

total control

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77796241) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77796241>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Game Changers Heated Rivalry - All Media Types
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Fluff , Smut , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Sub Shane Hollander , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , Bondage , Rope Bondage , BDSM , Dom/sub , Spanking , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Spit as Lube , ilya eats shane's ass , Rimming , Shane Hollander in Subspace , Dirty Talk , Sexual Overstimulation , Begging , shane is very whiny , Dacryphilia , Freak4Freak Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Aftercare , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Praise Kink , Good Boy Shane Hollander , Established Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-17 Words: 6,929 Chapters: 1/1

total control

by [parrylarry](#)

Summary

“I can see your boner from here, you’re not hiding anything from me,” Shane huffed. “So... Now what?”

“Now-,” Suddenly, the room spun as Ilya flipped Shane onto his stomach, which caused his back to arch at a drastic angle due to his legs being tied in such a way. He was on his knees with his cheek pressed into the pillows, and Shane let out a cross between a moan and a *squeak* of surprise when Ilya man-handled him, feeling his hands spreading his cheeks more than they already were given his extremely compromising position. “We enjoy ourselves. Or, *I* enjoy myself, and you lay there and take it like the good little slut I know you are.”

**

OR: Ilya brings up the idea of bondage in the bedroom, and they both end up enjoying it *much* more than they initially imagined.

Notes

when i said i wasn't sure if i was going to write more for this fandom and then i crank out almost 7k worth of pure smut... yeah okay 🙄 i may be a lesbian but i'm a fujoshi at heart and i'm riding the hollanov inspiration wave for as far as it'll take me.

i felt it was only fair since i wrote a sub ilya fic last time, i should give shane a turn in subspace. hope you enjoy the filth! really glad this turned out to be my 50th fic of all time on ao3 lmao.

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

When Ilya said he wanted to try something *new* in the bedroom, Shane just assumed he was referring to another position. He was no stranger to Ilya flipping him in all sorts of exotic poses, and he was more than flexible enough to accommodate, even if he sometimes didn't understand exactly why Ilya was so obsessed with twisting him up like a pretzel in positions Shane had never heard of before in his life.

But when Ilya presented him with a coil of rope and said he wanted to *tie Shane up*, Shane's cheeks had flared the same ruby red hue as the rope, and he'd actually laughed a bit as though Ilya was playing some sort of joke.

"No jokes," Ilya said, climbing up onto the bed and squeezing himself into the space between Shane's thighs, where Shane had been innocently reading something on his phone, his glasses on to help him with the tiny text. Ilya took his face in his hand, tipping up his chin in that way that made Shane momentarily lose his breath and consciousness, his lips ghosting over Shane's throat.

"I want to tie you up and have my way with you. I want to take *total* control of you. This color would look so good against your skin, no?" He held the rope up to the skin of Shane's bare thigh peeking out from his shorts, and Shane stared, blinking a few times before the world came back into proper focus and he'd gotten his breath back, only barely.

"I... So, what, are we getting into '50 Shades of Grey' territory now?" Shane had forced Ilya to watch that film with him once when they were bored, and he wondered now if Ilya had gotten some *ideas* from it. As terrible of a movie as it was, Shane had noticed the way Ilya kept glancing at him, teasing him with shit-eating grins while his strong hands massaged Shane's legs in his lap.

Does this turn you on, Hollander? I wonder if you are imagining me spanking you like that.

I'm not, fuck off. All of that is way too weird for me. Shane had said in response. He'd lied, and he knew that Ilya knew it was a lie given the way Shane squirmed and worked so hard to avoid the question and any amount of eye contact, but they hadn't broached the subject of bondage and BDSM much after that.

Not until tonight, when Ilya was kissing his neck and openly declaring he wanted to tie Shane up, blindsiding him with this concept of introducing such new levels of kink into their bedroom play.

“No, no, I will not be like that Christian Grey asshole. I will be *much* sweeter, I promise. You don’t trust that I’ll be good to you?” He grinned a little as he added with a tilt of his head, “As if I am not already?”

Shane swallowed thickly, trying to suppress a whine bubbling up in the back of his throat. He hated how easily Ilya could break him down just by fluttering his lashes and pressing hot, open mouth kisses to that sensitive little spot behind his ear. “Of course I trust you, I just... Do you even know anything about using ropes on someone?”

Ilya smirked like he’d already considered all the questions Shane would ask, and he rested his hand against Shane’s chest, applying light pressure as he splayed out his palm, a gentle sign that he *had* Shane, grounding him before his questions turned into spiraling doubt. “I will practice, just for you. You will be in good hands, Shane, I promise.” When he said Shane’s first name, Shane knew he was absolutely serious, and the look in his eyes when Ilya pulled away from his neck was so sincere he could melt. What else was left to say other than he’d try it out, if only just once?

Shane squirmed under Ilya’s hot stare, though he still submitted to it all the same as he nodded and made a pitiful attempt at trying to push Ilya away a few inches. Ilya only drew in closer, and Shane felt his smile against his cheek when Ilya kissed him there. “Fine, but I’m putting a stop to it right away if I find out that I don’t like it.”

Ilya shrugged as though that was obvious, because of *course* Ilya wasn’t the type to pressure him into going along with something he disliked, in the bedroom or otherwise. Trying to drag Shane out of his comfort zone was one thing, forcing something onto him was another and an absolute no-go and Shane trusted Ilya never to do that.

Ilya rolled over off of Shane finally, taking up his place beside him in the bed they shared, a fact Shane couldn’t stop reminding himself since it never failed to make him feel warm and tingly inside. *Their bed, in their shared penthouse apartment*, all to themselves where they could do whatever and be whoever they wanted. “You can come up with a safe word.” Ilya said, perhaps a bit cocky and overly confident in himself as he reached out to pat Shane on the leg, his fingers kneading into the meaty flesh of his thigh.

Shane sighed and removed his reading glasses for the night before shutting off his nightstand lamp. His mental homework had just become *come up with a safe word*, and to try to settle the anxiety that naturally welled up within him whenever he was faced with the unknown. Although, he trusted Ilya's word that he would do his best to make it a *good experience*, his stomach inevitably flipped in his gut from the *excitement* that came along with the anxiety.

He took the coil of rope from Ilya that had been presented to him and felt the strands in his fingertips, quiet for a long while as he simply got himself used to the sensation of it, the soft cotton fibers that would soon be wrapped tight around him in whatever manner Ilya had planned.

When their planned day for adventuring into the world of bondage and kink had finally arrived, Shane announced to Ilya that the safe word he'd come up with was "hockey." Ilya raised his eyebrow and snorted with a laugh, a sound that put Shane on the defensive, mostly because he was embarrassed and wondered if he'd done something wrong.

"What? It's simple, it's easy to remember, it's distinct..." *All the things he'd learned made a good safe word when he'd researched it.*

Ilya shook his head, regarding Shane for a long time, his stare making Shane just want to go ahead and throw his shirt back on as he was currently sitting there on the bed in nothing but a pair of briefs that clung tight to his waist. He'd been too nervous to get *totally* naked just yet, even if Ilya had seen him and every nude crevice of his body countless times already.

Ilya climbed up onto the bed alongside him, his shirt also missing, an unmistakable bulge already visible in his shorts. Was he really that horny before he'd even so much as touched Shane, was he really *that* excited to tie him up? "Is nothing, just... It is *boring*, though I expected that, coming from you."

Shane scrunched his face, turning his head away from Ilya as he huffed and tried to ignore Ilya's hand wandering over one of his bare thighs. If there was anything Ilya seemed to be obsessed with more than the obvious suspects like his ass and his dick, it was his *thighs*. "Fuck you... At first I was gonna go with 'puck,' but then I thought it was too similar to 'fuck' and it might get confused if someone starts cursing..."

Ilya took his face in his hand, turning Shane's head back to him, forcing his brown eyes to meet him and delivering a snappy kiss to his pouty lips. That hand slid down his neck, and Shane was sure he could feel every tense muscle as he made his way down Shane's collarbone and sternum. "*Relax*, I am just teasing you. Always taking yourself so seriously. I *like* boring, remember? And you trying this out with me tonight, this is the *furthest thing* from boring. Plus, I appreciate how much you thought this through. Means you care."

He laughed a little as he gripped Shane's shoulder, rocking him lightly like he was trying to get him pumped up, to share his excitable energy. Shane had to admit, he loved to see the way Ilya's eyes were sparkling. He wondered how long Ilya had been keeping these desires, holding them close to his chest before finally admitting them out loud. It was honestly sweet in a way, to see him so giddy over something, even if that something was experimenting with a new way to fuck Shane. "This is the most exciting Shane Hollander has ever been. Mm, except for maybe that one time I sucked your dick in the hotel elevator."

Shane's face flushed as *that* particular memory rushed to him faster than a speeding train, like a slap in the face of his dignity. They'd been drunk, escaping early from some party, and he didn't remember it well, either because of the alcohol or because his psyche refused to let him properly relive it. But Ilya *insisted* Shane had leaned against him and *whined*-not asked, he specifically said Shane *whined*-and pleaded for Ilya to suck him off, and that he couldn't wait until the elevator reached their hotel room floor to do it.

So, Ilya had manually stopped the elevator with an emergency button, dropped to his knees right there on the elevator tiles and deep-throated him like the dutiful boyfriend he was. By the time they pushed another button to get the elevator moving again, they'd had to make up some story about how they'd been stuck, because the hotel had called the fire department thinking they were genuinely stuck and needed to be freed. Ilya had said he had no idea how no one noticed how disheveled they'd both looked, or that he'd still had a little of Shane's cum and his own saliva clinging to his lip.

Honestly, Shane *wished* he fully remembered all those fuzzy details, because it sounded incredibly hot from the way Ilya had described it. Maybe he'd have to do it again sometime, but he'd have to be a little less drunk and maybe also a little less sane.

Ilya kissed him to drag him out of the hazy memory and back into the present, and Shane was acutely aware of his fingers digging into the waistband of his briefs. "May I?" He asked, with the politeness of a gentleman and the grin of an absolute scoundrel as he palmed Shane between his legs through the fabric of his underwear, causing Shane's hips to buck

involuntarily from the light stimulation. Shane just nodded, but Ilya shook his head. “I will be needing *words* from here on out, Shane.”

“Yes, take them off already.” Shane gritted his teeth, mildly annoyed at the fact that Ilya was seeming to thoroughly enjoy his part of being a dom, and the fact that he was so *good* at it. The annoyed attitude melted away quickly though once Ilya pulled his underwear off, leaving him exposed on the bed, his lips finding the sensitive expanse of his lower stomach and leaving a kiss there before he came back up to kiss his lips, leaving Shane desperately wishing that hot mouth had touched him where he wanted it most.

The rope Ilya had purchased for this very night was on the bed with them, and he picked it up as he moved to sit behind Shane, a position Shane didn’t particularly like as he didn’t like not being able to see what Ilya was going to do next. “*Relax*. I need you to not be so *tense* if I am going to do this right.” He said, his lips closer to Shane’s ear than Shane realized, and Shane nodded, letting out a shaky exhale as he let his shoulders slump, trying to will the tension out of his muscles.

Really, what was he so nervous about anyway? He trusted Ilya, he *trusted Ilya*, and he kept repeating that to himself over and over again as Ilya wrapped the rope around his torso and began the process of tying him up.

Every so often, Ilya would tug the rope, testing the restriction and asking if it was too tight, to which Shane would either nod or shake his head before he realized he was meant to give verbal responses. That was a feat that was becoming weirdly difficult the longer the process went on, especially when Ilya got to pulling his arms behind his back and intricately trussing them up with the rope. His tongue was starting to feel heavy in his mouth, his speech slurred and delayed almost like he was drunk, his head fuzzy and spacey in a way that was difficult to describe but not something he hated at all.

He felt *floaty*, helpless once he realized he couldn’t escape Ilya’s bonds, and he *liked it*. The lack of control was thrilling, *arousing*, and he almost felt like a part of him was asleep somewhere else, far away and distant and curled up somewhere warm.

“Still with me?” Ilya asked when Shane’s torso was finally finished. Shane hummed softly, lashes fluttering, and Ilya seemed to forgive his lack of proper words for once, just smiling as he admired his handiwork, running his hands up and down Shane’s body and pulling lightly at the ropes. His arms were tied behind his back from the upper arm to his wrists, and another

portion of the ropes crisscrossed over his chest, under and over his pecs to accentuate them, making them stick out. He knew Ilya was probably pretty pleased with that effect, given how often he liked to fondle Shane as though he had a woman's pair of breasts. Ilya liked to refer to them as *tits* more often than not.

Ilya groped his chest with a greedy hand as he kissed Shane's lips in a passionate, heady kiss, and Shane moaned softly, eyes fully closed as he took in the sensations of Ilya's warmth pressed into him and the way the ropes lightly dug into his skin with each breath he took, his chest rising before falling again. "*Beautiful*," Ilya murmured, his voice barely above a whisper, and Shane grinned a sloppy grin as he opened his eyes again to take in Ilya's awestruck stare. "You are okay?"

"Yeah, it feels... Good. Nice and... *Secure*." Shane responded after taking a minute to assess his state of being. Ilya had more rope to use on his legs, and after Shane gave permission, Ilya helped him into the position he wanted him in, bending Shane's legs in at the knees and binding his legs from thigh to shin, sitting him in a frog-like pose.

"Where'd you come up with these positions?" Shane asked with a tilt of his head, and Ilya glanced up at him in between the deft work of his hands that Shane was quite enjoying admiring as they took their sweet time in figuring out the puzzle of tying Shane up, feeling up his soft skin and inner thighs in the process which Shane knew was to deliberately tease him. The hardening erection between Shane's spread-open legs was obvious, a beacon of Shane's enjoyment of the process.

"Internet. *A lot* of YouTube tutorials. My search history is really something." Ilya said, and as he finished Shane's right leg after trussing up the left, he grinned as he teased Shane by lightly tickling the underside of his bare foot, causing Shane to thrash and squirm to no avail, as Ilya's knots held up astonishingly well. "You have no idea how fucking excited I am right now."

But Shane honestly *did* have somewhat of an idea, given how rock-hard Ilya seemed to be now, his dick print prominent in his shorts. Shane wished he could touch him, tease him as payback for the tickling, but he was totally vulnerable, and his heart was hammering in tune with the butterflies fluttering in his gut.

"I can see your boner from here, you're not hiding anything from me," Shane huffed. His voice *warbled* outside of his control, because the way Ilya was looking at him, like he was a

lion about to tear into him as his evening feast, was doing things to him that made him feel like he was catching a high fever and that his body was going to collapse into a steaming hot puddle on the sheets. “So... Now what?”

“Now-,” Suddenly, the room spun as Ilya flipped Shane onto his stomach, which caused his back to arch at a drastic angle due to his legs being tied in such a way. He was on his knees with his cheek pressed into the pillows, and Shane let out a cross between a moan and a *squeak* of surprise when Ilya man-handled him, feeling his hands spreading his cheeks more than they already were given his extremely compromising position. “We enjoy ourselves. Or, *I* enjoy myself, and you lay there and take it like the good little slut I know you are.” He said that as though Shane wasn't *very obviously* enjoying himself, his cock hard and throbbing between his legs. Without warning, Ilya gave a harsh spank to Shane's ass, not enough to hurt but enough to create a loud sound more than anything. Shane's body jolted forward, letting out a strangled cry of shock.

“This is okay? You will tell me if it hurts?” Ilya asked, voice edged with concern that maybe he'd gone a bit too far and got carried away with his dominating persona. His hand rubbed the spot he'd just slapped after having just given a taste of what Shane would potentially be in for.

“Mm, uh, *yeah*, y-you can do it a little harder if you want.” Shane couldn't hide the fact that Ilya slapping him around was immensely arousing, especially when he knew that deep inside, Ilya was at the same time so soft and sweet, and would care for him the entire time he was being rough.

Ilya's laugh was deep, his voice cutting straight through Shane, the sound making his cock twitch as it hung heavy and leaking between his thighs as Ilya ran his calloused hands over the globe of his ass, lips caressing the dimples of his lower back that he always told Shane he loved so much. His hot breath ghosted over Shane's skin, then over his quivering *hole*. Suddenly, there came the sound of Ilya *spitting*, and Shane felt the wet glob of his saliva slapping onto his hole, followed by Ilya's thumb rubbing it in, teasingly pressing just the slightest bit into Shane while Shane writhed and groaned. “Mm, you really are so pretty all over, *especially* back here. Love this tight little hole that I'm going to spread open and fuck for as long as I want.”

“Ilya, *fuck...*” Shane breathed when he felt the unmistakable sensation of Ilya's hot, wet *tongue* pressing against his hole. His hands tugged at his restraints, wrists twisting in the ropes that held fast, but it wasn't like he wanted to be freed; he was just so overwhelmed with the pleasing feeling of Ilya eating him out that he felt like he was short-circuiting, his face so

hot with a blush he thought steam might shoot out of his ears. It all felt like it was bordering on far, far too much when Ilya grabbed his cock and began to jerk him off from behind, slow, calculated strokes that had Shane trying to fuck into his hand but utterly failing to do so, and his hand was removed as quickly as it came.

“You’d love that, wouldn’t you? To be kept like this forever, my little whore who gives his ass up to me whenever I ask for it. Though I don’t even think you’d *want* me to ask, you’d love it if I just *took* whatever I want. I know you so well like that, don’t I?” Ilya spoke against Shane’s ass, lips pressing wet kisses to the expanse of stretch marks of which Ilya was so fond, often referring to Shane as his *tiger*.

Shane whimpered, writhing underneath Ilya, though Ilya didn’t seem content to just hear sounds, he wanted Shane to *respond*. He sunk his teeth into the flesh of Shane’s ass, practically growling as he said, “Answer me.”

“Y-Yeah, I’d fucking love that, *yes...*” Any embarrassment Shane might have felt in admitting that was mitigated by the way Ilya’s words stoked the flames of his arousal until it felt like there was a blazing wildfire breaking out inside of him. In moments like these, virtually anything Ilya said would have been enough to turn Shane on, and the mental image of Ilya using him whenever and however he pleased, with Shane just being thrown down, bent over and taking it, was making him feel like he was going to cum before Ilya even fucked him. *Was it possible to have an orgasm over thoughts and fantasies alone?*

Ilya gave another spank to Shane’s ass, the crack of his palm against Shane’s flesh loud and harsh, and Shane was glad they were actually somewhere private and not in a random hotel room doing this. He’d be mortified to even imagine people might be hearing him getting spanked by Ilya Rozanov just one room over through the walls.

“Always such a good boy for me. *So good.*” Ilya was suddenly draped over him, his body flush against Shane’s. Shane could feel Ilya’s hardened musculature with his bound hands that wriggled in frustration that he wasn’t allowed to properly touch Ilya. One of his favorite things was getting to run his hands down Ilya’s chest, to feel the soft down of his body hair, the warmth of his skin that was like a human furnace when they cuddled at night. It was *torturous* that Shane was being denied such intimacy being as bound and helpless as he was.

A little whine escaped him when he felt Ilya’s lips on his ear, nipping at the shell of it, sucking it into his mouth as he knew Shane had extremely sensitive ears and he loved to take

full advantage whenever he could. “I cannot believe we didn’t try this sooner. Fuck, just look at you... If only you could see what I see right now.”

He soon returned to admiring Shane’s ass, where he was suddenly doing a bit more than just admiring as Shane heard Ilya rummaging around for something in a nearby drawer, then the click of their treasured lubricant bottle being flicked open by his thumb. Then, he felt the cool slickness of lube being poured into his eagerly waiting hole, the substance dripping down the back of his thighs until Ilya massaged it into his skin as he worked his hands from his thighs up to Shane’s ass.

When Shane felt his finger pushing inside, his cock jumped between his legs, precum leaking pathetically onto the bed sheets beneath them as Ilya began the process of preparing him. There’d been moments where Shane had been so unbelievably pent up that he’d actually ended up cumming *just* from Ilya’s fingers, before he could even get his cock inside, something which had made Ilya beam with pride over his apparent fingering prowess. Shane felt as though this might in fact be one of those moments, as the rising tide of pleasure was threatening to wash over him and drown him completely, and he was powerless to stop it.

“Ilya, just fuck me already, I can’t... I don’t want to, not without you inside...” His voice hardly even sounded like his own, so high-pitched and needy. If it was any other circumstance, if he hadn’t been tied up and totally at Ilya’s every whim and mercy, he’d probably have just utilized his strength and rolled Ilya over and rode him until they both saw stars. But here, in this position, he needed to beg Ilya for *everything*, something Ilya seemed to enjoy immensely.

“I *am* fucking you?” He feigned ignorance as he pushed his fingers in past the knuckle, agonizingly slow as they brushed against his prostate, and Shane pitifully trembled, writhing in the ropes, legs in danger of cramping from how hard he was trying to unbend them but failing to do so given how they were so tightly restrained. He didn’t understand why, but he was becoming so welled up with emotion, the frustration making him want to bite the pillow upon which his head rested and *scream*.

“You *know* your fingers aren’t what I *really* want, fucker.” His voice was almost a growl, though it shook and cracked a bit at the end.

Ilya, ever perceptive of Shane when he was about to reach his breaking point, pulled out his fingers then, while his other hand reached up to massage the nape of Shane’s neck, releasing

the tension within Shane almost instantaneously just from a simple, tender touch. “Poor thing wants my dick so badly he’s close to tears.” Ilya said, and as he spoke Shane felt him rise up on the bed, and all at once he rolled Shane over onto his back, where Ilya could see his misty eyes and the glower on his expression and the reddened hue of his very angry, very desperate cock.

Shane locked eyes with Ilya’s own crotch, his bulge that threatened to poke a hole in his underwear from how hard he was. Ilya *finally* exposed himself to Shane as he watched Ilya remove his briefs and toss them off in a crumpled mess to the floor. Sometimes Shane still couldn’t believe it even now, how Ilya was so obsessed with him that he was able to become so horny over just watching him succumb to pleasure underneath him.

“Oh, my beautiful, sweet, *cock-slut* Shane Hollander.” He took Shane by the chin, tipping up his face, forcing him to meet his eyes that were hungry and burning with hot, blue-green fire, a stare that made Shane’s stomach twist and his heart clench and his cock ache. In any other context, Shane would have made a face and chewed Ilya out for calling him something so gross, but with his mind spaced out and far away and his whole body overcome with that fuzzy tingle that felt like he was being wrapped in a warm, secure cocoon of lust and love and devotion for Ilya, there were no words that could have ever sounded sweeter.

Ilya’s thumb found Shane’s bottom lip, pushing into his mouth, letting Shane suckle on it, and Shane sucked on it like it was his only purpose in the world. His lashes fluttered as he attempted to show off his softest, doe-eyed expression to Ilya, the kind that he hoped would say in all the ways his clumsy words couldn’t, *Please, I’ve been so good, I want you to fuck me and tell me I’ve been good.*

Ilya seemed just as impatient then to get things moving, evidenced by the way he was rutting against Shane like an animal in heat, grinding his hips into him ruthlessly yet with the careful precision of a man who knew exactly the right angle to enter Shane to get him screaming in pleasure. He’d had enough experience with fucking Shane by now to be something of an expert in Shane’s ass; he’d referred to himself as a *Shaneologist* once after a particularly exhaustive round of multiple-orgasm sex and Shane had smacked him in the shoulder before he’d then kissed Ilya breathless.

“More, *please, sir.*” Shane slipped that last bit in all on his own, no need for Ilya to prompt him. The bondage aspect to their sex might have been new territory, but addressing Ilya like that certainly was well trod ground, and it never failed to make Ilya go crazy. Shane could practically feel Ilya’s cock stiffen and twitch in his ass as Ilya finally bottomed out, nothing more to give and yet Shane wished for him to magically grow a few extra inches to his

already amazingly long, girth cock that Ilya always said was one of his most impressive and valuable assets. He'd once tried to Google if it was possible to get a penis insured before Shane had closed the laptop on his fingers mid-typing.

Shane let his whimpers and whines flow free as Ilya leaned down to kiss him, soft pecks against his lips while Shane melted underneath him, grateful for Ilya's strong hand splayed against his lower abdomen that felt every spasm and involuntarily tension of his muscles, as it gave him a means of grounding himself when his body was feeling like it was about to float off the bed. When he realized Ilya was balls-deep inside him, letting Shane's ass adjust before he moved his hips, he changed his tune instead to, "Fuck me as hard as you can, *I need it.*"

Ilya looked down at him in awe, stroking his cheek with a featherlight caress, always treating Shane like he was fragile, something made of glass that could snap into a million pieces under his hands. Normally, he took great pleasure in being cared for and put on such a high pedestal, but there were other times when he wanted Ilya to temporarily put aside the need to protect Shane and interchange it with a need to *ruin him*. "Are you sure? I do not want my precious toy to break." Ilya's eyes were searching Shane's, looking for permission, and Shane nodded, his saliva thick in his throat as he swapped.

"You know how much I can take, plus I've still got that 'boring' safe word, though I don't plan on using it. Just fuck me... *I need you*, Ilya."

Ilya's grin could have lit up a whole city block with how bright it was, shiny white teeth gleaming in the lamplight of their bedroom as he kissed Shane again, tongue hot between Shane's lips before his teeth tugged on Shane's lip. "Very demanding for someone who is tied up with my cock in his ass." He stroked his hand down Shane's neck, getting that mischievous little gleam in his eyes that he usually got when Shane knew he wasn't planning on playing by the rules and behaving. Not that he had any reason to at the moment, being in the position he was, compared to Shane's.

"Maybe I don't do what you ask, maybe I just pull out and leave you here for a bit until you show good manners again." He dragged a finger up Shane's shaft, felt the way it twitched under his cruelly teasing touch, so painfully hard and leaking against Shane's stomach where it rested.

"*Ilya*, don't you fucking dare, I swear to *god*." Shane's hands twisted in their binds, though they were even more useless now with the added factor of being pinned underneath him as he

laid on his back. His eyes were wide, pleading, his breath quickening hard and fast until Ilya reassured him with a softened smile and a laugh, petting his fingers through Shane's hair.

"No, I could never; it would be torture for you *and* me." He thrust his hips a little then, pushing his cock just a millimeter further inside of Shane, pressing up against that special little place inside Shane that never failed to make him moan. In the same moment he began to pull out before snapping his hips forward again hard and fast, he pulled Shane up by the ropes around his chest, tugging him upward until their mouths collided in a messy embrace of lips and tongue and their noses smushing together.

As Ilya finally, *finally* began to fuck him, Shane's eyes were leaking tears of utter joy and pleasure as Ilya claimed him, keeping a strong hold on the ropes around Shane's chest like it was a handlebar of sorts as he pounded into him without mercy, just the way Shane wanted it. He was reduced to pitiful cries as Ilya rammed into him again and again so hard the headboard slapped into the wall almost in time with the rhythm of Ilya's balls slapping against Shane's flesh after every thrust. Ilya used his other hand to keep Shane's eyes on him, fingers digging into Shane's jaw, their faces so close they were breathing each other's air, every exhalation the other's inhalation as countless groans and whines flew from Shane's perpetually parted lips.

Shane soon noticed the vein in Ilya's forehead that popped out when he was exerting a lot of effort at once, the sweat beading on his brow, the reddening of his face that indicated Ilya was also totally undone by the sensation of Shane's tight ass milking his cock for all it was worth, clinging to him like a vacuum suction.

When they came, Ilya finished inside Shane's ass, unleashing his cum that dribbled out of him in a sticky mess as Ilya kept fucking him through his orgasm and beyond, overstimulating him until Shane came without the need for any other touch than Ilya's cock filling him up and stretching him wide. Ilya smiled as he kissed down Shane's chest, licking up Shane's cum that he'd spurted onto his own skin, the perverse display enough to make Shane almost feel tempted to want to keep fucking for a whole other round once he caught his breath.

Ilya seemed intent to really make Shane squirm as he grabbed his cock without warning and began to jerk him off, his thumb rubbing the overly sensitive head, polishing him with his fingertips and going so far as to take Shane into his mouth until Shane was whimpering and tears fell from his eyes from the way it was making his nerves go haywire, like fireworks out of control underneath his skin. Still, even after all that, he refused to utter the safe word, just

panted and stared at Ilya with a mixture of arousal fighting the utter exhaustion creeping rapidly into his muscles.

“Alright, my pretty boy, let’s get you out of all this, yes? You did well for me, *so well*. I cannot believe how proud I am of you.” He leaned in with his forehead against Shane’s, kissing him and Shane could taste his own self on Ilya’s lips and tongue, the heady taste of his own cum. He was honestly glad for Ilya’s ending of the scene, because as he was slowly starting to come up from the hazy, dreamlike sensations he’d been experiencing, he was instead becoming acutely aware of just how cramped his limbs were, his hands falling asleep behind his back from being compressed for so long and his legs begging to be stretched and massaged. Not to mention the ick he was getting from the feeling of his own cum settling on his chest and stomach, and Ilya’s still dripping out of his gaping ass.

Ilya helped him to sit up, and he efficiently set him free by undoing the knots that bound him, staring with his arms and working his way down his body. The relief of the rush of blood back into his sore limbs was indescribable, and Shane sighed blissfully as he simply laid back and allowed Ilya to care for him, not able to really do much else as the exhaustion felt like he was being run over by a train and dragged down the tracks.

He was very quiet, finding it difficult to form proper sentences, and Ilya was patient with him, matching his quietness with his own, the kind that felt safe, like Shane could get lost in it and not feel the need to speak just to fill the space. He noticed his skin had slight pink markings embedded into it from the ropes digging into his flesh when he’d squirmed and tried to resist against them, and he had to admit, it was quite a pretty sight, extremely erotic and turning him on in a similar way to when he’d feel aroused while admiring the hickeys Ilya would sometimes leave on him.

He liked seeing those signs of being marked, *claimed* by Ilya, whether it was the hickeys or the bruising of his fingerprints into Shane’s thighs and hips when he grabbed too hard, and now apparently he liked seeing the aftermath of Ilya’s bondage work on him, too.

“Can I take some pictures of you like this?” Ilya asked, as he pressed open mouthed kisses to Shane’s legs while massaging them, lips connecting with his knee, eyes looking up at him with a puppy dog like yearning that Shane was powerless to ever deny. “You just look so beautiful.”

“I’m sure this wasn’t the last time we’ll be doing something like this...”

“Of course, but there will never be another *first time*. If I could have taken pictures of you after the first time I fucked you, I would have. I want to save the way you look right now.” He reached up to wipe away a stray tear from Shane’s still misty eyes, going so far as to kiss the wetness from his cheeks. Ilya had always said he looked pretty when he cried during sex, when his skin was glistening with the evidence of how his emotions simply couldn’t contain themselves.

“Yeah, go ahead, and then we’ll take a shower.” Shane had to admit he had a fondness for being photographed, knowing he was the object of Ilya’s affections to the point that he wanted to immortalize whatever beauty he saw in Shane on film. He liked using an old school camera for all their special photos, especially sexually charged ones like these, and he kept them in a box hidden underneath their bed once he developed them. It made Shane feel *good* to imagine Ilya taking that box out sometimes whenever he was alone and reliving the memories of some of their best, most erotic times together all over again.

By the time Ilya had gotten his photographs just right, Shane didn’t even know if he had the energy to stand up in a shower, and Ilya could sense that even before he saw Shane’s legs trembling like leaves in the wind. He laid Shane back down onto the bed, preventing him from struggling any further, a hand pressed to his chest. “You stay here, and I will start a hot bath.”

“You don’t have to, I can manage a shower...” Shane said, though the tiredness sweeping through his whole body was present even in his sluggish voice. Ilya just shook his head, and leaned in to kiss Shane, as if he was trying to use his kisses as a sedative.

“Lay here and rest, and then when the bath is ready, I will carry you to it myself. I won’t have you falling in the shower because your legs can’t hold you.” He left the room so as not to entertain any of Shane’s stubborn comments, leaving Shane to just huff as he heard the sound of the bath water running for a while.

At least he’d been left with the mental image of Ilya’s bare ass and rippling shoulders as he’d walked away, and he was soon rewarded for his patience with the sight of Ilya’s Greek god physique, chiseled and confident in his nudity, not to mention his *smile* that was arguably Shane’s most favorite feature. “Your bath awaits, princess.”

“Don’t call me that, weirdo...” Shane’s words had no bite to them as he simply ragdolled in Ilya’s arms when Ilya lifted him bridal-style, pressing a smattering of kisses to Shane’s temple. Shane wasn’t *small* by any means, but Ilya had kept the idea of wanting to carry Shane with ease in his mind while he’d been weight training, and the results had seemed to be paying off. He carried him to where their massive tub awaited them, a strategic purchase that was paying off in spades as they both loved to take baths together.

There, he would rest Shane in his lap and hold him from behind, wash his hair for him and sponge down his skin until he smelled sweet and squeaky clean, and Shane would be fighting sleep as his eyelids sagged, feeling so utterly at peace thanks to Ilya’s gentle, tender hands and the occasional kiss to his shoulder and neck and the shell of his ear. He hardly remembered Ilya taking him back out of the water and drying him off, and vaguely recognized accepting some electrolyte drink Ilya brought to his lips, to ensure he was sufficiently hydrated.

All he knew for certain was that he drifted off to sleep that night totally naked and freshly cleaned by Ilya’s dutiful hands, his muscles sore in a satisfying sort of way and Ilya’s arms wrapped around him under the sheets to keep him warm, his breath ghosting Shane’s skin as Shane tucked into him like their bodies were made to meld together into one.

Needless to say, bondage would *certainly* be on the table for the next time they wanted to add something more exciting into their already extremely exciting sexual regimen.

End Notes

i'm going to be starting a full time job soon so the new fics may come a bit slower but fear not, i already have a few WIP documents going on my google docs... these boys are not going to leave me easily.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!