at his mercy

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at his mercy

by bleepbloopbee

Summary

"You ever been tied up?" Ilya asks.
Shane shakes his head.
"Do you trust me?"
"Of course." Shane responds without hesitation.
"Good." Ilya smirks. He sets the ties down, then tucks his fingers under the hem of Shane's shirt. Instinctually, he raises his arms and lets Ilya pull it off him. Ilya tosses it somewhere on the floor, and picks one of the ties back up.
"Will you be a good boy for me?"
Shane nods.

Even though coming out to Shane's parents went about as smooth as it could've, Shane still feels keyed up after they get home. Ilya takes him out of his head.

Notes

I watched all of Heated Rivalry last night and this is what happens. I wrote this in 2 hours, so I hope y'all enjoy!!!! bc I sure as fuck did!!!!!
this is also unedited, so if there's a mistake please tell me :)

See the end of the work for more notes

All things considered, telling his parents went well. They were absolutely shocked. Not only that he was gay, but in love with Ilya Rozanov, of all people. But it went well. After getting over that hurdle, it went well. They're coming over to the cottage for dinner in a few days.

Despite that though, Shane still feels a buzzing under his skin. A tightness in his stomach.

Ilya knows him well enough by now to catch it on the drive home.

"You nervous, still?" He asks, eyebrows furrowing.

Shane shrugs weakly. "Yeah, I guess."

Ilya hums. "I like them."

That makes it better. Shane smiles a little. He knows Ilya won't lie. He's much too blunt and isn't afraid to share his opinion. If he has something to say, he won't hold back.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. They are nice."

"Nice?" That's not a word he imagines Ilya using.

Ilya snorts. "Yes, *nice*. I see you in both of them. Nice. *Boring*."

"Hey! They aren't boring–" Shane starts, but when he takes his eyes off the road to look over, he sees Ilya smirking. "Oh fuck off."

Ilya laughs brightly. He brings their clasped hands up to his lips, pressing a kiss to Shane's knuckles.

"Do not plan on it," Ilya murmurs into the skin. It's a promise, Shane knows.

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"You are still… wound up," Ilya says, far later. After dinner.

Shane shrugs once again. He can't help it, really. Whenever the anxiety swells, it stays for hours. If not days. He feels fried, drained, buzzing, itchy. It's hard to pull himself out of it.

Ilya hums at his nonverbal response, leaning over to run his fingers through Shane's hair. They're on the couch, watching the sunset over the lake through the large picture windows. Shane expects Ilya to draw him in, hold him close, but instead Ilya stands suddenly.

"Come, I have idea." He says, holding his hand out.

Shane can't not take it.

Ilya pulls him up and leads him down the hall to the bedroom.

"Sit," he says, tilting his head towards the bed.

Shane isn't all that surprised his idea takes place in the bedroom. Not that he's complaining, no. Ilya is… *god*, he is… incredible. Shane has never felt so good. So he sits at the foot of the bed, watching as Ilya crosses the room to the dresser.

"Further up," Ilya says.

Shane complies, scooting back to the center of the bed. He keeps his knees parted, watching as Ilya starts to pull open drawers.

"What are you…" he trails off.

Ilya seems to find what he's looking for, making a small triumphant noise. He turns, holding up two of Shane's ties. He comes back to the bed, putting one knee on the bed at a time before crawling up to the space Shane has left him between his legs.

"You ever been tied up?" Ilya asks.

Shane shakes his head.

"Do you trust me?"

"Of course." Shane responds without hesitation.

"Good." Ilya smirks. He sets the ties down, then tucks his fingers under the hem of Shane's shirt. Instinctually, he raises his arms and lets Ilya pull it off him. Ilya tosses it somewhere on the floor, and picks one of the ties back up.

"Will you be a good boy for me?"

Shane nods.

The last thing he sees is Ilya's heated gaze. Ilya brings up one of the ties, drawing the silk over his eyes before tying it off behind his head. Shane exhales shakily as his vision is cut off. He's never done something like this. He knows about BDSM, he's not completely innocent. He just… never pictured himself doing it. Never imagined letting someone, letting Ilya, tie him up. Because that's obviously what the second tie is for.

There's a sudden press to his chest, and Shane is pushed down onto the bed. He inhales sharply. The touch is gone as soon as it started. The bed shifts underneath him, and he can hear Ilya's breathing. The soft rustle of him moving, maybe taking his shirt off. Shane has no clue, and a sharp zing of heat hits him right in the core.

Light fingers dance across his stomach. The muscles clench up instinctually.

Ilya murmurs something in Russian. His tone is so soft, so gentle, that Shane thinks, hopes, it's a petname. He loves when Ilya calls him something sweet.

The fingers move up, soft over the hills and valleys of Shane's torso. Up over his collarbones. A slight pause at the recently healed one. Then up his arms, fingers wrapping around his wrists and drawing them up above his head.

"Stay," Ilya says, squeezing once. Shane nods, just a little, and Ilya pulls back. There's another rustle, then the second tie is curling around his wrists. Shane can't follow the movement, exactly, it just loops and loops and twists and Ilya is tying a knot. Shane tests it, experimentally, tugging against its confines. His wrists barely move.

"Good?" Ilya checks.

"Fuck, yeah," Shane replies, far breathier than he wants.

Ilya catches it, chuckling lowly. "I have barely touched you."

"Ilya…" Shane says, bordering on a whine.

Hands curl around his forearms, and lips press against his own. It's heavy in seconds. It feels like Ilya is *devouring* him. Like that first kiss all those years ago, but fucking *better*. The same intensity, but no more awkward, unknowing fumbling. Now, Ilya knows how to fucking kiss, and knows how to fucking kiss Shane. He knows how to tilt his head and where to nip to get him moaning.

Shane does, loudly, into Ilya's mouth. Arches his back, pressing as much as he can up into Ilya.

"My good boy," Ilya murmurs.

"Please, fuck–" Shane whines. He doesn't even know what he's asking for. Just *more*.

Ilya presses a trail of kisses downwards. His jaw, down the side of his neck, over his chest, tongue trailing through the lines of his abs. Shane arches up into it, letting out a low moan. The hands follow, stilling at his pecs to pluck at his nipples. The sharp jolt of pain makes Shane moan again, louder.

"A-Again–" he finds himself asking.

Ilya hums. Pinches again. Harder.

"Fuck!"

It feels incredible. Sharp and biting, cutting right to the core. Shane feels himself throb in his sweats. He moans when lips press against one of his nipples. Licking a broad stripe over it before teeth close around the hardened bud. He writhes under the touch, which alternates between flat licks and pointed bites.

It hurts so *good*.

The sensation feels amplified without his sight. He doesn't know what's coming next, what Ilya is thinking, and the anticipation already has heat coiling in his core.

"Fuck, oh my god, I'm gonna…" Shane moans. His fingers curl against the sheets, trying to grip with his limited range of motion.

Ilya pulls back at the warning.

"One day, I will make you cum like that." He says, another promise.

His hands move down then, pulling down Shane's sweats with little fanfare. He doesn't have anything on underneath, so as the waistband moves over his cock, it bounces up to rest against his stomach with a soft sound. Shane tries his best to help, letting Ilya move his legs one at a time.

The bed creaks again as Ilya moves. There's more rustling, what sounds like fabric hitting the floor. Then, a crinkle and the telltale rip of a condom being torn off the strip.

They've long since stopped tucking the lube and condoms back in the drawer, just letting them sit there from how frequently they get used.

"Please–" Shane says suddenly. "Don't…"

"Don't?" Ilya repeats.

"It-it's just us, right? Me and you?" He says, voice wavering. "I want to feel you. L-Like that."

"Like that," Ilya repeats again, less of a question and more of a statement. The bed creaks, and Shane can feel Ilya's body over his. Without his eyesight. He just *knows*. Like he's always known. He can feel Ilya's gaze just about anywhere. From across the ice or a crowded room. It's like a sixth sense, always tying him to Ilya.

"Yeah," he whispers.

"Mmm…" Ilya hums. He must lean closer, Shane can feel the warmth of his breath over his lips. "Like that. Raw, yes?"

"Y-Yeah."

"Want me to cum inside you? Fuck it into you?" Ilya says, accent wrapping around the words in the most delightfully vulgar way.

"Fuck, Ilya, please!" Shane begs. "Please."

"Of course, beautiful boy," Ilya murmurs. Hands slide under the crooks of Shane's knees, drawing his feet up flat onto the bed. One hand stays, keeping Shane's knees spread wide, while the other disappears. An unmistakable click of a cap, then a soft wet sound of lube being pushed out.

Shane grips the sheets in anticipation.

That first time Ilya had pressed his fingers inside, it felt like Shane's brain chemistry was being rewritten. It felt fucking *right*. To have himself split open like that, and having Ilya's warm, wide, calloused fingers doing it. It had been intimidating at the time, making him feel the most vulnerable he's ever been.

He still feels that way. That vulnerability, which only Ilya has ever seen. But he trusts Ilya, so unbelievably deeply, and trusts him to take care of him.

Two wet fingers rub against his hole, a slow, firm circle. Shane exhales a moan, tilting his hips up and back for Ilya.

"Shit…" Shane curses under his breath.

Ilya hums, presses harder against his hole. It takes a second, then the resistance eases and one finger sinks in. Ilya presses in fully, his knuckles brushing against Shane's skin.

"Good?" Ilya asks, sounding smug. He does this, asking a question he already knows the answer to because he likes hearing Shane's noises.

"Yeah, fuck." Shane moans, his head falling back against the bed. His eyes clench shut under the makeshift blindfold. Ilya twists his finger just right, the pad grinding against his prostate as he pulls back. It draws another moan, louder than the previous, out of Shane.

Shane's hips rock with Ilya's thrusting finger, a steady stream of noises slipping from Shane's lips. Ilya pulls back eventually, making Shane whine before two fingers are pressed back inside. The rhythm quickens, and Shane feels his thighs begin to quiver.

Each thrust of Ilya's fingers feels like an electric shock. Ilya's other hand has moved away as Shane let his legs fall open, so the press of his fingers is the only sensation. It's dizzying. He wants to clutch at Ilya's shoulders, drag his fingers through his hair and yank him down into a kiss. But his wrists are tied above his head, keeping him spread out for Ilya and at his mercy.

"Please, Ilya," he begs, chest heaving.

"Please…?" Ilya trails off, baiting Shane into begging further.

"Please! Fuck me, Ilya, please, I'm ready!"

The fingers withdraw. Shane whines at the sudden emptiness. The lube cap clicks again, and there's the quick wet slide of Ilya presumably spreading it across his cock. Shane shivers in anticipation.

Ilya's hand is back, under Shane's thigh to press his hips up, spine curling and almost bending him in half. Shane moans at that touch alone, at Ilya moving him how he wants.

The thick head of his cock lines up with Shane's hole, and presses in without hesitation.

Shane moans sharply, high pitched and echoing off the windows back to them. Ilya groans, sinking into Shane's wet heat for the first time without something between them. Shane doesn't think he can go back, and is sure Ilya feels the same.

Ilya curses in Russian as his hips meet Shane's. Shane only knows because Ilya taught him the "the important swears".

"You feel so good, oh my fucking god," Shane replies, wrists writhing against their bindings.

Ilya moans in agreement, drawing his hips back halfway before thrusting back in. His other hand wraps around Shane's calf, drawing it up to rest against Ilya's shoulder. A kiss, so light for the moment, is pressed to the side of his leg.

"My love," is all Ilya says before he sets a deep, grinding rhythm. He pulls back slow, then presses forward sharply. A little grind, his cock against Shane's prostate, before drawing back and repeating.

Shane feels like a puddle. Each thrust rocks through him, drawing out little *uh uh uh* noises, mixed with Ilya's groans, the creaking of the bed, and the wet *plap plap plap* of their skin meeting.

"Fuck, Ilya– I'm gonna– it feels so good–!" Shane chokes out between moans.

Ilya leans in. The stretch of his lower back burns, but Shane doesn't want him to stop. Their lips meet messily, barely pressing together before parting to breathe into each other's mouth. Shane whimpers, drawing his bound hands up to tuck them over Ilya's head. The bindings keep Ilya close, his weight on top of Shane.

"I love you," Ilya murmurs into their shared air.

"I love you so much," Shane's voice warbles.

He feels tears welling up, completely overwhelmed by it all. By the stretch, the pleasure, the *closeness*. He can feel Ilya *everywhere*. They're nearly pressed together, trapping Shane's cock between their stomachs. That grind is what pushes him over the edge with a sharp, ringing moan.

"*Fuck!*" He cries out, shaking apart.

"Yes, cum for me Shane, show me how good you feel," Ilya coaxes. "So beautiful, my good boy."

Shane sobs, cumming hard between their stomachs.

He tightens up around Ilya's cock, making his love moan.

"Come on," Shane says. "Please Ilya, inside–"

"Yes, yes yes yes." Ilya nods, his rhythm faltering and thrusts shortening so he can grind into Shane's lax, overwhelmed body. "Fuck, Shane–!"

He cuts himself off, groaning as he reaches his peak. He presses in fully, as deep as he can, as he finishes. Shane whines, feeling Ilya's cock twitch inside him. And *god,* he can feel the warmth. He can feel the slickness. He can fucking *feel* Ilya.

They pant into the small space between them as they come down. Ilya recovers first, bringing one hand up to push the blindfold up and off.

Shane blinks slowly. The sun has long since set, leaving the room in a soft, blue moonlit glow. It catches in Ilya's sweat-slick curls,

"Better?" Ilya asks, barely audible. His gaze is intense, looking deep into Shane's eyes. There's only a few inches in between them, close enough for Shane to feel like he's about to go cross-eyed.

But he still smiles, chest heaving against Ilya's own.

"Incredible," he pants.

Ilya grins, leaning down to capture him in a kiss.

"I love you," Ilya says against his lips.

"Love you too," Shane replies, smiling so wide it hurts.

End Notes

like I said in the tags, there is no way that Shane is anything but a soft, whiny lil sub. And Ilya *loves* it.

If you aren't familiar with me, hi I'm Bailey, and I'm *obsessed* with hockey. I wrote an au for the steddie fandom, and I also talk about the Blackhawks on my bluesky. I love regular hockey and now I love gay hockey. I'll probably write more soon :)

thanks for enjoying!! <3<3

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