

Cake By The Lake

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Cake By The Lake

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Summary

Ilya didn't know what came over himself but every instinct in his body told him to slap his boyfriend's ass. So he did. It was casual, almost careless, but as the crack of the slap echoed across the lake, so did the moan from Shane's throat.

or: Ilya slaps Shane's ass and Shane REALLY likes it.

It was a crisp day in late August and the sun had already dipped behind the trees when the banter started. They were both lounging on the porch of Shane's cottage - Shane with his head in Ilya's lap, and Ilya sipping on a beer, wearing a shit-eating grin that said 'I'm winning this argument'.

"You're so full of shit." Shane said with a lazy voice, eyes half shut. "You would have missed that last goal by a mile if my controller didn't disconnect."

Ilya snorted. "Lyubimyy, just admit, I am the hockey video game master."

Shane rolled his eyes but the corner of his mouth twitched. "Keep dreaming Rozanov."

They'd been at this for at least an hour - light jabs, who deserved the last chip in the bowl, who looked better in the team's new hoodie. The kind of sharp-edged flirting that had become their method of affection over the years. Ilya combed his fingers through Shane's hair.

"You talk big game for someone who folded like wet napkin in the locker room with me last week."

Shane snorted a laugh. "That was strategic retreat. Huge difference." He stands up to grab another beer from the cooler.

"Oh Mr. Strategy." Ilya teased. "You are lucky I fell so generous tonight." Shane shook his head in defeat and grabbed the iron stoker and poked at the fire pit that had been spitting flankers. Ilya didn't know what came over himself but every instinct in his body told him to slap his boyfriend's ass. So he did. It was casual, almost careless, but as the crack of the slap echoed across the lake, so did the moan from Shane's throat.

They both froze and Shane's face turned a vibrant shade of red. Too ashamed to look back, he started off into the trees, white knuckling the bottle in his hand. "Don't." He muttered, but it sounded more like a plea than a command.

Ilya tilted his head, studying Shane. The smirk he had now replaced by something sharp and hungry. "It did not sound like a 'don't' to me."

Shane swallowed. "Ilya-" Another slap sent the stoker tumbling to the ground and elicited a different sound. This time it was a whimper - a small, helpless whimper.

Ilya exhaled through his nose like he had been punched. "Fuck you are serious." Shane couldn't bring himself to answer. The tips of his ears burned and the tingle on his ass cheek left a dry feeling in his mouth. Ilya stood abruptly, not caring that his beer had tipped over into the grass. Shane turned to meet his eyes slowly, and they were hungry. "Bedroom." Ilya ordered. "Now."

Shane walked ahead of him on shaking legs, acutely aware of every step he took and every time the fabric of his shorts moved against the sensitive skin on his ass. The bedroom door clicked behind them. Ilya didn't rush. He gently pushed Shane face-down onto the duvet, fully clothed, and climbed on top of him, bracketing Shane's thighs with his knees. One hand

settled between Shane's shoulder blades to hold him in place, the other rubbed slow, methodical circles over the curve of his ass.

"Are you going to tell me to stop?" Ilya asked, leaning low so that his breath tickled the other's ear.

Shane shook his head and with a cracked voice he answered, "no."

"Good." The first new spank came down hard enough to make Shane's entire body jolt. Heat bloomed instantly, sharp and bright. The second followed right after, then a third. Each one delivered just for Ilya to hear the sounds of pleasure escape involuntarily from Shane's lips. He paused at ten, hand smoothing over fabric like he was petting something precious. "Still good?"

Shane nodded frantically, the duvet now damp from the stream of tears running from his eyes. His cock was painfully hard against the mattress and he could hardly help his hips rocking downward to relieve some of the tension.

Ilya groaned in satisfaction. "Greedy Hollander." He shoved Shane's shirt up as far as he could and pulled down the lower garments just enough to expose Shane's ass. Ilya stood back for a moment to admire his work - one cheek as he had always seen it and the other bright red with the faint outline of his palm. He had decided in that moment that not even Da Vinci could paint something this beautiful. He kneaded a handful of the swollen flesh before cracking his hand down again. Ilya built a slow but firm rhythm, each swat turned into a deep ache that made Shane tremble. Every few strikes, Ilya would pause to knead again and, if curiosity peaked him, he would use his thumb to pull back the cheek just enough to watch his boyfriend's hole flutter. Shane was so fucking embarrassed but god did he want to keep going.

"You like this," Ilya said with wonderment. "You really fucking like this."

Shane could only nod and sniffle, now at a loss for words. When Ilya slid his hands between Shane's thighs to find him leaking and hard, he could only groan as if he were the one being spanked. He knelt to the floor and pulled Shane's hips out just a little. One hand wrapped around Shane's aching dick, the other resuming the spanking. Beads of pre-cum rolled down Ilya's hand and dripped onto the floor. Shane's thighs shook with each slap and the whimpers of wanting were no longer spaced out by silence.

"Will you cum like this Hollander?" Ilya asked with intent. "I haven't even fucked you." Shane made a broken sounds that resembled a yes. "Then do it." Ilya insisted. "Let me see."

It didn't take long after that. Ilya would guess maybe three more slaps before Shane came with a shuddering cry into the mattress. His hips jerked uncontrollably and cum gushed out onto Ilya's pants. The lingering heat on his ass amplified every pulse until he had nothing left to give. Ilya eased him through it, palm rubbing slowly over the sensitive skin. He certainly did a number on the poor guy. When Shane finally stopped trembling, Ilya leaned in to press a kiss into the back of his thigh.

"I hope you don't like this rug too much. You made a mess." Ilya teased softly.

Shane laughed - breathless, wrecked, and happy. He turned his head just enough to catch Ilya's eye.

"Fuck off," he rasped, smiling. "We're doing this again tomorrow."

Ilya answered, with that shit-eating grin: "Deal."

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