Little More Close

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by maplesalad

Summary

> “Okay. You want to say no, you want to fight me. Pretty boy, all alone in his glass house. You want me to force you?”
>
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>
> “I—yeah. Make me. Is that too weird?”

Notes

> So Hot You're Hurting My Feelings on repeat. Thanks to Biscuit for betaing and the wonderful tone suggestions.
> The under-negotiated kink tag involves faux-threats of unsafe sex in this roleplay scenario, among other things. YMMV.

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane is staring at the fridge blankly, like the leftover pasta salad he just put away has something to tell him. Maybe he's thinking about having a ginger ale. Maybe he's wondering where Ilya is. That would be nice. Shane will find out soon enough. Ilya steps closer, quiet, careful. He had to choose his approach so his reflection wouldn't be visible in any of Shane's big exhibitionist windows. But Ilya's ready, now. He's almost there.

Shane stiffens. Heard something, possibly. Ilya moves fast. He grabs Shane's wrist, twisting it up behind his back hard and shoving him into the fridge door. Condiments rattle. "Should not leave door unlocked, Mr. Hockey Star," Ilya says into Shane's ear.

It's lucky Ilya is a brawler. Shane doesn't fuck around, fighting and writhing and twisting and trying to land elbows. Shane's strong, like all of them are, but Ilya has more experience. He hooks a foot around Shane's leg and shoves him down onto the counter, kicking the fridge closed so Shane doesn't get pissy later. Ilya grabs Shane by the hair with his free hand and yanks his head back. Pinned and straining is a good fucking look for him. Ilya licks up Shane's neck and thrusts his tongue into Shane's ear, just to feel him flinch. "You never know who could get in."

"You fucking asshole," Shane says. "Get the fuck off me. Get—"

"I do not think so." Ilya grins, unseen. "Maybe I get off *on* you, hm?"

Shane had deconstructed all the extra burgers, separating the patties, toppings, and tossing the buns. They'd get soggy, Shane had explained, but everything else would stay good. Shane's fridge was full of leftovers.

"I liked earlier," Shane said.

"The burgers?"

Shane glared at him and rolled his eyes.

"The sex? Of course you liked it," Ilya said, which didn't lessen the glaring.

"No, I—when you… I liked it when you held me down."

"I already know you like that, Shane."

Shane's shoulders were rigid beneath his button-down. He started moving containers from one shelf of the fridge to another and lining up cans neatly, with all their labels facing the same way. "So," Ilya said, and waited for Shane to look over; he gestured with his hand: *go on*.

“I want, maybe, more of that,” Shane said carefully, turning away.

Ilya watched Shane adjust the same can until he couldn’t stand it anymore. “Can you look at me? Okay, good. You want me to not let you go?”

Shane hesitated, then nodded.

“You want to say no?”

Shane nodded again and licked his lips. “Yes.”

Ilya was not entirely unfamiliar with that game. But Shane probably was. Ilya stood and rounded the kitchen island, backing Shane up against the counter. Shane went easy.

“Okay. You want to say no, you want to fight me. Pretty boy, all alone in his glass house. You want me to force you?”

He didn’t need Shane to answer, really; Shane was fully hard against Ilya’s thigh and pink under his freckles. But it was best to be direct about these things. And he wanted to hear Shane say it, anyway.

“I—yeah. Make me. Is that too weird?”

“Who cares? Is hot.” Ilya dropped a hand to Shane’s dick and felt him up, basking in the quiet, desperate noises Shane was making. “I will be big bad man, hold you down, fuck you. You want to stop, you say, I don’t know… *Hunter*, okay?”

“Hunter, really? I still don’t want Scott Hunter in our bedroom, Ilya.”

Ilya grinned. “No? You have better idea?”

“At least make it *Hayden*,” Shane said.

“Fine, fine.”

“Okay. When—”

“I choose when. Hm?”

Which had been, apparently, the right answer: Shane kissed him with enthusiastic tongue and dropped to his knees, right on the kitchen tile, and for about five minutes Ilya didn’t think about anything at all.

Ilya shoves his hand up Shane’s shirt and grabs a handful of Shane’s pec, groping lewdly. He pinches at Shane’s nipple because he knows Shane likes it, and then twists hard, because he

knows Shane hates it.

Shane doesn't disappoint. He yelps and flinches away, into Ilya's body.

Ilya sinks his teeth into Shane's neck as a reward. Shane squirms beautifully underneath him, thrashing hard. Ilya isn't so strong that he could keep Shane like this without really hurting him. Not, that is, if he wants more than one hand free at a time. Which is why he thought ahead. Ilya leans hard against Shane, pressing him into the edge of the counter, and gets the hockey tape from his back pocket. He pulls a strip off with his teeth and forces Shane's hands together. Shane tries to move, suddenly, fighting in earnest, but Ilya is wrapping the tape already. Once, twice, three times. It's not tight enough to hurt Shane, really. Ilya will be very lucky if he lasts long enough for that to be a concern. As it stands, he's vaguely worried that he'll come in his pants just from watching Shane's fingers flex and twist. "Fuck," he mutters, and slaps Shane's ass hard.

Shane's mad as hell, trying to turn around, to lever himself up. It's cute. Ilya might not have brought this up on his own. He's always enjoyed smacking Shane around a little, holding him down, giving it to him hard, the same way he likes to push Shane into the boards and get in his face on the ice. He likes it when Shane gives in. Likes it even better when Shane pushes back. That *Shane* wants it like this—well, Ilya's more than happy to oblige.

"You're not going to get away with this," Shane says, seething, glaring up at Ilya from where his cheek is pressed against the counter.

Ilya grabs Shane's upper arm and wrenches him up, Shane's back against Ilya's chest. Shane's ass against Ilya's dick. Shane's hands trapped between their bodies. He strokes down Shane's chest and heaving stomach, then gets a handful of his hard dick where it's tenting out his stupid boat shorts. "And what will you tell the police, hmm? That you left your doors open for anyone to get in? That you got hard from strange man holding you down?" Ilya tightens his hand; Shane is humping into it and whining under his breath. He rubs at the head through Shane's shorts. "I think they will say you liked it, no?"

"No," Shane gasps out. "No, no, I don't, *please*—"

Ilya shivers, just a little. It should bother him, he thinks, how much he likes hearing Shane beg. He licks the sweat off Shane's cheek. His favorite guilty pleasure. "I like the way you say please," he says, and yanks Shane off balance.

The only light on in the cottage is a lamp in the living room. If not for the moonlight, the hallway and back bedroom would be pitch black. Ilya frog marches Shane down the hall, pushing him around and slamming him into the wall when he tries to get away. Shane doesn't make it easy for him. Ilya will have to plan more next time. More tape, maybe. Rope. He thinks about Shane's muscles straining against shining metal handcuffs and then trips Shane onto the bed.

Shane flips over, fast as anything. Ilya catches him by the ankle before he can squirm away. He's gorgeous like this. Eyes wet, shoulders pulled back, working to keep his weight off his bound hands. Dick hard. Ilya looks Shane in the eye, grins, and goes for Shane's shorts.

"*Fuck* you," Shane says. He kicks out, or tries to.

Ilya kneels on one of Shane's thighs and pins the other between his torso and arm. He isn't nice about it. Shane wouldn't still be fighting if he wanted Ilya to be nice about it, although Ilya does appreciate that Shane has avoided his still-healing ribs. He gets Shane's shorts open and yanks his briefs down with them, tangling them around Shane's thighs. Shane's dick slaps against his stomach, smearing precome. His face is flushed pink. Ilya regrets not getting his shirt off before taping his hands. He'd like to see Shane's tits blushing too. More thoughts for next time.

"You want to beg some more, pretty boy?"

Shane glares. Ilya loves him mad. Loves Shane any way he can get him, but mad is fun. Mad means Ilya can get his fingers wet with the lube he stashed under the pillow and worry Shane's nipples through his shirt at the same time. He sucks at them through the fabric, leaning on Shane hard. Even bound and pinned, Shane is wily. Ilya bites hard and slips two fingers into Shane at the same time.

Shane shrieks gratifyingly. It's probably the bite, or maybe the surprise. Not the stretch; Shane isn't as tight as he was when Ilya arrived. Isn't that a pretty thought. He twists his fingers meanly to get Shane wet and pulls back. "I am going to fuck you now," he says. "Ask me for it."

"I'm not going to fucking—"

Ilya grabs Shane's face, digging his fingers in. He gets close. Nose to nose, close enough to see himself in Shane's blown-out pupils. "Ask me nicely to fuck you with a condom on, or I might… forget."

Shane inhales sharply. The moonlight casts him all in silver, catches on his wet cheeks and bitten lips. Ilya squeezes harder.

"Please—please wear a condom when you fuck me." He must see something in Ilya's face, because he tries again. "Please fuck me with a condom on."

Ilya wants to kiss him. That's not the game. He nips Shane's lip instead, tugging it with his teeth. Then he flips Shane over, quick as he can manage, and drags him up by the hips. Shane's ass is as gorgeous as the rest of him. Especially with his taped hands above it. He licks up Shane's neck while he gets the condom on and squeezes the base of his own cock, hard.

"You don't have to do this," Shane says, panting. "We can—we can work something out."

Ilya nuzzles Shane's cheek. He really can't help himself, not all the way. Not with Shane sweet and struggling under him, not when he's forcing Shane's legs apart and lining himself up. "But how can I resist? You ask so nicely," he says, and presses in.

Shane groans just like he always groans. Ilya grabs Shane by the hips and yanks him back, thrusting hard. Grabbing Shane by the hands had been tempting, but Ilya's already watching

Shane's shoulders carefully. Straining a tendon would probably not lead to a repeat performance.

He was right earlier. He's not going to last. Shane is squirming on Ilya's dick, clenching tight, whimpering into the bed. Ilya pins Shane by the back of the neck and gives it to him harder, just how Shane likes it. Shane's going to come, Ilya knows. Probably before Ilya does.

Ilya's mouth gets away from him, a little. In his defense, the way Shane's shoulder muscles flex and strain uselessly would distract anyone.

"Look at you," Ilya rasps. "Pretty boy begging to get fucked. I think you wanted it—"

"No—"

"Wanted someone to break in and fuck you. Are you going to come, Mr. Hockey Star? I think so." *Ilya's* going to come, and soon. But he can't say that. He grabs a fistful of Shane's hair. "Does your boyfriend know you are a slut?"

It's like a wave, all through Shane's body. Shane tightens up inside and—Ilya makes a mental note to mention this at some later point—whimpers. Ilya barely gets his dick out in time to strip the condom off and finish all over Shane's ass and bound hands. "Shane, Shane, fuck," he says, and knows he's grabbing Shane's hip too hard.

For a minute afterwards, he just stares. Shane's shorts, still stuck around his thighs, obscure his dick, but not the come on the bed. Shane's ass, red and used, come all over his lower back and dripping down, his hands. Ilya says a quick prayer. Then he grabs the scissors he put on the bedside table and cuts Shane's hands free, massaging them and flipping Shane over at the same time. Shane's face is a mess, just like the rest of him. Ruined. Beautiful. But—

"Was okay?"

Shane looks up at him and starts smiling, lips soft, eyes crinkling at the corners. "Kiss me."

Ilya obliges him, lying down beside him and holding him close. He wipes Shane's tears away gently. Shane holds him back. They'll have to peel the rest of the tape off him, but that will come later. "Was not too much? The slut thing?"

"No, I, uh." Shane ducks his head into Ilya's neck. "You could do… more of that."

Ilya gasps theatrically. "More?"

"Shut up," Shane mutters.

Ilya can hear the smile in Shane's voice. He props himself up so he can see, too. "I cannot 'shut up.' I must make plans. Call you slut. Buy handcuffs. Find your secret dildo."

Shane grabs for him and makes a valiant effort to get on top and pin Ilya down, but he's hampered by the shorts he still hasn't kicked off. Ilya does end up in the wet spot, which feels like punishment enough. He sprawls back and pets Shane's hair. The lake outside sparkles, the loon pairs and their chicks calling out in the dark.

“Was it okay for you?” Shane asks.

“It was good for me,” Ilya says, and kisses Shane’s hair. “Shane. It is always good for me.”

End Notes

Really, it was the bellboy thing that did this to me. I went into a trance and woke up with 2.2k of CNC written. Not my fault! Feedback treasured as always. Tumblr.

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