

The Need

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The Need

by [dntat](#)

Summary

Sometimes Ilya needs a visceral reminder of who Shane belongs to.

So Shane tilts his head back, closes his eyes, and opens his mouth.

Notes

This short is brought to you by Childish Gambino's Freaks and Geeks, particularly the lines "E. E. Cummin' on her face / now that's poetry in motion."

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Shane knew Ilya needed this sometimes.

And he was willing to do it, even if it wasn't his favorite thing they did in the bedroom.

Well.

Shane *would* have said this wasn't his favorite thing. But then Ilya's cock hit the back of his throat, and his fingers tightened in Shane's hair, and Shane's entire existence narrowed down to the feeling of Ilya surrounding him. Filling him.

Owning him.

Fuck.

Maybe he liked this more than he realized.

Maybe, he needed it too.

Shane could imagine how he looked right now. Lips swollen, chin slick with spit, hair in disarray, eyes blown dark with want. He'd spent the last twenty minutes on his knees, worshipping Ilya's cock. He'd nipped and teased, licked broad stripes up the underside the way Ilya liked, before taking him deep, relaxing his throat so Ilya could fuck his mouth. His own neglected cock leaked against his stomach. He wanted to grab it, stroke himself to completion. It wouldn't take much.

But, no. He wouldn't.

That wasn't what this was about.

They were close to the end now. Ilya's breathing had gone ragged, and the fluid movement of his hips had devolved into stuttering jerks. "Blizko," he warned, pulling out to stroke himself roughly. *Close*.

Shane tilted his head back, closed his eyes, and opened his mouth.

"Da, Shane," Ilya growled, and then he was coming. Thick stripes of cum painted Shane's tongue and lips, and dripped down his chin. Shane could taste the bitter-salt of it on his tongue, could feel the heat of it branding him. He left his mouth open, so Ilya could see the mess he'd made.

Then he lifted a hand, dragged a finger through the cum on his cheek, and pushed it into his mouth.

"Shane," Ilya breathed.

Shane swallowed, then repeated the motion, watching as Ilya's eyes tracked every movement.

"Can I?" Ilya rasped.

Shane nodded.

Ilya grabbed Shane's jaw with one large hand, then carefully ran his thumb through the mess on Shane's bottom lip, smearing it wider. "You are so perfect like this," he murmured, voice soft. "So beautiful. Covered in me. Filled with me." He gripped Shane's jaw again, tighter. "Tell me that you are mine."

Shane held his gaze as he nodded again. Slowly. Deliberately.

"I'm only ever yours, Ilya."

End Notes

Thank you for reading! 💕💕 Kudos and comments are very much appreciated.

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