

bite me babe (you make me love the pain)

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by [subbyjeongguk](#)

Summary

shane never thought he would get such a nice boyfriend, and he surely had never thought he would get one that would bite him and hurt him in a way that felt so good.

or, ilya and shane explore more bdsm, specifically biting and spanking.

(canon universe/post-cottage & episode 6, soft/hard dom ilya & sub space shane)

Notes

hi everyone! i am back with an addition to the shane and ilya vs bdsm series! today's drabble is on some pain play featuring biting and spanking c: i know this is a bit shorter than the last one but since they are a bit more experienced in the realm of bdsm, there wasn't as much build up to add!

inspo for the title and story was say it by flume ft. tove lo (throwback banger, I KNOW.) for context, this is all still after the cottage but before the long game, and malysh means little one/baby in russian! super cute.

please leave a kudos and comment if you enjoyed! and leave a comment on what kinks you want to see explored next, as i want to keep this series going! :)

as always, happy reading! xoxo

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

Shane really should have learned by now not to underestimate how much Ilya noticed him.

Their dynamic hadn't snapped back to "normal" since the last time they played with commands and control. Instead, it's somehow settled into something quieter but also heavier, like it held a breath that it never quite let go of. Ilya didn't tell him what to do constantly, not like he did before, but when he did, it landed so much harder.

Shane listened faster and reacted sharper. His body remembered everything and was aching for more.

However, that subdrop had changed things.

It didn't break them or affect their relationship negatively, it just sort of recalibrated them and how they approached certain things as a couple. Ilya had handled it with almost infuriating competence, like he'd been born knowing how to tuck Shane back together afterward (Shane was beyond thankful for this). Since then, he'd been more watchful of the other boy, keeping an eye on him to make sure he stayed afloat. Shane, in turn, has been more careful about pretending he *didn't* want things.

This was how they ended up here, half-sprawled on the couch with some forgettable movie playing in the background.

Shane was draped over Ilya in that way that looked lazy but surely wasn't. He'd learned how to position himself just right so he was close enough to be claimed, but loose enough to look unintentional. Ilya's arm was heavy around his waist, his fingers tapping occasionally like he was counting something only he could hear in his head.

"You're fidgeting," Ilya said, mouth brushing Shane's temple, the skin feeling soft against his lips.

"I am not."

"You are," Ilya replied mildly. "And you're doing it on purpose."

Shane huffed. "Maybe I just like your attention."

"You have my attention," Ilya said. His fingers tightened only once, like a warning squeeze. "You want something else."

Shane went completely still.

This was the part he'd been practicing lately, being able to name what he wanted. He didn't want to hide behind his own obedience and have to hope Ilya guessed correctly.

Before he could even overthink it, Ilya's mouth drifted to his shoulder, kissing slowly and deliberately. Shane tilted his head, attempting to expose skin without being told or asked to. Doing so earned him a quiet hum of approval from the other man.

The bite happened *almost* accidentally.

It was just some mild pressure at first, just some teeth closing, like they were testing the waters. After that, it happened just a little more. It wasn't nearly enough to hurt the way Shane expected the pain to hurt, but it was still enough that it made his breath hitch hard and fast.

Ilya pulled back immediately. "Shit, sorry."

"No," Shane said, too quickly. He then stopped himself, forcing the words out properly. "No. Don't apologize."

Ilya arched an eyebrow. "You are sure?"

Shane swallowed way too audibly. His pulse was painfully loud in his ears, all while his mind was somehow startlingly quiet. His usual anxious loop with the noise and the second-guessing was just... gone?

"That helped," he admitted.

Ilya studied him, eyes darkening. "Helped how?"

Shane squirmed, then froze when Ilya's hand tightened around him once again. It wasn't a command necessarily, but more so a little reminder that they were there so he couldn't forget them.

"Words," Ilya murmured.

Shane exhaled through his nose. "It—quieted things. In my head." He hesitated, then added, "I think that's why I reacted so hard."

Ilya didn't touch the spot again. For Shane, that was honestly what made it worse.

They finished the movie in complete silence, all without Shane absorbing even a singular frame of it. Ilya's attention was most definitely elsewhere, completely focused yet also contained. Shane could practically feel the restraint humming under his skin, itching to come out.

Later, when Shane was curled in bed pretending to sleep, he heard the faint tap of Ilya's phone screen lighting up in the dark.

By morning, Ilya was already in research mode.

Shane found him sitting criss-cross at the kitchen table, his coffee untouched and his jaw set in concentration. There was a notebook open beside his phone like an *actual* notebook, because of course there was.

Shane peered over his shoulder. "Are you... *taking notes*?"

Ilya didn't look the slightest bit guilty, which somehow made it worse.

“I don’t wing things that can hurt you,” he said.

Shane’s chest grew all warm and fuzzy, and his stomach did flips.

“**“Biting safety,”**” Shane read aloud. “**“Spanking impact zones.”**” He glanced up. “You know, when you said you were competitive, I didn’t think it applied to kinks too?”

Ilya smirked. “If I am going to do something, I do it right.”

That landed harder than it should have, so much so that Shane shifted his weight, suddenly way too hyper aware of how small he felt standing there in sleep-wrinkled clothes while Ilya sat calmly and in control.

“I have been thinking,” Ilya continued. “About what you said last night. And about last time.” His gaze sharpened. “About the drop.”

Shane stiffened instinctively.

“I am not upset,” Ilya said immediately. “But pain play is not the same as telling you what to do. It is different before and after. I need to know what it does for you.”

Shane leaned against the counter, attempting to ground himself in some sort of way. This was harder than kneeling ever was.

“I think,” he said slowly, “that when it hurts a little, I stop spiraling? It’s like I just don’t have room for anything else. And giving you control over that—*choosing it*—feels like relief, for me at least.”

Silence stretched, and then Ilya slowly stood, intention written all over him.

“Come here,” he said.

The command snapped something into place for him. Shane moved without thinking, only stopping when Ilya’s hand lifted, as he considered it another lesson that was learned.

Ilya tilted his chin up gently, looking down into his big eyes. “You do not get to disappear into pain without me understanding what will happen,” he said quietly. “But if we do this—” His thumb brushed Shane’s jaw, testing him. “it is on *my* terms. It will be slow and clear, with no guessing.”

Shane nodded, heart pounding. “Yes, yeah, of course.”

Ilya’s mouth curved into a devilish smirk, one that made Shane uneasy but excited all in the same breath. “Good.”

He didn’t bite Shane again, not yet, anyway. He did however press his teeth against Shane’s shoulder, just enough to promise what was coming to him next.

And in that moment in the kitchen, Shane realized that wanting this no longer felt like something he had to apologize for.

Ilya's restraint stopped being subtle later on that same exact day.

It was not in the way Shane expected. It was not looming or commanding, even, but it was in the way Ilya pointedly did *nothing*. There were no casual touches when he passed behind Shane like he usually did, there wasn't even an absentminded hand at his waist. There wasn't even a look that lingered too long.

Shane knew better than to believe this was accidental.

He was curled up on the couch, his phone abandoned in his lap while pretending to scroll as his brain ran laps. Every instinct in him was screaming to fidget, to do *something* to provoke a reaction. He resisted out of sheer stubbornness and needing to prove a point to the other man and to himself, obviously.

Mostly.

"You are sulking," Ilya said from the kitchen.

Shane didn't even make an attempt to look up. "I am resting."

"Mmh." Ilya's voice was dry. "You rest like you are waiting to be scolded."

That got to him, unfortunately.

Shane glanced over. "You say that like it's not one of your hobbies."

Ilya smiled to himself, unhurried. "Careful, *malysh*. You start sentence like that, you finish it somewhere you didn't plan."

Shane's stomach positively flipped. He hated—*loved*—how easily Ilya did that, how he turned their banter into a warning without even having to raise his voice.

"Wow," Shane said lightly. "Threats before dinner. You're really committing to the bit, huh?"

Ilya finally looked at him then, his eyes moving slowly, like they were assessing him in some way. His accent thickened just a touch when he was amused like this, his consonants growing a little heavier, and his vowels stretched out.

"Is not a threat," he said. "Is observation."

Shane snorted. "Uh-huh. And what *exactly* are you observing?"

"That you have been quiet," Ilya replied. "Which usually means you are thinking very hard about something you want and pretending you do not."

Shane opened his mouth to deny it, then stopped. He exhaled, scrubbing a hand over his face.

"God, I hate how well you know me."

Ilya hummed. "I put in effort."

He came closer, but not all the way. He was close enough that Shane could feel him without being touched. It was *maddening*. Shane's thoughts started to scatter, but underneath it all there was that familiar, grounding pull, like his body was already orienting itself around Ilya's presence.

"You going to keep ignoring the elephant in the room," Shane asked, "or are you enjoying watching me squirm too much?"

Ilya tilted his head. "You are squirming?"

"Metaphorically."

"Mmh." A pause. "Is shame you are not doing it properly."

Shane laughed despite himself. "Oh my god, you are *insufferable*."

"And yet," Ilya said, voice low, "you are still looking at me like this."

Shane hated that he was right.

"I just don't want us to... stall," Shane admitted, quieter now. "You don't have to put me in bubble wrap because I freaked out once, you know?"

Ilya's expression sharpened and looked like he was trying to choose his next words carefully.

"That," he said cautiously, "is not what I am doing."

"Then what are you doing?"

Ilya considered him for a moment, then stepped fully into Shane's space. He reached out to take Shane's chin between two fingers, gentle pressure forcing him to look up at him.

"I am deciding how much of myself I am allowed to give you," Ilya said. His accent deepened, the edges of the words becoming rougher. "And how much you are ready to take without pretending later you did not ask."

Shane's breath went shallow. His mind, traitor that it was, went blissfully quiet.

"I'm not pretending," he said. "I'm trying to be honest."

"Good," Ilya murmured. "Then be honest now."

Shane swallowed. This still felt so much harder than following orders did.

"I don't want you to hold back just because you're scared of hurting me," he said. "I want you to hurt me on *purpose*. The right way."

Ilya's thumb pressed slightly harder under his jaw. It wasn't hard enough to hurt him, but it was enough to anchor him in place.

“You hear yourself?” Ilya asked softly.

“Yes.”

“And you understand,” Ilya continued, “that when I decide to use pain, I am not being gentle about it just to make you feel brave.”

Shane nodded. His pulse was steady somehow and not racing, and that was how he knew that this was right, and it was what he needed.

“I don’t need gentle,” he said. Then, because he’d learned this part mattered: “I need you in control.”

A beat passed. Then Ilya’s mouth curved into something different than a smile, something that looked much more sinister, almost.

“Finally,” he said. “You stop dancing around it.”

He leaned in, teeth pressing to the same place on Shane’s shoulder as before. This time, he didn’t pull away immediately. It was just enough pressure that it made Shane’s toes curl, enough to remind him exactly who was choosing restraint here.

Shane exhaled slowly, attempting to ground himself again. The world felt like it had narrowed and his anxiety had faded into a distant echo.

“See?” Ilya murmured near his ear. “Already quieter.”

Shane laughed, breathlessly. “I hate that you’re right.”

“No,” Ilya corrected. “You love it. You just hate admitting.”

He pulled back at last, straightening like nothing just happened.

“Sit,” he said, gesturing to the couch again. “Hands where I can see them. And do not test me by touching that spot.”

Shane obeyed instantly, his heart calm, his body warm, and his mind totally clear. Ilya watched him for a moment longer, his eyes dark and full of intent.

“Good boy,” he added, accent thick, like he was doing it on purpose.

Shane’s entire body felt like it had been lit on fire. And for once, there was no crash waiting behind the feeling. It was just anticipation, because he was exactly where he wanted to be.

Shane lasted *maybe* thirty seconds on the couch.

He sat exactly where Ilya told him to, his hands visible and his posture deceptively relaxed. He even told himself he’d been good about it. However, his obedience has never meant silence, and Ilya knew that by now.

“You know,” Shane said lightly, after counting his breaths twice, “for someone who claims to be in control, you’re doing an awful lot of just... *standing* there.”

Ilya’s gaze snapped to him almost instantly.

“Oh?” he said. The word was flat, accent heavier now, almost as if the consonants were biting him back. “You feel neglected?”

“Just making an observation,” Shane replied, tilting his head. “Isn’t that what you said earlier?”

A mistake, he knew it the second the words left his mouth. He was being a brat, and he knew it.

Ilya exhaled slowly, like he was savoring something. “*Malysh*,” he said, and the Russian wrapped around the syllables like velvet, “you are very brave for someone sitting where *I* put him.”

Shane’s pulse jumped with satisfaction. *Good*, his body seemed to say, and he noticed.

Ilya crossed the room in three unhurried steps.

He stopped directly in front of Shane, close enough that Shane had to look up at him again. The height difference hit harder when Ilya was still, when he wasn’t reaching or touching or softening himself for Shane’s comfort.

“You like pushing,” Ilya said calmly. “You like finding edge and leaning just far enough to see if I will pull you back.”

Shane swallowed. “Maybe I like knowing you’re paying attention.”

Ilya hummed. “Oh, I am paying attention.”

He reached down and took Shane’s wrists, lifting them just enough to remind him how easily he could move him if he wanted. He didn’t restrain him because he knew he didn’t need to.

“You think you are teasing,” Ilya continued, voice low and controlled. “But what you are really doing is asking me to prove something.”

Shane’s breath slowed down and his thoughts sharpened into something clean and bright.

“And are you going to?” he asked.

Ilya’s eyes darkened.

“Yes,” he said simply.

He released Shane’s wrists and straightened. The lack of touch landed harder than any grip.

“*Stand*,” Ilya ordered.

Shane did immediately, and smoothly with no hesitation whatsoever. The obedience settled into his bones, like it was quieting the restless buzz under his skin.

“Hands behind your back.” Done.

Ilya circled him slowly, just like the way he did on the ice before he checked someone into the boards. Shane tracked him by sound alone: the shift of his shirt fabric, the soft scuff of his bare feet on the wooden floor.

“You have been very patient,” Ilya said. “And very mouthy.”

Shane smiled to himself. “Multitasking.” A sharp *tsk*.

“You talk too much when you are nervous,” Ilya said, stopping behind him. “Lucky for you, I know exactly how to fix that.”

Ilya’s hand settled at Shane’s shoulder, but not the one from before, it was the other, and it was a deliberate choice. Shane felt the intent in it, like it was careful recalibration.

“Last chance,” Ilya murmured, accent thickening, his Russian vowels bleeding into the English. “You want me to continue?”

“Yes,” Shane said, without hesitation.

“Louder.”

“*Yes.*”

A pause. Then Ilya bit him.

He wasn’t experimenting anymore, he wasn’t playing it slow or careful. This was controlled and precise pressure that bloomed sharp and electric before settling into a deeper, aching throb. Shane gasped like the sound had been torn out of him, every thought in his head scattering like a bunch of startled birds.

And then it went quiet. It was a pure and blissful quiet.

Ilya didn’t let go immediately. Instead, he held the bite just long enough for Shane to feel it fully, to register the pain as chosen, him being completely under Ilya’s control.

When he finally released him, Shane’s knees wobbled.

Ilya caught him without ceremony, his right hand firm at his waist. “Breathe,” he said, right in Shane’s ear. “Slow, that’s it.”

Shane did. His body responded instinctively, focusing itself in the cadence of Ilya’s voice. The ache spread through him, warm and steady, and with it came relief so sharp it almost made him laugh aloud.

“Still want to tease me?” Ilya asked quietly.

Shane exhaled, breathless. “Ask me again later.”

A low chuckle.

Ilya turned him gently, just enough to look at his face. His thumb brushed under Shane’s eye, wiping away moisture Shane hadn’t even noticed was there before.

“Good,” Ilya said. “Because now you are mine to focus.”

He guided Shane back toward the bedroom, hand firm and his presence overwhelming. His voice dropped into Russian as he murmured something Shane didn’t quite understand but felt all the same.

Shane let himself be led and let himself stop thinking. He let himself trust the hands that were about to hurt him, exactly the way he had asked.

The door closed behind them.

The bedroom was dark except for the sliver of light cutting across the bed, painting the sheets in warmth and shadow. Ilya didn’t turn on a light. He guided Shane to the edge of the mattress, his hands firm but not forceful just yet, like they were a silent instruction that Shane followed without any question. The air was thick with anticipation, the kind that made every breath feel weighted and every sound that much more amplified.

“On your stomach,” Ilya said, his voice low and even. Shane obeyed, his movements more fluid now. He rested his cheek against the cool pillow with his hands folded beneath him. The ache in his shoulder from the bite was a dull, grounding throb that kept him anchored in the moment.

Ilya’s weight shifted the mattress as he knelt beside him and took a moment. He didn’t touch him so blatantly right away. Instead, he traced the line of Shane’s spine with his eyes, the intensity of his gaze a physical thing that made Shane’s skin prickle. “You are quiet now,” Ilya murmured, his fingers finally brushing against the small of Shane’s back. “No more teasing.”

Shane exhaled slowly, the sound barely audible. “No more teasing,” he agreed, his voice muffled by the pillow. “Just... this.”

Ilya’s hand flattened against his back, his thumb stroking the dip just above his tailbone. “This,” he repeated, his tone thoughtful. “This is trust. This is control. This is you giving me the pieces of yourself you have been too scared to hand over before.” He leaned down, his breath warm against Shane’s ear. “And I’m going to take them. *All* of them.”

The first bite wasn’t anything at all like the last one. It was sharper and more deliberate as he placed it at the curve where Shane’s neck met his shoulder. Shane gasped, his fingers clutching the pillowcase. The pain was both bright and immediate, but beneath it, there was something else. It felt like *relief*, like the last frayed thread of his anxiety finally snapped. Ilya held it for a moment longer than before, his teeth pressing just enough to make Shane’s breath catch, then he finally released him with a soft, satisfied hum.

“Good?” Ilya asked, his voice rougher now as all the control he’d been exercising all day finally gave way to becoming something rawer.

“Good,” Shane whispered, his eyes squeezed shut. “So good.”

Ilya moved down his body, his mouth finding new places to mark him. It found the sensitive skin of his ribs, the curve of his hip, and the inside of his thigh. Each bite was a declaration, like it was a reminder of who was in charge, and Shane arched into each and every one, his body responding with a desperate hunger that he no longer tried to hide. The pain blurred into pleasure, the two sensations twining together until he couldn’t tell where one ended and the other began. It was like he was floating, adrift in a sea of sensation, and for the first time in a long time, he didn’t feel the need to swim back. He trusted Ilya to keep him safe, to bring him back when the time was right.

But Ilya wasn’t done with him yet. He pulled back, the absence of him like a cold shock. Shane whined softly, a sound he’d be embarrassed about if he had the brainpower to feel anything other than want.

“Patience,” Ilya chided, his voice a low rumble deep in his chest. He shifted, and Shane heard the faint sound of a drawer opening and the rustle of fabric. Then Ilya was back, his hands warmer than before as he gripped Shane’s hips, pulling him up slightly to adjust his position. “I think,” Ilya said, his tone contemplative, “that you have been too much in your head. Too much thinking. We will fix that now.”

He ran a hand over the curve of Shane’s ass, the touch entirely too possessive (and arousing). “This is a good place for pain,” Ilya murmured, almost to himself. “A good place to learn a lesson.” He paused. “You will count for me. In Russian. Do you understand?”

Shane’s heart hammered against his ribs so hard it felt like it would burst out of him at any given moment. He knew the basic numbers, enough to get by, but this wasn’t about language. It was about his focus and his ability to be obedient under pressure. “Yes,” he breathed out.

“Good.”

The first slap was not a surprise, but the force of it was. It was a sharp, stinging impact that landed squarely on his right ass cheek, the sound cracking through the quiet room as if it bounced off of the walls. It wasn’t even just pain; it was a shockwave that silenced every last thought in Shane’s head. He gasped, his body jerking forward, his cock standing red and angry.

“*Odin*,” he managed to get out, the word feeling foreign on his tongue.

“Good *boy*,” Ilya said, his voice thick with approval. He rubbed the spot, the heat of his palm a stark contrast to the stinging warmth blooming under Shane’s skin. “Again.”

The second slap landed on the other side, just as hard, if not more so. Shane’s breath hitched.

“*Dva*.”

“Very good.” Ilya’s voice was a low purr. “You see? No room for anything else. Only the count. Only my hand.”

He set a rhythm, one that was steady and so punishing that it had Shane chanting the numbers under his breath, his voice growing shaky with each strike. *Tri... Chetyre... Pyat...* The pain built and built, layer upon layer, like it was a hot, throbbing ache that spread through his entire lower body. It was overwhelming, it was intense, and it was exactly what he asked for. Each impact was a choice and each count was a surrender from him to Ilya. The stinging heat melted into a deep, resonant hum that vibrated through his bones, and with it, a sense of peace settled over him. He wasn’t thinking about his performance, or what Ilya wanted from him, or what came next after this. He was just there, in that moment, taking what he was given and finding relief in exactly that.

By the time Ilya’s hand landed for the tenth time, Shane was a trembling mess, his face buried in the pillow and his body slick with sweat. The number—*Desyat*—was a broken sob as tears rolled down his cheeks, covering his freckles in a wet, shiny sheen.

Ilya stopped. He rested his hand on Shane’s heated and reddened skin, his touch impossibly gentle now. “Shhh,” he murmured, leaning over him as his chest pressed against Shane’s back. “I have you. Such a good boy for me, so beautiful.” He pressed a soft kiss to the back of Shane’s neck, then another between his shoulder blades. His hands soothed down his sides, a grounding counterpoint to the fire still burning on his ass.

“You took that so well,” Ilya whispered, his voice full of a pride that made Shane’s chest ache inside. “So quiet now. Just what I wanted.”

He shifted again, and Shane heard the sound of a bottle cap clicking and the slick, wet sound of lube being squirted out. Ilya’s fingers, cool and slippery, traced the cleft of his ass, circling his hole without pressing in. It was a tease, a question, and Shane answered by spreading his legs wider, a silent invitation to invite him inside.

“Eager,” Ilya murmured, a smile in his voice. “I like that.”

He pressed one finger in, slow and deliberate. The sensation was different from the spanking, sharper and somehow more maddening. Shane gasped as his body clenched instinctively before forcing himself to relax, to accept the intrusion and welcome more. Ilya worked him open methodically, his movements confident as he stretched him open carefully. He added a second finger, then a third, scissoring them, all while brushing against that spot inside him that made stars explode behind his eyes. The pain from the spanking had faded to a dull, warm throb, like a constant reminder of Ilya’s ownership, and now this pleasure built on top of it, weaving them together into something delicious and addicting.

“Please,” Shane begged, the word torn from his throat. “Ilya, *please*.”

“Please what?” Ilya asked, his voice a low growl. He curled his fingers, pressing directly against Shane’s prostate, and Shane cried out, his hips bucking back. He was sure he looked crazy now, fucking himself back on Ilya’s fingers like a bitch in heat.

“Please, fuck me. I need, need you to fuck me.”

Ilya made a rough, satisfied sound in the back of his throat. He pulled his fingers out, leaving Shane feeling achingly empty for a moment before he felt the blunt, hot pressure of Ilya's cock against his wet, gaping hole. He pushed in slowly, inch by inch, giving Shane time to adjust to the thick and overwhelming stretch. It burned, but it was a good burn, a perfect complement to the lingering sting left over on his skin.

When he was fully seated, Ilya paused as his body draped over Shane's, his breath hot against his ear. "There," he murmured. "You feel that? How *full* you are? How you were made for this? How you were made to take this cock?"

Shane could only whimper in response, his hands fisted into the sheets beneath him.

Ilya started to move, his thrusts deep and raw. He wasn't holding back, not anymore. He was taking what he wanted, using Shane's body exactly as he had promised him, and Shane let him. He let go completely, surrendering to the rhythm, to the pleasure, and to the man who knew exactly how to break him apart and put him back together again. The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the room.

Ilya's hand snaked around Shane's hip, wrapping around his cock, which was hard and leaking against his stomach. He stroked him in time with his thrusts, his grip deliciously firm. "Come for me," Ilya commanded, his voice rough with his own pleasure. "Let go. I want to feel it."

That was all it took for Shane. It was the command, his possessive grip, his relentless pace, it was all a perfect storm of sensation. Shane's orgasm tore through him, a blinding, gut-wrenching wave that started in his toes and crested up his spine. He cried out a raw, broken sound, as he spilled over Ilya's hand and onto the sheets beneath him. His body convulsed, his muscles clamping down around Ilya's cock, and for a moment, the world went white. There was only the pleasure left consuming him and the deep ache in his ass that reminded him this was real, this was chosen, and this was *Ilya*.

Ilya fucked him through it, his thrusts growing erratic and more forceful by the second. He chased his own release with a single-minded intensity, his grip on Shane's hip tightened enough to bruise. With a final, deep thrust and a guttural groan that sounded like Shane's name, he came, pouring himself into Shane. The heat of it was like a final, possessive claim, and Shane shuddered, a wave of contentment washing over him so profound it felt like he was coming home.

For a long moment, they just laid like that, Ilya's weight a comforting and heavy blanket pinning him to the mattress. Shane could feel Ilya's heart hammering against his back, their breaths mingling in the humid air. The room was quiet now, save for the soft rustle of the sheets and the slowing rhythm of their pulses.

Ilya was the first to move, pulling out with a slow, careful gentleness that made Shane's breath hitch. He pressed a soft kiss to the nape of Shane's neck, then another to the reddened skin of his shoulder, a silent apology and a promise all in one. "Don't move," he murmured, his voice thick and sated.

Shane had absolutely no intention of moving any time soon. He felt boneless and utterly spent, his mind like a placid, empty lake. He could hear Ilya moving around the room, and what sounded like the faint sound of a door opening and closing, then the run of water in the bathroom. When he returned, a warm, damp washcloth was being carefully dragged over his skin. Ilya cleaned him with a reverence that made Shane's chest ache, his touch impossibly tender as he wiped away the sweat and the come left behind. He paid special attention to Shane's abused ass, the cool cloth like a soothing balm against the heated, sensitive skin.

"Still with me?" Ilya asked softly, his voice a low rumble.

Shane only hummed, a contented, sleepy sound. He turned his head, blinking his eyes open to look at Ilya. In the dim light, his face was softened with the sharp lines of his jaw and cheekbones blurred by shadow, but his eyes were bright, fixed on Shane.

"Yeah," Shane whispered, his voice hoarse. "I'm here."

Ilya finished cleaning him up and tossed the cloth aside. He urged Shane gently onto his side, away from the damp spot on the sheets, and then slid in behind him, pulling him into his arms. His chest was a solid wall of warmth against Shane's back and his arm a heavy, possessive weight around his waist. He tugged the blanket up over them, cocooning them in their own little world.

For a while, they just laid there in silence. It wasn't an awkward silence by any means; it was a comfortable one, filled with the unspoken things that passed between them in the dark. Shane could feel the residual thrum of pleasure humming under his skin, a pleasant echo of the intensity that came before. His body ached in the best way, a collection of phantom sensations left over. It was the memory of teeth, the sting of a slap, the fullness of Ilya inside him, all that served as a burning reminder of what happened.

"You are quiet," Ilya murmured as his lips brushed against the shell of Shane's ear.

"Just... processing," Shane admitted, his voice barely audible. "It's a lot. In a good way."

"Tell me."

Shane hesitated, trying to find the words to describe the feeling. "It's like... all the noise in my head just... stopped," he said slowly. "Not just the anxiety, but everything. The second-guessing, the overthinking, the need to be *on*, all the time. It was just gone and there was only you and what you were doing. It was kind of peaceful."

He felt Ilya's smile against his neck. "Good. That was the point."

"Yeah, well, mission accomplished," Shane said, a hint of his usual sarcasm creeping back into his tone. "I think you might have broken my brain, though."

"I'll put it back together," Ilya promised, his hand tracing idle patterns on Shane's stomach. "I'm getting good at it."

Shane laughed softly, the sound a little shaky. “You are. You’re infuriatingly good at it.” He paused, then added, “Thank you. For... you know. Not holding back.”

Ilya’s arm tightened around him, pulling him closer. “You asked me to hurt you on purpose,” he said, his voice serious now. “I would never disrespect that by being gentle.”

Shane’s throat suddenly felt much too tight. He shifted, turning in Ilya’s arms until they were face to face. It was a little awkward, and his sore ass protested, but he needed to see him. He reached up, his fingers tracing the line of Ilya’s jaw, feeling the rough stubble there. “I love you,” he said. The words came out easily, like they had been waiting just behind his teeth for this exact moment.

Ilya’s eyes softened, a flicker of something vulnerable and unguarded crossing his face before he schools it. He leaned in, capturing Shane’s mouth in a kiss that was slow and deep, a stark contrast to the punishing intensity from before. It was a kiss that said everything he couldn’t, or wouldn’t say out loud. It was a kiss that tasted of possession and care and such a deep *love* that it made Shane’s heart feel like it could burst out of him.

When they finally parted, Ilya rested his forehead against Shane’s. “You’re mine,” he said, his voice a low, possessive rumble.

“Yours,” Shane agreed, his eyes drifting shut again. He was exhausted, his body heavy and fucked out, but it was a good exhaustion, the kind that came from being thoroughly and completely claimed.

“Sleep,” Ilya murmured, pressing one last kiss to his lips. “I will be here when you wake up.”

Shane didn’t need any more convincing. He let himself drift, the steady beat of Ilya’s heart against his chest a lullaby that pulled him under. He wasn’t afraid of the quiet anymore or afraid of the dark. He wasn’t afraid of the ache in his body or the vulnerability in his heart. It was because he was here, in Ilya’s arms, and that was everything.

—

Shane woke up slowly, his muscles tight in a good way and his skin still humming from the night before. The sun had just started bleeding in through the blinds, catching dust motes like tiny stars frozen midair. For a moment he just laid there, aware of everything. He took in the warmth of the sheets, the weight of the blanket that was still tangled around his legs, and the ghost of Ilya’s body heat that lingered beside him.

He shifted slightly, careful not to wake Ilya, and noticed the first ache in his shoulders. It wasn’t pain exactly, but more a deep, satisfying reminder that his body had been used, abused, and taken. He inhaled, his chest rising as he realized his pulse was still racing steadily in that strange way that came from surrendering himself.

Sliding out of bed quietly, Shane padded to the bathroom with his eyes still half-closed. He froze up completely when the mirror caught him.

The marks were... *everywhere*.

Bite marks curved along his collarbone and shoulder, tender and already darkening into a shade of purple. He tilted his head, tracing them with his eyes, and another flash of memory hit him like a truck. It was of Ilya's teeth just grazing and testing, as they pressed against him. His stomach fluttered, the memory almost shocking in its intimacy. He swallowed hard and turned slowly.

Then he saw his ass.

It was almost a mosaic of bruises, layered reds and purples with some already fading, others raw and swollen, like a history of last night was written across him. He pressed a fingertip to one, just lightly, and gasped from the way his body remembered every moment. He felt the sting and the heat, and the way that ache had melted into him.

He pressed his hands to the counter to steady himself. His mind spun in flashes as he recalled the words, the commands, and their teasing banter. Ilya's Russian accent thickened when he got serious, each word heavier than the last with his consonants biting and his vowels rounded like threats. *Malysh...* he heard it in memory and shivered.

Shane swallowed again as his heart pounded, and took a slow inventory of himself. His body was covered in the evidence of last night consisting of bite marks along his shoulders, bruises across his ass, and his skin tingling wherever Ilya's hands had pressed, touched, and marked. And with all of that came a strange, dizzying sense of pride and relief all at once.

He realized he wasn't afraid or ashamed, because he asked for this and was able to trust someone enough to leave these marks behind. And for the first time, he didn't feel guilty about wanting it, either.

"Admiring my work?"

Shane jumped, spinning toward the doorway. Ilya was standing there, his hair messy and chest bare, his eyes dark with satisfaction. The Russian accent wrapped around the words like velvet.

"You... you're up," Shane said, trying to sound casual but failing.

"I am always up," Ilya replied, a smirk curling his mouth. "You were not locked."

Shane rolled his eyes, but he couldn't stop staring. Ilya's gaze slid over the marks on his shoulder, lingering and almost predatory, and then down across the bruises that Shane couldn't stop looking at himself. He knew that look, that dangerous satisfaction he loved and feared all at the same time.

"They're... a lot," Shane murmured. "Like, really visible."

"Mmh," Ilya said, stepping closer. His eyes tracked every mark like he was reading a story he had written directly into Shane's skin. "Then you will remember."

Shane shivered as his arm hair stood up from his goosebumps. "Hard to forget when... uh, *sitting* is kind of a challenge."

Ilya chuckled, low and amused. His hand hovered for a moment over Shane's hip before it finally brushed lightly over a bruise. He was gentle, careful. Shane closed his eyes at the touch, his chest fluttering and stomach coiled warm and tight.

"You're sore?" Ilya asked, thumb brushing lightly along the curve.

"Yeah," Shane admitted. "But... good sore."

Ilya hummed, impossibly satisfied with himself. "Any regrets?"

Shane shook his head. "No."

"Good," Ilya murmured, leaning in and pressing a soft kiss just beside a bite mark. Shane's eyes fluttered shut, and he inhaled slowly, grounding himself in the presence of someone who both terrified and comforted him all at once

Ilya watched him in the mirror, smirk just barely teasing. "You like looking at yourself?"

"Yeah," Shane admitted. "You... you did this."

"Good," Ilya murmured. "Because now you have to live with it."

Shane laughed softly, breathless, his stomach flipping. "Oh god, I'm going to be walking funny all day."

"And I will watch," Ilya said, smirk widening as he let out a small chuckle, "Every step. You try to tease me again and you will remember exactly why we marked last night."

Shane shivered at the promise, and he realized that he wouldn't have it any other way.

End Notes

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