

So Good For Me.

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by [An7ious](#)

Summary

“Il—y-ah!”

Ilya let out a soft chuckle. “I know,” Ilya breathed. “Come for me, Hollander. Be a good boy and come.”

Shane’s eyes rolled back at the words, lashes fluttering. His entire body went rigid for a moment—then his orgasm hit like a fucking tidal wave.

The suite was dark except for the faint glow of the city through the half-drawn curtains. They'd been at it for hours—at least that's what Shane thinks, he couldn't tell at this point. It began as slow, deliberate teasing that had started in the shower after the game and eventually migrated to the king-sized bed. Ilya had taken his time, working Shane open with his fingers and tongue until Shane was a begging, writhing mess. He'd already come three times—once on Ilya's tongue, once riding three of Ilya's fingers, and once just from Ilya stroking him slow and merciless while whispering filthy praise in his ear. Each orgasm had left Shane more sensitive, more undone, until he was trembling all over, skin flushed hot, cock half-hard again and leaking like a faucet, despite how spent he felt.

Now Shane was on his back in the middle of the bed, legs spread wide, knees bent and hooked over Ilya's hips. Sweat cooled on his chest; his hair stuck to his forehead. He was breathing fast, little hitched breaths, eyes glassy and fixed on Ilya like he was both terrified and desperate for what came next.

Ilya knelt between his thighs, stroking himself slowly, slick with lube and Shane's earlier release. He leaned down, braced one hand beside Shane's head, and brushed a thumb across Shane's wet lower lip.

"You sure?" Ilya asked, voice low and rough, but gentle. "You're already shaking, malysh. We can stop."

Shane shook his head immediately, eyes going wide and even more glassy as if he were about to cry, which, he probably was. "No—no, please. Want you inside me. Need it." He whined with the most adorable pout playing on his bottom lip.

Ilya's jaw flexed. He could see how close to the edge Shane already was—how every touch made him flinch and gasp, how his thighs trembled against Ilya's sides. But the plea in Shane's voice was unmistakable.

"Okay," Ilya murmured. He lined himself up carefully, nudging just the head in. "Breathe for me. Slow."

Shane tried. He really did. But the second Ilya started pushing in—slow, relentless pressure—Shane's whole body jerked. A broken whine tore out of him, high and overwhelmed. His hands flew to Ilya's shoulders, nails digging in hard.

"Fuck—"

"I know," Ilya soothed, stopping halfway, letting Shane adjust. "I know it's a lot. You're doing so good for me.. Just breathe."

Shane's legs shook harder, heels digging into the mattress. Tears slipped down his temples into his hair. He squirmed, hips twitching like he couldn't decide whether to push down or pull away.

"Ilya—"

“Shh. Look at me.” Ilya waited until Shane’s watery eyes met his. “If you need to stop, just tell me, Shane. You’re doing so good.”

Shane nodded frantically, another tear falling. “Want it. Please move.”

Ilya did—slow, careful thrusts at first, sinking deeper inch by inch until he was fully seated. Shane’s back arched off the bed instantly, mouth open on a silent cry. His whole body trembled violently, thighs clamping around Ilya’s hips.

“Fuck—fuck—Ilya—”

“There you go,” Ilya whispered, starting a gentle rhythm. “Such a good boy..”

Shane whined so loud at that Ilya thought he was going to have to put his hand over his mouth.

Every drag of Ilya’s cock over his oversensitive prostate made Shane sob dryly. He couldn’t stop moving—hips rolling, back bowing, hands scrabbling at Ilya’s back like he was trying to anchor himself. Tears streamed freely now, not from pain but from pure overload.

“OhmyfuckingGod,” Shane choked out all in one breath, voice cracking. “Can’t—Ilya—”

“You can,” Ilya said firmly, keeping his pace steady, deep but not fast. He leaned down closer, forehead pressed to Shane’s. “Sound so good for me, дорогой. Such a good boy for me..”

“Nnngh..” Was the only response Shane could give as his cheeks flushed the prettiest shade of pink as drool slipped out of the corner of his mouth.

Shane’s legs wrapped tighter around Ilya’s waist, heels digging into the small of his back as if trying to pull him deeper even while his body tried to squirm away from the intensity. His cock—hard as can be with the head being dark red and wet—leaked steadily against his stomach, untouched.

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His entire body convulsed—violent, full-body shudders that made the bed creak.

Ilya wrapped both arms around him—one tight across his back, the other sliding up to cradle the back of Shane’s head. He pulled Shane’s face down into the curve of his shoulder, tucking him close to hold him through it because he knew Shane would be absolutely spent after. His back arched impossibly under Ilya’s weight, hips grinding helplessly as wave after wave tore through him. Muffled, wrecked sobs vibrated against Ilya’s neck. His eyes rolled back again, fluttering shut, breath coming in sharp, desperate gasps.

“Il-ya—“

“I’ve got you,” Ilya whispered into his skin, holding him through it. “I’ve got you. Just ride it out, Hollander. Doing so good for me.”

Shane clung to him like he was the only solid thing in the world, fingers twisted in Ilya’s hair, legs locked around his waist. The shaking went on and on, longer than any orgasm should, until his gasps turned thin and dizzy.

Ilya felt the moment Shane started to slip—his body going heavier, tremors slowing into weak twitches, breath evening out against Ilya’s neck.

“Stay with me,” Ilya murmured, pressing a kiss to his temple. “Cmon’ baby, you’re okay.”

Shane let out a tiny, exhausted whimper, fingers loosening their death grip. His eyes fluttered open just barely—glazed, unfocused.

“There you are,” Ilya said softly, easing his weight to the side but keeping Shane tucked close, one hand still stroking through his hair. “Almost had you again, huh?”

Shane managed a shaky huff that might have been a laugh. “Asshole,” he rasped, voice completely shot.

Ilya smiled against his forehead. “There he is..”

Shane didn’t answer—just burrowed closer, face hidden in Ilya’s neck, letting the quiet and the steady thump of Ilya’s heartbeat pull him back down into calm. Ilya kept holding him, arms tight, fingers gentle in his hair, until the trembling finally stopped and Shane’s breathing evened out into slow, trusting sleep.

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