Ilya takes a deep breath. When he'd brought them up here, he hadn't anticipated *this.*

It's quiet in the attic. All of Shane's shuffling has turned silent. Ilya doesn't utter a word, giving him his space. Eventually, he appears, and the sight that greets Ilya steals his breath.

Shane steps out under the moonlight in a lacey, white thong. It's a little tight at the front, evidently made for women. But, *fuck,* his cock seems smaller? Has he tucked it away? Ilya's cock hardens at the thought, palms clamming up. The material is snug around his hips, beautifully vivid against his gorgeous olive-toned skin.

"Baby… holy fucking shit, *baby, turn around."*

Shane nibbles on his lip, looks at him, uncertain of how to take in his reaction.

"Ilya, is it weird?"

"Shane, baby, you look beautiful. *красивый."*

His cheeks colour pink at that, and he steps forward, hands clasped behind his back. Ilya can't look away from his hench thighs, how the lacy string rests snug below his trail.

"Turn around."

Shane nods, slowly turning—*fuck, he's gonna lose his shit.*

"Come here," he demands, restless. "Oh my god, Shane, come here *now."*

Shane falls to his knees, crawling closer until he's situated on his lap, hands resting on both shoulders. Just as he's about to adorn him with compliments, a loud bang startles them. Downstairs, voices cheer, and they whip their heads to face the window. The sky is

illuminated by bright lights of colours and numerous loud bangs. Shane clings onto him harder, painted in the colour of the New Year: love, light and freedom.

He looks at Ilya again, eyes turned soft. “Happy New Year.”

“Happy New Year, baby.”

Amidst the celebrations, Shane kisses him with a force so startling, Ilya can’t think straight, can’t even breathe. His hands roam over Shane’s body. Squeezing his biceps and hips, massaging the weight around his pecs, panting as Shane slowly starts to grind his hips, ass over his hard cock. He reaches low, gentle with the new discovery they’ve made. His fingers stroke over the thin strings at the back, hooking his fingers in the waistband before he lets go to hear it twang on his skin. Shane closes his eyes with a gasp.

“You look so beautiful. You always look beautiful. Happy New Year, I’m so happy you are mine.”

“Ilya,” he moans, curled up in his neck.

Ilya keeps touching, hands over his bare ass cheeks, squeezing hard. The firework display keeps going on, painting Shane’s back in shades of pink and orange and red.

“You be whoever you want with me, Shane.” He whispers.

“Ilya…"

“What, baby?”

“Can we…” he keeps where he is, head resting on Ilya’s shoulders. “Can we try something? And if… if it’s too weird, tell me to never bring it up again.”

“Yes, baby. What?”

“I just, these panties… will you talk to me like I’m a girl?”

That’s new. Not scary, just new.

“I’m not a girl, not the pronouns just…” he squirms in Ilya’s lap, unintentionally rubbing his ass over his *aching* hard on as he muffles little moans into his skin. “Act like I have a pussy, I just want to try it. Been thinking about it and I want to try.”

He feels like he’s about to combust if they don’t start doing *something.*

“Anything you want, baby.” He rasps.

Rolling him over, he places Shane down on the warm blankets, drinking in the sight of his bare body on show like this. He’s addicted to him, needs his love for the rest of his life.

He starts placing kisses between his full pecs, venturing towards his nipples, as his hands stroke the string of the thong, still mesmerised.

“Love you,” he gasps, licking over his nipples, watching them pebble. Beneath him, Shane moans, arching his back, fingers twisting in his hair, pulling him down. Ilya reaches up, squeezes his pecs together and groans at the sight, “So full, baby. Big.”

He bites around them, intending to leave a mark. Shane wraps his legs around his hips, rutting his cock against his stomach. The feel of the lace is new, scratching against his stomach, and it fills him with butterflies. He looks down at the white lace, notices how different the view is against his boxers. It makes him harder. He wants to treat Shane as delicately as these panties. Wants him up on top, demanding what he wants because he’ll *give.* Give him anything he wants, endlessly.

“Baby,” he groans, lips dropping lower, above the waistband of the thong. Shane sits up, rests his weight on his elbows as he watches in silence. Ilya draws his tongue down his thigh, sucking a little mark by his hipbone before pulling back. He can’t rip his gaze from the panties.

“Where is your cock?” He pants.

Shane looks at him and breaks out into a breathless laugh. “It’s there, I tucked it under.”

“Is it wet?” He wipes the edge of his lip, dark eyes settling on the sight, and imagines his cock leaking precum all over the material. “Is your pussy wet?”

Shane gasps, squeezing his thighs together—*like a girl.*

Ilya prefers men; he’s always known that, but women were prettier and kinder lovers. After Shane, he never thought he’d consider it again, but tonight he’s learning new things about himself. The silence becomes a threat. He sees the way Shane’s eyes slowly lose their spark as doubt returns. He reaches forward, takes his hand and places it over his hard cock, grunting the second he feels Shane on him, in assurance.

I want you. I want this. So far, everything is good.

“Keep going?”

Shane looks up from his cock, and nods slowly. Ilya leans up to kiss him before he continues, settling his hands on Shane’s knees. Carefully, he spreads his legs, groaning when he sees what’s between his legs. The thong splits between his cheeks, and just like a girl, the material looks a little damp. He strokes above the material, aware of Shane’s eyes as he grazes the wet spot.

“You’re wet, baby. Is it because of me?”

“Yes, Ilya.”

He feels the shape of Shane’s cock head, and usually this is the part where he’d curl his fingers around it. Instead, he trails his fingers a little lower, down to his hole and starts stroking, pushing past the string to prod the rim. Shane melts beneath him, chest rising and falling, breaths heated.

“Can I see your pussy?”

Shane reaches for the straps, ready to pull them down, but Ilya stops him.

“I want to,” he mutters simply, before leaning down, pressing his nose against Shane’s pussy and inhaling. He sucks over the material before he raises his head and tugs the lace down with his teeth, down to Shane’s knees, before tugging the rest off, to put aside.

Shane opens his legs a little wider, trembling as Ilya traces down his taint, rubbing precum over him as if he has a pussy.

“Ilya…”

“Shh, babygirl.” He hisses, eyeing his exposed body.

Shane moans, clenching his toes. That catches his attention.

“You like that? You want to be my babygirl?”

He nods, fisting the sheets.

“What do you want?”

“Touch me,” he pants, *“please, Ilya. Touch me.”*

“Where?” He broods, resting his chin on Shane’s knee, waiting. The view is magnificent. There’s no other way he’d want to start the new year.

“You know where, Ilya, *please.”*

“Where, baby?”

“My *pussy,”* he gasps, flushed pink.

Ilya groans, “So wet, baby. Good girl. How do you want it?”

“Ilya!”

He smiles, “Tell me how you touched your other girls.”

“Not now, Ilya.”

“Tell me." He demands, *"What do you girls like? How should I play with your pussy?"*

Shane trembles, whining in torture, a thin sheen of sweat coating his body. *Incredible.*

Hiding under his arm, he takes a few breaths before he resurfaces, “I want your fingers, please. And I want—*no,* never mind.”

“What do you want, baby?” He nudges his knee with his nose, encouraging.

Shane's bloomed red, looks like a picture with his hair mussed, nipples puffy and raw, pussy on show, shiny and slick.

"Will you eat me out? My pussy?"

Ilya groans, raw and desperate, flipping Shane onto his knees so his ass is presented nicely, hole on show. He squeezes his thighs together, stays whining as Ilya strokes the curve where his ass meets his thigh.

"Baby, arch your back—good girl. Fuck, your pussy is so wet, baby."

Shane moans into the pillow.

"I want to hear you."

"S-sorry, he gasps, turning his head to the side.

Ilya hums in appreciation, spreading his cheeks to get a proper view. "Can't wait to fuck you. So tight and wet."

"Ilya, please. I need you. I need *something."*

"Shh," he hums, "I'll give you what you want."

He reaches for the lube, thankful he remembered to bring a packet and drizzles it over Ilya's hole, smearing it around to get him wet. Holding him in place, Ilya leans forward, prodding at his rim before he leans in, tongue latching onto the rim as he starts gently, licking into Shane and listening to him groan as he's eaten out.

Ilya *loves* eating Shane out, just as much as Shane *loves* being eaten out. There's something so dirty and raw about it, unhinged and desperate. He loves how close it makes them. He could spend forever fucking Shane with his tongue, watching him arch forward, the pretty curve of his spine as he offers himself and loses his mind solely on Ilya's tongue. He loves how sweet Shane sounds, how desperate he gets. When he loses control, stops worrying about Ilya and gets greedy, pushes his ass back, and suffocates Ilya as he grinds back onto his tongue, seeking release.

"Ilya," he slurs, tongue lolled out, drooling on the pillow as Ilya spreads him with his fingers, drool and lube smeared down his chin and cheeks.

"You're *soaked,"* Ilya groans, nudging his nose into the crease of his skin, tongue fucking forwards.

Shane slumps on the mattress, pushes his hips out, "I love you, I love it. *Oh my god, right there."*

"You're so turned on. Soaking wet. Best pussy ever," he groans, "could eat you for days."

"Ilya, stop, or I'll come."

He pushes in a final time, drags his tongue over Shane's walls and sucks before pulling back, taking heavy breaths. Shane falls on his back, tired and spent, precum dribbling from his cock, which he smears between his thighs, still catching his breath. Eyes half lidded, he drinks in the mess that is Ilya.

"You've got… me, all over your mouth."

"You taste so good." He wipes at the corners with his thumb, sucking it clean, groaning when Shane sits up and kisses him, pushing his tongue in a dirty kiss for a taste.

"Will you fuck me, please? I'm so wet, I can't wait anymore."

"Yeah," he grits, pulling Shane over him. "Where's your thong? Put it on."

"Y-you want—?"

"Yes," he finds it by the side and pushes it up Shane's legs, before he gestures for him to take a seat, facing the wall so he can see the long expanse of his back, and the way the thong peeks out between his cheeks. "I love. Want to see you ride me like this. Want to feel how wet your pussy is. Is that okay?"

"Can I see you?" Shane asks, "I—I want to see your face."

Ilya nods immediately, pressing soft kisses over his face. "Yes, baby. What you want."

Now, with Shane facing him, Ilya kisses him properly, stroking over his cock like it's a slit. He works Shane up, tongues dragging against each other as he works his cock up to hardness. Shane whimpers into his mouth before he can't take any more.

"Take these off," he whimpers, hands tugging at his boxers, "I want to feel you."

Ilya doesn't need to be told twice. Throwing his boxers off, he aligns Shane over his cock, swearing when he watches Shane reach between his thighs, making his fingers wet and using that to coat his dick.

"Your pussy's so wet it's got enough to prep me."

Shane nods, sucking on his lower lip as he keeps touching. Ilya's eyes darken when he realises what he's doing.

"Is it just as tight?"

Shane catches his eye, jaw dropping in a dirty moan. "It's *so tight."*

Ilya prods a finger alongside, teeth sinking into his lip as he slides a thick finger in, feeling Shane clench around him. Wiping his hands on the sheet, Shane holds onto his shoulders, moaning as Ilya fucks him open with a second finger.

"Feel good?"

"Yes," he arches, pushing his hips down to chase the feeling.

Ilya sucks on his nipple, eyes closing in bliss as Shane pulls at his hair and rides his fingers. His noises spur him on in another way—Ilya has never been so attracted to someone in his life. Shane's cock is stuck between their bodies, and he ruts his hips forward for friction whilst begging him to fuck him harder, with another finger.

"Come first, then I fuck you."

"Ilya…"

"So tight and wet. My babygirl has the best pussy."

"Holy shit," Shane swears, pulling him up from his nipple to kiss. Saliva strings between them as their kisses grow lazy, his hips canting faster. "Right there—oh! *Fuck! Uh, uh, yeah."*

His body flexes and curves, ass taking Ilya's fingers in a way he's memorised.

"Ilya…"

"Gonna come?"

Shane nods, unable to speak. He grapples around uselessly, looking for something, when he's got it, it's the thong, and he wraps it around his cock before he tells Ilya he's coming.

When Shane comes, it's the most magical thing in the world. Everything ceases to exist but him. He closes his eyes, and his mouth drops as he moans, fingertips hooking to Ilya like he never wants to let go. His body falls onto his lover easily, seeking refuge from him as he cries Ilya's name, over and over, blissed out and beautiful.

"Baby?"

Shane kisses him, wet and eager, using his weight to throw them back onto the bed.

"I love you so much, *please* fuck me. I need your cock to fill my pussy so bad, Ilya."

When he opens his warm brown eyes, they're shiny with tears. His cheeks stained to match. Ilya holds Shane's face close and kisses him passionately. Slow and sweet, so different to the way they fuck.

"You okay? Still want that, baby?"

"Yes," he nods, wiping his tears. "Look."

When he presents himself, Ilya understands now why he wanted the thong. Shane has smeared his release over his hole to keep it wet. Ilya licks his lips, nodding with fervour.

"I fuck you now, baby," he pumps his cock a few times before he lies back, let's Shane position himself over.

“Best girl,” he murmurs, catching Shane’s eye. “Can’t wait to feel your pussy around me.”

With a nod, Shane sits down, shivering from the over-sensitivity and fullness. Greedy, he doesn’t waste a second, sinking right to the hilt and moaning out loud, cock curved against his stomach. He rests his hands on Ilya’s chest, finding a position that feels good.

“Fuck, baby, you’re wet. Leaking on me as I speak.”

“Tight,” Shane murmurs. “Say that I’m tight. No one’s fucked this pussy before. It’s just yours.”

Ilya nearly *growls* with hunger.

“*So fucking tight I can’t breathe,”* he groans. Shane smiles, a dark glint in the usual softness that takes him by surprise before he swears, eyes rolling to the back of his head.

Shane *clenches* around him, before he starts to move, grinding his hips, settling a pace before he *rides.* Sinks up and down on his cock, moaning and crying, uncaring of who hears. That’s why Ilya had chosen the attic. No one would be next door, or walking past, or even think to look here. And, of course, the view for Shane. But that doesn’t hold weight to *his* view: Shane sweaty, naked and spent. Sat on his cock, his throne, as he fucks himself to a second orgasm, nipples perky and puffy, body stained with his kisses.

“God, you’re so big in this position. Stuff me full.” Shane touches his cock, strokes it a few times before deciding he doesn’t want it. Instead, he plays with his nipples, arching his back as he rubs and tweaks them, giving Ilya a show.

“Do they look nice?” He pants.

“Very nice.” He nods, reaching up to touch. He’s always been a goner for them. He sinks his fingers into the fat, more focused on watching Shane fidget with them himself. Instead, he’s more focused on trailing his touch higher, tracing his finger over Shane’s lips in invitation before he parts his lips for him obediently.

“Good girl,” he pants, pressing two fingers inside.

He knows how responsive Shane gets to praise; it’s addicting to watch. Moaning around his fingers, he fucks himself harder, arching his back so he can fill himself deeper as his tongue swirls around the digits, sucking messily.

“You’re such a cockslut. All your holes are filled, and you’re still begging for me.”

“Ilya,” he whines, words garbled around his fingers.

He slides his fingers out and secures a steady grip on Shane’s waist. Shane’s eyes light up when he seems to realise what Ilya’s about to do. When they’re ready, he plants his feet to the floor and starts thrusting his hips up. Shane cries out loud, pushing his hips back in rhythm.

“Close? Baby, I’m close. I need—”

“Me too. Gonna come, Ilya.” Tears stream down his face, overworked both mentally and physically.

“I will look after you,” Ilya promises, stroking his hips. “Gonna come in your pussy and lick you clean after.”

Shane’s hips stutter, and he nods. Desperate for release, desperate for Ilya’s tongue.

“I’m gonna come, Ilya.”

“Me too,” he nods, “let go. Together.”

Shane nods, leaning down to kiss him sloppily as he cants his hips flush against his groin. Ilya comes first, hot load filling him to the brim and triggering his own release, thick and hot all over his stomach. Shane falls against his boyfriend's chest, and is manoeuvred to the side, pulled close almost immediately because Ilya knows he likes to be held straight after coming.

They take a moment to catch their breath. Ilya is already looming over him, chasing sweet, gentle kisses.

“I love you,” he raves, deep drawl like honey in Shane’s ears.

“Love you more,” Shane finally whispers, when he’s caught his breath again. He reaches up to fondle his curls, still half dazed.

“Was it good?” Ilya asks, pulling him closer. He mindlessly reaches for his boxers, using them to clean the cum from his stomach. “Tell me, baby.”

“It was *so* good.” He says, eyes closed and blissed out. “Thank you. *Thank you.* I know it’s weird—”

“Not weird.”

“It’s a little strange… acting like I have a pussy.”

“Sexy,” Ilya rasps, lazily kissing his collarbones. “You are sexy always.”

“I think… I like being your boy. Baby boy next time instead of…”

Ilya looks up and nods. “Whatever you want.”

The way Shane looks at him, eyes soft with fatigue and adoration, lips half stretched into a lazy smile, Ilya will never forget. That dazed, sex look where he’s still on a high and nothing else in the world matters but them.

“I love you in every way.”

“I love you too,” Shane whispers, pulling him close. “Thank you for having me and accepting me.”

Ilya nods, eyes closed, head pressed to Shane's heart. He suckles over the skin, listening to it beat.

"Thank you for choosing me."

End Notes

Kudos, comments, and love is all appreciated. If you would like to see more from me, or request anything, my tumblr is honeymoonhollanov!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!