

Proof of Concept

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Proof of Concept

by [ThePromptWasntThisLong \(shredded_potato\)](#)

Summary

“You thought I wouldn’t notice?” Ilya purrs, voice dark as midnight.

Shane’s entire face ignites. He shivers, nodding shyly, nerves raw. The answer slips free in a stammer that sounds like confession. “I just—w-wanted to know why... it felt good...”

Ilya’s chuckle vibrates against his lips, equal parts heat and fondness. “You looked so guilty. Touching your bruise, trying so hard to stay quiet while your cock drooled.” His fingers wander higher, brushing Shane’s sticky erection through his shorts, drawing out a shuddering moan. “You loved it.”

Shane discovers a new kink by accident; Ilya is more than happy to help him explore it.

Notes

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

The rink has that late-afternoon hush that settles in when drills are done and everyone claims survival as victory. Bodies drag, laughter echoes, and Shane skims across scratched ice with the lazy grace of a man half asleep and still, somehow, better than everyone else. JJ finally coasts into him, bumping hips, trying for nonchalance.

“Tell me you’re not skipping team dinner again,” JJ groans. “Coach made that threat. If one more person bails, he’s lacing up and skating suicides with us.”

“I brought a salad last time,” Shane replies, sing-song and unbearably smug.

Hayden spritzes water across them both. “You brought spinach and guilt. Not the same as food.”

The three of them flow into easy weaving circles, legs stretching, casual banter bouncing with the hum of refrigeration fans overhead. Shane loves moments like these—bodies sweaty, adrenaline curling down, nothing urgent left but to glide. He loves the silence after a joke lands and the laughter fades, the sound of blades scoring silver threads over the ice. He feels loose and light, mind already half on going home, showering, curling up on their couch with a book and Ilya’s thigh under his cheek.

He carves a tighter loop, letting momentum pull him into a narrow turn. JJ hoots. “Show-off.”

“Always,” Shane chirps—until his skate hits a chip in the ice, pitches sideways, ankle jerking at a brutal angle.

The world whites out.

His ass slams down hard, all his weight crashing into his tailbone. Pain explodes, sharp as lightning—first a blinding, searing shock that steals his breath and makes his vision swim with black spots. It’s pure, unadulterated agony, radiating up his spine and down his thighs, a hot, stinging throb that feels like he’s been branded.

But then, just as the initial wave begins to recede, something else blooms in its wake.

It starts as a low, humming vibration deep in his core, a strange echo of the impact that doesn’t feel like pain at all. It’s a pulse of heat, thick and syrupy, gathering low in his belly before arrowing straight down, settling with a heavy, unmistakable weight in his groin. It isn’t a twinge or a phantom sensation. It’s a bolt of pure, electric heat, a live wire of arousal crackling through the lingering sting, twisting it into something entirely foreign. The sharp ache in his tailbone doesn’t fade; instead, it transmutes, its edges softening into a deep, resonant thrum that hums directly in his cock. He feels himself stiffen, traitorously, impossibly, right there on the ice, the fabric of his compression shorts suddenly too tight, too confining.

His brain short-circuits. *What the fuck?* The thought screams through the haze of pain, but it drowns beneath the visceral, confusing flood of sensation. The hurt is still there—a bright,

insistent signal of damage—but now it tangles with a pleasure so intense it feels illicit. It's as if the nerve endings meant to scream danger have crossed wires with the ones that sing for more. The heat pools, molten and urgent, making him gasp for a reason that has nothing to do with the fall.

“Shit!” Hayden shouts, skidding to a halt in a spray of ice.

Shane rolls, clutching his own ass, humiliation blotting out everything else. “I’m fine,” he wheezes, forcing a grin that feels like daggers in his cheeks. “It’s cushiony. Built-in padding.”

JJ crouches nearby. “Hollander, you ate the ice. You sure you don’t need the trainer?”

Shane shoots upright too fast, winces, and waves both hands. “Easy. Graceful, even. I should get points.”

Hayden cracks up. “I’ll give you points if you admit it hurts.”

“I’m literally thriving right now,” Shane lies. The ache claws deeper, throbbing, every nerve jangling like a struck bell. Something molten uncoils low in his belly, warmth slipping into his cock even as he pretends nothing is wrong. His cheeks burn hotter, slick with sweat.

JJ brandishes a glove. “You can ice it in the locker room. Sit out for once before you break yourself.”

“I’m not a baby.” Shane fights a grimace. “I’ll be fine.”

He skates harder for the rest of practice, pretending nothing’s wrong even though every push feels like sandpaper scoring the faint bruise blooming high across his ass. By the time he hobbles into the locker room he’s a sweating mess, adrenaline still ricocheting between dread and excitement. It takes everything in him not to prod the throbbing spot just to see if it sparks that same sudden heat thrumming in his cock again. Instead he showers quickly, telling himself it’ll go away if he ignores it long enough.

When he gets home, it doesn’t.

Ilya is apparently nowhere to be found. Shane pokes around their apartment, dropping his bag and heading straight for the bathroom. The bruise still pulses gently beneath the seat of his boxers, deeper than an ache and more than a simple throbbing pain. It whispers filthy promises he doesn’t understand yet, turning his stomach liquid. He leaves the bathroom door half-closed out of habit and steps under the steaming spray, hissing when the water cascades over his shoulders. The warmth loosens his muscles but does nothing to quiet the awareness buzzing across his backside.

Shane lathers soap over his thighs, keeps his touch light around the bruise despite the insistent pull. His fingers trail down almost by accident. He tells himself he’s checking the swelling, that he’s being practical about it because he’s an athlete, and a bruise means potential complications if left untended. His fingertips graze the edge, and he stops breathing.

It's not immediate pain. It's a slow, smoldering burn that flares out across his ass and dives straight down between his legs. His cock twitches, shame shooting just as hot as the arousal corkscrewing low in his belly. He presses a little harder, testing the edge again, gasping as the bruise protests sharply. His breath catches in a strangled little gasp, the sound echoing embarrassingly in the tiled space.

"God," he whispers to himself, switching off the water and gripping the wall. He waits for the throbbing to die down, but it doesn't. His palm spreads over the sore spot, the faintest pressure enough to make his cock swell against his thigh. A whimper brimful of mortification bubbles on his tongue. He bites down on it, ignoring everything except the secret molten ribbon winding from bruise to tip, shivering even as he drags fingers over the angry skin again. His knees almost buckle, the pleasure skittering bright and sharp along every nerve.

He doesn't realize that Ilya's in the bathroom doorway until the older man shifts subtly, as quiet as a cat, and steps away, still unnoticed. Shane straightens violently, almost slipping, but he catches himself on the bar next to the shower. He doesn't see the deep frown on Ilya's face or the way his gaze darkens with fascination. Ilya doesn't say anything. He just watches, with that unreadable calm he uses when he's tracking opponents on the ice before he pounces.

Days go by and the bruise evolves from deep midnight purple to mottled violet edged with fading yellow, but it never stops calling to him. He thinks about it constantly. He adjusts his skate guards to make sure nothing rubs against it, chooses softer seat cushions, sits more carefully on the couch beside Ilya, who notices every shift, every tiny flinch, every flicker of pleasure-driven panic in Shane's eyes whenever he absentmindedly presses the bruise through his shorts. Ilya watches silently, cataloging each reaction with meticulous focus. Every night when they curl up together, Ilya's fingers ghost above Shane's thigh without touching, eyes glittering as Shane unconsciously wiggles closer, chasing contact he doesn't even realize he craves.

One night, everything comes to a head.

They're on the couch, lights dimmed, a muted game on the screen they're not really watching. Shane is curled up facing Ilya, draped comfortably across his lap. He's wearing one of Ilya's old T-shirts and a pair of soft cotton shorts that cling halfway down his thighs. His cheeks radiate warmth as he babbles about some stupid little practice anecdote, excitedly recounting how one of the rookies accidentally shot the puck straight into the rafters, knocking loose a mess of old streamers from some forgotten championship celebration. He giggles, pressing his nose to Ilya's neck, recounting every detail while his fingertips absentmindedly trace patterns on Ilya's shoulder.

Ilya hums encouragements, nodding here and there, though his attention is locked on the darkening mark peeking from beneath the hem of Shane's shorts. The bruise taunts him, proof of everything he's observed over the past few days. He's never seen his boyfriend so flustered. He can feel the way Shane's body instinctively arches when the fabric shifts, revealing bare skin that has him aching to touch. Shane, oblivious, keeps giggling shyly, sounding soft as a kitten.

"And then Coach was so pissed, but also like, you know when he tries not to laugh? He was doing that thing, kinda choking on it? It was so—" Shane's breath hitches.

Ilya's thumb has finally moved, slow as an icebreaker plowing through frozen sea, until it rests over the bruise. He starts gently, a barely-there brush, watching Shane's expression with quiet fascination. Shane doesn't break mid-story. He just keeps talking in that soft, lulling tone. The story trails off when Ilya presses the pad of his thumb more firmly into the center of the bruise.

"W-what—"

Ilya's voice drips low, curiosity threaded through his calm. "Still hurt?"

Shane freezes. He shudders. A beat of silence arches between them. Shane's nose presses deeper into the warm curve of Ilya's neck. His fingers twitch against Ilya's shoulder and he nods without raising his head, cheeks flaming.

"Y-yeah. A little bit?" he whispers, voice almost inaudible, ragged breath shaking against Ilya's skin.

Ilya hums, a rich rumble inside his chest, slipping his thumb in circles over the bruise. Shane's thighs tense, hips shifting restlessly. He squirms, small helpless movements he can't seem to stop. Before he can shyly ask what's happening, Ilya's entire palm drops casually and smacks the exact center of the bruise. The open-palm swat rings sharp in their quiet living room.

SMACK!

Shane yelps, high and startled, the sound slicing right through Ilya's composure. He goes rigid in Ilya's lap, mouth parted, eyes wide. A moan, more like a strangled trill, catches in his throat. Ilya feels the way Shane's body almost immediately melts after that split-second of shock, his hips subtly tilting toward Ilya's hand. The red mark blooming under Ilya's palm makes his pulse kick hard.

Something in Ilya's gaze darkens, taking on an edge that makes Shane's stomach swoop. They stare at each other for a suspended moment. Ilya's tone turns dangerously calm. "Again?"

Shane has nowhere to hide. He presses his face deeper into Ilya's neck, body curling instinctively, whimpering in a tiny voice that makes Ilya's cock twitch. Embarrassment dampens his lashes as he nods. He just nods, clinging to Ilya's shoulders for dear life, and his hips tilt backward, pressing his ass into Ilya's hand.

"Please," he breathes, so quiet he probably thinks Ilya doesn't hear, even though the vibration of his voice travels through both of them.

"Good boy," Ilya purrs, threading fingers through Shane's hair while keeping a firm grip on his hip. "Count for me."

A tremor rockets through Shane. His throat closes up. The heat pooling beneath his navel blooms bigger. Another smack hits the tender bruise, sharper this time, and the sting is a swift lightning strike that detonates pleasure immediately after. Shane gasps, a fractured sound,

shuddering as the warmth ricochets through his cock. Instead of whimpering or asking Ilya to stop, he breathes out a ragged, strangled, “O-one,” the syllable breaking apart like cracked glass.

Ilya’s hand drops again, palms smacking wetly against Shane’s ass. The shorts ride up further, exposing more of the colorful bruise and the faint paleness of his upper thigh. Shane whines “Two,” barely audible, face hidden in Ilya’s neck while his hands fist in Ilya’s shirt. Every hit draws another startled yelp edged with eagerness. His thighs fall open, hips rocking involuntarily into the tempo Ilya sets. The more it stings, the deeper the shame and arousal twine, scorching down his spine. Ilya keeps going, delivering precise, perfectly measured smacks that hit dead center, miraculously finding the sweet spot every time.

“Th-three,” Shane gasps, voice breaking. The pitch of his moans rises, short little sobs pushing free. By “f-four,” sweat beads at his temple, and his cock is straining shamelessly against his boxers. Wetness smears along his belly, pre-come leaking while he fists the back of Ilya’s shirt. With each hit his ass jiggles, the bruise darkening under Ilya’s hand. Shane moans wantonly through “five” and “six,” the stinging heat fusing with molten arousal until his lashes flutter shut, eyes rolling.

He’s shaking when Ilya swats him again. “Seven,” he whimpers, hips pushing back. He’s barely breathing, chest heaving. Ilya’s voice curls through his ear like smoke.

“Look at you,” Ilya murmurs. “Melting for it.”

Shane’s high, breathless noises sound like a string of “*hah—hah—ahh—*” too sweet and debauched to disguise. He whimpers “Eight,” almost sobbing it out, eyes squeezed shut tight. Ilya spans him harder. “Nine,” Shane gasps, licking his lips, hips rubbing helplessly into Ilya’s lap.

He almost forgets to count the last one. It lands with a wet crack, the tender flesh flaring bright red instantly. He moans, keening, “T-t—ten,” and the word dissolves into a helpless whine. His cock jerks, leaking, his thighs shaking around Ilya’s waist. The bruise is a masterpiece now, deepening with every slap, the impact painting lust across Shane’s entire body.

The spanking ends, but Ilya doesn’t move his hand away. He rubs slow circles across the throbbing spot, coaxing little whimpers from Shane with nothing more than gentle, possessive strokes. Shane hiccups tiny sounds against Ilya’s neck, shuddering every time the slightest pressure stings him again. His entire world has narrowed to that touch—the hand that hurts him, the heat that follows, the gratifying praise sinking like a stone into the lake of his need.

“Good boy,” Ilya murmurs again, voice honey-thick, velvet over steel. “So pretty when you listen. You like being told what to do?”

Shane trembles, arms banded tightly around Ilya’s neck. He nuzzles instinctively, rubbing his cheek against Ilya’s throat like a shy cat wanting more affection. His eyes are glazed, lips parted, breathing broken. Ilya dips his head and captures those lips in a slow, languid kiss,

tasting whimpers and need. Shane moans into it, small, desperate sounds making Ilya's cock throb.

When Ilya finally pulls back, Shane's gasping, eyes half-lidded. He tries to speak and doesn't manage anything but a needy hum. Ilya's hand slides down to cup the under-curve of his ass, palming the glowing bruise like something valuable.

"You thought I wouldn't notice?" Ilya purrs, voice dark as midnight.

Shane's entire face ignites. He shivers, nodding shyly, nerves raw. The answer slips free in a stammer that sounds like confession. "I just—w-wanted to know why... it felt good..."

Ilya's chuckle vibrates against his lips, equal parts heat and fondness. "I see everything, *solnyshko*. I saw you touching yourself in the shower. You thought I wouldn't hear those pretty little gasps?"

Shane's body shakes, mortification and arousal spiking hard. "Ilya—"

"You looked so guilty," Ilya continues, dragging his knuckles down the inside of Shane's thigh. "Touching your bruise, trying so hard to stay quiet while your cock drooled. Such a filthy boy." His fingers wander higher, brushing Shane's sticky erection through his shorts, drawing out a shuddering moan. "You loved it."

Shane whimpers "I did," so quietly it barely registers. He's blushing all the way down his chest. Ilya laughs softly, kissing the corner of his mouth before flipping them, letting Shane sprawl on his back across the couch. He peels Shane's shorts down, inch by inch, and Shane's breath hitches at the way the fabric drags over his battered skin. His cock springs free, flushed and leaking, bobbing against his stomach. The bruised flesh is an ugly-beautiful swirl of colors that makes Ilya's own dick swell painfully inside his jeans.

"Spread," Ilya commands, voice gone gravelly. Shane obeys instantly, parting his thighs with a bashful moan. His face is crimson, eyes wide and pleading. Ilya brushes his thumb over the bruised skin again, eliciting a breathy cry that dribbles straight into a moan. Shane's hips jerk, ass lifting off the couch to chase the touch. His lashes flutter and his fingers clutch at the cushions, sinking into them with little gasps every time Ilya traces the bruise or spansks it gently. Each swat draws an answering gush of thick pre-come from Shane's cock, the pearly fluid sliding down in gradual rivulets.

"Look at you." Ilya kneels between his legs, pulling his shirt off. "A gorgeous mess. Need your hole stuffed now, yeah?"

Shane's mouth falls open. He makes a keening sound that might be "yes" and "please" welded together. Ilya smirks, sliding a hand down the inside of Shane's thigh, skating over the bruise and straight to his hole. His fingers circle the rim, pressing lightly without pushing in. Shane trembles, gasping, clutching Ilya's wrist.

Ilya doesn't rush. He leans in and suckles a dark mark onto Shane's hip, then another on his stomach, then a soft kiss under his navel just to watch Shane squirm. He licks a line down to

the crease of Shane's thigh, then nuzzles the bruise, inhaling the heat of it. Shane whimpers, voice cracking. His hands thread into Ilya's hair, tugging lightly.

"Ilya, fuck, please..."

"Say what you want." Ilya's breath ghosts over the bruise. He kisses it, then licks, soothing and tormenting in equal measure.

"I want—" Shane's hips roll. "Want your fingers." He moans the request, shy and molten, eyes glazed. "Inside. Please?"

Ilya obliges, sliding his hand lower, coating his fingers with pre-come as he spreads it around the rim. He presses the pad of his finger into Shane's hole, slow and relentless, pushing through that first ring of resistance. Shane writhes, head falling back, a high "ahh—!" ringing out. His thighs shake, muscles flexing as his body opens up. Ilya fucks him with one finger until the tension melts and the initial stretch transforms into delicious fullness. He adds a second, slicking them both with spit, pumping steadily until Shane's hips cant up, chasing the thrusts.

"Deeper," Shane begs, voice cracking. "H-harder." He's so shy about it, eyes darting, but there's nothing timid about the way he clenches around Ilya's fingers when they curl and brush his prostate. He cries out, body arching, hands flying to grip Ilya's forearms hard. The sound is a broken "*hnnngh*," raw and needy. Ilya thrusts his fingers, finding that spongy spot over and over, watching Shane come undone.

"There," Ilya murmurs, fucking him with precision. "Feel it, *solnyshko*? Right there?" He keeps his thumb pressing lightly over the bruise with every drive, sending twin sparks of pain and pleasure through him.

Shane nearly sobs. "Ilya! Ilya—I'm—" He can't stop the moans spilling out, high and ragged, a string of "mmnh, ahh, fuuuuck, please!" He doesn't even realize his feet are digging into the couch as he pushes down on Ilya's fingers, desperately chasing the double assault. His cock leaks constantly, precum smearing across his belly in sticky strings.

Ilya's focus turns reverent and possessive. He spreads Shane open with three fingers, stretching him deliberately. The burn hits, the sweet ache Shane craves, and he moans so loud it echoes. "Th-that's—fuck—Ilya, I want, please, your cock—need it—"

Ilya withdraws his fingers despite Shane's whine, towering over him. He slicks his own length quickly, thumbing the head, then grabs Shane's hips and yanks him closer. His cock nudges at Shane's entrance, broad and blunt. Shane shivers, eyes huge.

"Take a breath," Ilya murmurs, leaning down to kiss Shane slow and soft. It's tender even as his voice drops to command. "Let me in."

Shane nods frantically. Ilya pushes forward, splitting him open inch by devastating inch. The stretch steals Shane's air, draws choked cries from his chest. He clings to Ilya's shoulders, nails leaving crescent moons. His voice is a whimpering mess: "*Hnnng—ah—ahhh—fuck—*"

Once Ilya is buried to the hilt, he pauses to let Shane adjust and crushes his palm over the bruise, holding them both suspended. Shane sobs on a gasp, entire body tightening around Ilya's cock until the pleasure teeters on a razor edge. That heavy warmth blooms hotter, flooding him with slick need. His hole clenches, milking Ilya reflexively, drawing a low growl from the older man's chest.

"Look at you," Ilya breathes, eyes devouring every tremble as he keeps his hand firm on the bruise, thumb rubbing merciless circles over the most sensitive spot. "Taking me so deep."

Shane can barely keep his focus. His eyes flutter open, pupils blown huge, tears clinging to his lashes. He nods frantically, panting. The pressure on the bruise sends sharp sparks shooting through him, making his cock pulse against his stomach.

"P-please move," he whispers, the plea almost incoherent.

Ilya starts slow, dragging out until only the swollen head remains and then thrusting all the way back in, steady and deliberate. Each stroke strokes that spot perfectly, the rough grind of Ilya's pelvis rubbing the battered flesh and sending Shane spiraling. He cries out, voice high and breaking, body buckling with every drive.

"Hnnn—ahh!" His mouth won't stop spilling needy sounds, each one wilder than the last. Ilya pounds him, hips snapping forward with brutal precision. His grip on Shane's hip tightens, thumb digging into soft skin. The couch creaks under them, springs whining as Ilya picks up the pace.

"You feel so good," Ilya groans, chest sheen with sweat, muscles flexing as he ruts into Shane. "Clutching me so tight, sweet thing. Sucking me in like you were made for my cock."

Shane's eyes roll, a guttural moan tearing free. "Fffuck," he whimpers. "Feels—so good—Ilya, oh god—" His toes curl, thighs shaking uncontrollably, arms wrapping around Ilya's shoulders like he'll drown without the anchor. The words "more" and "please" keep falling off his tongue, smeared with saliva and pure want.

Ilya's touch hardens again. His hand lifts and lands a brutal slap over the bruise, perfectly timed with a thrust that slams into Shane's prostate. Shane shrieks, a torn, piercing sound that slides into a long "AAAhh!" He clamps down, orgasm threatening too soon, but Ilya's hand drifts up to his throat. He squeezes lightly, grounding Shane, keeping him on the edge without letting him fall.

"Count," Ilya orders, voice pitched low and dangerous, each syllable a lash. "Tell me how many times you take it."

Shane whimpers, nodding weakly. "O-one," he stutters, even though his mind can barely latch onto the numbers. "T-two—oh!—three—ahh!" Each time the open palm cracks against the bruise he stumbles through the next number, his voice climbing in pitch. The pain sears deeper, pleasure flooding immediately after. His dick leaks all over his belly, the spill hot and sticky.

By the time he gasps “ten,” he’s shaking uncontrollably again, chest heaving, mouth falling open on raw moans. He wriggles shamelessly, trying to ride against Ilya’s palm even more, drowning in the mix of burning sting and deep, filling thrusts.

“Greedy,” Ilya rasped, dark eyes glittering. “Such a greedy slut for pain.” He leans down and kisses Shane messy and wet, devouring every gasp, tongue tasting sweat and the desperate whimpers that keep bubbling free. His cock never stops driving, relentless, each stroke rougher than the last. Shane sobs into the kiss, kissing back fervently.

“Please!” Shane hiccups when Ilya’s mouth drifts down to suck on his throat. “Ilya, I—fuck—feel like I’m gonna—”

“Hold it,” Ilya growls, biting his collarbone lightly. “Not yet.”

Shane nods, crying out again when Ilya slaps the bruise with more force than before. The sting is a bright flash, more intense than anything yet, and his cock twitches violently. He’s so close he can hardly think, but Ilya gives no room to breathe, just keeps pouring praise into him while slamming home.

“Beautiful boy. Looking so pretty like this. You should see yourself, pussy stretched around me, cock drooling all over. You like being spanked,” Ilya murmurs in his ear, his grip tightening. “Admit it—you need the sting to feel this good, don’t you? Say it.”

Shane gulps air, arousal detonating everywhere at once. “I—I like it. I love it,” he moans urgently. “It makes me—fuck it makes me so hard. Love when y-you spank me. Love when you talk like that. Please, Ilya, please!”

“Good boy.” Ilya releases his throat and slides his hand down, wrapping it around Shane’s aching cock with firm strokes. He pumps in time with his thrusts, coaxing Shane to the brink all over again. Shane screams, body arching, as Ilya’s grip slides from root to head, smearing all the slick across his length.

“Can I—can I come?” Shane begs, voice cracking. His hips jerk desperate, every muscle straining.

“Hold it,” Ilya snarls, cock pounding harder now. “You come when I tell you.”

Shane whimpers like he might cry, the edges of his pleasure wearing him raw. He shakes and shakes, choking out moans until his voice goes hoarse. Ilya hits his prostate again, fingers digging into his thighs, controlling every motion. He spanks the bruise with his free hand, each slap precise, and the noise echoes through the room. Shane’s nails rake down Ilya’s back, leaving red trails. He’s reduced to mindless babbling—“please please please—” and gasping sobs.

Finally, after a brutal series of thrusts that feel like they’ll split him apart, Ilya dips his mouth to Shane’s ear and whispers, “Come for me. Now.” The command hits like a bullet.

Shane explodes with a full-bodied cry, the orgasm ripping through him vicious and blinding. “ILYA!” he screams, shaking uncontrollably. Cum sprays across both their stomachs, thick

pulses splattering his chest. His hole clamps down on Ilya's cock, clenching so tight it's a miracle he doesn't black out. The bruised flesh burns and soothes simultaneously under Ilya's rubbing palm. He feels himself milking Ilya's cock greedily, each spasm pulling a guttural groan from the older man.

Ilya doesn't stop. He keeps thrusting through Shane's orgasm, chasing his own. The sight of Shane wrecked beneath him, shining with sweat, face flushed and lips swollen, sends him over the edge. He buries himself completely, grinding his hips forward, and spills. Hot pulses fill Shane, thick ropes emptying deep inside. Ilya growls low in his throat, shuddering, fingers gripping too hard. He stays there, seated to the hilt, cock twitching as he empties everything he has.

They collapse together, chests heaving. Sweat slicks their skin. Ilya's cock twitches lazily inside Shane, and the younger man whines as the overstimulation blurs into something floaty and sweet. Ilya's hand strokes up and down Shane's spine, occasionally brushing over the bruise in gentle circles, drawing little aftershocks that make him gasp softly.

"You did so well," Ilya whispers, nuzzling Shane's temple. "Such a good boy for me. So pretty when you come apart." He peppers kisses across Shane's cheek and jaw, tasting salt and satisfaction.

Shane blushes in earnest now, face hidden against Ilya's chest. He trembles gently, still catching his breath. There's a dreamy glow in his eyes when he finally looks up, shy but proud, lips curving into a small, sated smile. His voice is raspy, worn thin from screaming. "Thank you," he whispers, like it's the only word left in him.

Ilya chuckles, kissing him slow. "We're not done," he purrs against his mouth, even as he eases them to a gentle sprawl on the couch, keeping Shane tucked in his arms. "Gonna take care of you. Then tomorrow, I'll see how much more you can take."

Shane shivers, but the tremble isn't fear. It's anticipation, molten and eager. Shane licks his lips and looks up through his lashes, voice small, shy. "More tomorrow?"

Ilya's answer comes with a soft chuckle, dark eyes glinting. "Yeah," he leaned down to kiss the corner of Shane's mouth, fingers carding through his damp hair in a gentle, possessive stroke. "We'll see how many swats you can count while you beg around my cock."

End Notes

Happy New Year everybody~ ^^

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