

Shane's Birthday Present

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Shane's Birthday Present

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Summary

Shane's birthday was coming up in a few days and the schedule worked out so they both had the same day off to celebrate a little early. Ilya was going to fly up to spend his 18 hours of freedom with Shane.

So when Ilya called two weeks ago and asked what Shane wanted, the only good answer was "You."

Ilya responded with his typical sarcasm, "No. What do you want for present? I want to watch your eyes sparkle as you unwrap present."

Shane's only thought was back to being pinned down at the cottage, "Well remember this summer when you had me pinned underneath you, and we had like the best sex ever. I guess I just want that again. I know it's not really a present. But I haven't seen you in so long, and I miss you."

"I miss you too. Thanks for idea."

Notes

Haven't read the book so I'm sure I got Shane's birthday wrong if it's before the All Star Break. Used NHL team names where I needed. Enjoy!

Shane's been learning what he wants from Ilya since the beginning. He's known for a while that he likes it when Ilya is in charge and tells him what to do. Some psychologists probably have a lot of theories about why it is that people who have so much control over their entire lives enjoy not having it in the bedroom (or shower or car or that one time on the beach), but that's not something Shane is going to stress over. He just knows that another switch was flipped after Ilya had him pinned down at the cottage. That was the hottest sex they've had. Part of it was probably due to them not having had sex for months before that, but Shane was so turned on, looking up at Ilya with all the want in his eyes. Knowing that Ilya had him right where he wanted him and there was nothing Shane could do but take it. Take whatever Ilya had planned for him.

They were well into Ilya's last season with Boston now. Shane's birthday was coming up in a few days and the schedule worked out so they both had the same day off to celebrate a little early. Ilya was going to fly up to spend his 18 hours of freedom with Shane.

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"I miss you too. Thanks for idea."

Shane's confused now, "Wait, what? I didn't give you an idea for a gift"

"Oh yes you did. See you in few days."

"Ok. I love you," Shane said.

"Love you. Bye-bye," Ilya said before hanging up.

Ilya lets himself into Shane's house a few days later and immediately takes charge. Shane gets off the couch to kiss him and Ilya takes his hand and walks him to the bedroom before he even gets a peck in.

Shane is shoved on his back in the middle of the bed and Ilya pulls out a present from behind his back. As Shane starts to unwrap it, Ilya finally leans in for a kiss.

Shane starts to put the present aside so he can make out with Ilya before Ilya pulls back and says, "No. Open it."

Shane unwraps the present to find what look like four handcuffs with straps attached to each of them.

“What are these?” Shane asks.

“They are handcuffs. They make you stuck to bed, so you are pinned but use my hands. Best of both worlds, yes?”

Shane is amazed and surprised and so in love with Ilya. “On now,” he says, holding up the cuffs.

It takes them a few minutes to figure out how to get them set up, but when they do, Ilya orders Shane to strip, waits until Shane has his clothes all folded how he likes, then pushes Shane onto the bed again.

With all four of Shane’s limbs splay spread eagle on the bed and held in place, Ilya takes control. Shane can’t help begging for Ilya to touch him, to jerk him off, or please suck him off, but all Ilya does is kiss his body all over. Reveling in the teasing and full rein he has. Shane is stuck, not being able to touch Ilya back is torture. He can feel himself getting harder by the second. Ilya caresses him and leaves hickeys on his chest.

Ilya works his way down, and Shane squeaks out, “fuck me, please.”

Ilya lifts his head up and says, “No. I suck you off. At same time, you suck me off. Ok?”

“Yes, please. Anything,” Shane replies desperately.

Ilya flips around and begins to suck him off. Shane struggles for a minute to get his mouth around Ilya. Being only able to move his head and Ilya being taller than him means he has to arch his back and tip his head way back to get his mouth all the way around Ilya. His brain also isn’t firing on all cylinders as Ilya continues to drive him towards relief.

Shane gets in the groove but Ilya has the head start and before he knows it, he’s cumming down Ilya’s throat. He picks up the pace with his tongue. Getting frustrated and more turned on by the fact that he can’t use his hand to help. Forcing himself to take in more of Ilya than he normally would. Another minute goes by and Ilya is pulling out of Shane’s mouth and exploding all over Shane’s torso.

Shane’s panting, coming down from the high, “You didn’t have to pull out. I would’ve swallowed.”

“I know. I want to see you all covered in me like that. Hot and sticky and stuck to bed,” Ilya says as he stands over Shane with an evil look in his eye.

Ilya walks into the en-suite bathroom and comes back with a warm washcloth. He tosses it on Shane’s stomach and says, “Ok. I’m going to shower now.”

Shane, obviously stuck until Ilya feels like releasing him, has no choice but to beg, “Wait! Please. I want to shower too. At least can you wipe me off?”

Ilya turns back, “Hmm. No. Not yet. Birthday boy. I have another present for you.”

Shane's shower is just beyond the bathroom door at the foot of the bed. Completely visible from where Shane lays stuck. He watches as Ilya gets in the shower without shutting the bathroom door. Ilya winks at him, like he does when he's being a little shit, and puts on a show. Massaging himself nice and slow as the water pours over him. Ilya jerks himself off, staring at Shane the entire time. Shane is hard again. His mouth is open and panting as his dick throbs. It gets worse as Shane takes stock of just what he got himself into as he watches Ilya finish again.

Shane is turned on and desperate as Ilya walks out of the bathroom with the towel wrapped low around his waist. Hair still dripping wet.

Shane begs again, "Please Ilya."

"Please what?" Ilya responds with a smirk.

"Please let me go. Please touch me. Something. I can't take this. That was so hot."

Ilya looks down at Shane. Taking him all the way in. Spread eagle, covered in his cum. Very hard. Looking very hot.

Ilya crawls over Shane and grabs the wash cloth. Wiping him up, very slowly. Caressing him as he goes. When he's finishing cleaning Shane up, he announces, "I have another present for you."

Ilya walks out of sight of Shane. Presumably to get his suitcase which had been abandoned in the entryway.

Ilya walks back in the bedroom holding a male chastity cage. And an ice cube.

Shane is immediately more turned on and nervous at the same time.

Ilya is looking at him, also nervously. That makes Shane feel better.

With the ice cube melting in Ilya's hand, he says, "You said cottage on phone. Made me think of phone call with Hayden and all other times I make you hard when inappropriate. This fixes that. If you want. I want you to be hard when I want. When I make you. Not other times."

Shane immediately melts. Nervousness replaced by warmth in his heart. Love. Trust. "Yes," he says before his brain starts thinking of all the reasons this is a really bad idea.

Ilya crawls over to him again and without warning slides what's left of the ice cube across his dick, causing all of Shane's body to recoil. Then he gently but firmly grabs Shane's dick and attaches the chastity cage around it. He locks it shut and then puts the key to the device back in his bag.

Ilya looks back to Shane and asks, "How does it feel? Like your presents?"

Shane still in that wrecked tone, "Love them. I love you. Please come here."

Ilya obliges and they make out. Shane's chastity cage works exactly as designed. Keeping him from getting hard as Ilya caresses him and teases him.

Shane, frustrated, asks, "When are you going to take it off? I already want to have sex with you"

Ilya cocks an eyebrow up, "We make deal. You play Capitals home and then fly to Boston to play me yes?"

Shane, confused about how this relates to the current situation, says, "Yeah, why?"

Ilya connects the pieces for Shane, "If you beat Washington, I take cage off and we have sex before Boston game. If you lose, you wait until I want to take off. Deal?"

Shane, not seeing how he has a choice, while knowing deep down he does, agrees. He figures to himself that it's only four days and he's gone that long by choice before plenty of other times. Whether because he's been tired or sick, and then when he had a broken collarbone it was almost two weeks.

Ilya finally undoes the restraints on his hands and feet and Shane sits up and immediately tackles Ilya into a kiss. "I love you," he breathes into Ilya's shoulder as they hug.

"Food," Ilya replies as he stands up taking Shane with him as he walks to the kitchen in search of something for dinner.

The rest of their evening and night pass uneventfully as they make food, cuddle on the couch watching a movie, and go to bed.

The chastity cage drives Shane nuts as they head to bed that night. Ilya fucks him before bed and Shane's cock is throbbing against its cage the entire time. All of Shane's begging to be let out of it just makes Ilya thrust harder into him until he feels complete bliss despite the aching between his legs.

The cage isn't uncomfortable when he's not thinking about it. But as soon as he notices it, or thinks about it, or when Ilya touches him or flirts with him or looks at him, all of a sudden his dick starts straining against the silicone. Begging to be let go, and the idea of not being able to escape it, just makes everything worse, and also somehow better. The idea of not being able to get out without Ilya allowing it gives him a sense of peace, and frustrates him at the same time.

Ilya has the red eye back to Boston so they say goodbye at 4:30am standing in the entryway to Shane's. After the hugging and kissing is finished with promises to see each other very soon, Ilya grabs his groin and tugs at the cage, just to tease Shane a little more as he walks out the door.

Practice that day was brutal for Shane. He is always the type to be on time but isn't usually the first person there, and not knowing how early some of the rookies actually get there, he decides to be extremely careful and arrive an hour early so he could avoid needing to change with anyone around.

They have an intensely physical practice that leaves Shane's legs feeling a little like jelly, but, determined to not awkwardly hang around in the locker room and wait for everyone to change before he could, he announces to the room that he was hitting the bikes.

Hayden gives him an incredulous look and says, "Cap, don't you think you should chill? You beat all the rookies onto the ice today and you still want to hit the bikes! Make sure you're still fresh for tomorrow."

Shane shoots back, "I'll be fine," and walks out of the room to the gym.

Shane repeats this routine the next day before Washington. He opts to skip optional skate in the morning, and feels a little bad about it. Normally he goes and uses it as a time to build rapport with the rookies for whom optional actually means mandatory. He arrives at the rink a full three hours before puck drop and is already dressed in his breezers at his stall before anyone else arrives.

During the game he's on fire and he knows it. He's winning almost every faceoff, scores on a breakaway five minutes into the first and has three more good looks on net before the first intermission. They're up 2-1 when they head to the locker room after one.

Shane keeps his speech short and sweet, "we're up and we're going to stay up. Just keep the foot on the gas and play hard guys."

Shane checks his phone and has a text from Lily. "Better keep it up if you want to get it up ;)"

Shane scoffs and feels his dick try to expand against its restraint. He enters the second period raring to go. He was already having a good night but the text from Ilya got him going. He needed to be able to see him and have sex, have the relief of this cage off before his next game. Even if it was a one man show the rest of the night, he was winning this game.

And win he did, the second period saw his team score four more goals, two of them being Shane's. They keep Washington to just one goal. That put them up 6-2 after two. Shane and Hayden both got one more each in the third to end the game with an 8-2 final over the Caps.

After talking to the media about his four goal night, he was basically the only one left in the dressing room after the game. He sat down and shot a text to Lily that he couldn't wait for Boston.

Ilya texted back, "Media said they couldn't figure out what got into you to make you so good. They are wrong. Correct way is what got onto you ;)"

Shane goes home, unshowered and in his athletic clothes, leaving his suit at the rink. He could grab it another day. He showers at home and packs for Boston before collapsing in bed. He checks his schedule and just has practice tomorrow followed by the short flight down from Montreal.

Before he knew it he was knocking on Ilya's door before the game against Boston.

Ilya immediately let him in, shut the door and jumped him with a kiss. “Washington game was so hot”

Shane was a little surprised, “oh yeah, you think it’s hot when I score four goals against one of the best teams in the East?” Always thinking about either hockey or the man in front of him.

Ilya scoffs, “No I think it’s hot when you play whole game knowing no matter how much I flirt and sext you can’t get hard. And even now it’s trying to, isn’t it?”

Shane’s eyes fill with lust and Ilya reads him like a book. “Knees now. Suck my dick and maybe I suck yours.”

Shane immediately drops, pulls down Ilya’s shorts and begins sucking him off. Noting that it is much easier when he can use his hands. Ilya has one hand against the front door and another on Shane’s head. Pulling Shane deeper on him as Ilya thrusts his hips. It doesn’t take long before Ilya is shooting down Shane’s throat.

They both catch their breath for a second before Ilya pulls him up and walks him to the bedroom. He opens a night stand drawer and pulls out the magical key.

Shane sees the key and starts taking off his clothes and folding them up. When he’s fully naked but for the cage keeping his cock from growing, he climbs on the bed and waits for Ilya to climb on top of him to unlock him.

Ilya, of course, has to tease him a bit first. Key in his mouth, he runs his hands up and down Shane’s torso, twisting his nipples, as he lowers his face to the cage. Shane can feel Ilya’s hot breath over his balls as feels the pressure from the cage still constraining his dick. He wants more than anything to have Ilya’s mouth on him right now.

He says as much, which leads Ilya to tease him further. Picking up his head, spitting the key out of his mouth, and crawling back up to Shane’s head to kiss himself on the mouth. Ilya’s tongue exploring all of Shane’s teeth and tongue before pulling back.

“Ok. Deal is deal. I take it off and suck you now. We still need nap before game.”

Ilya finally removes the cage and begins giving Shane his blow job as promised. After all the teasing and straining against the cage, Shane is hard as soon as Ilya puts his hand on him.

Shane cums quickly. Not bothered or embarrassed because it was all so hot. Being locked up for four days only to be released by his love whenever he wanted and not a second before. Stuck and trapped and god his brain felt like mush.

Ilya lifts his head back after swallowing and says exactly what Shane was thinking, “That was so hot.”

Shane starts laughing. “Yeah it was.”

Ilya moves up the bed and curls up into Shane. Resting his head on Shane’s chest, Ilya says, “Now we nap, yes?”

Shane shifts his arm around Ilya's back and rubs little circles with his thumb over one of his moles.

"I should go back to the hotel for my nap so nobody suspects anything," Shane reasons.

Ilya doesn't acknowledge with words but nuzzles himself further into Shane and pretends to snore, obnoxiously.

Shane chuckles and resigns himself to napping with his boyfriend. Setting an alarm to give himself enough time to get back before the game.

Boston wins at home in a tight game 3-1 final with an empty net goal. Shane and Ilya match up against each other for faceoffs as much as possible. Giving each other a smirk or a wink before every puck drop.

They didn't get to see each other after the game because Montreal had a flight over to Detroit for their game tomorrow.

Ilya was nice enough to have left Shane's cage off, but he did keep the key.

Shane was left weighing the pros and cons - having to skirt around the guys at the rink so they wouldn't see him change or shower was the biggest con. But the blow job he got from Ilya when it came off felt 100 times better than any other blow job, even though it was probably the same as all the others he's received from Ilya over the years. That was a huge pro.

He wouldn't play or see Ilya again for another six weeks at the All Star break. He spent four weeks thinking too much about when the right time would be to put it back on. He wanted it on for the whole six weeks, but he knew that once he put it on, he'd be stuck. Ilya bought the model that locked itself shut, so the only way to wear it was to be locked into it. He also wanted to be sure that he could last once it was on.

He decided to put the cage back on two weeks beforehand. He played out of his mind for those two weeks. It was worth it.

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