

On His Knees In Vegas

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On His Knees In Vegas

by [hunnybunny](#)

Summary

“I need—“ Shane cut himself off, trying to will himself to be brave and failing miserably.

He had never been good at this part, asking for what he wanted when it came to the bedroom. And part of him didn't want to have to ask. He wanted to be told what to do, and that was part of what made Ilya so appealing.

“What?”, Ilya asked, raising a single eyebrow.

“You know,” Shane gasped back, clenching his fist at the base of his dick.

“Tell me,” Ilya replied, his tone leaving no room for an argument. It was a command, and the heat of it was burning inside Shane.

Ilya wants Shane to ask. He wants him to beg. And when Shane doesn't, Ilya puts him on his knees.

Or an incredibly self-indulgent smutty one-shot where Ilya's dominant streak shines, and Shane tries to grapple with why he loves taking orders.

Notes

Oof. This fucking scene. This fucking show. These fucking characters!

For some reason, I couldn't get the idea of Ilya making Shane ask for what he wants out of my head because that is absolutely something Ilya would do!

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

Goosebumps were covering every inch of Shane's naked body as he let his head fall back against the headboard for just a moment before he fixed his eyes on Ilya. A thick bead of precum bubbled up from the tip of his cock as he slowly dragged his fist over his stiff shaft. Every nerve ending was alight with pure, unbridled need. Before he could even stop himself, the words were tumbling out of his mouth.

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Shane's eyes squeezed shut tightly as he panted, trying to form a coherent sentence. His mind was completely gone. Every thought he had ever had was replaced with the feel of Ilya's strong hands, the stretch of his cock, and that thick accent. Shane swiped his finger over the slit, collecting the precum and trailing his finger down over his fluttering hole.

"You." Shane settled on. "I need you."

"Hmm?", Ilya muttered before sipping the last drops of vodka from his glass and placing it on the floor.

He watched as Ilya rose out of the chair and stepped to the end of the bed, shedding his already unbuttoned dress shirt on the way. Shane could feel his mouth watering as he leaned forward. Every cell of his body was screaming to touch Ilya. He crawled to the end of the bed and pressed his mouth into the crotch of Ilya's soft tuxedo pants. He needed to taste Ilya's cock more than he needed air. More than he needed life. Ilya dug a hand into Shane's hair, not pulling, just holding.

"You need me, Hollander? What exactly do you need? Use your words. Tell me what you want."

He could feel the heat of a deep blush engulfing his entire face and chest as he wrestled with his brain to think of something that didn't sound like a pathetic whine. The whole night, Ilya had been pushing him as if it were all some test, making him beg in the bathroom of the awards show, only to deny him and force him to watch across the room for every minute of the after-party. In fact, Ilya had insisted on closing out the party, smirking smugly from across the room, while Shane squirmed, leaking profusely inside of his briefs. Sure, Ilya had always been bossy, but it was as if his MVP award had unlocked a brand new level of his dominant streak, and it was sending Shane's brain into a tailspin. Above him, he could feel Ilya lean

forward, and the sharp smack of Ilya's cupped hand slamming into Shane's right ass cheek echoed through the room. It startled him enough that he couldn't hold in the pornographic moan that spilled from his slightly parted lips.

"Please," Shane whispered into the material covering the head of Ilya's hard cock.

He wasn't even sure what he was begging for at the moment. A perfect imprint of Ilya's hand seared on his skin, and Shane was pretty sure a single brush to his cock would have given him the most brutal orgasm he had ever had. Shane gasped, half of him wanting to beg Ilya to spank him again, and the other half praying that the moan hadn't sounded as loud and obvious as he thought.

"I asked you a question, Hollander. Last chance. Be my good boy and answer me. Tell me exactly what you want me to do."

If Shane's brain was floating before it had officially shot into outer space. Ilya had called him not just a good boy but that one extra word. A single two-letter word had tilted Shane's world completely, 'my'. He couldn't help letting out a desperate little moan as he reached for the button of Ilya's pants.

"Please, Rozanov," Shane gasped out, "please."

"Oh, Hollander," Ilya said, stepping away from the bed and dropping back into the chair, "in those interviews you do, you always sound so intelligent, but as soon as I let you into my bed, you become dumb?"

Without the scent of Ilya's musk flooding his senses, Shane was finally able to suck in a solid breath of air. "Fuck you!" He muttered, clenching his hands into tight fists in the comforter. His cock was throbbing, and he was on the brink of tears from the frustration. He had been hard for hours.

"Hmm. No, not dumb. Just a cock drunk, desperate little slut." Ilya mused, picking up his vodka glass from the floor and swirling the ice cubes.

"I-I-I—" Shane stuttered.

Slut. The word rang in Shane's ears like a bell, frying every brain cell he was clinging onto. No one had ever called him that outside of his deepest, darkest fantasies. His heart was hammering in his chest as he blinked at Ilya in pure shock.

"Come here, Hollander. On your knees." Ilya said, firmly pointing at the floor between his splayed legs, seeming completely unfazed by how affected Shane was.

Without even a second thought, Shane obeyed. He slid off the bed in a tangle of uncoordinated limbs and clambered across the scratchy hotel carpet to kneel. Shane pressed his cheek into the inside of Ilya's thigh, reaching for the button of Ilya's pants, only to have his wrists captured in a single massive hand. Shane had to swallow around a pleased purr as Ilya squeezed tightly.

“No,” Ilya said with that devastatingly sexy crooked smirk.

“Rozanov, please—” Shane whined.

“No.”

Shane was getting really tired of hearing that word tonight. His desperation turned sharp with anger. He had waited for so long, and he was so close. Ilya released his grip on Shane’s wrists, dropping them to bury that same hand in Shane’s hair.

“No?” Shane growled out from behind teeth clenched so hard he could feel his jaw creak.

Ilya tightened his grip in Shane’s hair, wrenching his head back to the point that Shane gasped in pain.

“No. I gave you chance to ask, so now we do this my way. Hands behind your back.”

“Rozanov.”

Ilya bent in half, still smiling, and gazed directly into Shane’s eyes. His lips so close Shane could practically taste the vodka on his breath.

“Hands behind your back, Hollander. Now.”

Shane gulped and slowly slid his arms behind his body, clasping them together at the base of his lower back.

“Please,” Shane whispered, tilting his chin up just a bit more clearly, asking for a kiss.

For a moment, Ilya paused, releasing Shane’s hair and running his hand down the side of Shane’s face. He cupped Shane’s chin gently, “You tell me if you need me to stop. Tell me you understand.”

“I understand,” Shane replied, his voice cracking.

Ilya pressed his lips to Shane’s forehead gently and whispered, “My good boy. Stay.”

And there were those words again. Shane dug his nails into his clasped hands to keep a desperate, needy moan from breaking free. His knees were already aching, he was sure his nails had broken the skin on the back of his hands, and his cock was dripping, but there was nowhere else in the world he’d rather be in that moment. Ilya searched his eyes for a long moment, checking in before he stood from the chair and padded into the other room. It took every ounce of Shane’s legendary self-control not to turn around. He breathed slowly, relaxing into his position on the floor as he listened. He let his hands go lax, barely held together, and rolled his shoulders back slowly, straightening his spine. From the other room, he heard liquid being poured twice and nibbled on his bottom lip. As Ilya’s footsteps returned, Shane trained his eyes on the chair in front of him, determined not to peek. Somewhere behind him, a glass was set down, ice cubes clinking. He could feel every muscle in his body tense up as the footsteps got closer and closer. His breath caught in his throat as a

gentle hand brushed over his shoulder, sliding down the planes of carefully sculpted muscle until it reached his wrist.

Shane had to bite back a squeak when he felt a thin strip of silk wind around both wrists before securing them together with a tight knot. Every part of his body was on fire as he unclasped his hands. The sharp realization that he was utterly helpless, naked, and bound in Ilya Rozanov's hotel room crashed into him like a freight train. Shane sucked in a rattly breath, but it wasn't panic that was gripping him—it was excitement. The thrill of being entirely at Ilya Rozanov's mercy. What if someone walked in and saw him like this?

“I-I—Fuck.”

“Hey. Hey, Hollander. Are you okay? Do you need to stop?”

Ilya's tone had taken on the same safe, soft, low lilt as he had the first time they had had sex, and it made Shane's heart clench. He shuddered for a moment, his eyes snapping closed tightly as he tried to breathe steadily. Behind him, Ilya's hands were already slipping down to the knot.

“No,” Shane practically shouted.

Ilya froze, “Hollander, it's okay. We can stop.”

“Don't you fucking dare,” Shane said, projecting more confidence than he felt.

He swallowed down the feeling of panic at the thought of his hands being untied. Every cell in his body was begging for more. Behind him, Ilya hummed softly, leaning in to place a gentle kiss on Shane's shoulder blade.

“Easy, Hollander. Breathe.”

One of Ilya's hands snaked around Shane's body, finding a nipple.

“Fuck”, Shane hissed, his hips shifting uncontrollably as the pad of Ilya's thumb dragged over the tightening bud.

“So sensitive for me.”

Shane wheezed as Ilya pinched a nipple between two fingers and rolled it gently. Behind him, his arms fought against the bindings as Ilya plucked one nipple, then the other. His eyes squeezed shut tightly as he wiggled helplessly. Ilya's mouth was on his neck, kissing and biting at the spot just under Shane's ear, and the world was getting fuzzier by the second.

“Rozanov—Roza—please—close—”

Shane could feel his balls drawing up, but suddenly, Ilya was gone. The warmth of a body behind him disappeared completely, and Shane actually whimpered at the loss. He let his chin fall to his chest as he panted through the devastation of a ruined orgasm.

“So greedy,” Ilya practically purred from behind him, clearly standing over him, a grin tinting his voice with a mocking tone.

And Shane saw red. Hours and hours of hiding an erection in public, left begging and whimpering, only to have his body played like an instrument and left wanting, finally peaked in pure rage. “You fucking bastard,” Shane growled, his wrists tugging at the material holding them together until he could feel it beginning to stretch.

A large firm hand gripped the back of Shane’s head, forcing him forward until the side of his face met the seat of the chair he was kneeling in front of. The abrupt change in position had almost toppled Shane over, due to his inability to catch himself with his hands. Shane squirmed helplessly, kicking a leg out futilely as his head was pressed even harder into the plush seat.

Ilya’s voice dropped to a whisper, his lips pressed to the shell of Shane’s ear. “It is my special night, Hollander. I am MVP, and you are my prize. But you have been acting like brat since the moment you showed up. And now you think you get to cum first?”

Shane tried not to whine as the hand on his head clenched into a fist, tugging at his scalp deliciously while still keeping him pinned and controlled. Every word Ilya hissed only made Shane’s blinding need to release more apparent. It felt like his dick was going to fall off.

“I need to cum. Please. It hurts!” Shane managed to get out through clenched teeth.

“I know. You’re dripping onto the floor. Soaking wet for me.”

“Please. I’ll do anything. Please! Please, Rozanov! Anything! I’ll do anything you want!”

If Shane weren’t bordering on delirious, he would have been mortified at how desperate he sounded.

Ilya chuckled softly, dragging his tongue up the column of Shane’s neck, “You had your chance to beg, Hollander. You had chance to be my good boy, but you chose to be naughty and greedy. I told you that now we do this my way. I am going to sit down in this chair and finish my vodka while you kneel there for me. If and only if you are good for me, I will bend you over the bed, open you up with my fingers until you’re drooling, and fuck you so hard you’ll feel me all week. If you cum before I tell you to, I will punish this perfect ass with my hand until it’s red and sore.”

“Rozanov—“

“Yes or no, Hollander?” Ilya interrupted, loosening the grip on Shane’s hair.

“Yes,” Shane breathed out without a second of hesitation.

“Good boy. Back up.”

Ilya released him, stepping away again before returning with a pillow from the bed and dropping it on the floor just in front of the chair. Ilya popped open the button of his dress pants and dragged the zipper down while Shane waited there, his hands still bound, watching

with half-lidded eyes. His eyes stayed glued to Ilya's crotch as he watched the other man reach inside and slide his swollen, red cock free. Involuntarily, Shane's jaw dropped open, his tongue hanging out. He needed to taste Ilya, lick the drop of precum off the slit, and swallow him down.

"Please," Shane rasped out.

Ilya slid back down into the chair, one hand wrapped around the shaft of his cock while the other held his glass of vodka. Shane had never seen a more attractive sight in his entire life. Ilya oozed pure dominance and sex.

"On the pillow, Hollander. I was going to have you kneel at my feet, but that slutty mouth gave me 'nother idea. You're going to keep my cock warm while I finish my drink. You will not suck. You will not move. You are going to stay still and be good for me."

And Shane's entire body went completely boneless. He barely caught himself from falling flat on his face in his rush to surge forward.

"Yes, S—"

Ilya cupped the back of his head and pulled Shane forward, burying four inches in his mouth. They both knew what Shane was about to say. Shane was about to call Ilya 'Sir'. From the floor, Shane had seen the way Ilya's jaw clenched as he had seen his cock twitch. Shane filed that information away for later as his mouth adjusted to the girth of Ilya's cock, stretching his mouth open. As Shane looked up at Ilya's body, it struck him how intensely intimate this was.

"Good boy," Ilya growled out, sliding one hand into Shane's hand as the other tipped vodka into his mouth. "You have such good mouth, Hollander. Made to take cock just like your pretty little ass. Maybe one day I will buy you a nice big plug. Tie you down to bed with your dildo in your mouth and the plug in your ass. Leave you open and desperate for me until I'm ready to use you."

Shane was positive he had never been more turned on in his entire life. The line of drool dripping down his bare chest wasn't making it any easier either. He felt impossibly filthy and desperate as Ilya painted a scene with words that were ripped right out of Shane's wet dreams. The heaviness of the cock pressing his tongue down, in combination with the sheer weight of the command Ilya had given him and the husky gravel of Ilya's accented voice, was making Shane's whole body feel weird. He felt like he was floating as his eyes slid closed. For the first time in his entire life, Shane's brain went completely quiet. Nothing outside of Ilya's body and voice mattered. It was like the world had just faded away, and Shane let himself fall into the blissful embrace of it. He felt like muscles that had been knotted for years were slowly releasing. His sense of time was completely gone. He was just there in that moment, kneeling and still and good. After what felt like hours, Ilya's hand slid from Shane's hair down to his cheek, his thumb tracing the freckled cheekbone, prompting Shane's eyes to blink open slowly.

"Good boy. So good for me. Lean back on your heels." Ilya said, his voice a mix of gravel and steel that snapped Shane back to attention.

Shane let his mouth close, swallowing the mix of precum and drool that had collected on his tongue as he looked up at Ilya through his damp eyelashes. Was he crying? Why was he crying? Ilya stood slowly, never letting his hand leave Shane's body as he circled him and knelt on the floor. With gentle fingers, Ilya pulled the knot on the silk binding Shane's hands loose until it released and trailed his fingers over Shane's shoulder, gently rubbing at the muscles.

"Thank you," Shane babbled four times in a row, unsure what he was thanking Ilya for, but feeling like it was all he could come up with.

"Are your arms okay?" Ilya asked, placing a set of kisses down each of Shane's arms.

"Yeah. Please fuck me now?"

Ilya laughed softly and stood. "On the bed, Hollander. Elbows and knees."

Shane's legs felt like jelly as he tried to clamber up off the floor after being on his knees for so long. Luckily, Ilya was there, catching Shane around the waist and guiding him down gently onto the plush hotel duvet. It took Shane a minute to get his body to cooperate, but he managed to force his sore muscles into the requested position. He spread his legs and buried his face in his forearm as he dipped his back, pushing his ass into the air.

"Красивый," Ilya whispered as his fingers slid down the plane of Shane's back. (Beautiful.)

"Please. Please, Sir. Fuck me."

Shane could feel how the huge hand stuttered and froze just at the top of his ass. He smiled into his arm at the effect he was having on the usually stoic Ilya. Without warning, a slick finger plunged into Shane's hole, dragging a moan from deep in his chest.

Ilya's teeth were clearly clenched as he made quick work of slipping another finger into Shane's hole, "There are those pretty manners, Hollander. So good for me."

A stream of panted breaths and high-pitched moans fell from Shane's parted lips as Ilya pressed a third finger inside. All Shane could get out was, "Please, Sir!", over and over again, in between desperate moans.

Ilya slid his fingers out and hissed as he pressed the head of his cock to Shane's lube-slicked hole. "My good boy," Ilya ground out as he slid inside with one smooth, long thrust.

Shane's eyes rolled into the back of his head as he bit down on his forearm only to keep himself from screaming in relief. And Shane's brain was back to floating in pure bliss as Ilya stayed completely still with all 9 inches buried inside.

"Move. Please move. Please fuck me, Sir." Shane babbled into his arm as tears slid down his cheeks.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya muttered, drawing his hips back only to slam forward again.

The room filled with the slap of skin on skin as Ilya pressed a hand between Shane's shoulder blades and snapped his hips forward. Moans echoed off the walls as Ilya slammed his hips into Shane, mercilessly chasing his own pleasure.

"C-c-can I?"

Ilya grinned and switched to an agonizingly slow pace, digging his fingertips into Shane's hip as the other kept him pinned.

"Can you what, Hollander?"

And Shane wanted to curse, scream, and cry all at once. Blinded by his need to cum, Shane tried to flip them over and just take what he needed. But the second Shane tried to move, Ilya lifted his hand from Shane's hip and slapped his ass so hard it drew a strangled gasp from Shane's raw throat.

"Fuck," Shane yelped. He could feel the outline of the handprint searing into his skin as Ilya pressed him even harder into the bed.

"Beg me, slut," Ilya growled, punctuating each word with a vicious snap of his hips, almost sending Shane toppling over with the force.

"Can I cum, Sir? Please, can I cum? Need to cum for you. Please let me cum! I'll be good, I promise! Please!"

"Good, Hollander. Very good. Only on my cock, though. Do not touch."

And one more thrust where the head of Ilya's cock stabbed into his prostate was all it took for Shane to release finally. With a hoarse scream, Shane's cock erupted, striping his chest, stomach and the bed over and over again with thick lines of cum.

"Oh fuck, Hollander! Yes!"

Shane's vision went completely white as he collapsed into a heap in a puddle of his own cum and sweat as he felt Ilya's cock pulsing inside the condom. Shane lay there completely boneless, trying to breathe and get his body to stop shaking. As he slowly came back to himself, he faintly registered Ilya pulling out to dispose of the condom and disappearing to the ensuite bathroom. Shane hummed softly as Ilya gently rolled him over and swiped at him with a warm, damp cloth.

"Thanks," Shane mumbled, draping an arm over his eyes, sucking in deep lungfuls of air as his brain slowly came back online.

Every cell in his body was humming with deep-seated pleasure. It had been the most earth-shattering orgasm he had ever had, and for a moment, his brain wanted to dive into why. He felt the mattress shift as Ilya climbed back onto the bed, settling with his back against the headboard.

"Come here, Hollander."

Shane huffed out another breath and scooted up to the head of the bed, wincing at the soreness that was radiating through his muscles. A strong hand cupped the back of his neck, dragging Shane's head to rest on Ilya's sweaty pectoral. Shane's eyes slipped closed as the rim of a water bottle was brought to his lips and slowly tipped. The cool water rushed into his mouth, soothing him as the hand at the base of his skull traced slow circles. He was suddenly exhausted, completely drained as they lay there in silence.

"Are you okay?" Ilya said, dropping an almost tender kiss into Shane's hair.

"Yeah. Fine." Shane replied a bit too quickly.

Something in his gut twisted uncomfortably. How could he possibly be okay? He had just knelt at Rozanov's feet and begged desperately. And he had been desperate. But desperate for what? Just the sex, or was it more than that? He cringed, remembering how he had admitted he needed Ilya.

"I'm going to shower. Your vodka is on the nightstand."

And with that, Ilya slid off the bed and disappeared into the bathroom, leaving Shane lying alone in the bed, coated in the remnants of sweat and cum and feeling dirty for more than just physical reasons. His hand shot out for the glass, taking a huge gulp and wincing at the burn of the alcohol.

"Fuck", Shane whispered to himself, drawing his knees up to his chest.

He spotted Ilya's bowtie lying at the foot of the bed, clearly stretched out and ruined. Every inch of his body flushed as he realized it had been the bowtie that had bound his hands behind his back. How was he ever going to be able to look at Ilya in a tuxedo again without having flashbacks to this night? He was so fucked.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading my 4,000-word shamelessly self-indulgent smut!

Comments and kudos are always appreciated!

kisses

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