

two minutes for delay of game

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Summary

Shane finds himself trapped beneath a bunch of heavy weights, in a doomed edging competition that he doesn't have a hope of winning.

Ilya is having a great time.

Notes

I've wanted to do a proper edging fic for a while, but didn't have a good idea for one, until now. Hudson, thank you for being such a slut in all your photoshoots—[this photo](#) really did something to me. Never let anyone take away your sparkle.

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

It's generally considered inadvisable to lie on the floor underneath someone lifting weights. This seems like a piece of logic and common sense that even the densest of hockey idiots could wrap their bruised little minds around.

Shane isn't a dense hockey idiot. He understands the risk. But Shane also trusts Ilya—trusts him more than he's ever trusted anyone in his life.

So when Ilya crowds against his body, breathing in the sweat on Shane's neck, and demands that he strip out of his shirt; when he points at the floor of their home gym with blatant lust in his eyes the second they finish their workout—Shane obeys. Shane always obeys. His sweaty back squeaks against the rubber flooring as he gets himself situated right in the centre of the mat, his cock already showing an interest in the proceedings, twitching to life under his tight briefs.

He watches Ilya's bicep flex as he picks up a 60lb dumbbell, his face stoic even as sweat beads on his forehead. Shane feels a thrill go through him as Ilya steadily approaches, although if his boyfriend even *thinks* about putting that weight anywhere near Shane's cock he's getting the fastest *Red* of his life. "Spread your arms," Ilya orders instead, and Shane does as he's told, throwing the limbs eagerly out to his sides like he's Christ the Redeemer or something.

"Good boy," Ilya murmurs, squatting down beside Shane to place the heavy weight over his arm, bracketing his elbow and pinning him down.

"*Oh*," Shane breathes, his cock rapidly starting to fill out his gym shorts as Ilya makes his way back to the weight rack.

He's already into this, and he doesn't even know what *this* is, yet.

Ilya quickly returns with a second 60lb weight, carefully placing it down over Shane's other elbow. His face stays set in place—calm and determined—as he drags his eyes across Shane's trapped form. "Try to escape," he says softly.

There's no way. Shane tries to lift his right arm, but from this angle and with no force behind his movements, he hasn't got a chance of shifting a 60lb dumbbell. His sweaty elbow crease rubs up on the bar, and he's pleased that he even gets the weight to rock slightly. He looks from one trapped arm to the other, wondering if he could shuffle sideways far enough to wriggle an arm out. Ilya's eyes burn holes in his chest as he watches him make an attempt, but Shane doesn't get far before the size of his bicep hinders his progress, both arms still pinned to the ground.

"I can't," Shane whispers, shifting back to his original position, blinking up at Ilya with glassy eyes. He squeezes his legs together in a weak attempt to hide how hard he's getting, but all the motion serves to do is draw Ilya's attention. He finally gets a new look from his boyfriend—a smirk, tugging across Ilya's handsome face.

"Good," Ilya laughs, turning back to the weight rack. He grabs two 25lb weights with a grunt, not even bothering to do them one at a time, and places each of them beside the 60s, further up Shane's forearms.

Shane has to take a deep breath before he can speak, so incredibly turned on by next-to-nothing as Ilya stands over him, glistening and devilish. "You had to establish that I already couldn't get out before you added more weights?" he asks, sucking on his lower lip as he rubs his legs together like a cricket, squeezing his balls between his thighs.

Ilya raises an eyebrow at him as he grabs two 15s and puts them over each of Shane's hands, encouraging him to curl his fingers around the bars. "What, you think this is it?" he teases, leaning down to brush Shane's sweaty hair from his forehead. "Hollander, we are only just starting."

Pinned like a bug, Shane flexes his arms against the restraints. He's not going anywhere, and he can't do anything about the arousal thrumming through his core. The thought makes his cock throb, and he feels a telltale blurt of precome soaking into the cotton of his underwear. He flexes his hips off the ground towards Ilya, begging, "Touch me?"

The only touch comes in the form of Ilya's workout sneaker pressing firmly down on Shane's lower belly, forcing his quivering body back to the floor. It shouldn't be as hot as it is—especially when Ilya twists his foot, grinding the rubber sole against Shane's abs—but Shane barely chokes back a surprised moan, his core flexing under Ilya's weight. He doesn't have a clue what Ilya is planning, and the anticipation only makes it hotter.

Ilya presses Shane's legs flat to the ground, giving him a firm *Stay still* look as he returns to the weight rack once more. He picks up a 50, and traps Shane's ankle.

With a leg pinned too, Shane starts to feel increasingly like a prey animal, stalked and trapped by a menacing predator. He gets the distinct impression that his captor wants to toy with his food. Once his second leg is locked into place, Ilya's attention turns fully to Shane, who can't help but squirm as his boyfriend's eyes scan filthily over his supine body.

He's embarrassed by how hard he is, how obvious it is that giving up control like this gets him going. With all four limbs incapacitated, Shane has no way to hide, settling for death-gripping the dumbbells in his hands and screwing up his face in performative discomfort.

"Mm, one more, I think," Ilya murmurs, almost to himself.

Shane has no earthly idea what else Ilya could do to trap him any more than he already has. He watches his boyfriend walk in a wide circle around his body—getting closer as he moves, his long, confident strides stepping over each of Shane's trapped arms, his legs, as though they're not even there. He creeps in closer and closer until he's crouching right at Shane's side.

"Here," he says, drawing a firm line with two fingertips across Shane's lower belly, from hipbone to hipbone.

"You're not—" Shane whispers, it quickly dawning on him what Ilya is implying. His gaze flickers from Ilya's face to the 95lb barbell sitting menacingly beside them. From his angle on the floor, he can see that the clearance beneath the bar is miniscule; there's no way he's going to fit.

It's at that moment that Shane remembers something. A few nights ago, Shane had blearily woken up in the middle of the night to find Ilya holding a measuring tape up against his side, murmuring to himself in Russian. He'd made a brief attempt to question him at the time, but it was 3am and they had a game the next day, and Shane *really* didn't want to be awake. Ilya had whispered something about it being a surprise and told him to go back to sleep.

It's a surprise, all right. Shane would never in a million years have guessed that *this* was what Ilya was planning.

"Yes," Ilya says, slapping his hand down on Shane's abs as he stands, stepping over his body and dragging the rubber toe of his sneaker across Shane's skin. "I am."

It shouldn't thrill Shane like it does. It should be terrifying, watching Ilya squat beside the weight, shaking out his arms before curling his hands around the bar, his form perfect. Shane watches his shoulder muscles ripple under his skin as he stands, the heavy barbell held firmly in his grip.

Shane keeps his mouth tightly shut as Ilya starts to move. As hot as it is watching his ripped boyfriend lift, he's not taking the risk of distracting him right now.

Ilya walks slowly, but with confidence and intent. He comes at Shane from the direction of his feet, not carrying the heavy bar anywhere near his head, for which Shane is eternally grateful. He doesn't meet Shane's eyes, his sole focus on the base of his belly.

The cold bar shoots icy tendrils out through Shane's bare skin as Ilya lowers it to the ground, and Shane can't help the breathy gasp that falls from his slack lips. The plates make contact, far on either side of him, but all Shane can focus on is the firm, unrelenting pressure against his core.

If he thought he was trapped before—

"Fuck, Ilya," he breathes, shifting his body so the base of his spine is pressed into the floor, which tilts his hips up hopefully. The new position gives him a tiny bit of wiggle room, but he's almost certainly going to end up with a wide bruise across his lower abs, which he can't wait to try to explain to the team—*I crashed my bike and fell over the handlebars; I walked very, very hard into a dinner table; I let Ilya Rozanov crush me under a 95lb barbell for sex reasons*. He takes a few deep breaths to ensure he still *can*, his body trembling under Ilya's steady gaze.

"Is okay?" Ilya murmurs, wiping his sweaty palms off on his tank top. His cock is hard too, and Shane wonders what he's going to do with it. Use his mouth, hopefully, because there's really not any way he's getting to Shane's asshole with him trapped in this position.

"*Perfect*," Shane sighs, testing his bonds. No part of his body can move more than an inch, and he's completely at Ilya's mercy. "What are you going to do to me?"

There's a filthy glint in Ilya's eye when he replies, "We will see."

Shane gets the feeling Ilya knows exactly what he's going to do.

"Stay," Ilya murmurs, as though Shane has a choice, touching his bare hip with the toe of his shoe, "I will return."

Ilya won't go further than he can hear a yell for help, Shane is certain of that, but it still sends a terrified chill through his chest to watch Ilya walk out the door of the gym and back into the house.

Being left alone gives Shane a chance to pause, to take stock of his body and the crazy position he finds himself in. He's fairly comfortable, all things considered. The bar across his hips is heavy and unrelenting, but Shane can still breathe freely and deeply. His arms are pinned against any major movement, but they're free to wriggle in the tight space beneath the weights, no part of him pinched or uncomfortably restrained. It's the same with his legs. Without shoes on, he could probably wriggle out from under the bars covering his ankles, but as it is, he's wholly at Ilya's mercy. If his boyfriend ever returns, that is.

Ilya leaves him for long enough that Shane starts to squirm. He's still desperately hard, and the anticipation is only exacerbating that problem. In a brief moment of madness, he shifts his hips, trying to get contact from the barbell against his straining cock, but all he achieves is managing to roll the bar a little way up his body, feeling the intense weight of it start to crush his stomach.

"Ilyaaaaa," he yells, unable to make any move to push it down, feeling his breath catch nervously in his throat, "help!"

To his credit, Ilya is by his side instantly, like he's been waiting just outside the door. He rolls the barbell back into place with a stern look in Shane's direction. "Learn a lesson?" he asks, putting a bottle down on the floor beside himself as he kneels next to Shane's trapped body.

Shane sucks on his lips, squeezing around the dumbbells in his hands. "Patience?" he whispers, as Ilya drags one finger down the length of his clothed cock, making Shane jerk up into the touch, crushing his lower abs into the bar.

"Good boy," Ilya smiles, leaning up to run his fingers soothingly through Shane's hair. "You look pretty like this."

Shane lets his eyes flutter shut, tilting his head into Ilya's hand. He feels crazy—touch-starved and desperate already, eager for anything Ilya is willing to give him, even if that's just a gentle hand pushing hair back from his face.

When Ilya's hand pulls away, it drags a plaintive moan from Shane's throat, and Shane blinks up at him hopefully. His dick is the only part of him free to move, and it reaches out towards Ilya, pressing insistently against the inside of his shorts, begging for touch.

"How long?" Ilya murmurs, running a fingertip from the curve of Shane's jawbone down his neck, the touch faint.

Shane arches into it, as much as he can with the limited movement he's allowed, and Ilya pulls back, keeping his pressure consistently light as he trails over Shane's collarbone and down his chest, circling a nipple. "*Fuh—*," he gasps, his body thrumming with potential energy. "H-how long, what?"

Ilya's face curls into a devious smirk, and Shane can't meet his eyes, focusing instead on the glint of the cross necklace sitting in the scoop neck of his boyfriend's tank. "How long can you hold out?" Ilya murmurs, pinching Shane's nipple firmly, the harsh touch zipping straight to Shane's cock, making it jerk dangerously as it rubs against the soft, wet inside of his underwear.

"I want a number," Ilya continues, moving away from Shane's nipple to drag his finger further down his torso, curling light, ticklish patterns over the peaks and troughs of his ribs. "We are betting."

"W-what do I get if I win?" Shane moans, a shiver running down his spine. He has no idea how long Ilya is planning on keeping him here for, and he has no concept of how long he can do whatever *this* is without coming, especially when Ilya already has him wound so tightly.

"Whatever you want," Ilya shrugs.

Shane's pretty sure he can get that without being tortured. He smiles up at Ilya. "And if you win?"

Ilya smirks, knowing, "Whatever *I* want."

So Shane is still none the wiser. Great. "Um, half an hour, maybe?" he says quietly, a questioning lilt to his tone.

Ilya gives him a despondent look, dipping his fingertip into Shane's bellybutton, pressing into the slight hollow there, which wakes something feral in the back of Shane's brain that he doesn't have the time to unpack right now. "An hour, at least," he counters, and Shane can't help but shudder.

"Forty-five minutes?" Shane begs hopefully, not sure he's even going to last ten.

"An hour," Ilya replies.

Fuck. Shane can feel himself admitting defeat already. He's sure Ilya has some sick and twisted idea brewing in his mind as punishment for him losing the bet, but even if it's hard, it's not like it'll be especially unpleasant—Shane always likes Ilya's ideas in the end.

He's fighting a losing battle, but of course Shane is going to *try*. He refuses to give up on a bet, especially one designed specifically for him to fail.

"An hour," he repeats through gritted teeth, clenching his core beneath the weight of the barbell. The pressure is almost familiar to him already, his body adapting to its new reality

with ease. If Ilya wants to keep him trapped here for an hour, *fine*, Shane can handle that.

He simultaneously hopes that Ilya will touch him and that he won't. He wants to win the bet, but his cock is aching for stimulation—proudly tenting his shorts, hard enough to cut glass.

"Good boy," Ilya laughs, lifting his wrist and clicking a button on the side of his watch, starting a stopwatch. He doesn't hesitate before descending on Shane's cock, stroking firmly down the length of it through his shorts.

The real touch, after so long with nothing, after Ilya barely brushing fingertips across his skin, drags a desperate "Oh god, oh fuck," from Shane's lips, his hips seeking up against Ilya's hand, trapped behind the barbell.

"Careful," Ilya warns mischievously, stroking him again. "I will not stop if you come." His eyes sparkle with something dangerous, "I have one hour to play, yes? If you come two times, I get two things I want."

"That's not fair," Shane moans, rocking his head against the rubber matting, his arms flexing beneath the weights. "You can't change the rules haaaaaah—" His voice trails off into a whimper as Ilya rubs his frenulum through the fabric.

"What was that?" Ilya teases, sliding his free hand up to cup Shane's pec, squeezing the muscle under his hand, mirroring the motion on Shane's twitching cock.

Shane can't help but jerk, trying desperately to wriggle away from the onslaught of touches. His dick pulses under Ilya's hand as he doesn't manage to move more than an inch in any direction. "Please," he begs, meeting Ilya's eyes in a desperate bid for mercy, his voice cut off by heaving gasps, "*fuck*, let me get a breath."

"Why?" Ilya asks, squeezing Shane's cock and sending a zing of arousal right through his core, leaving Shane sweating and panting, clenching his stomach against the orgasm pounding at his door.

"Please," Shane sobs, "I w-want to be good for you." Hot wet tears track down the sides of his face as he squirms, squeezing his eyes shut. "I'm trying, I just need—*please*."

Ilya's hands leave his body in an instant, and Shane's belly presses hard up into the bar, instinctually chasing the feeling of Ilya's touch even if it spells his doom. The barbell keeps him firmly in place and he sucks in shaky breaths, quickly flipping through a Rolodex of tricks to calm himself down, to drag his body back from the brink. "What do you say?" Ilya prompts, his voice cutting through the pounding in Shane's ears as a warm hand rubs over Shane's hairy thigh, fingertips brushing dangerously close to the centre.

"Thank you," Shane gasps, blinking gratefully up at Ilya as the peak of his potential orgasm ebbs to something marginally more manageable. "Thank you, sir, I—I'm, oh god—"

Shane's heart pounds hard against his chest as Ilya wraps his fingers under the waistband of his shorts and underwear, dragging them all the way down to tangle by the weights covering his ankles. It's embarrassing, how hard he is, how his cock springs excitedly out of the fabric

to splash precome against the bar holding him down, and he feels his face flush a hot shade of red.

"Tell me if you are going to come," Ilya instructs, and Shane nods and nods, his naked body trembling under Ilya's watchful gaze. "I will stop touching you, so it is your fault if you come anyway. Deal?"

The odds are still stacked heavily in Ilya's favour, but that sounds like a much better deal than Ilya forcing orgasm after orgasm from Shane for an hour to rack up sexual favours.

"Deal," Shane agrees with a shudder.

"You are a good boy," Ilya murmurs, running the flat of his palm across Shane's damp, quivering stomach, just barely brushing the head of his cock where it rests on the bar, leaking a messy puddle of precome onto his abdomen. He picks up the bottle beside him, and Shane realises with a start that it's the fisting lube.

"You're not trying to—" he starts as Ilya slathers his palm in the goopy liquid. His legs are pinned together and there's no way he's rolling over underneath the barbell to give Ilya access to his ass.

"No," Ilya says simply, taking Shane's cock in his sloppy hand, sliding slick and easy across his quivering flesh.

It's already so much. The fisting lube is heavy and thick, surrounding Shane's dick in an overstimulating sleeve under Ilya's slowly working hand. He doesn't go fast, but he doesn't have to, Shane is already so close to the edge.

"Ohhh, fuck, Ilya," Shane groans, trying to draw his knees up towards his body in a weak attempt to push Ilya away. He manages to drag the weights covering his feet less than an inch towards himself, and Ilya gives him a stern look, rubbing his thumb harshly across Shane's frenulum, drawing a pained gasp from his throat. "Sorry, sorry, I won't—" Shane whimpers, flattening his legs to the floor with significant effort, blood pounding in his ears.

His cock has never been this hard; it feels like a steel rod in Ilya's slick palm. Tremors run through his exhausted, post-workout muscles, his arms straining against the restraints as Shane holds himself back from the pleasure it would be so, so easy to give in to.

Shane bites his lip, hard, as Ilya trails a slick finger across his pouty slit, causing Shane's cock to jerk in his hand. He imagines it—Ilya pushing inside—and then shakes his head hard against the floor, promptly trying to stop imagining it as the thought sends a pathetic ache to the base of his cock. If Ilya had brought the sounds out here, Shane would be an absolute goner.

"Gorgeous," Ilya moans, taking his hand off Shane for a brief moment of respite to check his watch. He doesn't give Shane an update on the clock, just smiles knowingly to himself before taking Shane in his full palm again, dragging along the slick length of him.

"It's so much," Shane whimpers, focusing on the ache in his lower belly from the bar as a distraction from the ache in his lower belly from the looming orgasm that Ilya keeps denying him. That he keeps denying himself. "Ilya, please."

"Please what?" Ilya rumbles, dragging Shane's foreskin back and pressing the slightly cupped palm of his free hand to the head of Shane's cock, rubbing firmly over the sensitive, freshly exposed skin there.

It's—oh, *fuck*, Shane is going to come.

"Stopstopstop," he begs, a sob wracking his body when Ilya obeys, leaving Shane's cock bobbing in the air, bashing against the metal bar. He scrunches his face up, pressing his thighs together as tight as he can as his legs tremble with the force of holding it back. There's a tidal wave in his gut and Shane is trying to stop it with a paper towel. "Fuck, fuck, *ohh*, fuck," he gasps, his whole body tense as a bowstring, overwhelmed tears dripping from his tightly closed eyes.

"Good," Ilya says, his voice proud, and then his hand is back on Shane, *too soon*, way too fucking soon.

He can't—Shane isn't emotionally prepared. "No, no, please," he sobs, fighting desperately against his bonds, "please, not yet, you can't—I can't—" Shane can't see through his tears, can't feel anything but the persistent ache boiling low in his belly. "Please stop it, Ilya. I'm gonna come—"

Ilya slides his hand in one firm stroke, from base to tip, all the way off the end of Shane's dick, leaving him a sobbing, shuddering mess, every muscle in his body clenched tight as he tries desperately not to let orgasm overtake him. "Hold it," Ilya says firmly, and Shane wants to scream.

Everything in Shane is begging him to let go. It will feel so good if he lets go.

But Ilya told him to hold, and Ilya knows best.

"It hurts," Shane whimpers through gritted teeth, and he feels Ilya's attention snap to him.

"The bar?" Ilya asks, and it feels like such a non-sequitur that it drags Shane's mind briefly away from the raging orgasm pooling in his belly.

He shakes his head, meeting Ilya's eyes through a watery film. "No, th-that's good," Shane murmurs. It certainly will hurt, tomorrow, without the rush of adrenaline coursing through his veins, but no, the bar is not what he was talking about.

As soon as Ilya confirms that Shane doesn't appear to be in imminent danger, he's right back to business, his hand wrapping around Shane's cock and sliding slowly from base to tip once more. "What, you cannot handle it?" he teases, and Shane can't help the breathy moan that falls from his lips. "It is just a handjob."

"I'm *ha*—andling it," Shane shoots back, glaring up at Ilya defiantly. He has no idea how long it's been, but he feels like he's doing a great job, actually. "Shut up, you're an asshole."

"Mm, you love it," Ilya laughs, letting his hand drag so slowly across Shane's aching flesh. "So fucking pretty, *moya lyubov'*, watching you hold it back for me." He rubs his thumb over Shane's slit, smiling when that gets him a breathy gasp in response. "You will keep being good boy for me, yes?"

Shane sucks in a deep breath through his nose, letting the oxygen clear his brain of distractions for a moment. Ilya *is* an asshole, and Shane loves nothing more than doing exactly what his asshole boyfriend tells him to do, proving himself to Ilya over and over again. "Yes," he promises, "I'm trying." He meets Ilya's eyes with a slight squint, "You're not making it—*fuck*—fucking easy, though."

"Where is fun in that, hm?" Ilya counters, squeezing down firmly around Shane's length, making his body jerk up against the restraints.

"Oh, fuck," Shane gasps, focusing his attention on the bruise that's sure to form on his arm as it bashes into the dumbbell bar, so he doesn't have to think about how painfully tight his balls are, how his body is trembling right on the edge yet again. "Ilya, stop, please," he begs, and Ilya's hand leaves his dick, but slick wet fingertips trail over his balls, and that's just as bad, if not worse. "No, no no please, stop, I can't—"

Shane clenches his whole body from his core to his jaw, his hands wrapped tight around the dumbbell bars and his head tucked in towards his chest, every muscle active and engaged. Ilya is slow to stop, only gradually drawing his fingers away from his tight sac, and Shane feels his cock jerk and bounce of its own volition against the bar, certain that the game is over for him.

He keeps his eyes squeezed shut, his body rigid as a board as he waits for Ilya's reprimand, Ilya's jokes, Ilya's teasing. What he gets instead is a very fond, "*Good boy.*"

"I d-didn't come?" Shane moans, barely louder than a whisper. He's never been in a situation where he can't *tell*, before, so many confusing pleasure and pain signals fighting for dominance as Ilya brutally teases his cock. He feels like his head has been stuffed with tissue paper, and he blinks his eyes open to see a veritable flood of precome puddling in the grooves of his abs, but not a speck of actual come, his cock still hard and shiny where it stands proud from his lap.

"You did not," Ilya says, his face tugging into a grin. "I'm proud of you."

"H-how long has it been?" Shane has to know. He's gotten so close so many times, and he's not sure how much more he can handle.

"You are trying to distract me," Ilya murmurs, sliding his cleaner hand soothingly across Shane's trembling thigh.

"I'm not," Shane lies, biting his lip, "please."

Ilya huffs softly, looking at his watch. "There is still time for me to win," he says easily, like that answers anything at all. There could be 50 minutes or 50 seconds left, and he'd still be able to make Shane come if he wanted to.

"Easy to win if you're playing dirty," Shane spits, though there's no real malice behind his words. "You didn't stop touching me when I asked, even though you promised."

Ilya's smile is shark-like and cruel, and he shrugs. "You didn't come, did you? Maybe you are asking me to stop too often, like coward."

"Fuck you," Shane scowls, and Ilya grabs his dick again in response, killing off any further words lingering in Shane's throat.

This time, Ilya trails his other fingertips back across Shane's chest, rubbing lightly across one of his nipples as he slowly tugs on Shane's cock. The touches being so light is almost worse than Ilya jerking him hard and fast, because it proves without a doubt just how needy and hair-trigger Shane is right now—that even Ilya's barely-there touches can so quickly bring him back to trembling on the precipice.

"Oh my god," Shane whimpers, trying unsuccessfully to twist away from the touch, "please, Ilya, I d-don't know—it's too much." There's smoldering kindling in his belly, constantly being stoked by every brush of Ilya's merciless fingers, and Shane is supposed to stop the fire igniting? He *can't*, he's not strong enough.

"What will you pick?" Ilya asks softly, his hand slackening. It's still moving over Shane's cock, but much less intent, even slower than before. He's stopped trying to force an orgasm out of Shane, just keeping his pot simmering. "If you win," he clarifies, when Shane stares blankly at him, "what will you do to me?"

What would he pick? Shane doesn't really want for anything out of their sex life, and he's more than happy letting Ilya take control. If Shane has to pick something, suddenly he's the one taking responsibility if it's bad, or if it goes wrong, or, or, or. Sex is stress relief, for Shane—*most of the time, anyway*. Ilya is the one who deals with all the admin.

"I don't know?" Shane answers eventually, shrugging as much as he can in his arm prison. "Maybe force you to put your laundry in the correctly coloured hampers for a whole week."

Ilya snorts, leaning over him to capture Shane's lips in a kiss. "You can have anything," Ilya reminds him. "You can fuck me, you can piss in my mouth, you can choke me, whatever you want."

Shane's cock twitches in Ilya's hand, and he has to suck on his bottom lip to pull himself back under control. "Do *you* want those things?" he asks, raising his eyebrows. They've played a little with the dynamic, but Shane isn't good at being in charge, and Ilya is terrible at giving up control. What they have works, and Shane doesn't feel a need to change it up.

But if Ilya is dissatisfied, if he wants something more from Shane, then Shane will be eager to give it, even if it's uncomfortable for him. That's just how he's wired.

"I would be happy with them," Ilya shrugs, non-committal, and maybe Shane does want to choke him out, a little.

"What would you pick?" Shane asks. The conversation is delaying the inevitable, but at least it's giving Shane a moment to calm down and remember how to breathe, enjoying the gentle stroking of his sensitive cock, the unhurried lack of pressure.

"Mm, you will find out when I win," Ilya grins, tightening his grip and dragging a long moan from Shane's throat.

"Asshole," Shane groans, as the kindling behind his abs sparks, threatening to set the whole thing ablaze. He closes his eyes, rocking his head back against the gym flooring as Ilya's hand slides up and off his cock. There are a few moments of respite before Shane feels the thick lube being drizzled directly down the length of his dick, and Ilya's hand wraps right back around him again, soaked and slick, pulling a choking cry out of his chest.

Ilya has spent years honing the craft of jerking Shane off, and he knows exactly what moves leave Shane a blubbering mess. He slides Shane's foreskin back all the way and wraps his gooey fingers tight under the mushroom head of his cock, wringing around like he's strangling it, which causes Shane to seize up, his breath catching in his throat as the fire starts to burn.

Shane doesn't want to call it off too soon—he's not a coward—but he's really fucking close, actually, his hips jerking off the floor, crushing his body against the heavy bar that doesn't move an inch. "*Ilya*," he breathes, sucking on his lips, feeling his thighs start to tremble as Ilya's other hand rubs across the head, "oh, fuck, Ilya, I'm going to come—"

In an instant, there are no hands touching his body, and Shane sobs a broken moan as his cock jerks wildly in the air, so close but so far. It's too much. He can't do it. He can't handle it. "*Fuck*, please touch me," Shane finds himself begging, overwhelmed tears slipping from his eyes and soaking his cheeks, "please, please, please let me come, Ilya," he pleads, his arms straining to try to escape the weight prison, to get a hand on himself, anything. Nothing matters any more—there's nothing in the world but Shane's insatiable need for orgasm. They could be at 59 minutes and 45 seconds, and Shane wouldn't stick it out. "I don't care—you can win, please, I *need*, I need to come."

"You know how," Ilya murmurs, and Shane shakes his head from side to side, feeling tears fling from his eyes. He does—he can come untouched—but that's not what he wants, not what he *craves*, after being teased for so long.

"No, please, I want your hands on me," Shane snuffles, trying to arch wildly into a touch that he knows he can't reach, wincing as the bar presses back, unyielding. "Make me come, I'll do whatever you want, *please*, I need it so bad."

There are a few seconds of contemplative silence, broken only by Shane's hitched sobs, and then Ilya finally replies, "Say the magic words."

Shane doesn't know what words Ilya means, and the words that fall from his lips aren't what he expects to say—"I love you."

The hand curling around Shane's cock is like nothing he's ever felt before—like he's fucking into a cloud, soft and pillowy and perfect. "Oh *fuck*," he sobs, his whole body shuddering as he finally lets himself fall over the edge, "thank you, thank you." He feels like he's coming for *days*, ropes and ropes of come splattering up across his chest, soaking him in it, coating his body in proof of his submission.

Ilya jerks him through it, his free hand curling possessively around the back of Shane's neck, holding him there. "So beautiful," he murmurs, but Shane can barely hear him, his whole head starting to fill with a pleasant fuzz. "Good boy, good boy," Ilya's voice floats somewhere beyond the realm of Shane's reach, but that's okay. He's there. He's here.

"Oh, baby boy," Ilya murmurs, and Shane doesn't have it in him to scowl at the nickname, enjoying his floaty feeling too much to care about little things like that. A thumb slides up to brush his cheek, and Shane can feel each of his freckles sparkling under the touch. "Will you let me come on your face, sweetheart?" Ilya asks, and his voice sounds so far away, but his hands are on Shane's skin, and that's the only thing that matters.

Shane thinks he smiles. He's trying to smile.

He can feel movement around him, and Ilya is somewhere above his head, his hand sliding back into its rightful place, cupping warm and comforting around the back of his neck. His groan is quiet, muffled, and then something splatters across Shane's cheek, the bridge of his nose, a bitter taste blooming across his tongue. He's definitely smiling now, wide and maybe even a bit manic as he opens his mouth wider, dropping his jaw to give his perfect boyfriend a bigger target. "Fuck," Ilya chuckles exhaustedly, and he's right here, he's right next to Shane. A gentle fingertip comes up to gather a streak of come from Shane's cheek before painting it over his eager tongue.

"Mmm," Shane hums, letting his mouth close, sucking the digit clean. He whines softly when Ilya pulls away, but quiets when he realises Ilya is just gathering up more to feed to him, petting gently over his face with his other fingers.

"I love you like this," Ilya murmurs, letting Shane suckle on his fingers like a baby.

It's nice. Simple. Unhurried.

There's no pressure from Ilya to wake up properly—he seems content to sit beside Shane, letting him come down as slowly as he wants.

Eventually, Shane's head clears enough that he feels able to blink his eyes open. The first thing he sees is Ilya's curly locks, followed by his piercing blue eyes, followed by a soft smile pulling on his heart-shaped lips. Ilya removes his fingers from Shane's mouth, slow enough that Shane could protest if he wanted to and Ilya would put them right back.

Shane lets him go, smiling up at him. "I guess I lost?" he asks, his voice croaky. He winces as the weight of the bar across his lower belly finally starts feeling like a *now* problem.

Ilya looks at his watch. "I paused it when you came," he says, turning his wrist to show Shane. Shane can't see shit, his eyes blurry and the watch display small, but he believes Ilya

when he says, "Forty six minutes eleven seconds."

"That's not too bad," Shane murmurs, and then it hits him. "Wait a minute. If you'd let me bargain, I would have won." He scowls softly up at Ilya, who just laughs, petting over his cheek softly.

"Sorry," Ilya shrugs, not looking sorry at all. "I will keep putting laundry on floor beside hampers."

"There's a *system*," Shane huffs. "It's not hard. Darks in the black hamper, lights in the white one, brights in the rainbow—"

Ilya's lips meeting Shane's effectively shut him up, his hand curling back around the base of Shane's neck, his nails scratching softly against his hairline. "Mm," he hums against Shane's lips, lazily licking the taste of his come from them, "I might care if you won."

Shane rolls his eyes, nipping sharply at Ilya's lower lip. "Can you get this shit off of me?" he asks, immediately leaning up to kiss Ilya's lip better. "The barbell is killing me."

"Of course," Ilya murmurs, sitting up and finding Shane's abandoned shirt, wiping off his lube-covered hand in the fabric.

"Hey," Shane protests weakly.

Ilya gives him a look. "You would rather I drop it on you?"

He's got a point there, though he could have just as easily used his own shirt. Shane falls quiet as Ilya carefully works to remove all the weights and put them back in their designated places. He's definitely going to return with disinfectant wipes and clean everything before the end of the day, but he appreciates Ilya putting them back in the racks rather than leaving them strewn across the floor for once.

"Thank you," Shane says as Ilya puts the last weight away, sitting up and stretching his aching arms above his head with a deep groan, leaning to the side to stretch out his tight back. His shorts and underwear are still tangled around his ankles, his soft cock falling into the space between his spread thighs.

"It hurts?" Ilya asks, kneeling beside him, and Shane looks wide-eyed down at the fingertips running lightly through the harsh, reddened indent left in his abdomen.

"A little," Shane shrugs, capturing Ilya's hand so he stops touching it, because that's only making the ache worse. He threads their fingers together, squeezing tightly. "I can't wait to see the bruise."

"Freak," Ilya murmurs, pressing their foreheads together.

There's nothing Shane can say to that but a breathy, "Yeah." He pauses, feeling their warm breaths mingle in the air between them. "It was worth it."

"I am glad. Thank you for trusting me."

Shane smiles, tugging Ilya in for a hug, their chins tucking comfortably over each other's shoulders. He presses a kiss to one of the moles on Ilya's shoulder, letting his lips linger there against his boyfriend's speckled skin.

"I assume you won't tell me what you're picking for winning the bet," Shane murmurs, closing his eyes contentedly, running his hands along Ilya's back.

"Nope," Ilya replies, popping the *p*. "You will have to wait and see."

End Notes

God bless you Dr Cum Control. Wherever you are—you inspired so much of this. Best edging content out there. I love you.

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