

Be Good

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Be Good

by [northrow](#)

Summary

Ilya's been carrying the weight of a playoff series on his shoulders. Shane has a plan to make him forget all of it. Starting with two silk scarves and the headboard.

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"Fuck my mouth." Shane stroked him with a slick hand, spreading the mess of spit and precum. "Use me. I want to feel you in my throat tomorrow."

"Shane." Ilya's voice was strangled. "Baby, I don't want to hurt you."

"You won't." Shane held his gaze, licking his lips. "I want to gag on you. Please, Ilya."

Something snapped behind Ilya's eyes. "Open your mouth."

## Notes

I know nothing about hockey or how playoff games work so suspend knowledge for a bit.

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

Shane paced the living room, his fingers wringing together with every trip across the space. Ilya should be home any minute and Shane was practically vibrating with the need to touch him. Touch his hair, his chest, his shoulders, back, biceps, forearms, hands. *Ok, now we're just listing body parts. Just want to touch all of him.*

Ilya had been back and forth to New York during the playoff run and Shane hadn't been able to join him for Game 3 or Game 4. He had one rest day before Game 5, not counting this travel day, and Shane didn't want to waste a second of it.

His boyfriend had been so tense, so on edge, since the playoffs started and Shane understood the feeling so well that he knew what he'd want if his team was coming off a road playoff series where they were tied 2-2.

Shane had spent the better part of the afternoon putting together a plan. Shane wanted to take him apart piece by piece. Wanted to give him a night where he didn't have to think, didn't have to strategize or lead or carry the weight of an entire franchise's championship hopes on his shoulders. Shane wanted Ilya pliant and relaxed beneath him, wanted to wring every last ounce of tension from his body until the only thing left was pleasure.

He'd even tucked a little surprise in his nightstand drawer. Just in case.

The sound of tires on gravel made Shane's heart skip and he rushed towards the front door to see headlights approaching the house. Shane grinned and threw open the door at the same time the engine cut off.

Ilya slipped out of the SUV, tired smile on his face. "Hi you."

"Hi." Shane greeted, taking the steps down to meet him in front of the SUV. "Missed you."

"Missed you." Ilya replied, both hands finding Shane's face to pull him into a kiss. "Mm, missed you more than I probably should."

"Want you to miss me."

Ilya chuckled and kissed him again. "Let me grab my bag."

"Just leave it. We can get it tomorrow." Shane said, tightening his fingers in Ilya's shirt.

He laughed when Ilya's hands dropped from his face to the backs of Shane's thighs to pick him up, guiding Shane's legs around his waist. "Whatever you want, baby."

"How are your ribs?"

"Fine. Little bruise." Ilya said, carrying Shane up the steps and into the house. "You ask as I carry you over threshold."

Shane rolled his eyes, slapping at his shoulders. "If it's too much..."

Ilya kissed Shane's neck. "Could be in full body cast and still find a way to carry you around the house."

"Lucky me."

"Very lucky."

"Are you hungry?"

"For food?" Ilya teased, grin on his full lips. "Not in the slightest. For you? Always."

Shane flushed and kissed him softly. "Upstairs then."

"Lot of room down here."

"I have something for you upstairs." Ilya's brow arched almost comically. Shane laughed, "Am I too heavy to carry up the steps?"

"No, already carried you up two outside. What's 12 more?"

"Then up."

In their bedroom, Ilya dropped his knees to the edge of the mattress, lowering Shane to their bed. He hovered above him, yanking his shirt up and over his head, and Shane thought his heart would explode at the look on his face. "You're so pretty." Ilya mumbled before ducking his head to Shane's to kiss him soundly. "Fuck I missed you."

"You look tired, baby."

Ilya shot him a look, slow smile spreading on his face. "That is your response? I tell you I miss you and you tell me I'm ugly?"

Shane hit his chest, laughing louder than he meant to. "Shut up! I said tired."

"Tired. Ugly. Same thing." Ilya said, dropping a kiss to the tip of Shane's nose.

"You're the sexiest man alive." Shane told him, leaning up to kiss him. "Doesn't make you less tired. Maybe I can help?"

"Help my tiredness?"

"Mmhhmm." Shane hummed. "I have an idea."

"Tell me?" Ilya asked, thumb stroking along Shane's cheekbone.

"I want to take care of you tonight." Shane said softly, turning his head to kiss Ilya's palm. "You've been carrying so much. Been going nonstop for weeks. You took a hell of a hit last night even if you're pretending you're fine. Let me make you feel good?"

Something flickered in Ilya's expression, vulnerability, maybe, or gratitude, before it settled into desire. "What do you need me to do?"

Shane's pulse jumped. "Flip. And trust me."

Ilya studied his face for a long moment, then pressed one more kiss to Shane's lips before rolling onto his back, pulling Shane with him so he straddled Ilya's hips. Shane's gaze traced down Ilya's body then back up to his face. Shane lowered himself over the Russian, their lips brushing lightly. He pulled away when Ilya tried to deepen the kiss.

"Baby..."

"Hands on the headboard." Shane felt feral watching Ilya's pupils fully dilate and a pink flush color his cheeks. "Be good for your baby and put your hands on the headboard, Ilya."

Ilya's hands shot upwards, palms pressed flat. Shane kissed him again before climbing off of him. He could feel Ilya's eyes on his every move and bit back a grin. He reached into his nightstand, pulling out two silk ties and a bottle of lube. He tossed the lube onto the mattress beside them before focusing on Ilya's wrists.

Ilya's breath caught audibly.

"You planned this," Ilya said, voice rougher than usual.

"I've been thinking about it all day." Shane wrapped the first tie around Ilya's wrist, securing it to the headboard slat with a knot that was firm but not painful. "About having you exactly where I want you. Unable to touch me until I say so."

Ilya tested the restraint, muscles flexing. "Shane-"

"I just had to hope that you wanted to try it. Tell me if it's too tight." Shane moved to the other wrist, taking his time, letting his fingers trail along Ilya's forearm. Goosebumps appeared in their wake.

"Is fine." he breathed out.

He bent to press his lips to the center of Ilya's chest, right over his heart. He could feel it pounding beneath his mouth. Shane dragged his hands down Ilya's sides to his waistband, fingers dipping beneath the elastic.

"Lift your hips."

Ilya obeyed instantly, and Shane worked his sweats and briefs down in one motion, freeing his cock. It slapped against his stomach and Shane's mouth watered at the sight.

"Fuck, I love your cock." Shane murmured, tossing the pants off the side of the bed. He ran his palms up Ilya's bare thighs, watching the muscles twitch. "All mine."

"All yours." Ilya agreed, voice rough.

Shane rewarded him by ducking down to press an open-mouthed kiss to his hip, then dragged his teeth along the cut of muscle there. Ilya hissed, his cock straining upward.

"Baby..." The words died on his tongue when Shane crawled back onto his lap, his hands resting on Ilya's abs.

Shane dug his nails in lightly, tracing the outline of each well-earned ab. Ilya's chest was already rising and falling faster, his arms stretched above him, completely at Shane's mercy. "God, you look incredible like this."

"Gotta say, seeing you up there like you're sitting on a throne is making my cock throb."

Shane smirked and slipped back enough for his cock to rub against Ilya's. He leaned down, lips brushing Ilya's ear. "I'm going to take my time with you tonight. Touch you everywhere. Make you beg for it." He felt Ilya shudder beneath him. "And you're going to be so good for me, aren't you?"

"Yes." The word came out strained.

"Say the words?"

Ilya's hips jerked upward. "Yes, I'll be good. For you. Whatever you want, baby."

Shane nuzzled against the curve of Ilya's neck, Ilya's playoff beard lightly scratching Shane's cheek. He smiled at the sensation and turned to nip at his jaw. Ilya breathed out his name. Shane kissed back up to his ear, sucking his earlobe between his lips. The groan he received in response sent a shiver up Shane's spine.

"Could listen to you all day." he whispered against the shell of Ilya's ear, letting his tongue swipe over it before continuing, "My man at my mercy. Wherever should I start?"

"Shane!" He muttered, yanking against the scarves. The wooden slats groaned under the pressure. "Fucking touch me."

"I am touching you." Shane laughed, licking down his neck to Ilya's shoulder. "Or is there somewhere in particular you'd like me to start?"

"Kiss me. Kiss my mouth."

He did as requested and pressed a chaste kiss to his full lips. Ilya groaned when he didn't deepen the kiss. Shane licked his lower lip in response. "Your cock is so hard." He whispered. "Throbbing against me."

"Want inside of you." Ilya whispered back.

"You'll get there." Shane promised, pressing a kiss to the corner of Ilya's mouth. "But I'm not done with you yet."

Ilya groaned, head pressing back into the pillow. "You're trying to kill me."

"Trying to take care of you." Shane corrected, dragging his lips down the column of Ilya's throat. He could feel Ilya's pulse racing beneath his mouth, could feel the barely restrained

power in the body beneath him. "Unless you don't really want me to?" Shane teased, pulling back to stare down at him. *Let yourself have this, Ilya*, he thought but kept his face relaxed.

"Like I could stop you." Ilya breathed, but there was no complaint in his voice. Only surrender. When Shane just stared at him, Ilya narrowed his eyes and cocked his brow. Shane stayed still. The Russian sighed and Shane felt his body relax beneath him. "I want you to take care of me."

*He means that.*

Shane grinned, dropped a quick kiss to Ilya's mouth and got to work.

He started with Ilya's shoulders, kneading the tight muscles with his thumbs while his mouth traced the line of his clavicle. Ilya sighed, some of the tension already bleeding out of him. Shane kissed across to his other shoulder, teeth grazing the curve of muscle before sinking in just enough to leave a mark.

"Fuck, baby." Ilya's voice was wrecked already.

Shane soothed the bite with his tongue, then worked his way down Ilya's right arm. He kissed along his bicep, feeling the muscle twitch beneath his lips. His hands followed, rubbing firm circles into the flesh, working out the knots that had built up from weeks of grueling hockey. When he reached Ilya's forearm, he pressed his thumbs into the tendons, massaging slowly.

"Feel good?" Shane murmured against the inside of his wrist.

"You have no idea." Ilya's fingers flexed above the restraint, like he was desperate to touch Shane but remembered he wasn't allowed.

Shane rewarded him by pressing an open-mouthed kiss to his palm, letting his tongue drag across the calluses there. Ilya shuddered. Shane repeated the treatment on his left arm, taking his time, savoring every sound he pulled from Ilya's throat.

When he finished with his arms, Shane shifted back to straddle Ilya's thighs. He let his hands roam across Ilya's chest, palms smoothing over warm skin and hard muscle. He traced the faded bruise on his ribs with featherlight fingers.

"Does this hurt?"

"No." Ilya said quickly. "Don't stop."

Shane bent to kiss it anyway, gentle and wanting. Then not so gentle, scraping his teeth along the edge of Ilya's ribcage just beneath the bruise. Ilya sucked in a sharp breath, abs clenching beneath Shane's hands.

"So fucking responsive." Shane said, dragging his nails down Ilya's sides. Pink lines bloomed in their wake, and Ilya arched into the sting. "Love how your body reacts to me."

"Only you." Ilya gasped. "Only ever you."

The words hit Shane square in the chest. He surged up to kiss Ilya properly, deep and filthy, swallowing the moan that spilled from Ilya's lips. When he pulled back, they were both breathing hard.

Shane worked his way down Ilya's torso, mapping every inch with his mouth. He traced the grooves of his abs with his tongue, dipped into his navel, bit at the cut of his hip. Ilya's cock jumped against his stomach, flushed and leaking, and it took everything in Shane not to wrap his lips around it.

*Not yet.*

He bypassed it entirely, shifting down to Ilya's thighs. Ilya made a sound of protest that melted into a groan when Shane sank his teeth into the thick muscle of his inner thigh.

"Shane-

"Shh." Shane soothed, licking over the bite. "I've got you."

He lavished attention on Ilya's thighs, alternating between soft kisses and sharp nips, rubbing his hands along the powerful muscles that carried Ilya up and down the ice every night. He kissed behind his knee, making Ilya twitch. He dragged his nails down his calves, and Ilya's toes curled.

By the time Shane worked his way back up, Ilya was trembling. A thin sheen of sweat covered his chest, and his cock was so hard it looked almost painful, precum pooling on his abs.

"Baby, please." Ilya's voice cracked on the word. "Need you. Need something."

Shane crawled back up his body, letting his chest drag against Ilya's cock just to hear him whimper. He settled over him, faces inches apart, and cupped Ilya's jaw in his hand.

"You're so beautiful like this." Shane whispered. "All spread out for me. Letting me take whatever I want."

"Anything." Ilya's eyes were glassy, pupils blown wide. "Take anything. Everything. Is yours."

Shane kissed him softly, a contrast to the desperate tension thrumming through both of them. "You've been so good for me, Ilya. So patient."

"Please." The word was barely audible.

Shane pressed one more kiss to his lips before sliding down Ilya's body. He settled between his thighs, breath ghosting over Ilya's neglected cock. It twitched at even that faint sensation, dark and desperate against his abs.

"Been wanting to do this all week." Shane murmured, wrapping his hand around the base. "Thought about choking on your cock every fucking night. Drooling down your cock so much you wouldn't even need lube to fuck me."

"Jesus Christ, Shane-"

Shane licked a slow stripe from root to tip, savoring the taste of him. Ilya's hips jerked and he moaned, long and low. Shane swirled his tongue around the head, dipping into the slit to lap up the precum pooling there.

"Taste so good." Shane breathed against him. "Missed this. Missed having you heavy on my tongue."

"Fuck, baby." Ilya's voice was wrecked. "Your mouth. Your fucking mouth."

Shane hummed in response and took him deeper, hollowing his cheeks as he sank down. He bobbed his head slowly, letting Ilya feel every inch of his tongue dragging along the underside of his cock. Spit gathered at the corners of his mouth, slicking the way as he worked him.

"Look at me." Ilya demanded, breathless. "Want to see you."

Shane looked up through his lashes, lips stretched obscenely around Ilya's cock, and watched Ilya's whole body shudder.

"So pretty." Ilya breathed, voice ragged. "So fucking pretty with my cock stuffing your mouth. Those lips were made for this, baby. Made to be wrapped around me."

Shane moaned at the words, the vibration making Ilya curse and thrust up involuntarily. Shane took it, gagging slightly before recovering, drool spilling down his chin.

"Shit, sorry, I..."

Shane pulled off with an obscene pop, spit trailing from his swollen lips. "Do it again."

Ilya's eyes went wide. "What?"

"Fuck my mouth." Shane stroked him with a slick hand, spreading the mess of spit and precum. "Use me. I want to feel you in my throat tomorrow. You know I love it when you fuck my mouth."

"Shane." Ilya's voice was strangled. "Baby, I don't want to hurt you. I need hands to make sure I don't hurt you."

"You won't." Shane held his gaze, licking his lips. "I want it. Want to gag on you. Please, Ilya."

Something snapped behind Ilya's eyes. "Open your mouth."

Shane obeyed, tongue out, and Ilya planted his feet on the mattress for leverage. The first thrust made Shane's eyes water, Ilya's cock hitting the back of his throat. He moaned around him, hands gripping Ilya's thighs.

"Fuck, that's it." Ilya groaned, fucking up into Shane's mouth with short, sharp thrusts. "Take it, baby. Taking my cock so well. Look so fucking good choking on me."

Tears streamed down Shane's cheeks, drool coating his chin and dripping onto Ilya's thighs. He breathed through his nose when he could, letting Ilya use his throat, the wet sounds filling the room obscene and filthy.

"Your throat's so tight." Ilya panted, hips snapping up relentlessly. "Squeezing me so good. Could fuck your face forever. You like that? Like being my little cockslut?"

Shane whimpered around him, the words sending heat straight to his own aching cock. He reached down to palm himself but Ilya caught the movement.

"Don't you fucking dare." Ilya growled. "That cock is mine. You don't touch yourself until I say so."

Shane's hand stilled, a challenge flashing in his eyes. He pulled off slowly, deliberately, spit stringing from his lips to Ilya's cock. "Excuse me?" His voice was raw but the defiance was clear. "Who's tied to the bed right now?"

Ilya's jaw tightened, gaze burning. "You heard me."

They stared at each other for a long moment, a silent battle of wills. Shane's hand hovered over his own cock, fingers twitching. But the command in Ilya's voice, the raw power even while bound, sent a shiver through him that he couldn't ignore. Slowly, deliberately, Shane moved his hand back to Ilya's thigh.

"Good boy." Ilya breathed, and the praise made Shane's cock twitch.

*Traitor.*

"Shut up." Shane muttered, but he was already taking Ilya back into his mouth, letting him thrust up into his throat again.

Ilya drove into his throat, and Shane took it, jaw aching, throat burning. It was fucking perfect.

"Gonna cum." Ilya warned, thrusts growing erratic. "Gonna cum down your throat, baby, gonna- fuck-"

Shane pulled off at the last second, hand flying to the base of Ilya's cock and squeezing hard. Ilya shouted in frustration, hips bucking wildly into nothing.

"What the fuck- Shane-"

"Not yet." Shane rasped, voice absolutely destroyed. He cleared his throat, wiping his chin with the back of his hand. His lips were swollen and red, face a mess of tears and spit. "You don't get to cum until you're inside me."

"I'm going to fucking destroy you." Ilya snarled, arms straining against the ties so hard the headboard jerked away from the wall. "The second you untie me, I'm going to flip you over and fuck you so hard you forget your own name."

"Promises, promises." Shane grinned, pressing a teasing kiss to the head of Ilya's cock. Ilya hissed, oversensitive and desperate. "But you're still tied up. And I'm still in charge."

"Shane." It came out like a warning and a plea all at once.

Shane took a shaky breath, his throat raw, heart still pounding. Ilya was staring at him like he wanted to devour him whole.

*Good.*

Instead of moving away, Shane crawled back up Ilya's body, settling his weight over him. He kissed Ilya's jaw, his cheek, the corner of his mouth-soft, teasing brushes of lips that made Ilya strain toward him.

"Patience." Shane whispered against his skin.

"Don't have any left." Ilya gritted out.

Shane smiled and kissed down his throat, taking his time. He let his hands wander across Ilya's chest, thumbs circling his nipples until Ilya gasped. He kissed every inch of his chest and dragged his tongue along every ridge of muscle there. Every touch was light, lingering, designed to wind Ilya tighter.

"Shane, please-"

"Almost there, baby." Shane murmured against his stomach, pressing one last kiss to the trail of hair below his navel. He licked up a bead of precum and heard Ilya gasp. "Almost there."

He crawled back, settling between Ilya's spread thighs. Ilya lifted his head, watching with dark, feral eyes as Shane grabbed the lube from the mattress beside him.

"What are you-"

"Shh." Shane slicked up his fingers, holding Ilya's gaze. "Just watch."

He reached between his legs, bypassing his own aching cock, and Ilya's breath caught the moment Shane's finger rubbed against the rim of his ass. Shane let out a soft moan, head tipping back slightly as he teased himself before slipping a finger in. He worked himself open, breath coming in gasps.

"Fuck." Ilya breathed, barely a whisper. "Shane."

Shane looked at him through half-lidded eyes, a flush spreading down his chest. "Feel so good. Wish it was your fingers."

Ilya yanked at the restraints, his fists tightening in the silk. "Let me. Baby, please, let me do it."

"No." Shane gasped, adding a second finger. His legs shook with the effort of staying upright. "You're going to lie there and watch. Watch me get ready for your cock."

The sound Ilya made was guttural, desperate. His cock strained upward, leaking steadily onto his abs. "You're so- fuck, you're so beautiful. Look at you."

Shane scissored his fingers, moaning at the stretch. He could feel Ilya's eyes burning into him, could see the way his chest heaved with every ragged breath. The knowledge that Ilya was completely at his mercy, forced to watch without touching, sent a thrill down Shane's spine.

"Think about this a lot." Shane admitted, voice breathy. "When we're not together. Touch myself and pretend it's you."

"Shane-" Ilya's voice cracked.

"Pretend it's your fingers opening me up." Shane added a third finger, crying out softly at the stretch. "Your hands on me. But it's never as good. Nothing's as good as you."

"Please." Ilya was begging now, hips rocking up into nothing. "Please, I need- I can't-"

"Can't what?" Shane fucked himself on his fingers, putting on a show, letting Ilya see everything.

"Can't just watch anymore." Ilya's arms strained, muscles flexing against the silk ties. "Need to be inside you. Need to feel you. Baby, please, I'll do anything."

Shane withdrew his fingers slowly, blushing at the look on Ilya's face.

Shane crawled back up Ilya's body, positioning himself over his cock. He paused, leaning to the right to grab a condom from the nightstand.

"Always so prepared." Ilya said, watching him with laughing eyes.

"Told you I had a plan." Shane tore the wrapper with his teeth, maintaining eye contact. He reached down and rolled it onto Ilya's cock slowly, letting his fingers drag along the length. Ilya's hips jerked at the touch.

"You're killing me."

"That's the idea." Shane smirked, giving him one more stroke before positioning himself. He reached back to guide him, rubbing the head against his entrance. "So you'll give me anything?" Shane teased, circling his hips just enough to make Ilya groan.

"Anything." Ilya promised, eyes wild. "Everything. Whatever you want. Just please."

Shane teased his hole with Ilya's cock, barely letting the tip inside. Ilya opened his mouth to speak but Shane lifted himself up and off of him. The words on Ilya's tongue disappeared in a scoff. Shane got to his feet on the mattress, unable to stop the giggle from leaving his mouth at the disbelief on Ilya's face.

"And you say I'm impatient." Shane teased before carefully turning around. His heart thudded in his chest at the position, part of him wanting to see Ilya's face more than he wanted to try this angle. He heard Ilya hum when he settled back on his hips, Shane's knees on either side of him. He looked over his shoulder to see wide blue eyes focused on his ass.

Shane placed one hand on the mattress between Ilya's knees, dropping his weight onto his knees as he tilted his hips. He heard Ilya mutter "Jesus fucking Christ." and reached between them to grip Ilya's cock at the base. The angle was different so it took him a moment to notch his cockhead to his hole and slip Ilya inside of him.

They moaned in unison.

"Shit!" Ilya hissed and the ties went taut, his biceps straining against the silk.

Shane pressed down until he'd taken Ilya to the hilt. He lifted up a few inches then dropped back down, testing the new angle. "Fuck!" he rasped, his eyes fluttering closed.

"Feel full, baby?" Ilya's voice was almost unrecognizable in his lust.

"So full!"

"Lean forward."

Shane wanted to argue, didn't want to let Ilya control this but found himself dropping forward onto his elbows. His eyes crossed at the spike of pleasure surging through him. "Fuck, Ilya!" he moaned as Ilya's cockhead brushed firmly against his prostate.

"Goddamn, that ass looks so good stretched around me." Ilya said through what sounded like clenched teeth.

Shane set a slow rhythm, taking Ilya's cock from head to hilt in long strokes. He could feel Ilya's thighs tensing with the strain of being unable to control Shane's hips and grinned. He looked over his shoulder again to see Ilya's hands fisted so tightly in the scarves his knuckles were white. "You're doing so good for me, baby."

"Shane..." he whined, the words cut short when Shane picked up pace.

He fucked back against Ilya harder, chasing the orgasm he'd been teasing himself with since he'd begun tying him to the bed. Ilya's deep groans spurred him on and Shane arched his back, pressing from his elbows to his palms. His cockhead rubbed deliciously against the duvet. Shane didn't need to look to know there would be a puddle of precum pooling beneath him.

"Can see that pretty ass squeezing me so tight. You're getting so close, Shane. Going to cum so hard on my cock." Ilya grunted and Shane could practically feel the heat of his stare

warming his body.

His words sent an idea to the forefront of Shane's mind.

As soon as his legs started to shake at the cresting of his orgasm, Shane rocked forward off of Ilya's cock and back onto his fingers. Ilya's groan of frustration and his sputtering of Shane's name only made his ass squeeze tightly around his fingers as his orgasm rushed through him. Shane bit back Ilya's name on his tongue, knowing it would drive his boyfriend crazy as Shane's moan bounced off the walls of their bedroom.

"You fucking dick." Ilya gritted, earning a laugh.

Shane crawled forward when he regained control of his body, removing every inch of his skin from Ilya's. He turned back to face the blond, his smile cracking the frustration coloring Ilya's face. "That's how you talk to your baby?" he teased.

"When my baby not only doesn't say my fucking name when he cums so pretty, but takes that perfect ass from me? Yeah, I think I do."

Shane laughed, getting back onto his knees between his thighs. Ilya's cock throbbed in front of him, flushed and neglected beneath the condom. Shane reached down and slowly rolled it off, tossing it aside.

"What-"

"Want to feel you this time." Shane said, wrapping his hand around Ilya's bare cock. "Want you to fill me up. Feel you dripping out of me after."

"Jesus Christ." Ilya's head dropped back against the pillow. "You can't just say things like that."

"Why not? It's true." Shane ducked his head to kiss the head, letting his tongue sneak out to taste the precum beaded there. Ilya's hips shot up but Shane turned his head to trail his tongue down Ilya's cock to his pelvis. He licked over to Ilya's hip, biting his sensitive skin before licking up to the v of his torso.

Shane finally let his hands touch Ilya's chest and felt the Russian take a shuddering breath in response. He peeked up at him, smiling at the dark lust on Ilya's face. Shane kissed up his stomach to his chest to his collarbone, letting his touch lead his mouth further up his body. Ilya was panting by the time Shane made it up to his jaw. He straddled Ilya's hips, pushing back until his cock pressed against his ass.

He ran his fingers up and down Ilya's chest, digging his nails lightly into his skin. "Tell me what you want, my love."

"Ride me, baby. Touch me. Keep your hands on me and ride me. Let me cum inside you." Ilya rambled. "Please, Shane! Put my cock back in your ass, let me feel you."

Shane wasted no time and reached between his legs to guide him back inside. He sank down with a satisfied moan, his nails digging harder into Ilya's chest. "Feel so good." he whispered.

"Fuck, you're so tight." Ilya groaned, hips snapping up to meet him. "That pretty ass taking my cock so well. Could watch you ride me forever."

"Yeah?" Shane rolled his hips, grinding down hard. "Like watching me use you?"

"Love it." Ilya's eyes were locked on where their bodies joined. "Love seeing my cock disappear inside you. Love the sounds you make. So fucking pretty, baby."

Shane's rhythm faltered at the praise, heat flooding through him. He bent forward to kiss Ilya, messy and desperate, more breath than lips.

"Love you." Shane whispered against his mouth. "Love you so much."

"Love you more." Ilya echoed, the headboard creaking again.

Shane sat back up and started riding him in earnest, thighs burning with the effort. The sounds filling the room were obscene. Skin against skin, the wet slide of their bodies, Ilya's broken moans mixing with Shane's gasps.

"Close." Ilya warned, jaw clenched tight. "Baby, I'm close."

"Me too." Shane reached for his own cock, already sensitive from his first orgasm, stroking himself in time with his movements. "Want you to come inside me. Fill me up."

"Fuck!" Ilya's hips stuttered, losing their rhythm. "Shane, I can't, I need, touch you. Just lemme touch."

Shane reached up with his free hand and yanked at the tie around Ilya's right wrist, loosening it just enough. Ilya's hand was on him instantly, gripping his hip hard enough to bruise.

"Cum for me." Shane demanded. "Cum for me, Ilya."

Ilya shattered beneath him with a hoarse cry, burying himself deep as he spilled inside Shane. The feeling of it, the heat and the fullness and Ilya's fingers digging into his skin, pushed Shane over the edge for the second time. He came with Ilya's name on his lips, cum painting Ilya's stomach.

Shane collapsed forward, both of them panting, hearts pounding against each other. Ilya's free hand came up to cradle the back of Shane's head, fingers tangling in his sweat-damp hair.

"Holy shit." Ilya breathed after a long moment.

Shane laughed weakly against his neck. "Good?"

"Good." Ilya repeated, like the word was absurdly insufficient. "A fucking dream you are."

Shane pressed a kiss to his shoulder and reached up to untie his other wrist. The moment Ilya was free, both arms wrapped around Shane, holding him impossibly close.

"Thank you." Ilya murmured into his hair. "Needed that. Needed you."

"Always." Shane promised, settling into his chest. "Whenever you need me. However you need me."

Ilya's arms tightened around him. They lay there in comfortable silence, catching their breath, neither willing to move just yet.

"Shower?" Shane eventually mumbled.

"In a minute." Ilya said, pressing a kiss to the top of his head. "Just want to hold you a little longer."

Shane smiled and closed his eyes. "Don't get too comfortable. You said you were going to destroy me, remember?"

Ilya smacked a hand on Shane's ass. "Mm, going to pound that hole right through this goddamn mattress."

"Promises, promises."

## End Notes

Topping from the bottom is my new favorite tag. Whatever should I do next?

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