The Dangers of Sleep

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The Dangers of Sleep

by eternalfig

Summary

"What I’m trying to say is, I want you to fuck me and I want to say no. And I, I want you to do it anyway.”

Ilya’s mouth opened and his eyes widened in understanding. “Oh Mr. Pervert, what a thing to say. Tell me more.”

Or:

All Shane wants is for Ilya to overpower him. It's hard to ask, and even harder to receive what you ask for. But it's worth it in the end.

Notes

There's a bit of a false (but hot) start, some flashback negotiation in a steamy x2 shower, and then finally the main CNC course + a little Romance throughout, as a treat. Enjoy the meal.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Light comes through the chemise-like curtains, painting the oak floor with a dimpled and warm brightness. Caught in the waning refraction, branches sway in the wind. The leaves falling off create a hypnotic pattern. Shane blinks once strongly, finally tearing his eyes away after what feels like a long while. He shifts in the bed and lifts himself up to lean back against the headboard and generous pile of pillows.

The wet sounds of the bathroom stop and Ilya steps out, askew in the door frame with a towel hanging over his shoulder and nothing else. The same arm is raised high, bracing himself at a distractingly haughty angle. Shane blinks again and a little intentionally and a little not molds his face into pure innocence, his eyes swoop up and his chin tilts down.

He tries to make eye contact but gets a bit squeamish about it and settles for Ilya's thick, muscular neck. "I've been waiting for you…" *Shit, that wasn't what I meant.*

Ilya chuckles, feeling Shane's regret. "Yes, I know," he purrs. His lopsided smirk seems to go on forever, too big for Shane to take in with one glance.

"So, are you, are we, are we really going to do this?"

Oh. He's nervous … not like this. Ilya relaxes his body and moves gently, gracefully towards the bed and sits down on the edge. "Моя любовь, we don't have to do anything you don't want to do. Our plans can always change. But…"

Ilya's gaze drifts down and he sees a distinctive bulge rising up from under the blankets. The light coming through the window creates a shadow that feels imposing. He looks up at Shane's pouting mouth and then down again in enough time to see the bulge and shadow twitch in unison. Ilya bites his bottom lip, his brows furrow, and he takes a deep breath in to steady himself against distraction. *If we do this, I need to be fully in control.*

Ilya hears Shane swallow hard and then says, "Hat-trick is our safe word, right?"

"It is. If you need it. Later. Though, you also needed it in your last match against Admirals." Ilya can't help himself, and Shane hits his arm in retribution.

Their eyes meet and they both break out into laughter. Ilya pauses, "But seriously. Right now, I just want you to relax. There is plenty of time for me to sneak behind and take you by surprise."

Shane's face flushes red. The way Ilya's tongue rolls on the r's. The idea of succumbing to him. Both alone are almost enough to reduce Shane to a sticky puddle. Together, he's in trouble. *Well, I could make some good trouble.*

"In the meantime, could I … show you something," Shane asks suggestively.

Ilya's eyes widen and heat engulfs his ears. He loves when Shane's courage wins out over the voices of doubt in his head. "I'm watching." Ilya scoots back a bit so he can take all of him in.

Shane runs his hands over his torso, that gorgeous, rounded chest, his small oh-so-suckable nipples. He really takes his time moving down, and finally reaches where the blanket meets his hips. Even more slowly, if that's possible, he peels the blanket away, and his cock springs out.

It almost takes Ilya by surprise, and then an actual surprise. Ilya spots a flash of bright purple. After a moment he realizes Shane has a cock ring on. Ilya exhales audibly and asks already knowing the answer, "This is gift I got you, yes?"

"Who else would it be from?" Shane replies playfully. He holds his hand out wordlessly in front of Ilya's mouth, and Ilya spits. A thin, infinitesimal line connects Shane's palm to Ilya's tongue until Shane takes his hand back, severing the link. *Holy fucking shit.*

"Thank you."

"*Any*time," and Ilya means it.

Instead of wrapping his hand around himself, Shane holds his fist above his cock and lets the spit leak out of the bottom opening. It lands on the bright pink tip and flows down the rest of his shaft until it hits the ring.

Ilya catches himself holding his breath, entirely mesmerized by this gesture. *I can't believe I'm the only person who sees Shane like this.* He feels almost bad, greedy, but not really.

Shane then leans over and spits directly onto his own cock, holds his mouth open, and allows his tongue to stick out as the spit falls and falls and mixes in with Ilya's. Finally Shane takes hold of his cock and starts to move up and down. His bicep flexes with each lap and it takes everything inside Ilya not to jump on Shane and bite like a ravenous animal.

Shane moans upon contact, a deep guttural moan that bounces off the ceiling. He doubts for a second whether the ring will actually help him hold on longer, or if it'll turn on him and make him cum faster. *Maybe I've played myself. Too late now.*

As Shane continues stroking himself, his other hand runs up his face and tightly grips his own hair, pulling his head backward and exposing his neck. Something, anything to ground him, keep him from losing it so quickly, so completely.

Ilya is throbbing, has been throbbing. He's pretty impressed by his own self control considering the scene unfolding before him. Shane enraptured, by his own hand no less, thrashing about. *What a show…* Shane's whimpers and moans start to chisel away at Ilya's resolve, and Ilya starts to feel a little faint.

Enough is enough. Ilya lunges at the tender morsel in front of him and uses his right knee to spread Shane's legs wider, his left hand to hold both of Shane's arms above his head.

Shane's eyes go big and he looks up at Ilya with startled adoration. Ilya's chain dangles, the cross at the end gracing Shane's rosy lips with a chill that unfurls to his toes. Ilya's free hand pushes on Shane's chest, forcing him deeper into the mattress. He smiles widely, drinking in this deliciously vulnerable picture. Ilya forces his knee further into the crevice, until it's rubbing up against Shane's taint, squeezing his balls.

Ilya's knee plus the cock ring create a bursting sensation that is almost too much for Shane. He groans into it, searching for Ilya's mouth.

"Kiss me, please."

Боже мой. Shane sounds like he's going to cry. Ilya can't resist and descends on Shane, using his tongue and lips to part his mouth, slowly drinking him up, as his right hand drifts down and oh so casually turns on the ring's vibration.

A jolt goes through Shane's body. As Ilya continues to hold him down with one hand and work his cock with the other, a single tear glistens in the corner of Shane's eye and rolls down his cheek.

"You're such good boy. For me."

That small praise is enough to push Shane over the edge. "Oh my god, oh myyyyy, fuck, Ilya! I'm going to…"

Before Shane can finish his sentence he finishes all over himself and Ilya. His body immediately slackens, and Ilya smiles triumphantly before glimpsing the wet streak on Shane's face where the tear was. Ilya takes his thumb and wipes it, then grabs Shane and pulls him in close, Shane's stickiness and Ilya's hard cock the only things between them.

After a minute or two, Shane pulls away and goes to reach for Ilya, but he stops him. "No, no, I … I want to feel myself wanting you. If that makes sense." *I want to save this feeling for later.*

Shane nods silently, looking impossibly coy.

"You can still give me a massage though, for my noble efforts."

Shane opens his mouth to protest but Ilya cuts him off.

"But first…" Ilya takes the towel that fell behind him and goes to the bathroom to wet it. When he returns he slowly wipes Shane off, tracing each muscle and dimple of Shane's body, kissing each spot along the trail. He throws the towel back on the floor.

"Ilya!"

"Oh hush, it is fine for one night."

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Now we're getting somewhere.

The next morning, the two of them wake together and have a leisurely breakfast. A warm glow from the night before envelopes them and keeps them close. Little touches on the shoulder or waist reminding them that yes, this is mine and it's not going anywhere.

Around noon, they find themselves sitting on the swing out back overlooking the lake where a few loons have gathered on the water's surface. Shane sighs contentedly and runs his hand through his hair. All of a sudden he feels something … crunchy. *Oh, oh no, that must be from when he ... when I came...* A shudder goes through Shane and he abruptly stands up.

"I just realized that I never showered after last night. I'm gonna go do that. Now. Do you want to join?"

Ilya wants nothing more, but he has other things planned. "I took shower last night after you fell asleep. But think of me while you're in there?"

Shane's a bit disappointed. *But there's always next time.* They don't have to hurriedly suck the marrow out of each and every moment anymore. There really is time ahead.

"Sure thing," he says and then bends down to kiss Ilya on the lips, Shane's fingertips gently cupping under his chin. He desperately needs to clean himself up. but he can't help reaching out for Ilya. A current passes through them and in response Ilya pushes forward, his lips crashing harder into Shane's. As Ilya starts to rise Shane pulls away and pushes him back down.

"Sorry, you missed your chance," Shane sasses with those fluttering eyelashes and juicy mouth that sparks Ilya's hunger, and then heads upstairs.

Oh he's going to pay for that, Ilya thinks and chuckles to himself. Once he hears Shane's footsteps ascend on the steps, he knows he only has so much time to prepare. Ilya feels a twinge of something like nerves. He is, of course, confident in his ability to seduce and fuck Shane, but they've never done anything like this before. Ilya knows they talked through things pretty significantly, but he doesn't want to hurt Shane, not in a bad way that is.

He takes a few deep breaths in and out, and reminds himself that that nasty pervert upstairs was the one who asked for this in the first place! And really, he is so very happy to have the chance to make dreams come true…

Meanwhile, with each step Shane takes up the stairs, bits of the conversation, negotiation really, from the week prior swim around his head.

Shane and Ilya had been in Ilya's sauna after an intense and competitive workout. Being in the gym together always made Shane think about the early days, the innate static between them and how Shane had no clue what to do with it. How things have changed.

Sitting there, he felt thoroughly spent, and yet when he closed his eyes fits of fantasy flitted through his mind, not for the first time. Ilya cornering Shane in the gym, or in the shower, or while walking to his car. Ilya holding Shane down, Shane squirming and protesting but being powerless to stop it. Shane shook his head to clear the visions and looked over to Ilya, sitting beside him with his own eyes closed, sweat dripping down the curves of his body seemingly sculpted from marble. Finally, he worked up the courage.

"Ilya … um, uh, I've been having thoughts…"

"Mhmmmm," Ilya hummed out, as if to say, go on.

"Sexy thoughts, I think. I'm not really sure."

He had gotten Ilya's attention now. Ilya's eyes opened and he raised an eyebrow. "I'm listening."

Shane stumbled over his words, afraid of Ilya being horrified or grossed out, afraid of his own desire, "I, well, I've been thinking, about you, um, taking me, overpowering me."

"Overpower? How is this different from usual? We both know I am stronger."

"No you're not, and no I mean. What I'm trying to say is, I want you to fuck me and I want to say no. And I, I want you to do it anyway."

Ilya's mouth opened and his eyes widened in understanding. "Oh Mr. Pervert, what a thing to say. Tell me more." A flash of a wicked smile.

"I've been thinking about you sneaking up on me, wrestling me, tying me up, using me however you want. I would fight back, of course, but…"

Shane was feeling thoroughly embarrassed by this point. God, he must have been red as a tomato between that and the heat of the sauna.

"But, you would lose. Lose and get what you want," Ilya continued where Shane left off.

"Something like that."

"We need to make rules first. Then we can do."

"In here?!"

“No, not in here! Sauna is for sweating not sucking. Too dangerous. You would faint and then I would have to take you to hospital in my arms like naked prince charming. Would be whole thing.” Ilya’s eyes traveled the length of Shane’s body and noticed his half-hard cock. “But l want to do this for you, with you. And if you are good boy and talk honestly, I will give you reward.”

By the time Shane reaches the bathroom, he’s flushed with remembering. He turns the shower on, hot, as hot as he can take it, steps in and lets it flow over him until it's almost too much before lowering it to a more manageable temperature. He takes his time washing his hair, letting his fingers massage his scalp in circles. Shane lets out a small sigh - *mmmm that’s nice.* Fingers make their way down his body, and when they reach his ass a shiver goes up his spine. It feels like too long since he had been stretched. In reality it had only been a couple of days.

The suds allow his fingers to slide around easily, and he starts teasing his own hole, pressing the rim lightly and pulling away repeatedly, then not so lightly, the tingling sensation building into an ache. The more firmly he does it the harder his cock gets. Shane leans against the wall, arching his back and ass to get easier access. Images of Ilya's strong hands and thick cock flood him and he moans, fogging the glass with each rhythmic exhale. As he unconsciously starts to rub his cock along the tiles, he inserts a finger fully inside himself, throwing his head back, his dark hair dripping. A portrait of abandon.

Shane finds himself torn between finishing and saving himself for Ilya, the latter of which he can pull out later and use to his alluring advantage. *I don’t want to stop, ah yes, fuck… But…* He settles on saving, and slowly and somewhat begrudgingly pulls his finger out. He ends his shower with a blast of ice cold water that gives him goosebumps all over and returns him to his less-horny senses.

After he dries himself off he settles on putting on a black jockstrap, a little surprise for Ilya to unwrap, with an unassuming t-shirt and sweatpants over it.

Shane heads back downstairs and on the kitchen table there’s a note in Ilya’s choppy handwriting that reads, “Running errand. Be back soon. <3” He feels a bit silly now for putting the jockstrap on. *Maybe I should text Ilya. It probably hasn’t even been that long.*

Got your note. Will you be back soon?
1:17pm

Soon-ish. Want to make you something yummy tonight.
1:25pm

Я тебя люблю 😘
1:26pm

Shane’s heart catches in his throat for a second. Even though he is only just starting to learn Russian, he knows what that says. Any time Ilya shares his mother tongue with him, Shane

feels a combination of things he never knew could go together: pride, melancholy, admiration.

He shakes his head and eases the goofy smile plastered on his face. *Well, a good time to catch up on reading. Before he gets back and distracts me, or the other way around.*

😘 **Drive safe!**
1:29pm

Next to the couch sits his book and a pair of black clubmaster-style glasses, the very same ones he wore for Ilya during that long-distance call before so much was said, shared between the two of them. Shane puts the glasses on and settles in to read, but not even halfway through the second chapter the glaze of sleep encroaches. His eyelids flutter behind his frames and the book falls to his chest. He tries to stave it off, but ultimately he is powerless to resist.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

An intruder prepares and strikes.

While Shane is in the shower, Ilya begins to put his, well their, devious plan in motion. Ilya quietly collects the tools required, just a few things. Before he leaves, he decides to freshen himself up in the ground floor bathroom. In the mirror that hangs over the sink, Ilya catches himself looking back. He tries on a few different faces: one that is kind but stern, another full of unchaste and bellicose danger, and even one of bridled contrition.

There it is - the full spectrum of the intruder. Ilya means to take his part seriously. It fills him with a deep sense of purpose and pleasure to make this desire reality for Shane. And one of Ilya's biggest turn-ons is seeing Shane both turned on and helpless, bewitched by Ilya's presence. *What a perfect match.*

With his resolve strengthened, he writes a note excusing his conspicuous absence, and slips out the back door. Once in the car, Ilya sets off for the nearest grocery store which is still 20 minutes away. He wants to make sure he can give Shane all the aftercare in all the ways he deserves later. And in part that means tuna melts and ginger ale.

On his way to check out, he feels his phone buzz. Ilya checks and it is in fact Shane. Ilya texts him something true enough to be convincing to assuage him. When he gets back to the car he sees Shane's final message.

That sweet boy. It’s almost a shame that I'm going to ruin him.

The whole drive back Ilya works through the plan in his head, step by step he maps out a route of delicious torture, conjures up uses for his toys and responses to protestations. When he's close to the house but just out of sight of those massive windows, he parks and travels the rest of the way on foot. Before he gets out of the car, he puts on the hunter green beanie they decided would signal the beginning of their play.

When Ilya gets to the front door, he is careful to be as quiet as possible. The way he moves shifts skulking. *Where could he be…?* He crosses the threshold, leaves his shoes there, and finally creeps into the living room. Lying on the couch, mouth slightly ajar, glasses on, body slack, is Shane, making the silent sounds of sleep. He is completely exposed, and for a moment this disarms Ilya, the one scenario he hadn’t really considered. His heart beats fast, a little too fast. He almost gets swept away in it, but remembers the breathing exercise he’s been working on in therapy - *in, 2, 3, 4, out, 2, 3, 4* - and is able to level himself after a few repetitions.

He closes his eyes, and so clearly sees what is about to happen. When he opens them, he is steady. *Time to make my move.* Ilya slinks over to the couch and straddles Shane, using his strong legs and forearms to trap Shane's body from thighs to head. He can't help but take a moment to admire Shane's constellation of freckles, and traces them lightly with his fingers from one side to the other. Then he leans in and whispers in his ear, "Привет, ангел, time to wake up."

Shane feels something in his ear and goes to swat at it… but can't. In the cloud of sleep confusion breaks through. *What is, mm what*... He opens his eyes, and after a few blinks Ilya's face comes more into focus. "Heyy," he croons with a groggy smile. He tries to shift in place to sit up, but again his body doesn't seem able to. As his eyes settle into the midday light, he sees the beanie on Ilya's head. Adrenaline instantly rushes through him.

"Oh."

"You know, it is dangerous to leave doors unlocked. It attracts predicament."

"Wow, that's a big word for a trespasser to know," Shane retorts with an intentional cheekiness.

Ilya swiftly adjusts his arms, wrapping one behind Shane's head and the other grabbing Shane's face in his hands firmly, scrunching his cheeks and lips together.

"You don't have any idea what I know." Ilya replies with a glare. "Better, because it's not looking good for you."

Something comes alive in Shane, and he can't help but respond to the challenging tone in Ilya's voice. He tries to buck Ilya off, but Ilya holds on tight and uses the full strength and weight of his body to flip Shane over, face down into the couch cushion. Ilya reaches into his pocket for something and Shane feels a rough burn on his wrists. Even as Shane resists, Ilya manages to tie his wrists together above his head with a small length of rope he was hiding in his windbreaker.

"That's better," taunts Ilya. He laughs and feels the rush of dominance wash over him. Holding Shane in place, he uses his teeth to peel Shane's pants down and two smooth, muscular cheeks appear framed by the elastic of a jockstrap. Ilya's cock immediately starts to swell.

"Oh, you little slut. You dressed up for me?"

"No, no! I didn't, no!" and Shane again tries to wriggle himself free.

Ilya uses the momentum of Shane's movement against him and rolls him back over so he can stare into his defiant gaze. Shane's pants are around his ankles and Ilya sees that his cock is rock hard, too.

"You say no, but this says yes," and Ilya flicks Shane's cock, watches it tremble. "What am I going to do with you…"

Shane grunts and glares at Ilya hovering above him, bares his teeth in a false disgust. *I can't believe this is really happening.*

Ilya pulls a piece of fabric out of his jacket, "So you don't run away." Somewhat begrudgingly, he takes Shane's glasses off and then ties the blindfold around his eyes.

"Fuck, no, let me go!!" Dropped suddenly into darkness, Shane tries to rely on his other senses to hear, feel, smell Ilya. There's an irregular rustling that sounds like clothes, and he can hear Ilya's steady breathing, and then quiet…

It's quiet for almost too long, and then hands reach through the darkness and pull Shane down off the couch. His knees crash into the rug, *Ow, shit*, and his head snaps back against the cushion.

Ilya has Shane's thick, dark hair in one hand and with the other starts to pry his lips apart. He shoves three fingers in, no warm up. Shane's tongue moves against the bottom beckoning him deeper, but his teeth bear down trying to force Ilya out. *It won't be that easy.* Ilya takes his hand out of Shane's hair and slaps him across the face with his fingers still in his mouth.

A ringing fills Shane's head and his bite loosens. Ilya pushes his fingers further into Shane's mouth, then takes them out to rub the spit all over Shane's own face, going back and forth until Shane's face is pink and glistening.

One eye peeks out from the blindfold and looks up at Ilya, "Fuck. You."

"I plan to," and at the same time he reaches into his pants, pulls his thick cock out, and brings it to Shane's face. "Stick your tongue out."

Shane keeps his mouth closed in a small display of obstinance. "Fuck off," and he lurches to the left to get away. Ilya is faster, and catches him while he's still on his knees, throws him back, grabs his head in both hands and thrusts his cock into Shane's mouth. The whole time Ilya keeps his eyes locked on Shane's whose blindfold has slipped up.

Shane tries to say no, tries to tell him to get off and get away and leave him alone but with his mouth full the sounds turn garbled. *Oh my god, he's really…* But Shane's thought is cut off by the rough pounding Ilya is giving his mouth, and Shane can't resist, melting into it as his eyes roll back.

"Какой хороший мальчик, да, Shane yes, take it, fucking take it." Ilya starts slow and shallow, then builds up the pace and depth. Whenever Shane starts to gag a little, Ilya is nice enough to pull back and let him gasp for air before going right back where he was, prodding deeper, to the back of Shane's mouth, and then deeper still.

This couch puts him in such perfect position. Ilya is pleased with his orchestration so far, and his pleasure builds and builds each time he catches the shape of the tip of his cock under Shane's throat.

Ilya pulls out completely to look down at the mess he's made. Shane looks back with a dazed and starved expression and says in a broken sort of voice, "It's too much…" But he can't help

admire the lustful, rabid countenance that has overtaken Ilya's features.

Again he thrusts into Shane's mouth. Shane can barely breath, can't think one full thought, and his own cock and asshole are throbbing so hard that tears spring to his eyes and start to fall. Fast and continuously they fall down his cheeks and mix with this spit. He can taste the saltiness of Ilya and the saltiness of his tears and he can't tell where one begins and the other ends.

Ilya's eyes are closed in ecstasy, and when he opens them he notices tears streaming down Shane's face. He hesitates and steps back to give Shane the chance to safe word, but he doesn't. *Right, is part of act.* And this defiled angel in front of him has sought out his very own demise.

"Is your other hole as accommodating as this one?"

"No, please, I can't take any more," Shane chokes out, tears still falling.

"Sh, sh," Ilya leans in closer to Shane's face and licks each cheek where the tears have mingled with the spit. "Unfortunately, what you want doesn't matter."

Shane tries to get up, why he doesn't entirely know, and stumbles. Ilya catches him and steadies him, before lowering him fully onto the rug.

"It will be over soon, maybe," Ilya whispers in his ear. He pulls Shane's sweatpants off from around his ankles and rips his t-shirt off. Ilya holds him down with his foot on Shane's back as he takes his own jacket and shirt off. Lying there fully nude except for the jockstrap marked with a wet spot from what Ilya can only assume is Shane's pre-cum leaking from his delicious slit, Shane looks beautiful and defenseless.

Ilya pounces. He starts to bite Shane all over, which gets a rise out of Shane. He yelps and squirms and tries to roll over to push Ilya off and away, but again Ilya rides the wave instead of bucking and traps him. Ilya grins sadistically and bites Shane more, making sure to leave a few marks to appreciate later.

With one hand Ilya holds his still-bound arms above his head, and with the other he reaches out and riffles around in the nearby side table. After a bit of searching Ilya finds the bottle of lube, squirts a generous amount into his hand, and rubs it all around Shane's hungry hole.

Shane feels the coolness and knows what comes next. *I need him so badly.*

"What are you doing? What do you think you're doing?!" He thrashes and lifts his hips up to knock Ilya off him, but Ilya holds on and before Shane can ask a third time he slips a finger inside him.

A growl erupts from Shane and the more he tries to thrash the deeper Ilya's finger goes.

"Take it you cockslut," and Ilya feels Shane's ass contracting over his finger, trying to push him out and suck him in deeper simultaneously. Ilya uses his free hand to lift one of Shane's legs over his shoulder and then covers Shane's mouth. The fight Shane has doesn't know

where to direct itself. He tries to pry Ilya's hand off his mouth but his grunts only end up muted. He tries to bite Ilya's hand. He even tries to wrap his lifted leg around Ilya's body, but to no avail.

Ilya slides a second finger inside and goes deep enough this time to reach Shane's prostate. Ilya knows he's reached it when he sees Shane's whole body shudder. The fight leaves Shane and he starts to whimper now. *Pathetic*, Shane thinks to himself. But it is fleeting and he knows even without conscious thought that that is the last thing Ilya sees in him.

"Is this what you want?" Ilya asks in an attempt to provoke.

"No … asshole" Shane replies weakly, in between moans.

Ilya chuckles to himself again and gives Shane a third finger. *I want him nice and ready.* Ilya removes his other hand from Shane's mouth and sees his mouth contort into animal-like howls. Ilya smacks Shane across the face again and watches Shane fully fall apart as Ilya continues to fuck his ass and stroke his prostate in a long continuous sequence of motion.

Through bleary eyes, the only thing Shane can see is the glint of Ilya's chain.

Ilya can't resist goading him even more. "You better not cum yet, or you'll be in big trouble."

"Aaaah," a scream is Shane's only response. Coherence slips away.

Ilya abruptly pulls out and rolls Shane over, pushing his face into the rug. The suddenness makes Shane emit a cry.

Ilya reaches for his windbreaker and finds the small glass bottle in the pocket. He lowers his sweaty chest so that it is flush with Shane's back, and lifts Shane's head from underneath for better leverage.

"I'm going to need you to be very still Shane. I have something that will take pain away. But no moving. Shake your head if you understand."

Shane's head bobs up and down. Ilya unscrews the cap on the small bottle, and uses his free hand to hold one of Shane's nostrils closed. He holds the bottle under the other, "Breathe in for me."

And Shane cooperates, taking the biggest inhale he can with Ilya's weight pressing down on him. *Oh right, I've never…* and before the thought finishes he feels his heart flutter like a small bird, a warmth creeps up and out and through his fingertips and ears and a whirlwind of pure sensation pulses in his veins.

Ilya brings the bottle to his own nose, breathes in once in each nostril, and quickly puts it down on the table and lubes up his cock. Just as the heat in his own body reaches a crescendo, he sinks his cock effortlessly into Shane's ass.

A moan trills from the mouth of Shane to Ilya, Ilya to Shane. Ilya holds onto Shane tightly, riding this roller coaster of heat and desire. Shane eagerly pushes back against Ilya's cock,

driving him deeper than he thought was possible. His face melts down into the rug, his cries mix with moans, his body melts up into Ilya's.

Ilya thrusts hard, pausing between each thrust to emphasize the impact, the fullness, the intensity. Once again he feels Shane's ass start to squeeze him from the inside out. *Too good, oh fuck, I can't yet. Shane, Shane.*

"Shane," Ilya is completely lost in him.

"Jesus christ, Ilya, aaaah!" *Keep going.* "Stop." *Keep going.* "Stop, please!," the last comes out of Shane's mouth like a plea.

Shane starts to quiver uncontrollably around Ilya's cock, and between that and his screams, Ilya knows Shane is cumming into his jockstrap. That's it. Ilya grips Shane's shoulders, his nails digging in, holding himself upright.

"Oh fuck, yes, всё моё."

Shane drains Ilya of everything he has and feels full, complete. Ilya folds over, his forehead landing on the back of Shane's neck. *What just…*

Shane doesn't think he can move even if he wanted to.

Eventually, Ilya gingerly pulls out, then unties the rope from around his wrists. This time gently, he rolls Shane over. *What's that look on his face?* Shane gives a drained smile, and manages to lift a freshly free hand to Ilya's face, "Are you okay?"

"What? Shouldn't I be asking you?" Ilya says incredulously while rubbing Shane's sore wrist.

"Heh, I guess…" Shane still feels pretty out of it.

Ilya swoops down and covers Shane's face in kisses, "You are so amazing." He nuzzles himself in the crook of Shane's neck and breaths in deeply. "What do you need right now?"

"This. You. Close. Please."

Both still on the rug, Ilya scoops Shane up in his arms and onto his lap. Ilya runs his fingers through Shane's damp, sweaty hair and brings his mouth close to his. Shane closes the distance and slowly works his tongue in. He moans softly into Ilya's mouth, and feeling starts to come back to his body.

They pull away, both breathless, and laugh, foreheads touching.

"I really did go out for special things for tonight. Whenever you hungry or thirsty."

Shane nods and says, "Definitely thirsty."

Ilya lifts Shane onto the couch and covers him with a blanket.

He starts to walk away and stumbles a little bit. *Damn, that was a lot.*

“You sure you're ok?” Shane asks from the couch.

“Yes, yes. Just tired a little. Be right back.” Amidst his concern, Shane can’t help but ogle the way Ilya’s juicy ass bounces as he walks away.

In the kitchen, Ilya makes a glass of water, and grabs a can of ginger ale. He braces himself against the fridge door for a moment before returning.

Shane looks up and sees Ilya standing there, the late afternoon light making it seem as if he is glowing from his edges, a halo around his golden curls. *How am I so lucky?*

He reaches his arm to take the can from Ilya. “Thank you,” *for more than I can say.*

“Of course.”

As soon as Ilya sets the glass down, Shane grabs him and pulls him in against his chest, his sturdy arms enveloping Ilya. Ilya lets himself fall, sink into the embrace.

“So, how do you feel?" Ilya asks, his question muffled against Shane’s skin.

“Honestly, I feel amazing. I feel so … here. I feel like yours.”

A huge smile breaks out on Ilya’s face and his eyes start to water. He goes to blink them away, but stops himself, instead letting himself feel them, letting them fall. *It’s okay. It’s good, actually.*

“Oh, wow, I didn’t know you were such poet.” Ilya can’t help but tease him a little.

Shane pulls Ilya in even closer. He chuckles and in a voice warmed with adoration breaths into Ilya's curls, “Yeah, I guess it’s a day of new things.”

End Notes

Ahhh - my first fic! I hope you enjoy and jerk off and all that jazz. Can you tell I usually write poetry? Anyway, thanks for reading :))

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!