waiting right here just to show you

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waiting right here just to show you

by broccolicheddarchicken

Summary

> The *picture* he must've made in that moment: naked and tied up, on his knees, untouched and hard, with Ilya down his throat, drool all over him, staring up at Ilya through his lashes. He was glad he couldn't actually see himself, it would've been too much, but he had no doubt this was a mental image Ilya would be saving forever.

Shane's been antsy all day, and Ilya proposes he spend some time on his knees to calm his nerves. Despite his better judgment, Shane agrees.

Notes

for a lovely commenter of mine, ksoology, who inspired me to go off the deep end and finally write more kinky shit abt these two boys <3

three fics in five days, the GCU front page HATES to see me coming. this is basically just porn. wrote it while drunk with a bunch of nineties alt playing in the background. speaking of which—title from "Everybody Here Wants You" by Jeff Buckley.

as always: i hope you enjoy reading this at least half as much as i enjoyed writing it 😉

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane had been tightly wound all day.

It had started when he first woke up. They didn't have anything to do all morning—Ilya had a call with management in the afternoon, and Shane's parents were coming over in the evening, but the morning was theirs. Ever the proponent of a good lie-in, Ilya was trying to get him to stay in bed, to *snuggle*. Sometimes Shane was amenable to that, but today he felt like he needed to stick to his regimens. He was getting older, now, and the only thing that would keep his age from seeping at his skill was consistent training. He laced up his shoes and went for his run.

When he came back, he caught Ilya giving Anya a piece of cheese in the kitchen, and that was annoying, because she had a habit of whining for scraps while they cooked. Shane was training to train it out of her. Ilya's argument of *but look at her little face* did not sway him.

They'd worked out together after that, which had gone fine, except Ilya was making it into a competition (like usual), and Shane wanted to blow past him. But couldn't. Because Ilya was faster, and he could run for longer, and he was stronger, even though he'd spent half his life fucking smoking.

Shane didn't feel any type of way about it. Definitely not. He did, however, spend an extra hour on the rowing machine about it.

After a quick shower that did nothing to calm his nerves, his mother called. There were some issues with tax reporting at the foundation, due to some employees not keeping proper records. There could be problems. They might have to pay penalties.

Shane was going to rip out his own hair.

Now it was lunchtime, and Ilya had very sweetly offered to make them something. It ended up being turkey clubs with tomato and avocado, and—

Goddamn it.

"Ilya, that cheese was for the casserole tonight."

Normally, Shane *might* have been able to let it go, but they were having his parents over, and this casserole was his mom's favorite, and he'd promised her he'd make it for her because she'd been having a hard week and he loved her.

With a casual air, Ilya looked at the packet of extra sharp cheddar cheese he had opened for their lunch. "Oh. Okay. I will go get more."

Shane should've let it be, but he couldn't help himself. It's not like he hadn't told Ilya. Was it so hard for Ilya to listen to him? "I told you it was for the casserole when we went shopping."

"You did, but I forgot. I'm sorry. Is hard to remember all your meal planning, sometimes."

"I don't need you to remember all the meal planning, I just need you to be an actual fucking adult, sometimes." The words were too harsh. Shane knew it the moment they passed his lips.

"Ouch."

Ilya shot him a look that said *seriously?* He put his hand over his own chest dramatically. He was still holding the knife. A spike of anxiety went through Shane's body at the sight of a blade that close to his husband's heart, which he forced himself to ignore.

Fuck. Ilya was valiantly trying to defuse the situation with a little humor, but Shane was being bitchy over nothing. Was Shane seriously picking a fight right now with the love of his life over a pack of fucking cheese?

Shane let out a shaky breath. "I—fuck, I'm sorry," he said. "You already said you'd get more. I need to calm down. I've been on the edge all day today, I don't know what's wrong with me."

The over-exaggerated hurt was gone, now. Ilya went back to making their lunch. "This has nothing to do with us playing Montreal tomorrow?"

Oh. Right.

Their schedule and Shane's mood couldn't have been connected, right? They had played Montreal more than a dozen times by now, and they had quite a damn good record against them, thank you very much—but it still knocked Shane off balance every single time. Once, he'd almost instinctively sent a pass to Hayden. It had been mortifying.

Playing against Montreal just felt *wrong*, and more than that, beating them felt important. That was the team that had fucked him over and disrespected him over his personal life, all after he gave them three Stanley Cups, a decade of devotion, and the best years of his career.

Fine. It wasn't completely impossible that the match tomorrow was making him fidgety.

"Maybe?" Shane admitted.

Ilya half-smiled to himself. He didn't even look up from the tomatoes he was slicing. "You have been like this since you woke up. I think you need to get fucked."

Ilya said it so casually. Like Shane had complained about a headache, and he was proposing ibuprofen. Shane blinked exactly once. "Do you mean that in, like, the figurative way? Like *get fucked*?"

That would be a little mean, coming from Ilya. Even if Shane had been mean first.

Ilya made his intentions incredibly clear. He set the knife down and crossed the kitchen, backing Shane up against the island. Shane ignored the way his stomach flipped in response to Ilya being so close to him. "I mean you need a dick inside you. And I think you need me to be bossy."

"For fuck's sake, Ilya."

Sure, they'd been experimenting with Ilya *being bossy* for years, now, but any discussion of sex was bound to embarrass Shane. His cheeks were hot. He turned away and made a move like he was trying to leave his husband's grip. Ilya didn't let him.

"What? It helps! You always calm down when I am bossy. And you have already tried everything else."

It wasn't the worst idea. Shane had always told him that when they brought a dynamic into their bedroom, the lack of control helped him settle his mind. There was no point in stressing out about anything because he wasn't in the driver's seat, Ilya was. His job was to listen, follow instructions, and enjoy what Ilya gave him.

Still, he wasn't going to use his husband's dick to get over his sour mood. That was ridiculous.

"You just like when I listen to you."

"Of course I do."

Shane swallowed. He was in *such* close proximity to Ilya, and while he'd gotten somewhat used to the effect of that over the years, it had never actually faded. Ilya's body near his always seemed to turn off every logical part of him, make him want to kiss and touch and whine and plead and beg. His husband made him stupid just by being near.

Some particularly horny part of his brain was already telling him to just bend over the counter right then and there, and if that wasn't bad enough, Ilya chose that exact moment to grab Shane by his waist, truly pinning him in place. His voice was deliciously low. "What do you want, sweetheart?"

Sweetheart. Shane was about to faint, he was pretty sure. Ilya pressed his nose to the soft underside of Shane's jaw and began working his tongue against the sensitive skin there. Every nerve in Shane's body popped. His cock thickened in his shorts, hoping for some proper attention.

Maybe he could just go jack off, and maybe that would take the edge off, except that wasn't what he wanted. He wanted Ilya to take charge. He wanted Ilya to give him a challenge, and he wanted to excel at it, and he wanted to be rewarded for it. He wanted to get out of his head.

Ilya had called him a showoff, once, and he wasn't wrong.

"I want you to tell me what to do," Shane answered simply. Honestly.

The grin he got in response was wicked. "Perfect. Do you know what I want?'

"How would I know when you haven't told me?"

Ilya ignored the sass. "I want you on your knees. I want you to hold me in your mouth for a while. That always works when you are like this."

Shane choked on his own spit, turning away from Ilya to cough once or twice. How the *fuck* did Ilya just say things like that with a straight face?

It took a moment to process what Ilya had requested. Ilya wanted Shane to kneel obediently and warm his cock. It wasn't the first time they'd done that, and it *did* always force Shane's nerves to settle. His head was spinning and he felt like he might tip over from dizziness—Ilya's hands were hot on his body, his lips working against Shane's neck again, and Shane wanted nothing more than to say *yes*. He would do it, and he'd ignore the humiliation that sprung up in him at the thought that he *liked* that, he *liked* being good for Ilya.

That humiliation had been stronger when they'd first started this, but Ilya had been slowly expelling it from him. There was no point in being ashamed of something that was private, that was just for them, that they both enjoyed. He wanted to do this, and he was going to say yes, damn it.

And then he remembered he couldn't.

Ilya's stupid fucking call. They didn't have time for anything right now, because the manager's office needed to talk to him about *something*, Shane didn't know what. Some sort of captain bullshit—Shane had always enjoyed holding the captaincy himself, but he didn't miss some of the extra responsibility that came along with it. It was in their shared Google Calendar (which was, like, eighty percent managed by Shane). They'd be calling in just a few minutes, and it was scheduled for nearly an hour.

Shane deflated. Ilya's hands felt *so fucking good* on his body. Shane had wanted this so badly, and he was pretty sure that it *would've* been a good mental reset, but Ilya had clearly forgotten about his call. It was a good thing he had a husband to remind him.

"We can't. Right after we're done eating, you'll have the call with management."

"I know." Ilya nipped Shane's earlobe.

The implications of that rearranged themselves in Shane's mind. Ilya hadn't forgotten at all, which meant he wanted—

Oh, absolutely not.

"Fuck off. I'm not doing this with you on the phone."

Shockingly, Ilya didn't argue. He took his hands off of Shane's waist and backed away from the counter. "Okay. I understand."

Shane's eyes narrowed.

"You do not think you can stay still," Ilya continued. "You'd have to not be distracting at all, and that's too difficult, so—"

That's a dirty play, Rozanov.

"I know what you're trying to do. It's not working."

"I think it is."

Fuck, it was. It would be a challenge to keep still, for sure, but Shane could. He *knew* he could. Worse, he knew that if he did, Ilya would give him quite the reward, and *praise* him, and… fuck. Shane wanted to do it, and he was kind of mad at himself for it. Why did he keep letting Ilya get him in these situations?

"You really think I couldn't do it?"

"I think you could, but I am not sure."

Shane almost *growled* from his own internal frustration. Two very different, equally prominent parts of his brain were fighting it out.

He finally reached his decision.

"Fine. Only because I know I can."

Ilya smiled at him. Then he fluffed up Shane's hair, almost condescending. "You are so easy sometimes."

Shane's cheeks got even hotter. "Shut up. I hate you."

"Okay, moya lyubov." Ilya kissed Shane's cheek so softly that he couldn't be annoyed anymore. Really, Ilya's behavior was his own fault. He'd been encouraging it for over a decade.

Immediately after lunch, Ilya had directed Shane to strip and told him where to kneel. It was a strange dichotomy—being ordered around like a whore with Ilya's ring on his finger and a belly full of the food Ilya had made him. Ilya could be so loving, so gentle, and so caring, and he could also be demanding, rough, and teasing. Then again, when Ilya acted like that, it was because Shane wanted him to, so really that was just part of his caretaking side, too.

Ilya was behind him, now, wrapping ropes in loops around Shane's arms, which were tucked behind his back. That had been Shane's idea. He liked being restrained even more than Ilya liked seeing him that way. It fed into the loss of control he needed when he was in his head like this.

The knot was efficient, simple, and practiced—this would hardly be the first time they'd done this. They toyed, occasionally, with more complicated ones, ones decided to look good *and* restrain. Ilya would take pictures on his phone and Shane would pretend he wasn't turned on at the sight of himself like that, all pretty and wrapped up for his husband to enjoy.

Sometimes, he'd even let Ilya not delete them.

It's not like the rope was the only option. They had velcro cuffs, and Shane liked those, too. They were comfortable, quick, and sensible; perfect for when Ilya wanted to tie him to the bed. But when it was practical, he preferred the rope.

He liked the feeling of being tied up. He liked when Ilya drew it out.

Ilya hadn't drawn it out today. They didn't have time. Once he was finished, he ran a finger under the rope to make sure it wasn't too tight, then kissed the curve of Shane's neck a few times. Shane pushed against the restraint and found he couldn't break it.

"Comfortable?" Ilya asked.

Shane nodded.

"Use your words."

"Yes," Shane said, nodding again. "The knot's good."

"Good."

Ilya grabbed Shane by the back of his neck and tugged him into a kiss. He gasped from the shock before he was able to kiss back. It was slow, and messy, and *hot*, the kind of kiss that always made his toes curl, the kind that he'd never been able to keep up with. He just hoped Ilya couldn't see that his cock was already stirring.

Well. Considering he was naked and on his knees in front of their living room armchair, that hope was a bit misplaced.

If Ilya noticed, he didn't comment on it. He released Shane just as suddenly as he'd grabbed him and stood, walking away. Shane was confused, but didn't comment. It didn't take long for Ilya to come back with a few items—a bottle of lube and a vibrating butt plug Shane had always enjoyed, plus its remote. Strangely, he also had his keys.

Before Shane could really process what was going on, Ilya had taken hold of him by his knotted wrists and tipped him forward. Shane was still on his knees, now, but his upper body was resting on the armchair.

"A little warning, maybe?"

Ilya chuckled from behind him, but didn't say anything. Instead, he started tracing Shane's hole with slick fingertips, then abruptly pushed two inside.

The drag was slow. Shane wanted to whine already. Ilya's fingers were so *long*, and he was already crooking them just so into Shane's prostate, making him cant his hips upward in pleasure. Shane was almost shocked—Ilya loved nothing more than to tease, to make Shane beg. More than once, he'd inserted his fingers or his cock and kept completely still, forcing Shane to plead for him to move. Right now, though, he was giving Shane everything he could've possibly wanted, and Shane was already pushing back against him.

"Stop moving," Ilya said, and Shane stopped immediately. He could be defiant, he could be bratty, but today he wanted to be *good*. He wanted to prove to Ilya how good he could be.

Ilya was gently scissoring his fingers, now, stretching Shane open, and Shane was panting softly. If Ilya wasn't careful, he'd come just from this. It had happened before.

Evidently, Ilya wasn't in this for Shane's pleasure. Once Shane felt himself loosen, once the resistance faded and he was greedy for more, Ilya withdrew his fingers. Shane whined openly, upset at the development. He had thought—

The lube bottle clicked open, then shut. Shane froze, unsure what was coming next. A moment later, there was a different pressure at his rim. Not Ilya's cock, but the plug. Shane probably should've been able to predict that. Once it was in place, Ilya ran his hand over Shane's right ass cheek. He lifted his hand and smacked it once, the sound crisp in their otherwise empty home. Shane forced himself not to keen at the mild sting.

"Perfect," Ilya said. "You're ready. And absolutely gorgeous."

With as little warning as before, Ilya grabbed Shane and hauled him up so he was in his kneeling position once more. The toy felt incredible at this angle, pressing against him just so, and Ilya hadn't even turned it on yet. Shane hadn't forgotten about the little remote, currently sitting on their end table. He shut his eyes and took a few breaths through his nose. Ilya hadn't even *touched* him properly, but he could feel his own dick, fully erect against his thigh. He was sure if he looked at it, the head would be red.

Then again, Shane's cock was never harder than when Ilya ignored it.

Shane heard a weird jangling noise from above, and then Ilya was putting something in his hands. The object was cold, pointy, metallic, and sort of hard between his fingers. He opened his eyes and turned up towards Ilya with a quizzical look.

"Is my keys," Ilya explained. "If you drop those, I will hang up right away."

Oh. Ilya really had thought of everything. God, Shane loved him. Shane loved having someone he trusted enough to cede this control to, someone who would handle it with the weight it deserved, someone who would make him feel secure. He never would've felt safe enough to explore this side of himself without Ilya. He probably never would've even discovered its existence.

"Okay," Shane said. "Thank you."

Ilya shot him an amused look as he sat in the armchair, his phone on the end table next to it. He reached down to undo the button of his jeans, and Shane almost panicked.

"Wait, stop."

Ilya's hand immediately froze, his eyes widening with concern.

"Nothing's wrong," Shane amended. "Just—"

Shane tipped forward carefully, then. It was difficult without his arms to balance himself, but he got there. Once his face was close to Ilya, the rest of this would be easy. He'd practiced.

Carefully, Shane held the denim near the button with his teeth, tugged upwards and out, and undid it. Then he gently bit the zipper and dragged it down, undoing Ilya's jeans entirely. He leaned back again, still looking up at his husband.

Ilya was staring back at him, almost blankly, eyes gone wide. "*Fuck,* Hollander. Who taught you that? Was not me."

Shane preened. "I have the occasional trick up my sleeve."

"All these years and you are still surprising me."

Warmth spread through Shane's body at Ilya's fond expression and the praise. He loved when he did something Ilya wasn't expecting—it wasn't as common as it used to be, because Ilya was quite used to Shane acting like a bit of a slut, nowadays, but he still loved the feeling of flipping the scales. Ilya had been knocking him off balance just by *existing* since they were seventeen, Shane needed to occasionally return the favor.

Were it five years ago, Shane might've been humiliated by the way his eyes focused in on Ilya's cock as he pulled it out of his underwear, but he was too far gone to care, now. He was only half hard, which excited Shane. Shane loved the feeling of Ilya stiffening in his mouth.

Ilya met his eyes. "You're not going to distract me, right?"

"Right," Shane said, nodding furiously.

"Okay. Go ahead."

Shane lowered his head almost instantaneously, mouth open, having to tip forward without his arms to help support him. He had Ilya in his mouth now, and it was *incredible*, but he wanted to make sure he was fully hard before the call came, so he applied a little suction—

Pain bloomed from his scalp. Ilya had gotten a handful of Shane's hair at the root and pulled him off, the mild sting causing even more heat to surge between his thighs. Shane looked up at his husband, breathing elevated, and found Ilya's eyes narrowed.

"I just thought— before the call, to get you hard." The explanation tumbled out of his mouth, Shane was so desperate to avoid disapproval.

Ilya hmphed. "You should've asked."

Shane nodded furiously, Ilya's hand moving with his head. "You're right, I should've asked. I'm sorry."

Ilya's grip on his hair loosened, then. "Fine. Only until the call."

A few moments passed, Shane working his lips, mouth, and tongue around Ilya's cock. Were his hands free, he might've dug his nails into the meat of Ilya's thighs or touched his balls, but they weren't, so he focused on putting his mouth to work.

It didn't last long. Ilya's phone rang after less than a minute. Shane stilled immediately, lowering himself forward, Ilya's cock filling his mouth. He looked up at Ilya through his eyelashes.

Ilya looked absolutely enraptured with the view he was being presented, but he carded a hand through Shane's hair with genuine concern. "You are comfortable? You can back out. We can do this later, when I'm not on the phone."

Shane didn't consider the offer for even a second. He *wanted* this. He hummed his approval around Ilya's cock, so Ilya put a hand in Shane's hair and accepted the call. It started with pleasantries with the manager's secretary. Ilya said something about tomorrow's game, but Shane didn't really care about hockey, for once. He cared about the drop of precome he'd been rewarded with, and the cool air against his bare skin, and the way the hemp rope was digging into his wrists.

It wasn't the first time Shane had found himself naked, on his knees, and bound, but it *was* the first time he hadn't held Ilya's complete attention while in that position.

Shane didn't want Ilya's attention yet, anyway, so he was doing his very best to not be distracting. He wasn't giving a blowjob. He was just… holding it. If he worked Ilya's cock with his lips and tongue and throat the way he'd learned over the years, Ilya would be completely incapable of acting normal on this call.

After all, Ilya was the person he'd learned to suck *for*. He was custom-molded to Ilya's preferences, with more than a decade of practice, so yeah—he could get Ilya off when he wanted to.

Shane's train of thought stuttered when the plug in his ass came to life. He hadn't even noticed, but Ilya had taken his hand out of Shane's hair and was now holding the little white remote. It was only on low, at least, Shane was pretty sure it was only on low, but with how physically neglected Shane was at the moment, it felt intoxicating. Heat sparked and popped at the base of his spine, and it took everything in him not to moan around Ilya. It would've been loud enough for the person on the other end of the call to hear.

With determined focus, Shane calmed himself down. He could enjoy the vibrations, but he couldn't let them become overwhelming. It was only then that Shane realized that his mind was effortlessly, blissfully blank. All he was thinking about was keeping his mouth open, the toy inside him, and how it felt for Ilya to have him like this.

It kind of pissed Shane off that this worked as well as it did. All the day's stresses and anxieties and the million little things that had set him off were completely faded. He had something new to narrow his (always intense) focus on: keeping his mouth warm and soft and still for his husband. The effort of it was making drool run down his chin, and under any other circumstances he would've found that disgusting, but with his own hard-on raging between his thighs, a toy vibrating in his ass, and Ilya heavy on his tongue, it felt impossibly erotic.

Ilya, for his part, was acting completely normal. He had his thumb on Shane's upper lip, so very near to where they were joined, lazily tracing along the stretched skin. It was soothing. Other than that, he sounded like his regular self on the phone, and he was barely acknowledging Shane's existence, other than to adjust the settings of the plug or trail a thumb over his cheekbone.

Shane wasn't sure how long they stayed like that, although it didn't feel like it was anywhere near the full hour. Occasionally, he'd have to reposition slightly because of his aching knees or the pressure on his ankles, and Ilya would draw in a sharp breath or squeeze his hair. That was the closest Shane ever got to a reaction.

He spent a good deal of the call with his eyes shut and his head against Ilya's thigh. He felt strangely cozy. Everything around him was *IlyaIlyaIlya*. His scent, his taste, the feel of his muscle beneath Shane's cheek. He let his mind wander, without judging his thoughts or trying to control them, and it felt strangely like his meditation sessions.

Sometimes, he would sit up, look up at Ilya, and try to be as much of an annoyance as he could without actually moving his mouth around him. Usually, that meant shifting his weight back and forth on his knees, or wiggling his hips coquettishly to grab Ilya's attention. At one point, Ilya made eye contact with him, reached around with his foot, and pressed his heel into the small of Shane's back to force an arch. Shane could've come right there. The *picture* he must've made in that moment: naked and tied up, on his knees, untouched and hard, with Ilya down his throat, drool all over him, staring up at Ilya through his lashes. He was glad he couldn't actually see himself, it would've been too much, but he had no doubt this was a mental image Ilya would be saving forever.

He was grateful when he heard Ilya wrapping the call up, heard him saying his goodbyes, and he was *excited*, too. He'd done well, he knew he had, and he had no doubt that Ilya would reward him for it. Before that, though, he wanted to suck Ilya off. Sometimes he didn't like Ilya's cum in his mouth, but right then? He was *craving* it.

When Ilya hung up the phone, he literally threw his phone onto the couch, which Shane would've chided him for had he been even five percent less desperate. Instead, he peered up at Ilya and waited to be told what to do.

Ilya didn't *tell* him anything. Instead, he carefully pulled Shane off. Shane took a few heaving breaths, staring at a thin line of saliva connecting his lower lip to the head of Ilya's dick. The toy was on a higher setting now, and he felt so *good*, and all he wanted was for Ilya to take him however he pleased.

Fuck.

"You were so good," Ilya said from above him, cradling Shane's face in his hand. "Perfect for me. Stunning and beautiful, on your knees like that."

Shane swallowed, keeping his eyes locked onto Ilya's, and nodded slowly. Even if he didn't have the stimulation of the buzzing inside him, those words would've had him melting in Ilya's arms.

His cock was *right there*. Shane needed it in his mouth again, he *needed* Ilya to come on his tongue. He stole a glance at it, ruddy and practically begging for Shane's continued attention, and nearly tipped forward of his own accord.

No. He would wait for Ilya to tell him what to do.

Ilya smirked, definitely having noticed Shane's distraction. "Oh, were you not finished? Is a half hour not enough time with me down your throat?"

Shane glared at him. "You're incredibly annoying."

"The worst," Ilya agreed, "and yet you love me anyway. You were good. Tell me what you want."

"I want you to come in my mouth," Shane said, too horny to obscure his desires. "Want you to set the pace."

"What is the English saying about wishes and commands?"

Shane rolled his eyes. He was always happy to help Ilya with his second language, but he could not care less about giving a fucking English lesson right now.

"Open your mouth."

Shane did it immediately, without hesitation or question. He was rewarded for his obedience when Ilya grabbed him by his hair and pulled him down again. Shane felt a pressure on his shoulder—Ilya had hooked his leg over it—and then he was using the leverage to fuck his throat in earnest.

It was intense, it was a *lot,* and Shane's jaw was so sore, but he wouldn't have had it any other way. He shut his eyes and focused on keeping his throat relaxed, enjoyed Ilya's impossibly strong grip on him, reveled in the feeling of Ilya moving in him.

It didn't take long at all, which wasn't surprising. Ilya had held his cock in a soft, loving mouth for the last however long it had been, of course he was halfway there. He felt Ilya's hips stutter in that tell-tale way, and then they stilled entirely as he pulsed in Shane's mouth.

The taste was familiar, one of a million intimacies that had grown between them in the years they'd been together. Shane swallowed around him, doing his best to keep up. When Ilya was finished, he pulled Shane off for the final time. He was enjoying this, but he also needed a minute. His breath was coming in pants, and Shane could feel tears stinging in his eyes, and he was also so horrifically horny that he thought he might start crying for real out of frustration.

Shane looked up at Ilya, nearly trembling, and Ilya was gazing at him softly. *Right now?* he nearly said out loud. *You're going to look at me all adoringly right now?*

Ilya patted his own lap. "Come here. Straddle me."

Shane stayed on his knees for a moment longer, the muscles of his abdomen heaving as he caught his breath, and then he stood on wobbly knees. His throat was ruined, his knees sore from kneeling so long, the toy inside him *still* buzzing away, keeping him near an edge without being anything close to enough to get him there.

He meant to gracefully lower himself into Ilya's lap, but instead he almost fell. Ilya's arms were there immediately, one around his waist and the other on his thigh, and Shane let

himself relax into the grip. Once he was settled, Ilya leaned forward and caught him in a kiss that was filthy and tender all at once, practically Ilya's specialty.

Shane loved this man.

The hand on his thigh was moving, sliding over his hip and then to his hole. He wasn't sure what to expect, but Ilya grabbing the plug by its base and just barely tugging at it wasn't something he could've predicted at all. It wasn't enough to pull it out, just to enough to increase the pressure, and then he repeated the motion in reverse—carefully pushing it up against the walls of Shane's body.

Shane felt delirious with unresolved pleasure. He felt so *good*, except it wasn't good enough, and he wanted—he *needed*—more. He didn't care where it came from or how, he just knew that he needed Ilya's hands on his cock, or he needed Ilya's fingers inside him, or something, *anything* at all.

Ilya, damn him, was in no rush. He was trailing his lips down, still toying with the plug inside Shane and ignoring his dick altogether.

"Maybe I will make a mark right here," Ilya said, kissing the sensitive hollow of Shane's throat. "A good one. Purple. The kind you like in the summer. Let you wear it to the game tomorrow, and the entire league will know exactly who did it to you."

Shane would've hated that in reality—whatever their private life was, it was theirs, and he didn't want strangers making any guesses about their relationship dynamics or how they spent their free time—but if the way Shane's chest fluttered and his hips twitched was any indication, his body loved the fantasy. Then again, he always adored the thought of being publicly claimed by Ilya.

Ilya might've been expecting a reply, but Shane was too far gone for real words. He ground lazily against Ilya's thigh, seeking whatever friction he could find. He needed Ilya to touch him, so very desperately.

The shifts in pressure stopped. Ilya was done messing with the plug. For a moment, he simply watched Shane. He was surely saving this in his mind, too: his needy, helpless, bound husband rutting on his leg in a pitiful bid for orgasm.

"You are so cute like this."

"Fuck off, Rozanov," Shane ground out.

"I wouldn't say that when you're *that* hard and don't have use of your hands."

Shane clenched his teeth. He wanted to bite Ilya's stupid crooked nose in retaliation.

"I was good," Shane reminded him. "You said so yourself."

Ilya just smiled. "You think I won't tease you just because you were good?"

"I hate you."

"You do not." Ilya reached up and held his palm in front of Shane's lips. Shane spit automatically, brain too hazed for embarrassment at how well Ilya had him trained.

"Good boy," Ilya said, and Shane's stomach fluttered. Ilya's hand *finally* wrapped around his dick, and his vision nearly went white. Oh, fuck. He wasn't going to last at all. Ilya started with slow strokes and gentle pressure, occasionally pausing to run his thumb in circles around the sensitive head. Shane tipped his head back in pleasure, letting his eyes slip shut and his senses overwhelm him.

"Feels so fucking good, Ilya."

"Is about to get better."

The hand around his throat, the pressure at each side, just under his jaw—that was a total surprise. It didn't restrict the flow of air in his windpipe, but it did limit the flow of blood to his brain. This wasn't a first either, though, and Ilya knew how to do it safely. It was a rush unlike any other: Ilya's hand firm around him, the way his mind would get hazy at the end of the hold, and then the flood of overwhelming sensation when he'd release and oxygen-rich blood was allowed to flow again. Shane made sure he had a firm grip on the keys; dropping them would be how he'd tell Ilya he needed to let go, if it came to that.

"Oh god, Ilya, fuck— fuck, please, just like that, please—"

"You are doing so well," Ilya said. He kissed Shane's nose, far too affectionate for their current position.

Ilya never sped his hand up, never made his strokes more intense, but it didn't matter. The choking forced Shane's pleasure to wax and wane without the rhythm of Ilya's hand changing at all. He felt his lips part, chest heaving, and he was already so fucking close to the edge.

"That's good?"

Shane didn't know whether Ilya meant the choking or the touch, but either way, he nodded his head deliriously.

"You're such a slut," Ilya said, and Shane nodded again, because it was fucking true.

"O-only for you." Shane might've said more under different circumstances, but he was barely capable of forming words right then.

This was how Shane was brought to orgasm: with his own saliva as lube in his husband's hand, lightheaded from the pressure of his husband's fingers, and barely able to notice a thing outside of how overwhelmingly good it all felt. He cried out desperately, cum landing in Ilya's fist, on his unfastened jeans, on his own stomach. Ilya worked him through it, only slowing when it became clear Shane was finished.

Finally, all that pent-up pleasure had come to its conclusion, *spectacularly*. Shane barely restrained the urge to thank him. Every muscle in Shane's body felt like jelly. Ilya had let go

of his neck to grab the toy's remote and turn it off, so Shane tipped forward, hiding his face in Ilya's shoulder, aftershocks still leaving him trembling.

Once the toy was off, Ilya put both arms around Shane again. He stroked his back gently, whispering *I love you* and *you're perfect* into Shane's hair. Shane knew that Ilya wasn't expecting a reply; Shane always needed a minute to come down after sex like that.

He came back to his body slowly—his thighs, spread lewdly across Ilya's lap, his throat, burning from the abuse it had taken, his jaw, sore. The keys were no longer in his hands, so he must've dropped them at some point after coming. Saliva was drying and turning sticky on his chest, which was disgusting.

"Ugh." Shane lifted his head and looked at Ilya. "I'm so gross."

Ilya was clearly restraining the urge to crack up. "This is the first thing you have to say to me?"

"What's wrong with what I said?"

"You are so *you* when your dick isn't hard anymore."

Shane rolled his eyes in response. His wrists separated without any warning—Ilya must have reached behind him and pulled at the loose end of the rope, undoing the knot.

The new freedom of movement felt good. He loved having his arms behind his back, but it always made his muscles ache. Shane rolled his shoulders a few times before looping his arms around Ilya's neck. They didn't stay there for long. Ilya picked up one of his wrists and began inspecting it for irritation; finding none, he kissed the place where the rope had been anyway.

"We could take a bath," Ilya suggested, still trailing kisses along Shane's arm. It wasn't common, but they *did* have a giant bathtub, and they did use it occasionally. Shane always made them shower first, because the thought of sitting in his own filth disgusted him, so the baths were more about relaxing together in sweet-scented, warm water than actually getting clean.

Hot water. Bubbles. Ilya. It sounded like heaven.

Shane nodded, slumping into Ilya again, pressing his face into his neck. Ilya still needed to take the plug out. They'd get up shortly, and Shane would probably crack some joke about Ilya being dressed while he was completely naked, and then they'd let Anya back inside from the yard. They'd go upstairs and run their bath, and it would be so very sweet. Right then, though, Shane just wanted to sit there and be held until he couldn't bear the grossness anymore. Ilya kept one arm tight around Shane's waist, the other hand sliding up and down his back, and Shane stayed boneless in his arms.

"I love you," Shane mumbled against Ilya's skin. "Thank you."

Ilya *did* laugh at that, albeit quietly. "I love you too, but you need to stop thanking me after sex. Is for me too, I promise. Not a gift."

Shane should've punched him in the arm for that, but he just joined the laughter, lifting his head and looking at Ilya with a bright smile.

Well. Ilya would annoy him for real eventually, no doubt. The day was young.

End Notes

me: lets work some more on the multichap so you can start posting it for your patient, lovely readers soon
the demons inside me: write kinky hollanov

you can clearly see who won.

Thank you so much for reading! Every single kudos and comment is so so very appreciated :)

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