

Speed It Up, Baby, Make Me Sweat

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Speed It Up, Baby, Make Me Sweat

by [Skaboom](#)

Summary

Desperate for Ilya's touch, soft or rough, Shane makes a risky trip to Boston for a weekend to submit to the other man, eager and ready to be pushed to new limits.

Notes

I hope you enjoy the third installment of good boy Shane and Soft Dom Ilya!

Title from Body Say by Demi Lovato

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

If Shane had thought it was agony before, the wait times between seeing Ilya, it felt like it was tearing him apart now.

Whenever he wasn't on the ice, he was thinking about being bent over by Ilya, cuffed, gagged, fucked within an inch of his life...and then cared for.

Maybe that was the worst part, the way that Ilya had taken such care to pull him out of the drop he had experienced, the way that Ilya had held him through the night and made sure that he was truly alright before he left early the next morning.

It had been electrifying. Giving up all control to Ilya, trusting Ilya to keep him safe was one thing. *Experiencing* Ilya keeping him safe was another entirely. Shane wanted more, he wanted all of it, the pain, the bondage, the submission, the aftercare.

He wanted to fall asleep in Ilya's arms again, and unless he was on the ice, where all thoughts not of hockey left his mind, it was practically all that he could think about.

Ilya seemed to be having similar troubles, judging by the increased volume of texts Shane was receiving from "Lily".

Lily: Are you thinking about me?

Shane gulped, lying back on his bed, staring at the text. Fuck, Ilya was going to kill him.

Jane: Yes

Lily: Good. Are you touching yourself?

Jane: No, Sir.

Lily: Do you want to?

Jane: God, yes.

Lily: Don't.

Ilya's last text was punctuated with a smiling devil emoji, causing Shane to throw his phone down in frustration.

Fuck. Ilya was actually going to be the death of him, and perhaps the most fucked up part of it was that Shane was fine with that.

When Shane didn't reply, Ilya texted again.

Lily: Come to Boston this weekend.

Jane: I can't.

Lily: You could. You don't play until Tuesday.

Fuck. Ilya was right. He *could* go to Boston, he just wasn't sure how he would explain it.

Maybe he wouldn't have to. Maybe Ilya would call him *sweetheart* again, and he would simply die. That would solve a shocking number of his problems.

Jane: You play Saturday.

Lily: At home.

Jane: So what am I supposed to do?

Lily: Lounge around my house naked and wait for me to return.

Fuck.

Lily: I will make it worth your while.

Shane had no doubt about that...

Jane: Fine. Friday night?

Lily: Yes. Do you trust me?

Jane: You know I do.

Ilya responded not with words, but with an image - melted wax on bare skin, and *fuck*.

Jane: Isn't that dangerous?

Lily: Only if you do not know which candles to buy.

Jane: And you know which candles to buy?

Lily: Of course.

Jane: Fuck.

Lily: That, and so much more.

Shane didn't reply. He lay back on his bed, slipping his hand up the hem of his t-shirt, running his palm over his abdomen, his chest, feeling himself start to grow hard as he wondered what it would feel like to have hot wax spilled there.

Fuck. Waiting until Friday was going to be agony.

Somehow, summoning all of his strength to do so, Shane *did* manage to wait until Friday.

He opted to drive to Boston even though it was a longer drive, because that would tamp down the risk of anyone recognizing him. He wouldn't have to explain what he was doing there, he

could just let Ilya take over and all that he wanted right now was to give up control to his beautiful man.

“Hello, Hollander.” Ilya smirked, stepping back as he let Shane into his house late Friday night.

Shane leaned in for a kiss, but Ilya reached out, putting a hand to Shane’s chest, raising an eyebrow.

“Fuck.” Shane grinned, kicking off his Reeboks and scrambling out of his clothes, though he still took the care to fold them neatly.

“There’s my good boy,” Ilya said. He grabbed Shane by the back of the neck and pulled him in for a kiss.

Shane basked in his reward, kissing Ilya back hungrily, pressing hard against Ilya’s denim clad thigh.

“Someone is eager,” Ilya teased.

“You won’t let me touch myself,” Shane growled. “It’s torture.”

“Mmm, I think you like it.”

Shane gulped. Ilya had him dead to rights there.

“It is okay, you can say it,” Ilya said.

“I like it,” Shane admitted. “I like saving it all for you.”

Ilya cupped Shane’s cheek, pressing a soft kiss to his lips. “Come. I have plans for you.”

“The...the wax?” Shane asked hopefully.

“Among other things,” Ilya said with a shrug.

Shane allowed himself to be led to the bedroom, his lips twitching into a smile when he saw the now-familiar box on Ilya’s bed.

“Come here.” Ilya sat on the bed, beckoning Shane over.

He obliged instantly, sinking into the mattress beside Ilya, resting his chin on Ilya’s shoulder as the other man opened the box.

Without even having to be asked, Shane reached his wrists out, presenting them to Ilya.

“Beautiful boy.” Ilya took both of Shane’s wrists, pressing a kiss to the underside of each one before fixing the leather cuffs over them.

“Fuck.” Shane closed his eyes, breathing in a sigh of relief, release, as the leather applied a noticeable, but comfortable, *comforting* pressure against his skin. He moved himself into

Ilya's lap, straddling him, kissing him.

Ilya grabbed Shane's hands as they kissed, pulling them behind Shane's back, and using the metal rings on them to hold them in place with one hand. The other went to Shane's throat, applying very slight force, knowing how wild that drove the other man.

Ilya flipped Shane so that his back was on the bed, cuffed hands caught between the mattress and his back. Ilya had not connected the cuffs with the chains, but Shane made absolutely no move to bring his arms back around. He liked the weight of Ilya on top of him. He liked the physical strain of obeying.

Ilya kissed his way down Shane's entire, bare body, sliding off the bed and resting at the foot of it, dripping gentle kisses to each of Shane's ankles before strapping the leather cuffs around them.

"You like this?" Ilya asked, drawing a teasing hand up Shane's side.

"Very much." Shane gasped.

"You would tell me if you did not?"

"Yes." Shane nodded, watching Ilya. "I promise." He knew for certain now that Ilya didn't want to hurt him. He refused to put Ilya in a position where he would have to face that.

"Good boy." Ilya patted Shane's cheek. "Would you like your reward?"

"Yes, please." Shane nodded, neck straining upwards, expecting a kiss, but instead, Ilya stood up, walking to his dresser.

"I got you a present. Sit up." Ilya walked over to the bed, watching as Shane, using his core strength, righted himself impressively, without having to move his hands from behind his back. "Wow..."

Shane smiled, pleased that he had impressed Ilya.

Ilya lifted a strip of leather, not quite as thick as the cuffs, but almost identical otherwise. It had a belt at the back, and at the center, a shiny metal ring in the shape of a heart.

Shane's stomach flipped, his chest tensing, eyes fluttering closed, his body aching with want as Ilya lifted the collar to his throat, buckling it behind his neck.

"Do you like it?" Ilya asked. "You can breathe just fine?"

"I love it," Shane whispered. "It's perfect."

The collar wasn't tight, Ilya had left plenty of space so that Shane wouldn't have to worry about his airflow being restricted.

"You look...I do not have the words." Ilya trailed his fingers over the collar, then hooked one through the heart-shaped ring, pulling Shane into a kiss.

Shane thought he might die right there on the spot. He was putty in Ilya's hands as the other man lay him back on the bed, resting Shane's head gently against a pillow.

The dichotomy between the tenderness Ilya was so capable of delivering and the roughness that Shane knew he could produce was effortless.

"Fuck," Shane gasped, grabbing at the comforter, fisting the fabric so hard his knuckles went white, as Ilya leaned down, kissing Shane's hip, then biting it softly before disappearing between Shane's legs.

Ilya reached up, running his hand up Shane's abdomen to his chest, squeezing his left peck as he licked a careful, slow line up Shane's shaft with the tip of his tongue. Instead of taking Shane all the way into his mouth, though, he pulled back.

"I want to try something," Ilya said. "You trust me?"

"I do."

"Okay." Shane watched, frustrated, aching hard as Ilya once again got up, abandoning him on the bed.

He had come all this way to be with Ilya. *Stop getting up*, Shane wanted to whine, but he knew his obedience was paramount to whatever was about to happen here.

"Wow." Ilya returned quickly, standing over Shane. "You are a wreck. Completely undone and I have barely touched you."

"So touch me," Shane begged.

"What is rush?" Ilya asked, canting his head to the side. "We have all weekend."

"Don't you dare," Shane gulped. "I can't hold out all weekend!"

"Well, I suppose if you are very good, I *could* let you come tonight," Ilya decided.

"Fuck, Rozanov, Sir, I'll be so good," Shane whined.

"You know what? I believe you. Come here." He sat down on the edge of the bed and hooked a finger through Shane's collar, pulling Shane close to him.

Shane leaned in for a kiss, but again, Ilya denied him. Instead, he tied a black, satin cloth over Shane's eyes, securing it behind his head, using the utmost care to not catch any of Shane's hair in the tie.

"Oh my god," Shane gasped.

"Is okay?"

"Yes." Shane nodded. "So okay. Sir, please, I *need* you."

“Mmm, not yet.” Ilya leaned in, kissing Shane softly.

Without his eyesight, without being able to see Ilya lean in, the kiss caught Shane off guard. It was electric, and when Ilya pulled away, Shane chased his lips, unable to help himself.

“So needy,” Ilya teased, gently pushing Shane back once more.

Ilya stood, running a hand up Shane’s left arm, all the way from his muscular shoulder to his cuffed wrist. He pulled, wrapping a length of chain around the corner of the headboard and securing it to Shane’s cuff.

Instinctively, Shane tugged, testing the cuff, but not complaining. As Ilya secured his right wrist to the other corner of the headboard, Shane felt himself sinking into the mattress. He was not yet too familiar with the strain of being bound, and he loved the way this new tie tested his muscles, pulling his arms apart, laying him bare for Ilya.

Not being able to see what Ilya was doing drove Shane absolutely wild, and he reached up, gripping the chains in his hands as he attempted to ground himself, to obey Ilya and hold out for him.

“My god, Hollander,” Shane whispered, climbing on top of Shane, straddling him. “Do you know how beautiful you are?”

Shane didn’t respond, his heart racing, his body trying to predict Ilya’s next move.

“Say it. Say that you are beautiful. My good, beautiful boy.”

Fuck. Shane could feel the chains leaving indentations in his palms as he gripped them harder.

“I’m beautiful,” he said, his voice soft, breathy. “I’m your beautiful, good boy.”

“Fuck yes you are,” Ilya growled, leaning over and kissing Shane’s neck just above the collar.

Shane wrapped his legs around Ilya, holding the man there, almost frustrated at the feeling of fabric against his bare skin.

Why the *fuck* was Ilya still wearing clothes?

Ilya moved his lips to Shane’s shoulder, kissing up his arm, stopping just shy of the leather cuff on his wrist.

Shane was absolutely beautiful, laid out for him, cuffed, collared, blindfolded, completely trusting, and Ilya had never wanted anyone more in his life.

It wasn’t even close.

If he had his way, he would have Shane here always, naked in his bed, wide open for him, and him alone. No one else got to see this side of Shane, it was just for him, *all* for him, and Ilya basked in that knowledge.

“Please,” Shane whined.

“Soon.” Ilya promised, moving his lips back down to Shane’s, kissing him softly.

“You’re killing me,” Shane whimpered.

Ilya smirked, taking Shane’s lower lip between his teeth and gently pulling back, his teeth scraping over Shane’s flesh as the other man let out a moan so satisfying Ilya almost gave into him right then and there.

Almost.

Ilya reached to the nightstand where his toy box currently rested and pulled the ball gag out from it. With a smirk, he held both straps in one hand, placing the ball on Shane’s cheek, running the smooth silicone over his skin.

Shane felt like he was going to burst. The cool touch of the material took him by surprise, and it took until Ilya rested the ball at the corner of his mouth for Shane to realize exactly *what* it was. Once he knew, however, Shane opened his mouth for it, not needing to be asked.

“Oh, you want your gag?” Ilya teased.

Shane nodded.

“You remember what to do if something is wrong? If you want me to stop?”

Shane nodded again.

“Sweetheart, I need you to say it. I need to know you will be safe for me.”

There it was again. *Sweetheart*.

Shane felt like he was going to die.

“O, Canada,” Shane gasped, and then, because he thought Ilya might like it. “I get half hard every time I hear it now.”

“Fuck.” Ilya almost wished Shane could see his grin. “You are so good.”

He pressed the gag into Shane’s mouth, buckling it securely behind Shane’s head, before getting off the bed, off of Shane.

The whine that Shane released against the gag at the loss of Ilya’s weight on him toed the line between absolutely adorable and really fucking hot in a way that Ilya had not known possible.

“I am right here,” Ilya assured him, placing a hand on Shane’s thigh. “I will not leave the room with you like this. I promise.” He lifted his hand, slapping it back down on Shane’s inner thigh.

Shane yelped, the slap absolutely amplified by the fact that the soft satin over his eyes blocked it from sight. He hadn't seen it coming and that simple act ripped open yet another of the few remaining stitches holding him together.

Quickly, Ilya undressed, taking everything they would need out of his nightstand and putting it within reach of the bed so that he would not have to leave Shane again.

This time, when Ilya climbed back on top of him, the skin to skin contact relaxed Shane. He let out a deep breath, allowing a sort of calm to wash over him. He was still desperate, still aching hard, but at least he could feel Ilya again.

Shane was so focused on the presence of Ilya's body atop his that he barely registered the click of the lighter until he smelled the butane. With his eyes covered, his other senses were heightened, and Shane realized that he had been so focused on *everything else* that Ilya was doing to him that he had completely forgotten about this.

When the first drop of wax hit his skin, just below his left pec, Shane couldn't control himself. He gasped, arching his back, hips bucking upwards against Ilya. The wax cooled quickly, the sting dissipating, leaving Shane waiting, waiting, waiting for the next drop.

Ilya held the candle steady, waiting to see Shane's reaction, listening for his safety signal, before even considering more. The wax cooled, but Shane did not, and Ilya grinned, this time tilting the candle, spilling a trail of hot wax down Shane's abdomen as Shane writhed beneath him.

Ilya delighted in how easy it was to take Shane apart, though he reached down, checking Shane's skin. He had bought candles special for this, their sole purpose designed to be safe for this kind of play, and Ilya was glad to see that it was working, that no real damage was being done to his beautiful boy.

Ilya leaned down, kissing Shane's abdomen, right next to the line of wax, pulling another deep moan out of the other man.

"Keep holding on," Ilya instructed, tipping the candle again, dripping a pool of wax on the center of Shane's chest.

Shane's entire body seized, the shock of the heat, the pleasure of it, coursing through him.

Yes, Ilya Rozanov was *definitely* going to be the death of him.

Ilya sat upright on Shane's hips, gazing down at him, marveling in the fact that Shane was not only *allowing* this, but reveling it.

No one had ever trusted Ilya so much and the fact that it was Shane? That made it all so much better.

Shane was on the brink, Ilya could tell, and he had been so good...maybe it was time to give him what he wanted. He reached down, placing his thumb and index finger into Shane's mouth, fitting them around the gag until they were wet enough that he could press them

against the wick of the candle, sniffing it out. He set the candle aside and stretched down, his chest pressed against Shane's. Ilya could feel the cooled wax against his own skin, and god, how had he gotten so *lucky*.

"Do you want me to fuck you, Hollander?" Ilya growled in Shane's ear, taking the other man's earlobe between his teeth.

Shane let out a strangled cry that vaguely resembled "yes", nodding his head.

"You have been so good." Ilya kissed Shane's jaw, then sat up, repositioning them. He rolled on a condom, slicking it up with lube, before slathering more on his fingers. With his free hand, he guided Shane's legs upwards, resting them on his shoulders so that he could gain access to the other man.

Ilya rested one hand on Shane's chest, squeezing Shane's pec as he inserted one, then two, then three fingers with the other.

Shane was a wreck, but Ilya was growing desperate now, too, as he stretched Shane out. The moans every single movement drew from Shane were driving him wild, the way the gag muffled any sounds, distorting *everything* in a tribute to Ilya? It was laying him bare.

At least in this moment, Shane was his, all his, and he both wanted it to last forever and to give Shane exactly what he wanted.

Shane whined as Ilya removed his fingers, lining himself up. Grinning, he moved one hand to Shane's throat, hooking through the collar ring, and tugging up just slightly, as he pushed inside of Shane.

The last time, Ilya hadn't been able to see Shane's face, the way he shuddered wholly as Ilya entered him, the way his mouth stretched around the gag as a groan of pleasure escaped him.

Fuck, he was beautiful.

"Hold on, sweetheart," Ilya gasped as he thrust, once, twice, searching for the perfect spot.

He thrust again, and Shane let out a strangled cry so loud that Ilya was sure he had struck gold.

"Right there, hmm?" Ilya moved his hand down Shane's chest, squeezing, pinching every inch of skin that he could find as he thrust again and again.

Between the way his arms were pulled apart by the chains and the way that Ilya had bent him over on himself, Shane's body was strained, filled with a dull pain so addicting that, had he the ability to speak, he would have begged for more.

Ilya loved seeing Shane like this, sweaty, flushed, squirming beneath him, palms still clenched around the chains so that he had *something* to hold on to. Shane's hands may have been occupied, but Ilya's were not, and he moved one down, gently stroking Shane.

“You’ve been so good, waited so long,” he grunted, gripping Shane’s cock and tipping it upwards. “Go ahead, come for me, sweetheart.”

Shane didn’t have to be told twice, with a shudder, he released, the come mixing with the wax on his own chest as Ilya thrust twice more before gripping Shane’s hip, squeezing as he came inside of him.

“Oh my fucking god,” Ilya gasped. “Hollander...fuck.” He squeezed his eyes shut, feeling as Shane deflated beneath him.

Shane’s chest was heaving as he came down and Ilya wasted no time pulling the gag from his mouth, kissing Shane fiercely, grounding the other man.

I am right here, Ilya thought, cupping Shane’s sweat-slick cheek in his hand as he kissed him.

“I’ve got you, sweetheart,” he whispered as he pulled back, working quickly to free Shane from his blindfold, then cuffs, leaving them dangling from the headboard. “Breathe, Hollander,” Ilya whispered, kissing Shane’s shoulders where they had been strained from the bondage.

Shane continued to pant, working his way back down to earth as Ilya unbuckled the unanchored cuffs from his ankles.

“Leave it,” Shane gasped, breathless, shaking his head just slightly as Ilya reached for the buckle on his collar.

“You are sure?” Ilya asked, hesitating.

“Yeah, I’m sure.” Shane nodded.

“Okay.” Ilya leaned in, kissing him again. “Breathe here. I will be right back.”

Ilya stood, running his hand gently over Shane’s side as he left. He began to draw the bath, this time adding some salts he had purchased that the saleswoman had sworn were good for aching muscles. He filled a glass with cool water and carried that and a warm, damp towel back to his room.

“Drink,” he ordered, pressing the water into Shane’s hands once he was propped up.

As Shane obeyed, Ilya wiped away the sweat, come, and wax from Shane’s body.

He could not forget the way that Shane had dropped, so hard, so fast, after their last scenario, but he was better prepared this time, should it happen again.

Shane gazed at Ilya, letting the other man take the water glass once it was empty.

“That was incredible,” he whispered.

“*You* are incredible,” Ilya countered. “Come on. I have drawn you a bath.” He paused, wrinkling his nose. “On second thought, we should take this off.” He gently brushed his fingers against Shane’s collar. “The water will not be so good for the leather, I think.”

Shane nodded, allowing Ilya to remove the collar, though the loss of it did feel weighted.

“You can have it back after, if you like,” Ilya said, pressing a kiss to the corner of Shane’s mouth as he lifted the man, carrying him to the tub.

Shane let out a soft sigh as the warm water wrapped around him and he leaned his head back, letting it rest on the cool ceramic.

“Wait,” Ilya grabbed a towel, folding it carefully. He lifted Shane’s head, resting the towel beneath it like a pillow. “There.” He kissed Shane’s forehead. “Wait here, I have surprise for you.”

Shane rested his head against the towel, his eyes closed as Ilya left.

He didn’t want Ilya to leave, but he didn’t say anything, and when Ilya returned, he was glad that he had kept his mouth shut.

Ilya set a tray down on the ledge of the tub right beside Shane.

“For you,” Ilya said with a gentle smile.

“Rozanov...” Shane smiled, gazing at the tray. There was a board of sliced fruit, cheese, nuts, and a can of cold ginger ale.

“Here.” Ilya slid into the tub opposite Shane, raising the can of ginger ale to Shane’s lips.

“Thank you.” Shane sipped the drink, letting out a deep sigh.

“How do you feel?” Ilya asked, concern lacing his expression.

“Like you love me,” Shane admitted, his tone soft, blissed out.

Ilya didn’t give Shane a chance to register the words that had just left his mouth and he surged forwards, kissing Shane.

“I do,” Ilya admitted quickly. “I do love you, Shane Hollander.”

“Yeah?” Shane smiled.

“Yes.” He nodded.

“I love you, too, Ilya Rozanov.”

The way that Ilya’s face lit up melted Shane’s heart. “You didn’t know?” Shane asked.

“Was not sure,” he said. “People love to hate me, they love to fuck me, they love me when I win for their city...when I lose, not so much. With you...I knew you *liked* me, I knew you

liked kissing me, touching me, being fucked by me, but,” he shrugged. “Not always the same.”

“I love it all,” Shane admitted, taking another sip of the ginger ale. “I thought I was gonna die when you called me sweetheart.”

“Hmmm.” Ilya tilted his head to the side. “You liked that, did you? Huh, sweetheart?”

“Yes.” Shane flushed, the red in his cheeks illuminating his beautiful freckles.

Ilya reached over, feeding Shane a slice of apple with a piece of Gouda cheese on top.

“I love it when you are my good boy,” Ilya said. “I also love it when you are my Shane Hollander.”

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane smiled.

“Tonight, we will sleep, tomorrow you will rest, recover, while I skate circles around Scott Hunter, then I will come home and make love to you until we physically cannot anymore. No toys, just us.”

“I’ll be right here,” Shane said with a gentle smile. “Waiting for you.”

“Good boy,” Ilya teased, kissing Shane again.

They stayed in the tub until the water turned cold, then Ilya carried Shane back to the bedroom, setting him in a chair while he changed the bedding, cleaning and putting away the toys.

“Wait,” Shane paused. “Can...I have the collar back? Please?”

“You are sure?” Ilya asked, lifting the leather object.

“Yeah.” Shane smiled. “I love it.”

“Okay.” Ilya walked over to the chair, gently belting the collar around Shane’s neck, one notch looser than before, just to be safe.

“The wax thing was hot,” Shane said.

“Well yes, candles are fire,” Ilya teased. “Hot by nature, no?”

“Fuck you,” Shane said softly.

“You love me,” Ilya retorted.

“I do.” Shane nodded. He got up and pushed Ilya gently onto the bed, climbing in his lap, kissing him.

“The drop is not so bad this time?” Ilya asked.

“It was,” Shane admitted. “But you got me through it.”

“Note to self, buy more ginger ale.”

Shane looked down lovingly at Ilya, shaking his head before kissing him again.

The trust that had built between them had strengthened their bond so much, it felt like the sky was the limit, and Shane fell asleep in Ilya’s arms, happier, perhaps, than he had ever been.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading, and if you enjoyed it, please let me know in the comments, praise kink isn't just for Good Boy Shane ;).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!