

You Want to be Good, but You're Begging Me to Cum

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You Want to be Good, but You're Begging Me to Cum

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Summary

Shane just wants to be fucked, but Ilya is playing hard-to-get.

Shane watched Ilya in the mirror as he added weight to the bench press in his home gym.

“Something wrong?” Ilya questioned as he continued to add more weight.

“You’re definitely going to need a spotter,” Shane said as he continued his weighted squats.

Ilya smiled brightly, “That is what my loving boyfriend is for, yes?”

Shane blushed. He lived for moments like this. The Voyaguers played in Boston last night, and Shane got to spend the night. Even better, they had a few days off from practice, so he stayed behind in Boston.

Ilya lay back on the bench and looked to Shane expectantly. He put down his weights and walked over to the bench. “I’d be much more willing to do this if *my* loving boyfriend, perhaps, wasn’t wearing a shirt?”

“You would do it anyway,” Ilya rolled his eyes as he pulled off his shirt, “Pants too?”

It was Shane’s turn to roll his eyes now, “I guess you can keep those on.”

Shane spotted Ilya as he did an insane number of reps, only being occasionally distracted by the noises he made when exerting himself. Shane couldn’t help that his cock began to stiffen in his pants. He knew if Ilya noticed, he’d never hear the end of it.

By the end of Ilya’s third set, Shane’s cock was fully erect, and his ass was slick. He knew Ilya could scent it, but when he got up, he just gave Shane a quick peck on the lips and started taking the weights off the bar.

Shane was livid and felt rejected. Many times, Ilya had bent Shane over the gym equipment and fucked him from behind so they could both watch in the wall of mirrors. Either of the home gyms was honestly their favorite place to fuck because it meant they could both watch.

Dumbfounded, Shane just stood, trying to hold himself together, while Ilya continued with the next exercise in his chest routine.

“Don’t stop on my account, Hollander,” Ilya said as he began doing chest dips.

He looked sinful, covered in sweat, muscles bulging, and the sounds he made were... it was all very distracting.

Two could play at this game. Shane abandoned his leg day routine and transitioned to every exercise he could think of that would show off his pert ass.

He went through a whole process of Romanian deadlifts, good mornings, weighted sumo squats, and goblet squats. Every ass-building exercise in his arsenal was put to use.

Ilya didn’t seem to notice, and that pissed Shane off even more. He couldn’t take it anymore. Abruptly, he dropped the dumbbells he was working with and wiped them down, racking

them. He quickly wiped down all of the other equipment he had used and headed upstairs.

As he marched up the stairs, he held his breath waiting to hear Ilya's following footsteps. He heard nothing.

Ilya was usually so responsive to him. It's not like Shane was in heat; he suppressed his heats during the season. He had only allowed his first heat to happen last summer when Ilya decided to extend his stay at the cottage after they came out to his parents.

It was... *intense*.

The doctors had warned him that suppressing his heats for so long, nearly 15 years, would make the first few more fierce and possibly more frequent. He couldn't *not* suppress them, though, an omega in the NHL probably wouldn't go over well. Especially since he was supposed to be the alpha of the Voyaguers as captain.

Thinking about the time they spent together during his heat, Shane's cock throbbed, and he felt so empty.

He decided a cold shower would take care of his problem. He didn't even want to jack off, not when Ilya could be—should be—taking care of him.

Shane used the en suite bathroom, walking through Ilya's bedroom to get there. He reminisced on the time Ilya had built him a nest when he had forgotten to take his suppressants before a game one time.

The cold shower did nothing to pacify his arousal.

When he turned the shower off and opened the door to grab his towel, he noticed Ilya standing in the doorway, naked.

His arms were crossed, and he was still sweaty from working out. His cock was fully erect, pointing at Shane. A lock of golden brown curly hair fell in front of his eyes. He looked like a Greek fucking God.

If there were a male Greek God of Fucking, it would be Ilya.

Shane maintained eye contact with Ilya as he dried his body, slowly, sensually.

When he was done, Ilya held his hand out to Shane. He immediately took it.

Ilya walked them into the bedroom and pinned Shane against the wall. Their cocks rubbed together, and Shane moaned at the touch.

Ilya took Shane's jaw between his thumb and forefinger, tipping his gaze to meet his, "If you want me to fuck you, my sweet omega, all you have to do is ask nicely."

Shane's cheeks blushed pink, and he nodded as he pulled Ilya's lips down to his, pushing to his toes to compensate for his height. This kiss was different than the one they shared in the gym—it was hot and needy and messy and just so raw.

Ilya's hands began to roam; his left slid up to play with his lover's nipple, and his right groped his ass roughly, then gave it a quick smack. A sharp gasp escaped Shane's mouth, and he felt Ilya fight off a smile as he carried on, their tongues wrestling.

He palmed Shane's peck again and pinched his nipple. Shane's fingers fumbled over Ilya's chest and abs, unable to decide if he should tease his alpha back or go straight to that cock he needed inside him so badly.

A chuckle built in Ilya's throat, and he grabbed Shane's wrists as he turned them around and walked Shane backwards until his legs hit the bed.

"What are you doing?" Shane asked. He allowed Ilya to guide his hands over his head as he lowered him to the bed, shaking his head.

"Keep your hands up," Ilya commanded as his hands roamed. A devilish smirk played on his lips, and the look in his eye made Shane rub his legs together, searching for any stimulation on his cock.

Impatient, Shane hooked his legs around Ilya's torso and his hands grabbed his hair, attempting to pull him up to his cock.

Ilya straightened abruptly, now kneeling with Shane's legs still wrapped around him. His cock was deliciously close to Shane's entrance, and he nudged his hips closer to him, silently begging for even just the tip to enter.

"If you aren't going to keep your hands above your head, then I'm going to keep them there," Ilya said gruffly as he pushed Shane's hips back down to the mattress. His knees were equal with Shane's hips as he grabbed the necktie he wore home from the game last night off the nightstand and Shane's wrists.

"What do you..." Shane's words trailed off as Ilya moved his hands above his head and knotted the tie around them, then he looped the tie around the headboard and fastened that as well.

Ilya towered on his knees, smirking down at Shane as he affectionately petted his hair, then cupped his cheek, making eye contact that had Shane's cock throbbing, "If at any point, any of this becomes too much and you need me to stop, say 'red'. If you need me to slow down or be more gentle, say 'yellow'. If I ask you for color and you're good to go, say 'green', yes?"

Shane bit his lip and nodded his head, but Ilya shook his, "Verbal consent, Hollander."

"Yes, Alpha," Shane stated, knowing that it would rile Ilya even more. As expected, a low growl rumbled from him, and his eyes darkened.

"Now your wandering hands are taken care of, let's start over, yes?" Ilya made his way to the foot of the bed, lightly trailing a finger down Shane's body as he went.

Standing at the foot of the bed, Ilya grabbed Shane's ankles, pulling his legs down and spreading them apart widely, "Don't make me tie your legs down, understand?"

His voice filled with need, practically a whimper, Shane let out another, “Yes, Alpha.” A moan escaped from him as he watched Ilya kiss his left ankle, then drag his tongue along his calf to his knee, ending with another kiss. Ilya repeated the action on his right leg, then moved to his left knee.

Ilya placed a kiss on the side of Shane’s knee, then licked up to his throbbing cock, planting a kiss on the weeping tip.

“Fuck, Ilya!” Shane’s hips bucked up, chasing Ilya’s mouth as he pulled away. The whimper that came from him was entirely untamed.

Ilya placed one hand on Shane’s hip, pinning him down, as he lowered himself to his left knee. He kissed and licked his way up, ending with another kiss on his cock.

Despite being pinned, Shane still tried to buck his hips up to Ilya’s mouth and wrapped his legs around him in an attempt to keep him there, needing more. Ilya’s cock was so close to nudging Shane’s soaked entrance.

Ilya tiskied, “Seems like someone needs to learn little bit of patience, wait right here.” As if Shane had the option, considering his hands were tied to the headboard. He squirmed as Ilya left the room. It felt as though he’d been gone for hours; realistically, it had probably only been a minute or two.

Ilya came back into the room, and Shane almost didn’t notice the bondage rope in his hand because he couldn’t take his eyes off of Ilya’s erect cock. He would feel so full with that cock inside of him.

“What are you going to do with those?” He asked despite knowing the answer.

Ilya got to work tying his ankles to the footboard, leaving some slack so he could still move a little, “Bad omegas get punished, and these ropes are just the beginning.”

The throbbing of his cock was uncomfortable; he was so slick, Ilya wouldn’t need any foreplay to slip his cock inside. He could hear his pulse in her ears. Ilya’s dirty talk only made it worse.

With his legs now secured down, Ilya stood at the foot of the bed with his hands on his hips, proudly studying his work. Shane watched as Ilya’s eyes wandered and locked onto his ass, “Absolutely soaked for me, aren’t you?”

“I just want to be full of your cock, Ilya,” Shane let out, exasperated.

He hummed, “We’re getting there, Hollander, but tonight is about patience, remember?”

Shane rolled his eyes and yanked at his arms in frustration. “What’s your color?” Ilya asked.

“Green,” He sighed.

With a smile on his face, Ilya began to crawl onto the bed. He placed another quick kiss on Shane’s cock on his way and then spat on it. Moving up, he gently bit and licked each of his

nipples before capturing his mouth in a deep kiss.

Shane tried his best to keep his hips down as he felt Ilya's hand slip between them. Fingers dusted over his hole, and then he roughly shoved three fingers in.

A high-pitched sound between a screech and a moan escaped from Shane's mouth. Ilya curled his fingers a few times, stroking his prostate, and all Shane needed was stimulation on his cock, then he would be there.

Ilya removed his fingers achingly slow, trailing them up past his taint and around his balls, bringing the slick with. Ilya jerked his cock once. He felt Ilya's hand leave, and he made pointed eye contact with Shane.

There was no warning before his hand was slapping down onto his thigh, dangerously close to his balls. Shane screamed. There was pain, but the pleasure it brought was overwhelming.

"That was number one. You've been bad tonight, so you'll take 5. If you're still green, you'll count them aloud. Only say the number once you're ready for the next one. You can color out at any time, understand?" Ilya said, maintaining eye contact.

Shane nodded, "Yes, Alpha," he caught his breath and closed his eyes, "One."

Another spanking hit the same place, and he gasped, "Two."

Three and four reigned down on the other thigh this time, relentlessly as he counted aloud.

Ilya let him squirm before the fifth. He sucked his nipple, kissed his way up his chest and neck to his mouth. Their tongues met in a battle of heat and fury. Shane's cock throbbed and ass clenched. He dreaded the final spanking, but was so excited for what was to come afterwards. He would get to cum afterwards.

Still kissing, Ilya's hand slapped his thigh one last time, and he gasped into Ilya's mouth. Only when he pulled away did he count, "Five."

"Good omega," Ilya said as his fingers dusted along Shane's face, then stroked his hair. He unknotted the tie from the headboard and released Shane's hands from the binding. He walked around the bed and swiftly untied his legs as well.

Pulling Shane close and wrapping his legs around his torso, Ilya finally pushed his cock into Shane. They both let out a moan of relief.

Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya's neck, bringing their foreheads together as he slowly, gently thrust in and out of him. They exchanged gentle kisses and little giggles as they made love.

Ilya began the thrust faster, and he once again slipped his hand between them. This time, he rubbed slow circles on the leaking tip of Shane's cock with his thumb, just as he knew drove him wild. Shane met Ilya's hand and hips thrust for thrust.

"Fuck, Ilya, I'm going to cum. I need you to cum inside of me," Shane gasped.

Their hips met even faster, “You always have been my little cum slut,” Ilya buried his face in the crook of his neck, “Am going to fill you up with my cum, Shane.”

Shane’s legs began to shake, and he finally fell over the edge, seeing stars, when he felt Ilya’s hot seed spilling into him, knot growing. The pleasure crashed over him and cum shot from his cock in waves.

Ilya stilled, and his knot joined them together, basking in their orgasms. He rutted one last time, pushing his knot deeper.

They lay together, on their sides, waiting for Ilya’s knot to go down, all roaming hands and gentle kisses.

Finally, Ilya was able to pull his cock from Shane’s warmth. Shane whimpered as he felt Ilya’s cum begin to leak out of him.

Kneeling, Ilya watched the cum leak out for a moment before using his fingers to swipe it up and push it back inside of Shane. He thrust his fingers in and out a few times, then grabbed a butt plug from the nightstand drawer.

“Let’s keep all of that inside,” He said as he pushed the plug into Shane, not letting a single drop of his cum escape.

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