

sex machine

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Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
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sex machine

by [erotophobix](#)

Summary

self indulgent fic where ilya supprises shane with a sex machine... despite being anxious and a little annoyed shane just wants to please him

Notes

edit: changed formatting so that its more mobile friendly ;p

i was hit with devine inspiration and decided to write shane getting fucked on a sex machine but he like cant handle it so... here.

the sex machine im imagining: <https://docjohnson.com/vaculock-fuckmachines-black.html>
but like it doesnt make sense cause its on the bed... suspend your disbelief please

this takes place at some point post long game after theyre married just cause i fucking love that dynamic :p

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

Shane stood in the bedrooms entrance, jaw clenched and hands held tightly against his sides as he shot lasers into the side of Ilya Rozanov's head.

Shane swallowed, "What is this?" he struggled to even say anything to him.

Ilya chuckled, reaching to take Shane's face in his hands gently, forcing the shorter to look at him, "You have seen one of these before, yes?"

He peaked past Ilya, examining the item set up at the end of their bed. And of course, he knew what it was... He'd seen them in porn before, and on the adult sites he'd browse on occasion... But of all the surprises he had expected from Ilya, a fucking *sex machine* strapped firmly to the end of their bed was not one of them.

Shane hissed, "This is ridiculous."

Ilya ignored his husband's (feigned) annoyance, guiding him towards the bed. Shane was then presented with a box full of *attachments* for the machine.

"I bought *variety pack*. Choose."

Shane's throat went dry as he reluctantly picked through the box of toys of various shapes and sizes. Silently, he picked up a plain black dildo, feeling the weight of it in his hand. It was thick and about the same length as... Ilya.

"So boring," Ilya sighed, "You do not want to try this one?" He picked up the oversized tentacle dildo Shane pretended he didn't see, waving it teasingly in his direction.

"Fuck off." Shane bit, pushing Ilya back slightly.

Ilya chuckled and discarded the box of toys, before taking the dildo Shane had chosen and attaching it to the machine.

But, of course, he wasn't finished.

Ilya retrieved yet another box of items, smiling as he dug through it himself without letting Shane get a peak, or a choice.

Finally, he presented Shane with a pair of leather cuffs and a blindfold.

Shane looked as if he was going to kill Rozanov.

"Are you serious?"

Ilya crowded Shane's space, gripping his wrists tightly in one big hand. Shane's tongue suddenly felt heavy in his mouth.

“Hollander,” he said firmly, Shane swallowed “I am going to cover your eyes with this. I am going to cuff your hands so you cannot touch yourself. And I am going to watch as this machine fucks you for me.”

Shane opened his mouth to protest, but Ilya cut him off, forcing his tongue down his husband’s throat to kiss him as if he’d been starving. Shane melted into the kiss too easily.

Ilya kept a firm hold of Shane’s wrist in his hand while he used the other to grip Shane’s face, stroking his jaw with his thumb. Shane whined into the kiss, pulling weakly against Ilya’s hold. He wanted to touch him. He wanted both of their clothes off. Now.

Ilya broke their kiss, releasing Shane’s wrists for the moment. He gave his husband a crooked smile.

“Yes?”

Fuck

“Yes.”

They were both naked, Shane resting comfortably against the pillows as Ilya fixed the leather cuffs to his wrists, checking in to make sure they weren’t too tight or hurting. He had Shane’s wrists bound comfortably against his chest, as if he were praying. Shane silently appreciated the fact Ilya hadn’t attached him to the headboard or bound them behind his back.

Next, the part Shane was most nervous for, was the blindfold. Ilya dragged it along his body, pausing as he brought it in front of his eyes. “Still okay? We do not need to do this part”

Shane huffed, “It’s fine,” he sat up to show his willingness, wordlessly encouraging Ilya to just put the damn thing over his eyes.

Ilya carefully wrapped the fabric around Shane’s head, blocking his vision completely. Shane’s breath caught in his throat at the new lack of awareness, his heart thundering in his chest.

Ilya noticed, placing a reassuring hand on Shane’s shoulder, kneading the flesh in comforting motions

“Breathe sweetheart. I’m here.”

Shane nodded, lowering himself back down, head resting comfortably on their pillows. He took deep breathes, reminding himself he was always safe with Ilya.

“I’m okay.”

Ilya left him for a moment, and Shane recognized the sound of him shuffling through their drawer, retrieving lube. Shane let out a shaky breath, his cock twitching in interest once he felt Ilya trace a finger around his entrance, before gently pushing in, then adding another.

He could tell Ilya was excited. Impatient. Not spending any more time than absolutely necessary stretching Shane out for what was next, what Shane was dreading but so terribly eager for despite himself.

Deciding he had done enough, Ilya removed his fingers from Shane, a little too fast as his husband whined at the loss.

Shane’s breathing became unsteady as Ilya adjusted his legs, manhandling him and spreading his thighs wide to make room for the toy to poke between his cheeks.

“Relax,” Ilya chuckled, rubbing reassuring circles into Shane’s thighs as he leaned up to plant a quick kiss to his lips. Shane hummed in response, regulating his breathing. Ilya let him take his time, waiting patiently, though Shane knew he was surely dying to get to the ‘main course.’

“Ready.”

Ilya didn’t need any further confirmation, leaving him again; Shane worried his lip as he listened to Ilya shuffling around, listening the slick sounds of Ilya rubbing lube onto the dildo attached at the end of the machine’s metal rod.

Shane jumped once the machine finally hummed to life, Ilya helping to guide it to his hole. Shane shivered once it was fully inside, clenching down to get a feel of it. He knew Ilya was watching his face and body closely; making sure he was okay while allowing himself to enjoy the view.

Then, once Shane began quivering around the toy, the machine began to thrust with the click of a button. Slow and automatic.

Shane held his eyes shut tightly behind the blindfold, straining slightly against his restraints as his teeth sunk into his bottom lip.

“You are okay?” Ilya asked gently as he rubbed Shane’s belly, hand just above his neglected cock.

“I’m fine,” Shane breathed.

The machine thrust into him again, faster this time, rough. Shane let out shocked gasp, arching his back off of the bed as the machine plunged itself into him with enough force to punch the air of his lungs.

Ilya chuckled, placing soft kisses to Shane's trembling body, "*Moya lyubov*, remember to say if it is too much." Then he was moving Shane's wrists to the side so he could take a sensitive nipple between his teeth.

Shane cried out, already beyond overwhelmed.

He wanted to touch his cock; he wanted to touch Ilya even more. He probably could considering how his wrists were bound in a very movable position, but more than anything he wanted to be good for Ilya. Shane kept his arms held still.

"You are so good for me sweetheart, so strong" Ilya cooed against his chest, placing loving kisses against his husband's flesh. Shane hummed appreciatively, his hips bucking excitedly at the praise, cock wet against his belly.

They didn't say anything for a while, the room was filled with just the sounds of Shane's desperate moans, Ilya's heavy breathing, and the mechanical whirring of the machine making a mess between Shane's legs.

Shane's nerves were buzzing and his senses felt as though they were heightened with his lack of vision. His body felt as though it was on fire, every kiss Ilya placed to his body, every breath that danced across his skin, burning satisfyingly.

It all felt as though it was too much but not enough all at once.

Without thinking, Shane asked Ilya to turn the machine up, to have it fuck him harder. He wanted to feel this later; and Ilya was quick to oblige.

"Ilya- *Fuck*-" Shane cried, his feet planted into the bed as he tried to push himself off the toy while grounding himself down onto it at the same time.

"Is too much? We can turn it off..."

He said it in a condescending, challenging, way that easily pissed Shane off. "N-no... *holy shit*-" Shane choked, stubborn.

Ilya chuckled. "You look pretty like this, *kotik*. I could keep you like this forever."

Shane whined, he thought he might die soon if he didn't come, if Ilya didn't fucking touch him already.

Still, he held out as long as he could before his thighs started to shake violently and his sobs turned to breathless gasps for air.

Ilya quickly grew attentive, starting to show genuine worry, “Shane, *moya lyubov*, breathe-” Shane cut him off with a hard choked out sob. Almost immediately, Ilya pressed a button to slow the machine, not turning it off fully. He then swiftly removed the now wet fabric covering Shane’s eyes, then the cuffs binding his wrists.

Ilya took his face into his hands, squeezing softly as Shane tried to look at him with blurry vision.

“I’m sorry,” Shane sniffed

Ilya kissed his salty cheeks.

“Do not apologize. You push yourself for me.”

Shane smiled through his tears, pulling Ilya into a deep and needy kiss, “I want this thing out of me,” Shane said “and I want *you* to make me cum.”

Ilya growled, shutting the machine off and guiding the dildo out of Shane’s swollen hole.

He paused, “You want me to fuck you?” There was concern in his tone.

Shane reached forward to grab for him, pulling Ilya over his trembling body and caging him between his thighs, Ilya had to stop himself from falling over and crushing Shane.

Now that he could see, he grabbed the lube and reached between their bodies to slick Ilya’s cock with it, making him suck in a breath and curse to himself. “I love you... so much” Shane whispered, looking at his husband with hooded eyes filled with adoration. Ilya kissed him slowly, melting Shane’s brain even further before removing his hand from his cock, then he entered him.

Shane hissed, fresh tears spilling from his eyes as he held onto Ilya for dear life. He was gentle, using slow and deliberate strokes. It still felt like too much, but Shane wanted this more than anything right now.

When Ilya finally took hold of Shane’s cock, it was like a dam breaking. Shane practically screamed as Ilya pumped the cum from his sensitive and neglected cock in less than a minute.

Ilya sped up, shushing Shane’s sobs and peppering soft kisses across his face. Ilya wanted to tell him how much he loved him, how much he needed him, but he was incapable of anything other than fuck drunk grunts and moans.

Ilya tilted his head back, snapping his hips roughly and Shane loved watching him desperately chase his own release.

“I’m going to cum, Shane. *Fuck.*”

Shane smiled stupidly, watching Ilya’s face as he came inside.

Ilya groaned as he pulled out carefully, flopping down next to Shane, breathing heavily.

“We’re never doing that again,” Shane said breathlessly, “ever.”

Ilya pouted and Shane rolled his eyes, hitting Ilya lightly on the top of his head.

“I’m serious- It was good but...too much...”

Ilya sighed “You did a good job; held on for so long *kotik.*” He kissed Shane appreciatively, petting his hair.

Despite everything, Shane was beaming up at Ilya, eyes filled with love and trust.

“I love you.” Ilya whispered, trailing a finger along Shane’s jaw.

“I love you too” Shane smiled.

End Notes

i havent written in a few months so i hope this wasn't too bad!

**i love having ilya call shane 'kotik' (kitten) hehe

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