

Good Boy.

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Good Boy.

by [An7ious](#)

Summary

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"Fuhh—fuckin'—nngh..."

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Notes

Hello!!! it's been a hot minute since i've last posted something so i apologize if this is rusty lol. hope you enjoy!

It was well past midnight in the quiet hotel suite, the kind of hour where the city outside hummed faintly, occasionally dogs barking in the distance. But inside, everything felt suspended. Shane paced the living room in his boxers and a slightly oversized black tee, the post-game adrenaline long faded into a restless itch he couldn't quite scratch. The win against Ottawa had been solid, his assist on the game-winner still buzzed through his veins-but now, alone with his thoughts, something gnawed at him. Not fatigue, exactly. Not hunger. Just... need. A vague pulling emptiness that made his skin feel too tight, his mind too loud.

He glanced toward the bedroom door, where a soft light spilled out. Ilya was inside, probably unwinding after his own stellar performance-two goals, including the empty-netter that sealed it. They'd snuck away together post-game, as they sometimes did when their schedules aligned in the same city, but tonight Shane had showered alone, mumbling about needing space. Now, he regretted it. He needed... something. Contact? Reassurance? He wasn't sure. All he knew was that the pacing wasn't helping a single bit whatsoever.

From the bedroom, Ilya's voice suddenly cut through his thoughts, laced with that familiar Russian accent.

"Hollander. Come here."

Shane froze mid-step, his heart giving a pathetic little kick. It wasn't a question. It was a command, simple and expectant, and just like that, the restlessness shifted into something warmer, more focused. He didn't hesitate. His feet carried him through the doorway before his brain could overthink it, drawn toward him like a magnet.

Ilya sat in the armchair by the window, legs spread comfortably, still in his black sweatpants and nothing else. The lamp casted a golden glow over his bare chest, highlighting the moles casted over his torso and arms. He's never looked more beautiful. There's also a faint sheen of sweat from whatever he'd been doing earlier-maybe pushups knowing him. A half-empty glass of whiskey sat on the side table, his dark eyes lifted from his phone to meet Shane's, one brow arching in mild amusement.

Shane stopped a few feet away, suddenly hyper-aware of his bare feet on the carpet, the way his shirt hung loose.

"...What?" He asked, but his voice came out softer than intended, almost hopeful.

Ilya sat his phone down on the table next to him, leaning back further into the chair. His gaze swept over Shane slowly, appraising.

"You look like lost puppy pacing out there. Come closer."

Again, no room for argument. Shane stepped forward until he was right between Ilya's knees, close enough to smell the cologne radiating off him. The air seemed to thicken, charged with that unspoken pull they both knew too well.

Ilya tilted his head, a small smile playing at his lips.

“On your knees, Hollander.”

Shane's breath hitched. He should bristle at the order-Captain Hollander, star forward, didn't kneel for anyone. But here, with Ilya, it was different. It always was. His knees buckled almost eagerly, hitting the soft rug with a quiet thud. He settled there, hands resting on his thighs, eyes flicking up to Ilya's face.

“Good,” Ilya murmured, and the single word sent a shiver down Shane's spine. Praise. Simple, direct, It lit him up inside, easing that restless knot just a fraction.

“Lay your head down.”

Shane leaned forward without thinking, resting his head against Ilya's thigh. The fabric of the sweatpants was warm, soft against his cheek, and he let out a slow exhale he hadn't realized he'd been holding. This. This was what he'd needed. The closeness, the surrender.

Ilya's hand found his hair immediately—strong fingers carding through the dark strands, nails scratching lightly at his scalp in slow, rhythmic patterns. Shane's eyes drifted shut, a soft hum escaping him. It felt so good, like tension melting away with each pass. Ilya's touch was firm but gentle, possessive in a way that made Shane feel safe, wanted.

“You are tense tonight,” Ilya said quietly, his voice rumbling through his thigh into Shane's ear. “Big game. Big win. But still, you need this, yes?”

Shane nodded faintly against him, not trusting his voice. The scratching continued, lazy circles that sent tingles down his neck, across his shoulders. He felt himself sinking deeper, the world narrowing to just this: Ilya's hand, his warmth, the faint scent of his skin mixed with soap from the shower.

Then, Ilya's thumb brushed Shane's cheek, tracing the line of his jaw. Shane's lips parted instinctively, and Ilya took the invitation, sliding his thumb into Shane's mouth—slow, deliberate, no rush.

Shane's breath caught, but he didn't pull away. Instead, he closed his lips around it, tongue pressing lightly against the pad. Ilya hummed in approval, his other hand still scratching through Shane's hair, grounding him.

“Good boy,” Ilya whispered, and Shane melted. Heat flooded his face, a pretty pink flush spreading from his cheeks to his ears, warm and undeniable. The praise wrapped around him like a blanket, making his body go lax. Ilya started moving his thumb—back and forth, so slowly, so softly, dragging over Shane's tongue in a rhythm that was almost hypnotic.

Shane's mind blurred at the edges. The motion was intimate, teasing, but without urgency. Just... care. Possession. He sucked gently, matching the pace, his face burning hotter with each slide. Ilya's fingers in his hair never stopped, scratching, petting, turning Shane into putty. The restlessness from earlier dissolved completely, replaced by a hazy contentment. He felt small, cherished, utterly at peace.

Time slipped away. The scratching lulled him, the thumb's slow rhythm pulling him under. His eyelids grew heavy, breaths evening out. He must've dozed off like that—kneeling, head on Ilya's thigh, mouth full and mind empty—because the next thing he knew, the thumb was gone, and a soft voice was calling him.

"Shane... Shane."

It filtered through the haze, quiet but insistent. Called maybe twice before it registered. Shane blinked slowly, lifting his head just enough to stare up at Ilya. His eyes were hooded, heavy with sleep and something deeper—need, vulnerability. But the look on his face... god, it was pure puppy. Wide-eyed innocence mixed with utter devotion, cheeks still flushed that pretty pink, lips parted and shiny.

Ilya looked down at him, dark eyes intense, a slow smile spreading. "There you are," he said softly, thumb brushing Shane's bottom lip again. "You sleep like baby. So cute."

Shane's flush deepened, but he didn't look away. The praise hit him square in the chest, stirring that heat lower now. "Ilya..." he murmured, voice rough from disuse.

Ilya's hand cupped his jaw, tilting his face up further. "What do you need, baby? Tell me."

Shane swallowed, the nickname sending sparks through him. "You," he admitted, simple and honest. "More."

Ilya's smile turned wicked, but his touch stayed gentle. He leaned down, capturing Shane's lips in a slow kiss—deep, claiming, tongue sliding in where his thumb had been. Shane moaned into it, hands finally moving to grip Ilya's thighs, steadying himself as the kiss heated up.

When Ilya pulled back, Shane was breathing hard, eyes darker now. "Up," Ilya commanded, but he helped, pulling Shane to his feet and then into his lap, straddling him in the chair.

Shane settled there, hips pressing down instinctively, feeling Ilya's hardness through the sweatpants. "Ilya," he whined, grinding once, slow.

Ilya chuckled, hands sliding under Shane's shirt to trace his abs, his ribs. "Patience, Hollander. You are so eager tonight." But his voice was thick, betraying his own want.

He peeled Shane's shirt off, tossing it aside, then ran his hands over the exposed skin—thumbs circling nipples until Shane arched, gasping. "Good," Ilya praised again, and Shane whimpered, the word going straight to his cock. "You like that, hm? Being good for me?"

"Uh-huh," Shane breathed, head falling back as Ilya's mouth found his neck, sucking lightly, marking him just enough to hide tomorrow.

Ilya's hands dipped lower, tugging at Shane's boxers until they were off, leaving him bare in his lap. Shane's cock slapped against his tummy, wet and hard and leaking. Ilya's mouth watered at the sight, then wrapped a hand around it—slow strokes, thumb swiping over the

tip and occasionally rubbing the head with his thumb in circular motions which drove Shane insane.

Shane bucked into it, moaning. "Ilya... please..."

"Shh," Ilya soothed, free hand back in Shane's hair, scratching again. "You are okay. Relax."

But relaxation was impossible now. The strokes sped up, firm and perfect, and Shane's hips rocked in time, chasing the friction. Ilya's mouth moved to his chest, teeth grazing a nipple, and Shane cried out, fingers digging into Ilya's shoulders.

"You're doing so well," Ilya murmured against his skin. "Sound so pretty for me..."

The praise pushed Shane closer, heat coiling tight in his belly. He ground down harder, feeling Ilya's cock press against him through the fabric. "Want you inside," he gasped, needy and shameless. "Please, Ilya, please I need it, please..." he rambled, whining and almost crying with need.

Ilya groaned, the sound vibrating through them both. He shifted, pushing his sweatpants down just enough to free himself—thick, hard, already slick at the tip. Shane reached for the lube with shaky hands on the side table (always prepared, these days), slicking Ilya quickly before positioning himself.

"Slow," Ilya warned, hands on Shane's hips, guiding. "Good boy. Take it easy."

Shane sank down inch by inch, the stretch burning sweet, filling that emptiness perfectly. He bottomed out with a mewl, thighs trembling and shaking softly around Ilya, forehead resting against his. "Fuck..."

Ilya held him there a moment, hands roaming—moving up and down his back, scratching his hair. "Perfect," he whispered. "You feel so good."

Shane flushed an even more warm pink color if possible and started moving then, slow rolls at first, building to a rhythm that had them both panting. Ilya's hips thrust up to meet him, deep and controlled, hitting that spot that made Shane start whining and babbling uncontrollably and shaking even more.

"More," Shane begged, voice breaking. "Ilya..."

Ilya laughed softly, but obliged as he thrust even harder into Shane while grabbing his waist and dragging him up and down onto his cock with every thrust. "You're doing so good, Shane. Such a good boy for me..."

It was too much. Way too much. Ilya hitting his prostate with such force it felt like Shane was burning inside, as if the praise was helping anything. Shane's eyes began to water as he hid his face in the crook of Ilya's neck, back arching as he sobbed into his neck.

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"Cmon baby, come for me, be a good boy I know you can."

Shane's entire body locked up at the words, a high, broken squeal tearing from his throat as the pleasure crested and crashed over him all at once. His back bowed violently, nails scraping red lines down Ilya's ribs, thighs clamping around his hips as he came untouched—no, not untouched, Ilya's hand was still stroking him through it, relentless and perfect, milking every last shuddering pulse from him.

The orgasm felt endless. Wave after wave rolled through him, hot and blinding, leaving him gasping and trembling in Ilya's lap. Tears slipped freely down his flushed cheeks now, not from pain but from sheer overload—too much sensation, too much praise, too much everything. His cock jerked in Ilya's grip, spilling over his fist and onto both their stomachs, and Shane could only sob softly into Ilya's neck, overwhelmed and boneless as the burning sensation kept coming and his orgasm felt as if it was literally never going to stop, which made the tears come out even more.

Ilya didn't stop moving. Not yet. He kept thrusting up into Shane in slow, deep rolls, drawing out every aftershock until Shane was whimpering nonstop—high, helpless sounds that bordered on oversensitive. Only then did Ilya's rhythm falter, his own breath hitching as Shane's clenching heat pulled him over the edge.

"Fuck—Shane—" Ilya groaned, low and ragged, burying himself deep and stilling as he came, hips jerking in short, sharp pulses. His arms banded tight around Shane's waist, holding him balls deep, keeping him close as he spilled inside him.

Shane squirmed and whimpered and whined as he felt Ilya spill into him with Ilya's cock still pressed against his prostate.

For a long moment, the only sounds in the room were their harsh breathing and Shane occasionally making soft whimpering noises and the faint hum of the city far below. Shane stayed slumped against Ilya's chest, trembling faintly with every exhale, tears drying on his cheeks and softly hiccuping, face still buried in the warm curve of Ilya's neck. His thighs quivered around Ilya's hips, muscles spent and shaky, and he couldn't have moved if he tried.

Ilya's hands moved gently now—one sliding up Shane's sweat-slick spine in long, soothing strokes, the other cupping the back of his head, fingers threading tenderly through damp hair.

"Shh, malysh," Ilya murmured against his temple, voice soft and rough at the edges. "You did so good. So proud of you."

Shane made a small, wrecked sound—half-sob, half-sigh—and clung tighter, arms looping weakly around Ilya’s shoulders. The praise settled warm in his chest, grounding him even as his body still buzzed with aftershocks.

Ilya pressed a kiss to the side of Shane’s head, then another to the damp skin just below his ear. “Look at you,” he whispered, almost reverent. “Such a pretty crier, Hollander... Shaking so sweetly for me.”

Shane flushed hotter at that, hiding his face deeper, but he couldn’t stop the tiny, involuntary shiver that ran through him. He felt raw—open in a way that should have been terrifying but, with Ilya, only felt safe.

Eventually, Ilya shifted, easing them both sideways until Shane was curled fully in his lap, legs tucked over one arm of the chair, head pillowed on Ilya’s chest. He reached for the soft throw blanket draped over the chair and pulled it around them, cocooning Shane in warmth.

Shane’s breathing slowly evened out, the tremors fading into occasional twitches as exhaustion pulled at him. His eyes stayed closed, lashes dark against flushed cheeks, lips parted and swollen.

Ilya kept stroking his hair, slow and steady, until Shane’s body went completely lax.

“You are okay?” Ilya asked quietly after a while, thumb brushing over Shane’s cheekbone.

Shane managed the tiniest nod, not able to speak yet so he just hummed an, “...Mmhmm.”

Ilya sighed softly, satisfied, and pressed another kiss to his forehead. “Good. Go ahead and sleep, дорогой... Did so good for me...”

Shane didn’t answer with words—just nuzzled closer, one hand laying on Ilya’s arm, as if to make sure he wouldn’t disappear. Within minutes, his breathing deepened, soft and steady, the earlier restlessness finally, completely gone.

Ilya stayed awake a little longer, watching the rise and fall of Shane’s chest, fingers still carding gently through his hair. Outside, the city kept moving, indifferent and far away. Inside, everything was quiet, warm, and exactly where it needed to be.

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