

Bourbon

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Bourbon

by [goryhole](#)

Summary

Shane's expression twists; his eyes begin to well with tears beneath the blindfold. "You're perfect, Ilya. You're the best. You—you make me feel so fucking *good*."

Please.

Please don't be disappointed in me.

Ilya removes his blindfold carefully—*tenderly*. His voice is soft when he speaks again, his thumb wiping Shane's wet eyelashes. "I'm good, yes, but I am not very forgiving. You know this, right?"

Shane seeks out Ilya to help him take the edge off.

Notes



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

“Your face,” Ilya points out as he’s seated at the dining table, nursing a mug of piping hot tea, fingers splayed against warm ceramic.

Standing near the entrance to the kitchen, Shane regards Ilya carefully. Insatiability pours in through the open window—though it’s thick and suffocating, Shane doesn’t acknowledge it.

Not yet.

A ray of sunlight cuts diagonally across Ilya’s face; through Shane’s haze, he notes where modesty and delirium meet halfway, where they now begin to intersect at the sight of stunning, chiselled features that are now partially obscured by the shadows. Shane’s heart flutters when one of Ilya’s eyes glints on account of the sun sitting on the horizon.

He thinks of blue poppies growing along stream banks, blue poppies that thrive in the shade, and he swallows thickly.

Maybe Ilya won’t mind joining him right where the sun fails to reach.

Ilya slowly brings the mug to his lips and holds Shane’s gaze with ease as he takes a sip of his beverage. “You look like you’re, I don’t know, *thinking* about something.”

He knows that Shane is mulling over something that makes his head spin, that makes his mouth run dry. Can tell by the break in routine, by the furrow between his eyebrows, by the frown that tugs at his lips.

By the way, Shane averts his gaze and stares at the floor.

And Ilya prepares himself for the request that is soon to come.

Prepares himself for the lightning that will drive a wedge between darkened clouds, for the deafening crack of rolling thunder. Oh, how Ilya *longs* to stand in the rain—to feel cool droplets kissing the surface of his skin, to observe his confidence that’s seemingly long-forgotten, yet goaded by the stroke of desire that remains ever present.

Oil on canvas, vibrant pigment spreading across the medium—colours, *anticipation* dancing behind Ilya’s eyelids as he blinks, as Shane takes a step closer, and he finds himself feeling eager to chase this storm’s rapid winds.

Shane gives him a once-over. Bites his lip as if the thought alone plagues him.

Ilya leans against the back of the dining chair, beckoning him closer with a gesture of his hand. “Are you alright?”

At that, Shane bridges the gap between them and straddles Ilya’s hips, knees bracketing his waist as he settles on his lap. Ilya sucks in a harsh breath through his teeth, gaze darkening when Shane moves forward to sigh into his neck, tongue trailing along his jugular, coming to rest at his pulse point.

“I... I want a stiff drink, Ilya,” Shane exhales shakily, fingers curling into Ilya’s hair. “I want something that’s... *really* good, something on the rocks.”

Ilya takes a moment to process those words, eyes flickering to Shane’s lips. Watches the way he worries his bottom lip with his teeth. Shane lifts his arm just so, and Ilya hums at the muscles flexing beneath his palm before tentative fingers curl around his wrist to guide his hand to his lower stomach. “Something that burns all the way down until I feel it right here.”

A stiff drink on the rocks.

Fuck.

This is something that’s uniquely theirs; a departure from the norm, where Shane is honoured, uplifted, and surrenders completely, coming alive under Ilya’s guidance and control.

And Ilya has decided to remain on standby, readily available for the moment *this* starved storm moves in with darkened skies and baleful winds—evenly balanced between *demanding* Ilya for permission and *awarding* it to him.

Much like they are now. With his knees pressed against Ilya’s hips, Shane uses both hands to cup Ilya’s cheeks, gentle in his approach, a wordless plea, a subtle nudge to give him what he’s asking for.

Without much thought, Ilya pulls Shane into a kiss—open-mouthed and hungry; he inhales sharply through his nose, already drunk on the faint trace of Shane’s aftershave.

“A stiff drink, huh?” Ilya asks, humming as Shane holds his chin. “You want it today?”

When he nods in response, Ilya glances at Shane’s untouched serving of food on the other end of the dining table.

“What are you in the mood for?” Ilya asks, reaching up to trail his thumb along Shane’s flushed cheeks. “Rate it, let’s say, one out of ten.”

“A five... maybe a six?” Shane replies, his voice soft, eager fingers trailing along the nape of Ilya’s neck. With a shrug, he adds, “Nothing too crazy. I just... miss the feeling of the glass in my hand, you know?”

Ilya kisses him sweetly, smiling against his lips. “Okay. Safe word?”

“Blueberry.”

“Got it.”

Shane leans back, hands resting on Ilya’s shoulders. “When can we start?”

“Start what? Hollander,” Ilya says in warning; the sudden rough edge to his voice has a shiver crawling down Shane’s spine. Has the hair on his nape standing on end, goosebumps rising on his skin. “Last time I checked, your breakfast is on your side of the table. Sit down and eat.”

And Shane's reaction is immediate. Lidded eyes find his for a moment before he nods, storm winds now lulling to a gentle breeze.

This is it.

It's pathetic, but *god*, Shane really has been needing this. *Dying* for it, really.

He nearly groans at Ilya's directive—at the smoothness of this stiff drink when he swallows it down in a fit of desperation, shuddering at the lingering sweetness that spreads on his palate.

And Ilya is there to wipe his mouth clean, offering a pleased grin and a hushed praise when Shane eagerly walks to the end of the dining table and settles in his chair.



Much to Shane's absolute delight, the day became a rather eventful one.

As they have been down this road before—many times, at that—Shane was fully aware of what Ilya expected of him, even down to the minute details. *Rules* were set in place, rules that Shane had taken the time to memorise at his leisure until he was able to recite each one from memory.

During their scenes, Shane preferred to wear a thick silver collar with a sleek and polished finish, paired with a round silver pendant that had Ilya's name engraved in cursive font on the curved front face.

Of course, today was no different.

It's a simple addition to this routine, but honestly, being collared is something that Shane couldn't fucking live without. Shane knew to keep his head lowered as he ate his breakfast, chewing on the smoked salmon toast distractedly once Ilya had appeared behind him to lightly massage his shoulders and fasten the statement piece to Shane's neck.

The morning flowed after that.

Shane was reminded that not many things compare to that maddening sip of bourbon; to the feeling of heat that spread over coals, of warmth that settled deep in his gut when he asked Ilya for permission to leave the room, when Ilya chose his underwear and outfit for the day—

—When Ilya decided to throw him off-kilter by casually tapping into objectification play. Shane, ever-so hungry, had moaned out right when Ilya instructed him to act as a human footstool, rushing to his hands and knees as every nerve in his body screamed at him to *obey*.

Shane was rewarded for his eagerness to please, of course. Soon enough, he found himself sprawled across a warm lap as Ilya took his sweet time pushing a vibrating butt plug past his rim for a '*job well done.*'

Hours later, Ilya treated him to dinner at a lavish restaurant, and Shane missed the burn down his throat, the burn of his addicting stiff drink, the sound of the ice that tinkered against the glass. That is, until Ilya pulled him closer and whispered a directive in his ear.

“*Beyond those doors is the restroom. Go there, remove your underwear in one of the stalls, and bring it back to me,*” Ilya had said, grinning toothily, fingers slipping beneath the silver collar to tug on it as to remind him of who he is and who he belongs to. Drowned in anticipation of what was to come later, so much that Shane had both hands gripping the edge of the table, visibly coming undone by his own arousal.

But *now*?

Now is when Shane feels as if he’s in fucking *paradise*.

From the start of their scene, Ilya has been quite generous with his rewards, with his kisses, with his lingering touches, with his praises; Shane feels as if he’s being worshipped. His next reward for being so good is—

“—just one kiss, Hollander.”

Ilya watches as Shane continues to lose his damn mind, his naked body trembling now that he’s on his knees like this, vision obscured by a black blindfold that was fastened to his head. He quickly reaches a breaking point as he blindly presses a kiss to Ilya’s frenulum, his top lip catching on the head before he nuzzles his flaccid length.

At the attention, Ilya exhales above him, and his cock stirs to life, offering a single twitch near Shane's thumb as it gradually begins to harden.

God, they’ve been at this scene for well over six hours. It’s good, it’s *so* fucking good, but Shane is beginning to feel miserable. Fulfilled, yet not. Greedy. *Insatiable*, as he sometimes is. He needs more. “But, *fuck*, Ilya. It’s—it’s waking up a little, and—”

“Hollander, tell me something,” Ilya says, his voice low, shifting atop the cushion of the armchair in their bedroom. Another directive, though laced with something different, with something dangerous. A *warning*. “Am I good to you?”

Shane’s pendant suddenly feels heavy. Feels cool against his flushed skin, and he reaches up to curl his fingers around it, the pads of his fingers trailing along the smooth surface of the collar—not that he really needs reminding in the first place. “*Yes*, you’re good to me.”

Ilya reaches down to card his fingers through Shane’s hair. “And how *good* am I to you?”

Shane’s mind seems to register that he’s currently in hot water and frowns. Recalls every touch against his skin, the pair of lips pressed beneath his ear an hour prior, and he shivers violently, feeling overwhelmed. His expression twists; his eyes begin to well with tears beneath the blindfold. “You’re perfect, Ilya. You’re the best. You—you make me feel so fucking *good*.”

Please.

Please don't be disappointed in me.

Ilya removes his blindfold carefully—*tenderly*. His voice is soft when he speaks again, his thumb wiping Shane's wet eyelashes. "I'm good, yes, but I am not very forgiving. You know this, right?"

At that, Shane stiffens at his feet and hangs his head, curling his fingers around Ilya's ankles. Allows a tear slip free as he stares at his own aching cock. Still, the notes of caramel remain on his tongue, revelling in the sweet burn that sets his nerves alight.

"I said *one* kiss. That was an order. A direct one," Ilya tells him, carelessly tossing the blindfold aside. "But what did you do?"

Shane tightens his jaw and takes a deep breath, his length throbbing as he's reprimanded. "I'm sorry. I—"

"*What* did you do, Hollander?"

"F-fuck," Shane mutters, resting his head on Ilya's knee as the shame makes his stomach lurch deliciously. "I'm desperate, so I went against what you told me to do for a second. But I'm so—"

"*Yes*. You are so sorry. You didn't mean it—blah, blah, blah," Ilya says with a roll of his eyes, gripping Shane's hair to force him into holding his head high. "I know. But honestly, your apology bores me a little."

The first strike comes quick—*hard*—and Shane's body jolts, his eyes rolling back as pre-cum leaks from the tip of his cock, trickling down the shaft as his cheek stings painfully.

God, that's it.

Shane mumbles something unintelligible, fresh tears trailing toward his chin as his knees dig into the flooring beneath him. He breathes heavily, leaning forward to press a kiss to Ilya's thigh, lifting his hips to grind his cock against nothing in particular.

Ilya wastes no time slapping him again, a little harder this time, and Shane moans breathily, his hips jerking as his nails dig into Ilya's skin.

"Oh, you poor thing," Ilya croons, pulling Shane's head back enough to look at his erection that's now standing tall between his quivering thighs. "Look at that. Your cock is even harder than it was before."

Another slap.

Pleas spill from Shane's lips, trickling into the charged atmosphere. *More, more, more—please.*

Ilya laughs breathily, his composure slipping through his slotted fingers. "Your cock jumps every time I hit you."

Fuck.

Shane doesn't know what to do, doesn't know what to say to that. He can only kneel there, so unbelievably turned on that he can barely function as his erection leaks onto the floor.

Shane inhales shakily, lidded eyes finding Ilya's before he leans forward to press a kiss to the shaft of his cock, wordlessly begging for more punishment as heat pools in his groin.

"I'm curious, Hollander," Ilya starts, amusement dripping from his tone. "Do you think you can cum like this?"

Another slap.

Shane's jaw slackens as he pants harshly—his mind reeling as he loses himself to the pleasure.

"Come on," Ilya drawls, tightening his hold in Shane's hair and driving his hips forward to drag his cock against his boyfriend's tear-stained cheek. Pre-cum smears at the spot that's close to Shane's hairline, and Ilya grits his teeth, his voice thickened with arousal. "I know you can take it."

One final slap is what it takes—harsh, quick, just enough pain to have Shane doubling over in bliss, groaning brokenly as he leans back, settling on both palms as his orgasm washes over him in suffocating waves.

Shane takes a deep breath, shudders and holds Ilya's fevered gaze, though his expression is pinched. "Look down."

And when Ilya *does* look down, he takes in the gorgeous sight of cum shooting from the slit of Shane's cock, ropes of his release landing on the bridge of Ilya's foot and a few of his toes.

Holy shit.

Shane feels so fucking weak-limbed, so exhausted after a full day of submission, but it's not enough. He pulls his bottom lip between his teeth and straightens his posture, faltering when Ilya's big toe presses against the seam of his mouth.

Ilya looks at him with a sense of expectation burning in his eyes, challenging him, ocean blues darkening with ill-concealed lust. It *is* Shane's mess, after all. "Go on. Clean them."

They both understand this is an outlandish demand, but that doesn't matter—not right now. Not when they're both *barely* holding on. Not when they're *dying* to fuck each other.

Not when Ilya is desperate to feel him from the inside.

Shane holds Ilya's gaze, taking a moment to bat his eyelashes prettily as he moves backwards to give himself a bit more room to work with. With a quivering hand, he holds onto Ilya's ankle, dipping his head just enough to trail his pointed tongue between each of his toes.

This is a submission like no other; it's a desire that runs deeper than that of a bottomless well—all-consuming and utterly captivating. Shane hums in appreciation as he tastes himself, eagerly lapping along the bridge of Ilya's foot, swallowing his release with fervour.

The room falls silent for a moment as they hold eye contact, two hearts beating wildly in tandem, tender love confessions etched into the subtle press of palms against skin.

Ilya hesitantly wriggles his leg free from Shane's unforgiving grip to set his foot down. He clears his throat, beckoning him closer with a crook of his fingers. "Shane Hollander."

Well, Shane doesn't need to be told twice. That's for sure.

This is where the scene always breaks a little, where the power exchange shatters—near the end of it, where Shane finds himself nursing what's left of his stiff drink, where he leans into the notes of roasted oak, where he revels in the lingering feeling of bliss—this is when Shane is allowed to be less rigid, less obedient.

Climbing onto Ilya's lap, he has both knees pressed against the side of each armrest; he whimpers softly, and he breathes against the shell of Ilya's ear. "Yes?"

"You did well today," Ilya praises, his voice barely above a whisper. Shane's heart hammers in his chest at his approval. *I did well, I did well, I did well.* "What do you want?"

"You," Shane swallows thickly, nails digging into Ilya's shoulders as he grinds into his lap, his erection rubbing against Ilya's bare torso. The friction is just right, so fucking perfect; he steadies himself and clenches his jaw as he holds back a sob. "Ilya, I fucking *want you*. Want you more than anything, baby. Please keep going."

Ilya regards him coolly, his gaze flickering to the knot forming between Shane's eyebrows, to his spit-slicked lips.

"Wanna feel you," Shane continues, his voice breaking on the last syllable. "W-wanna taste you. Need you to fill me up. Need you to *use* me to get yourself off."

At that, Ilya smiles fondly, leaning over to reach for the lubricant from the end table nearby, handing the bottle to Shane. "Hm. Make sure I'm ready for you, sweetheart."

Shit.

Shane nods frantically, and with unsteady hands, he uncaps the bottle and pours a generous amount onto the flushed, leaking head of Ilya's cock. In a daze, he curls his fingers around the shaft, spreading the lubricant evenly—from the base to the tip.

And Ilya caves beautifully under his brief ministrations, groaning lowly in his chest as Shane strokes him lazily, dragging it out, and his eyelids flutter at the feeling of an index finger teasing his slit.

He can't fucking take it anymore.

They *both* can't.

“Edge of the bed,” Ilya manages through gritted teeth, seemingly drunk on the thoughts of *Shane, Shane, Shane*. “Go on.”

Shane scrambles off his lap and moves onto the bed, but he’s about to settle on his hands and knees before Ilya stands to his feet and lets out a sound of disapproval.

“Not like that,” Ilya tells him, walking to the closet to retrieve two leather belts and making his way back to the bed. “On your back. I want to see you.”

Oh.

Shane’s breathing becomes laboured when Ilya loops the belt around the middle of his thigh and just above his ankle, tightening it with a firm pull of his hand and securing it by feeding the end of the strap through the buckle.

Shane giggles, light and airy, when Ilya busies himself with restraining his other leg, and for a moment, Ilya feels warmth radiating—akin to rays of sunshine peeking through scattered clouds, a spectrum of hope after the storm has settled.

Ilya’s heart lurches in his chest. There’s nothing better than a love that’s full of light.

He glances at Shane’s restrained legs, at his glazed-over eyes, at his lopsided grin, springing into action once Shane gives him a subtle nod of approval. Ilya holds his breath, guiding his erection to Shane’s rim before he drives his cock inside, a moan tearing from his throat at the moist warmth that holds him close.

“Fuck!” Shane cries out, his chest burning, his vision blurring near the edges as he’s stretched open, as he’s filled beautifully. “Right fucking there. Holy shit, Ilya.”

“Feels good?” Ilya breathes, starting a brutal pace that has stars dancing behind Shane’s closed eyelids, that has him babbling nonsensically as his prostate is fucked into with each thrust. “See? This is what *good* boys get. Never forget that.”

Shane can’t speak; the only thing he can do is nod frantically and writhe against the sheets as Ilya drives his restrained legs closed to his chest, pulling his hips halfway off the bed for a better, much deeper slide.

“Feels so good,” Shane gasps, his nails digging into his thighs hard enough to break the skin. “Feels *so* good when y-you’re inside me, Ilya. I think I’m—”

Ilya rolls his hips forward, holding onto Shane’s waist hard enough to bruise as he fucks into him, pleasure settling deep in his gut. “Close?”

“Mm,” Shane whines, gasping when the head of Ilya’s cock brushes against his prostate. He shakes his head and curls his fingers around his erection to dull the ache, stroking himself in time with Ilya’s thrusts—movements sloppy and uncoordinated as he struggles to breathe. “*Close.*”

Ilya hooks his fingers beneath the leather belt, mindlessly mumbling praises about how fucking *good* Shane feels, how he was made for his cock, how much he loves him, how good

it feels to fuck him, how he'll *always* be his, no matter what—

—and Shane hags onto every word, saliva trickling to his chin as he takes all that Ilya offers him, clenching around his girth with every torturous drive of Ilya's hips.

Soon enough, Shane barely manages to utter a warning before his back arches off the bed, cum spilling over the back of his hand, Ilya's name pouring from his lips in a solemn prayer.

And Ilya follows closely behind.

He hangs his head, exhaling shakily—his hips stuttering as he dissolves into the pleasure, the sheer force behind his orgasm nearly bringing him to his knees. He holds Shane in place, going still entirely as his cock pulses against smooth walls, filling him to the brim with his release.

Ilya slowly bends down, holding Shane's gaze as he licks Shane's cum that had landed on the plane of his stomach. "Mine."

Shane laughs and rests his hand on the crown of Ilya's head. "Yours."

End Notes

"i want a stiff drink" or any variant of this is shanes way of telling ilya he wants dom / sub sex .

[horny hollanov edit \(good for them\)](#)

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