

better whip me if i misbehave

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by [evilrussianprincess](#)

Summary

Ilya decides to make Shane jealous, and Shane won't let him get away with it.

Or - the whiny, pathetic top Ilya fic where Shane makes Ilya beg for it.

Notes

i wrote this in 2 hours with no editing or beta so please ignore mistakes. also this has some bdsm tags but it really is very tame. please enjoy and if you don't enjoy please don't tell me that

i'm on [twitter](#) btw

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

Having an incredibly hot, charismatic boyfriend is a wonderful feeling, except when it's not. Most of the time, Shane appreciates it. But considering that no one knows that his boyfriend is his boyfriend, Ilya looking the way he does presents more than a few problems for him.

Shane doesn't have to worry about other men so much because Ilya isn't out. Really, he doesn't need to worry about anyone, but there's something about seeing a woman flirt with Ilya in public so freely because it's normal, and it's allowed, and no one would bat an eye, that has Shane ready to set everyone in the room on fire.

He knows it's not her fault. She's just a beautiful woman shooting her shot with an incredibly beautiful man. And although their situation gets to him sometimes, Shane's usually able to set it to the side. At the end of the day, Ilya is his, and he has no reason to doubt that.

Except right now, when a blonde woman with an incredible dye job and legs a mile long that Shane saw eyeing Ilya all night has a hand on his chest, and Ilya is doing nothing to remove it. He isn't leaning away, politely taking a step back, or keeping his body language closed off like Shane's seen him do a dozen times before. He's chatting with her, all ease and friendliness, with that lopsided grin of his that makes people think he wants to rip their fucking clothes off.

Shane wants to rip Ilya's clothes off. He's in a tailored tux that he fills out nicely, and Shane thinks that the only thing better than seeing him in it would be seeing him out of it.

Shane doesn't know how long he can get away with staring, but he sure as fuck isn't looking away. He doesn't believe Ilya actually wants her. He's had no reason to doubt his loyalty, but that gives him even less of a clue as to what the fuck Ilya is doing, or if he even remembers that he has a boyfriend.

As if reading his mind, Shane sees Ilya peel his eyes away from the woman's brilliant white smile, scanning the room. They stop when they land on him, the woman's hand now on his bicep. He sends Shane a big grin, lifting his hand up to wave at him. Shane narrows his eyes, but before he can do some form of charades across the room to ask Ilya what the fuck his problem is, Ilya's attention is back on the woman again.

"Hey, Shane," Hayden says, touching a light hand to his back. "You okay to go up and give your speech?"

"What?" Shane snaps.

Hayden leans back, frowning. "Um, your speech? Thanking the donors? I think Rozanov might have something prepared if you don't, but I thought you said you had it all figured out."

"Right, yeah. Of course I do," Shane says. "Give me a second and I'll be ready."

Shane and Ilya are hosting a formal charity banquet for their foundation. Guests pay anywhere from five hundred to five thousand dollars for a plate, with the proceeds all going

towards the foundation. Shane thought the event was a good idea. Along with raising funds, it specifically brings out a lot of wealthy hockey enthusiasts as well as journalists. It'll be good for those kinds of people to get used to seeing Shane and Ilya hanging out together and being friends.

Fat lot of good that'll do now. If Shane gets a moment alone with Ilya, he's ripping his head off.

Soon enough, Shane is being announced to give a quick thank you before everyone begins their meal. Ilya stays glued to the woman's side the entire time, and Shane doesn't look away from him once.

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Shane shoves Ilya into the wall of his house as soon as they get home.

"Fuck," Ilya says as his back collides with the wall. "Shane—"

"That woman was flirting with you. She was all over you, and you just let her do it."

Ilya tries to lift his hands up to Shane's waist, but Shane smacks them away.

"She wasn't all over me."

Shane grips Ilya's chin. "Then how did you know who I was talking about?"

Ilya's eyes go wide. His plush lips part. "I don't know, sweetheart, but you don't need to worry."

"I'm not worried, I'm pissed off. Why did you do it? You don't want her."

"No," Ilya agrees.

"Then why—you know what, fuck you. You do realize this is part of the reason I'm scared to tell my friends about you? Because they think you're still some fucking slut who'll stick your dick in anything that moves?"

"I'm not, though," Ilya is pouting slightly, and it makes his face do a funny thing as it contorts in Shane's grip. "I only want to stick my dick in you."

"It doesn't seem that way when you let some leggy blonde feel you up at a charity gala, now, does it?"

Every one of Ilya's features turns up in mischief.

"She's not just some leggy blond. Her name is Cheyenne. She owns a pilates studio, which explains the legginess."

"You fucking *dick*, are you serious?"

Shane squeezes tighter around Ilya's chin, pressing into his jaw, and Ilya whimpers, arching away from the wall to drag his crotch against Shane's thigh. Shane's jaw drops, and he leans away from him slightly. Maybe it was the darkness of the flat or Shane's emotions clouding his observational skills, but now Shane takes the time to look over Ilya's face slowly. He catalogues his lidded eyes, the light flush to his cheeks, the way the corners of his mouth twitch up slightly, as if begging to form into that signature crooked grin Shane loves and hates in equal measure.

"Oh my God," Shane says. "You're enjoying this."

Ilya's eyes go wide and innocent. "Enjoying what?"

"You complete fucking asshole, did you flirt with her on purpose?"

"No," Ilya says sternly. "I did not flirt, it is important that you know that."

Shane uses his other hand to shove Ilya's body back against the wall, denying him the contact against his hips he's so desperately craving.

"But she flirted, and you didn't do anything, because what? Because I would get mad?"

"She was one hell of a flirt," Ilya says, lips stretching into a grin. "Offered to do all sorts of things to me with her mouth. Good thing I have you for that, though, isn't it?"

"See if you ever get my mouth on you again with that attitude."

Ilya nods. "Okay. Seems I will have to get it from the leggy blonde. Cheyenne. You know, Cheyenne actually sounds a bit like Shane depending on how you say it—"

Shane squeezes Ilya's chin so hard that he's forced to stop talking, his mouth getting squished up between his fingers.

"You shut the fuck up right now."

Ilya squirms against the wall. "Or what?"

The words come out muffled against Shane's hand. Ilya's eyes are a bit too bright, too self-satisfied. Shane's boyfriend is a fucking menace. But Shane can play that game, too.

"I can do better than her, you know," Shane says, making his voice go soft and sultry. "Tell me what she said she'd do to you, and I'll do her one better on all of them."

Ilya's breaths are coming in quick bursts now. His hips twitch up off the wall, but Shane's hand keeps him firmly in place.

"Really?"

"Yes, really." Shane leans in to press a soft kiss to Ilya's cheek, loosening his grip on Ilya's chin so he can talk. "Tell me."

“Well...she offered to give me a massage. She said she’s good with her hands.”

“Mmm,” Shane hums. He moves his hand to the back of Ilya’s neck, lightly playing with the strands of his hair. “Probably not as strong as I am, though.”

“No, definitely not. But she said she’s very experienced.”

Shane huffs. “No wonder you two got along. Luckily for me, I’m more experienced in you.” He tilts his head. “What else?”

“Well, she got a bit annoyed that I wasn’t flirting back. So she offered to suck my dick.”

“Yeah?” Shane tangles his fingers in the hair at the base of Ilya’s neck and tugs sharply. Ilya gasps as his head snaps back and knocks against the wall. “You think she can take it all at once like I can?”

“Of course not,” Ilya breathes as Shane’s lips skate over the exposed column of his throat. “No one can take it like you.”

“That’s right.” Shane bites Ilya’s jaw. “And you’d better remember that.”

Ilya whines softly, immediately biting his lip once he lets it out. His fingers twitch by his sides, like he’s itching to reach out.

“Shane...”

“Who the fuck do you think you’re calling Shane?”

“Sweetheart,” Ilya corrects, tilting his head down against Shane’s grip on his hair to try to catch his lips. “Please.”

“I can do everything she can,” Shane says. “But you’ve been a bit too naughty today. I’m tying you up first.”

“Oh, no,” Ilya says, voice going high and breathy. “That’s terrible.”

Ilya’s cheeks are pink, and his delight is palpable. Shane almost wants to laugh, he’s too easy. He lets go of Ilya’s hair, lightly slapping him twice on the cheek before stepping away.

“Go lay down on the bed, clothes off. If you’re not done by the time I walk in, you can forget about all of it and fuck your hand instead.”

Ilya nods profusely. “I will be ready, don’t worry.”

“Then go. Your time starts now.”

Shane can’t resist a smile seeing how Ilya practically sprints up the stairs, so desperate that he trips once, his socked foot slipping off a step before he rights himself and goes up the rest of the way. Shane gives him a good thirty seconds, which is about twenty-five seconds more

than Ilya needs to get out of his clothes when he's feeling eager. Shane is nothing but lenient. And Ilya is in a tux today, so he'll need the extra time.

Shane slowly makes his way up the stairs, pushing open the bedroom door that Ilya has left half-shut. As expected, Ilya is splayed out over the sheets, and Shane takes a moment to admire him. Skin tan from a recent trip to the cottage, bulging muscles stretching and shifting under his skin. Coarse, curly hair leading down from defined abs to Ilya's long, thick cock, which he's slowly pumping in his hand.

Shane tugs the bow tie against his collar to loosen it. "Did I say you could touch?"

Ilya makes a small sound of discontent, pulling his hand off of his dick. "No."

"Then why did I see you doing it?"

"I'm sorry," Ilya says. "I won't do it again."

"You're right you won't."

After getting rid of his bow tie, Shane starts unbuttoning his shirt, slowly sliding it off. He feels Ilya's eyes on him as he folds it and places it on the armchair, before he does the same with his pants. Left in nothing but his boxers and his socks, Shane walks towards the side of the bed. He gets a few things out of the drawer. The rope that Ilya bought for the two of them to use, a bottle of lube, and his dildo. He can see Ilya frown when he pulls out the last item, but he doesn't question it. Shane tosses the dildo and lube onto the mattress.

"Hands above your head," Shane tells him.

Ilya obeys right away, and it fills Shane with a rush. It usually goes the other way with the two of them, Ilya so naturally good at being commanding and Shane liking nothing more than bending to his every whim. But sometimes, Ilya can be a bit of a brat. And Shane likes to remind him that Ilya is only in control in the bedroom because Shane allows him to be that way.

He ties the rope around Ilya's wrists then ties it to the slats in the headboard. Ilya had insisted that the bed in his house have slats or traditional bedposts specifically for this purpose, and Shane hadn't been in the business of denying him.

Shane tests the strength of the knot. "Good?"

Ilya tugs on his restraints. "Good."

Shane walks to the front edge of the bed before crawling onto the mattress. Ilya bites his lip in anticipation, eyes fluttering shut when Shane straddles his waist and sits right over his cock, fabric of his boxers against Ilya's bare skin. He runs his hands up Ilya's abs to his chest, squeezing his pecs.

"I understand that woman, really," Shane says. "Charlene or whoever."

"Cheyenne."

Shane slaps Ilya lightly over his nipple, making him gasp. “It doesn’t matter. This body is mine to touch, not hers.”

“Just yours,” Ilya says, lifting his hips up to grind against Shane’s ass. “Please, *lyubov’ moya*, I am dying over here.”

“Yeah, are you?” Shane asks, taking the hint and slowly rocking over him, feeling Ilya’s hard cock slip between his clothed cheeks.

“Can’t you feel it?”

“Oh, I can,” Shane says, pinching Ilya’s nipples. “You got hard really fast.”

“You are one to talk.”

“This is not about me right now.” Shane starts massaging Ilya’s pecs, going up and over to his shoulders, then his arms, up to where his wrists are tied to the headboard. “Feels good?”

Ilya’s eyes flutter shut. “Yes, fuck. Your hands feel amazing.”

“Better than hers would feel.”

“Of course they do. There is no one else like you.”

Shane presses his lips together to prevent a smile. Ilya has given up the bit, going back to being his regular loving self because he thinks he’s gotten Shane exactly where he wants him. He has no idea what’s coming.

“God, Ilya, you’re *really* hard.”

“It’s because of you,” Ilya says. “You make me this way.”

“How bad do you want to fuck me right now?”

“So bad,” Ilya says eagerly, arching up against him. “So, so bad.”

Shane lifts up onto his knees so he can shimmy out of his boxers, and his own hard cock bobs up against his stomach. He turns so his back is to Ilya, then crawls away from him on all fours to grab the lube.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya says. “If I could touch you right now—”

“But you can’t,” Shane says, uncapping the lube. He sits upright on his knees, back still facing Ilya, and turns to look over his shoulder. “So I’m going to have to do it myself.”

Ilya’s jaw drops when Shane reaches a lube-slick finger behind him, pressing against his hole.

“Oh,” Shane breathes as he pumps his finger in and out as best as he can. The angle is awkward, and his wrist will cramp if he doesn’t stop this soon. “Fuck, this angle—it’s not

enough.”

Ilya tugs against the restraints, his eyes going wide. “I know. I can do it. Let me go, I can do it.”

Shane moans a bit theatrically, arching his back so his ass pops out towards Ilya. “God, I miss your fingers, they go so much deeper. It’s not enough, Ilya, *fuck*.”

Ilya is audibly panting now as he tugs on the rope. “Shane. Sweetheart, *moi lyubimyy*, untie me. I can do it, I can make it so good—”

Shane crooks his finger and cries out. Once again, it’s for show, because this doesn’t feel nearly as good as it does when he lets Ilya do it.

“Fuck, I think—I got it, Ilya, I think I’m wet enough—”

“Okay, okay, that’s fine,” Ilya says frantically. “Come here, get my dick wet, I’m ready, too —”

Shane laughs at that, cutting Ilya short as he pulls his fingers out of himself. He turns around to face him.

“You really think you get to fuck me now after the shit you pulled tonight?”

“What?”

Shane picks up the dildo, one of his bigger ones, nearly seven inches long. He drizzles a generous amount of lube on it, slicking it up with his hand.

“Shane, what are you doing?”

“What does it look like I’m doing?”

Another tug on the restraints. “This is not funny.”

“It’s not meant to be funny. You weren’t being very good today, and this is what you get.”

“Shane,” Ilya says carefully, eyes going wide and pleading. “You know I didn’t mean it with her. I wanted you to notice and—”

“Sure you did,” Shane says. “You still let her do it. You acted like you didn’t need me when you had *Charlotte* offering her mouth up instead, so maybe I don’t need you, either.”

Ilya shakes his head. “No, I didn’t mean it. I need you, Shane, I need—”

Shane ignores him, Ilya’s pleas not quite desperate enough for his taste. Shane leans back against the footboard of the bed, out of Ilya’s reach. He spreads his legs wide, then slips the tip of the dildo inside him.

“Shit,” he moans. “God, it’s so good.”

“No. No it’s not. *Shane*, ” Ilya says. “I can do it better, I promise. Come back, I—just come back.”

“Go fuck that pilates instructor.”

“I don’t want to. I want you.”

“That’s not what it seemed like an hour ago,” Shane says. He starts pumping the dildo in and out of himself, letting his head tilt back in pleasure. “Fuck, this is big, it feels like the real thing. Better, even.”

“No, it’s not. Take it back, say it’s not true. Don’t do this.”

“I think I need a different angle.” Shane gets up onto his knees, turning around so Ilya gets a head-on view of his ass, and the way the dildo has already stretched him wide. He sits back on his haunches, sliding the dildo back in and then riding it slowly. “Yeah, fuck, there we go.”

“Stop that. Fucking don’t—Shane. *Hollander*. ”

The desperation in Ilya’s voice makes Shane’s cock twitch against his stomach.

“Yeah,” Shane pants. “Yeah, fuck, that’s good, hitting me just right. Think I’m going to come soon.”

“*Ne smey*. Don’t you fucking do it.”

“Or what?”

“Or nothing. I have nothing, I—” Ilya says, and something about his tone makes Shane turn around to look over his shoulder. There’s a deep flush spreading from Ilya’s face down to his chest, a tendon in his neck popping from how hard he’s straining. His lips have been bitten red, and there’s an honest-to-God glassy sheen to his eyes. His dick is incredibly hard, so red at the tip it looks almost painful.

“Please, Shane,” Ilya whimpers when Shane makes eye contact with him. “Please.”

Slowing down, Shane eventually stops his movements with the dildo and carefully pulls it out of himself. He tosses it on the sheets. They’ll need a wash later, anyway.

Ilya looks up at him with trepidation as Shane crawls back towards him. He slides his hands up Ilya’s thighs when he gets to him, closer and closer to his crotch but very strategically not touching him. Ilya’s muscles clench under his touch, big dick bobbing up against his stomach.

“Shane...”

“Shhh...” Shane shushes him. He straddles Ilya again, over his thighs, denying him contact where he really needs it. “What did you just say?”

Ilya sighs as Shane's nails scrape lightly over his skin.

"Please, I'm sorry. I won't tease you again, please. I need you. I need to fuck you, I need it so bad. It won't work with anyone else, I don't want anyone else, just you, please, *please* don't do this to me."

Shane hums, reaching for the lube. He squeezes some out, then grazes Ilya's cock with slick fingers, making him hiss and arch up. He intentionally keeps his touch light.

"But you were so proud of yourself earlier, talking about some girl and how much she wanted you."

"I don't—fuck, I don't even remember who she is. I think she was saying—I don't even know, I just wanted you to see. I love when you get all riled up, you get this adorable frown on your face and you almost always push me around a little bit afterwards and I just wanted—please. I need to fuck you so bad, please, Shane, I'll do whatever you want, I'll never do this again."

"Yeah?" Shane simpers, readjusting himself so Ilya's lube-slick cock slides between his ass. "You promise?"

"I promise. Please, please let me—*fuck*," Ilya whines when his head drags over Shane's hole, then slides right past. "Please let me put it in, I can't—"

Ilya takes a shaky breath and the tears in his eyes escape, streaming down his cheeks. He looks a mess, eyes bright, tear tracks forming over flushed cheeks, red lips forming soft pleas over and over again.

"Beg me again."

"Please let me fuck you. Please, I need your hole, need it so bad or I'm going to die."

"Aww. Again."

"I need you, Shane. I need to be in you, I'll do it however you want, I'll just sit and let you use me and I won't say a word, I promise, please, please, *moy krasiviy malchik, ty byl sozdan dlya menya—*"

Ilya cuts off with a choked gasp when Shane lifts himself up and finally guides Ilya inside him. His hips buck up desperately, though a harsh pinch to his nipple has him stilling. His jaw clenches, muscles tensing as he tosses his head back while Shane sinks down on him.

"Oh, God, oh, God," Ilya keeps babbling. "Thank you, thank you, feels so good, I need—thank you."

Shane coos, slapping Ilya lightly on the cheek twice. "And all you had to do was ask nicely."

Ilya keeps panting, biceps bulging as he strains against his restraints. "I want to touch you. Please?"

“Mmm, I don’t think you’ve been good enough for that.” Shane braces his hands on Ilya’s abs, lifting himself up and down on his dick. “Why don’t you just sit back and enjoy the ride?”

“Okay,” Ilya says. “Yeah, I’ll—”

Ilya slowly loses his ability for speech as Shane starts bouncing on him in earnest, nails digging into Ilya’s abs as he goes faster, getting Ilya to hit him right where he needs it. He can physically see it when the fight leaves Ilya, his muscles relaxing, mouth hanging open as he pants harshly instead.

“There we go,” Shane says. “Good boy.”

The words slip from his mouth before he can think too much about them, but the effect is immediate. Ilya whines and blushes even harder, making Shane feel like he’s king of the world.

Neither of them last long. Ilya comes first, which is a rarity, but Shane supposes he really put him through it tonight. Even after Ilya comes, Shane continues using him so he can finish. Ilya doesn’t use his safe word or pinch him to stop even through the overstimulation, just keeps whining and moaning pathetically. The sound of his little whimpers is what eventually has Shane coming untouched with Ilya’s dick still inside him.

After taking a few moments to catch his breath, Shane gingerly lets Ilya’s cock slip out before he crawls up the bed to untie him. The very second he undoes the knot, Ilya is pouncing on him, tangling them in a mess of rope as he flattens himself on Shane’s body. He kisses Shane hard, tongue slipping into his mouth, before pulling off.

“You are...what is it they say about me on the ice...menace? You are a menace, Shane Hollander.”

Shane lets out a breathy laugh. “Well, I can’t let you be the only one with that title. And you deserved it.”

“Maybe so. I didn’t know you had it in you.”

“Well, bet your ass I do. Don’t think I won’t punish you if you act up like this again.”

“You’re right, I should be careful. This was terrible.” Ilya pouts. “I really hated being tied up and ridden by a gorgeous man with really thick thighs—”

Shane pinches Ilya’s hip and kisses him again to get him to shut up.

“You are the biggest fucking asshole on the planet.”

“Mmm, and you have the biggest fucking asshole on the planet, after I’m done with you.”

Shane sighs. “You see what I mean?”

“No. You’re being mean to me.”

“You like that.”

Ilya blows a raspberry against Shane’s chest. “Maybe.”

“Never let me see you letting someone else flirt with you again.”

“Okay. Please let me see you teasing me and slapping me again? That was hot.”

“You’re a fucking loser.”

“Maybe so.” Ilya lifts off of Shane so he can look at his face. “Shower?”

“You know the deal,” Shane says, lifting his arms up.

Grinning, Ilya picks him up, carrying him to the bathroom. They get clean, Shane doing more of the work this time as every one of Ilya’s movements is a bit languid, his blinks slow and sleepy. They toss the sheets from the main bed into the laundry, and get into the clean guest bed to turn in for the night.

“You know everything I do is for you, don’t you?” Ilya says. “There’s no one else for me. There never will be.”

“Yeah,” Shane says. “I know.”

“Good.” Ilya shuffles a bit, nosing into the back of his neck. His voice goes softer when he says, “and for you, too?”

Shane rests his hand over Ilya’s hand on his chest, linking their fingers together. His heart skips a beat.

“Don’t even fuck around with that, Rozanov. Honestly, there hasn’t been anyone else for me since you asked me for my room number the very first time.”

“1410,” Ilya murmurs quietly. “For me, too.”

“That’s good then. I’d sure hate to have to kill anyone if there was someone else. And I’d have to kill you, too.”

Ilya is quiet for a moment. “But, what would be a better way for me to go, if not by your hand?”

Shane laughs. “You’re such a loser. Shut up and go to sleep.”

“Whatever you say, sweetheart. As you proved tonight, it seems that you’re the one in charge.”

Shane yawns, tilting his face into his pillow. “Damn straight. Don’t you fucking forget it.”

End Notes

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