as if light were protective

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by flan (bitehard)

Summary

Sneakers off, rope in his hands, he steps silently into Shane's (their) room, avoiding any potential sound. The real problem is that this is a one-time thing. If he fails on the first leg of the plan, getting into Shane's room undiscovered, they will have a nice night anyway, but the surprise would be ruined because Ilya is almost sure that Shane doesn't think it's really going to happen. Shane is not aware of how far Ilya would go, so he has everything he could even dream about. Shane just has to ask, and Ilya would move the goddamned moon from its axis to get him happy.

Even if that happiness involves him breaking and entering their home.

or

a home invasion cnc roleplay fic.

Notes

Look. I have rewritten this fic like three times and I am not fully sure that I have made it work. There is no need of reading the previous installments of this series but the first time it is talked about (that Ilya remembers in this fic) you can see it in the previous one, so it might be interesting.

I wanted to do my own take into the consensual non consent kink for Shane and Ilya and only God knows why I decided to make the roleplay as a home invasion. I feel like I am a little bit softer than I should on the fic, but, well, you would be the one to judge and hopefully you will enjoy it. A lot of things happen and this is mostly 10k of what I like most: character study disguised as pure filth.

Thanks to the people at heated rivalry jumbotron discord for allowing me to vent about the fic as I was writing it, and for all the support <3

Let me know if you feel there is anything else to tag, I feel like I used some umbrella tags but basically keep in mind that Ilya is going full Evil Russian Home Invasion, that this is Not Negotiated but Shane is exactly where he wants to be.

See the end of the work for more notes

With the rope in his hands recorded in the security video, no court in the world would consider Ilya innocent, but he is.

It's not the first time that Ilya has arrived to Shane's home in Montreal in the middle of the night. Two hours seems too short of a ride when the prize is spending time together, so the both of them have gone a long way to make it when they are not away for games. Which is less than Ilya expected, but the improvement has been substantial since he left Boston without looking back. Two hours from Shane, two hours from Yuna and David, and, yes, Ottawa is not Boston, but Ilya is tentatively enjoying the change of pace, both in the city and inside the team.

This is not a normal night, though. Shane is not expecting him, because Ilya has lied to him. Which has been shitty, but it is for Shane's sake, so it doesn't count.

He kept it simple. Extra practice after the last humiliating loss the Cens suffered makes sense, and of course Shane has accepted the excuse fast, which stung a little (*that defense,* he said, and Ilya nodded, but he did not really need the sense of superiority from the captain of the current division lead).

It's not fair with Shane, though, because Ilya knows that they do need to work on their defense, but they also need a good goalie, and Ilya needs additional support in his line. It's a lot, and it won't get solved with one day of extra practice, anyway.

In any case, standing like a madman before his car, hockey is the last thing that Ilya is thinking about, as the self-doubt starts to creep through his stomach.

The driveway to Shane’s house is darker and quieter under the moonlight, the lights inside completely out. The trunk of Ilya's parked car is opened, and Ilya is taking out the bag with everything ready for tonight. He has been napping the whole afternoon, trying to get as much rest as possible, but it might not have been necessary because even after the two-hour drive, his whole body feels wired, the need to sleep something detached from him.

Is he crazy? Has he misunderstood Shane? He doesn't think so. The preparations that he has put into this make him feel even worse, at least if he thinks about how he would look now to any person that saw him.

Dressed head to toe in black. A bag on his shoulder. He is legally in this house; the person that lives here knows him, even if Shane doesn’t know he is coming, because that would defeat the whole purpose, but if someone were to check the security cameras outside, he would be deemed guilty for sure. For a second, he thinks about doing this—then his dick, responsible for half the bad decisions he has made in his life, tugs in a way that he can’t ignore.

He just hopes he is silent enough that Shane stays asleep as long as necessary, which should be easy because Ilya knows about all the creaks and sounds of his home. He puts his key in and the code at the door, and that’s the most dangerous part because of the *ping* that sounds in the silence of the night. Ilya waits for a second, just in case, before entering Shane’s home.

Fuck. His stomach is full of butterflies, an excitement he would need to examine, but he is not going to, at least for now. He has been planning this for so long that he is sure that Shane will not see it coming. For the casual outsider, Ilya does not seem like a patient man, but resilience and knowing when to strike are two of his best qualities as a person, and that has been reflected in his career as a player.

It's been almost half a year since that moment where, balls deep into Shane, he had managed to extract the information about what he really wanted from him. Ilya had wanted to know something Shane would never tell anyone, his darkest secret. It had not been easy extracting it from him, and Ilya had used every means to spell it out for him, because this is how Shane worked, but he had gotten the information in the end.

Take what's yours, Shane had said. Don't ask. Don't bother. And Ilya had thought, well, what if I do it in the night, what if I do it covered in black and I threaten you and I don't allow you to have a say on it? What about that?

It could have ended up as just something that they said, not needing it to turn real, but Ilya had pushed it a little bit more, always planning on actually doing it, peppering it about just sometimes when they were fucking. At the same time, he had been doing a painstakingly slow intake of information when Shane was mostly gone, so horny that Ilya had to slap him softly on his cheek to make him talk.

Sneakers off, rope in his hands, he steps silently into Shane's (their) room, avoiding any potential sound. The real problem is that this is a one-time thing. If he fails on the first leg of the plan, getting into Shane's room undiscovered, they will have a nice night anyway, but the surprise would be ruined because Ilya is almost sure that Shane doesn't think it's really going to happen. Shane is not aware of how far Ilya would go, so he has everything he could even dream about. Shane just has to ask, and Ilya would move the goddamned moon from its axis to get him happy.

Even if that happiness involves him breaking and entering their home.

It has to be today. He carries a small flashlight, easier to maneuver than the phone's, and he points it to the floor just in case to avoid stumbling. Nothing is scattered on it, of course—that's only when Ilya's around.

Shane is sleeping on his side. It's hot for March, so he is only in his briefs and a t-shirt, which works perfectly for Ilya. He can only see his back and the side of his face from where he is positioned; Shane is curved around himself, Ilya's pillow being smothered in his hands. Ilya discovered pretty early that the fact that Shane had a hard time relaxing also applied to how he slept. He would wake up in the middle of the night, his leg cramped if he were not careful. There was another way of making him fully relaxed, but he was not able to get to it if Ilya was not there, which makes Ilya kind of proud for being the one to contribute to it but also kind of bad about that fact making Ilya happy.

Every little thing that Shane needs from Ilya is another layer of worth that Ilya wears like a crown.

Breathing in, breathing out, readying himself. Just looking at him is making his dick swell: his unaware frame, the stalled air filled with his smell, and the soft sounds he makes. With much care, he stalks closer to the bed, focusing on Shane's breathing to know if he wakes up. Kneeling on the bed, his heart hammering inside his chest. Is he doing it? A last second to decide. Last moment to doubt, but then Ilya remembers: Shane panting, his arms on his back, crying, begging him to stop while pushing back with his hips to get more of Ilya. Coming so hard that they almost fainted.

Ilya is doing it.

Hand pushing on Shane's head, the other one secures his wrist fast, and Shane is awake; he yelps and curses, "What the fuck," and the thing is, Ilya knows his boyfriend is strong. Ilya has checked him on the boards, and Shane has smiled afterwards. Ilya has seen how a man with fifty pounds on him tried to stop his beeline to the goalie and Shane pushing back against it enough to liberate himself and still feel like the puck is something that just doesn't want to leave Shane's side until he decides to let it go. Ilya has seen it all, but the strength with which Shane responds in that original second, all panic and no recognition, almost throws him and the whole plan to the side of the floor.

He manages, though; he says, "Be still or you won't leave this house alive," and the moment he hears the voice, he stops. He doesn't say his name, though. Good boy. Ilya saves the praise for later.

Ilya seizes the moment of reprieve to use his whole weight to push him into the bed. Two hundred pounds on top of Shane, who's still waking up. One hand is locked by Ilya's knee on top of the wrist, the other seized by Ilya's hand and his face plastered against the mattress.

"Are you going to be good?"

"What do you want? I can tell you where the money—"

Ilya pushes him against the bed again. He stops talking. "I'm going to take your hands, and I am going to tie you up, and you are going to be good, or I will fucking kill you right here and now. It's clear?"

"I promise, there is no need to—"

"Is it fucking clear?"

Shane nods. "Yes."

"Yes, *what?*"

Voice trembling. Voice and body. "Yes, it is clear." And then, "I'll be good."

Ilya sucks in air through his teeth. Shane seems scared, too. God. Ilya thinks he can feel himself descending into craziness.

Shane doesn't try to free himself from Ilya's grip as he brings them to the headboard. Taking the rope with one hand, he twirls it around his wrists and the headboard, finishing it into a knot that at this point he can (and has to) do with his eyes closed. There is moonlight entering through the window, but not enough, and he has to trust the times that he has been practicing it, both with Shane and on his own.

Under him, Shane is suspiciously quiet, so when Ilya is almost finished and Shane heaves his hips up, trying to throw him away to get free, Ilya is ready for it. The way Shane bites into his forearm is a surprise, but he brings his forearm up just in time to avoid the worst of it. They struggle, and the arm that Shane has managed to get free tries to pull his hair, but he was not taking the balaclava Ilya's wearing into consideration.

Ilya is wearing it half because of the role-play, half because he didn't trust himself not to kiss Shane, but that's out of the window now, as Shane grunts in frustration. The time he loses there and the fact that his other hand is already tied up helps Ilya secure them both against the headboard, fast, while still trying to navigate Shane's movements. It's like trying to keep riding a fucking eel. When he is finally able to get the other hand inside the rope and does the final twist, he takes a moment to get his breathing back, then looks down and slaps him in the face, hard.

Shane yelps, and Ilya puts the end of the rope inside his hand. The rope gives him a little bit of space, as having him tied to the headboard would not allow to move him later, and Ilya really wants to turn him around at some point. Shane grasps it, hard, clear in his intent and then he starts sputtering.

"You fucking—" Shane is saying. "You'll see, there is an alarm, the police are—"

"It's not good to be a liar, Shane Hollander. Should not lie. Nobody knows you're here because you were not supposed to be here. If you had stayed with your team, I would have just taken what I wanted."

"What do you want from me?" He tries without luck to untie himself.

"I want you to stay still for a fucking second. Or I will tie your legs too, so we are going to be good, yes?"

"Fuck you."

Ilya laughs. It doesn't feel like his own laugh. He puts a hand on Shane's neck, pressing into the Adam's apple, and uses his throat to support himself and press the switch to turn on the light. He maintains it dim enough that he can see Shane's freckles. Shane chokes on a gasp, the pressure cutting his airway without allowing him first to breath in.

"Look at you. No one told me how pretty you were. You're prettier here than on the ice, you know."

Brow furrowed, forehead sweaty. He's getting redder by the second. When his eyes start to fill with panic, he counts to three for good measure, and only then does he relax the pressure.

“Please leave me alone,” Shane bargains, panting, trying to get more air in and not managing. “There is money in the house; I can tell you where. Take whatever you want and—”

Ilya tilts his head, and Shane seems to realize how he phrased that part.

“That’s a high offer; I might take it up on it. Now, you stay there, still.”

Ilya’s hand leaves his neck and slaps him softly in the cheek twice. While he stands up, leaving him stranded, Ilya carefully avoids getting any closer to Shane’s legs, as he suspects that his dick is already hard and soon to start leaking.

He stands up from the bed, picks the balaclava up, and plays with it, turning it around in his hands. “What will I do now that you have seen my face?”

Shane doesn’t respond. He is just glaring at him, still recovering his breathing, coughing up; his eyes following Ilya's steps around the wooden floor with shiny eyes. Cheek still red from Ilya's hand, Ilya wants to slap it with his cock. Later. He turns around and checks out the room as if his clothes were not in the left part of the closet. As if his toothbrush were not in the bathroom. There are no photos of them, though, and that stings a little bit, but can't deny that it is helpful not seeing his face from the shelf.

He takes his time checking the drawers where he knows there isn't anything useful for tonight. They both know that he is stalling, making time until he finds what Shane knows he is going to, and they are getting increasingly nervous (Shane) and horny (both). With the dim light coming from the wall behind the bed, Ilya can ignore how hard Shane is, for the moment. "Boring, boring, boring," he says, closing the drawers on his side of the bed. He circles around it, slowly, as if he had all the time in the world; he sits on the edge of the bed on Shane's side, keeping an eye out just in case he decides to try and do something with his legs. When he has his hand on the handle, Shane says, with a shaky voice.

"There is nothing there. I can tell you where the money is, but—"

Ilya looks at him. "Hmm. If there is nothing here, you don't mind that I have a look, then?"

Shane swallows. "Like, no, you do you, but, yeah. There is nothing of value." Ilya smiles and pulls at the same time. "There is nothing—"

"Shh," Ilya shushes, and he turns back to the drawer, where they usually store the condoms and the lube. Some additional sex toys that Ilya has been buying lately, just because he loves testing them with Shane and making them, and him, work. As if it were a surprise, Ilya whistles. “Wow. What do we have here, though? You don't use this with girls, Hollander."

"Why do you care?"

Ilya shrugs. "I didn't before. I might start now, though. Is this for you or for your boy?" Shane doesn't answer. "Nah, I'm sure that you’re a slut that likes to have his ass full, yes?"

With his back to Shane so he doesn't know what he takes from the drawer, Ilya picks up one of the latest dildos they have bought. It's not very big, but the vibration is *mean*; Shane

almost passed out from overstimulation the last time they used it.

He climbs onto Shane and straddles him on his stomach, still being very careful about ignoring his cock. It's getting difficult to ignore his own, though. When he's gotten comfortable on top of him, he shows him the dildo. "This has to feel good, no? Do you like it when your man pushes it inside you?" Ilya presses one of the buttons so it starts vibrating. He tries all the levels and Shane's eyes become increasingly big. He turns it off.

Shane's expression is scared but still defiant. Tilting his head, Ilya brings the dildo down to his face and tries to push it inside his mouth, which is firmly closed. Putting his other hand on the side of his head and pressing into the jut of his jaw, Ilya shifts down just a bit, with a menacing tone. "We can do this the easy way, where you open your dirty mouth and suck, or the hard way, where I break the few real teeth you still have."

"Fuck you," Shane spits out.

Mocking tone. "Maybe. " Quick look at the hand. The motherfucker is holding onto the rope so hard he's going to hurt himself with his nails. "So what's going to be? You pick: easy or hard? With *words."*

The words sound like an insult. "Easy. I pick easy."

Ilya nods, the tip of the dildo back on his lips, and this time around Shane opens his mouth. Ilya has seen him do this with his cock countless times, but not like this. There is something in the hesitation, in the way he wants and he should not, in the challenge of his eyes that's worryingly hot for Ilya. He fucks into his mouth with it. "Good." Saving the full praise yet. Save it from when he really is good, Ilya thinks. Resilience and patience, actually the best they have served him is to ruin his boyfriend for anyone else.

Maybe he will find something more respectable than Ilya later on the road, someone who Shane won't need to hide. It should not be difficult, but at least it will take him some more time finding someone who fucks him better.

"Yes, you are the slut for sure; no one that doesn't like cocks sucks like that. You can deep throat this, yes? Fuck," he says, pushing it further away, making it impossible for air to pass. "I bet you want the real thing." Movement on his back, Shane trying to buckle him off. He laughs it off, taking the dildo out of his mouth, drool falling from it onto his chin. Shane coughs.

"You put that into my mouth, and it's the last thing you do with it."

He's so proud of his chirp, fuck. "What a dirty mouth you have for someone that can't go anywhere."

Ilya looks around for a second, reaching for the discarded balaclava, and plays with it for a second. "Such a dirty, dirty mouth you have on you; did you learn that playing hockey? How about we stop you from talking for a while?"

When Shane opens his mouth again, surely to tell him to fuck off, Ilya is ready, and he is faster; he pulls the wool cloth inside his mouth, avoiding just barely his teeth when they clamp down on him. He slaps him again, so hard that his cheek touches the pillow. "Open. Open, or I will fucking break your jaw," Ilya says. He obeys. "Can you breath through your nose?" When Shane just looks at him, eyes full of rage, Ilya keeps talking. "Do you want me to hold it so I can confirm for myself?"

Shane then breathes in and out, hard, from his nose, enough for it to sound. Ilya nods, picks up with his thumb the tear that's coming down the corner of his eye. "Don't cry. I won't hurt you if you're nice and do exactly as I say, yes? Nod for me."

Shane blinks once, twice, and then nods, breathing hard. Ilya smiles, touches his cheek for a second, and then moves his hand to his own pants. In the silence of the room, their combined breathing the only sound that can be currently heard, the zipper of his pants sounds like a storm that’s brewing. Under his legs, Shane's chest heaves in anticipation.

"Suck a cock slut you are."

Ilya takes out just his cock, so hard it hurts, brings a hand to his mouth, and spits on it. He gives himself some tugs, spreading the saliva and the precum that's already pooling at the tip. He moans and looks down to Shane. The rage has left way for the hunger, Shane's eyes following the way his thumb moves. Ilya rises onto his knees, sliding his hips to the front, the tip of his cock on Shane's cheek, spreading the wetness, slapping it softly, first, and harder for a second time, smearing precum all over his freckles. Shane closes his eyes, brows furrowed, hands still trying to get free of the rope.

"Now we are in a very difficult position, Hollander. Because I am going to fuck your mouth, but I can't forget about what you said." Ilya reaches into his pocket and takes out a retractable knife. Of course it's not real, but it looks like it. "I didn't want to reach this point, but you need to promise me you won't bite, or I will have to bleed you out. And neither of us want that, do we?"

Shane looks at the knife that's resting on the pillow close to him, then gazes up at Ilya, and he finally shakes his head. He tries talking and pushing the cloth out his mouth with his tongue. "If I take this out, it's only so you can suck my cock, as I am sure you'd love to do it. A mouth like that is made for sucking cock."

Ilya carefully takes the cloth out of his mouth. Shane spits out the threads that are surely there. "Is it too dry? Here, let me," he says, and clamps his hand around his jaw, keeping his mouth open. He gathers saliva and drops it in a thread, spitting in the end, and then forces it close. "You're welcome."

Shane swallows down, trying to gather his own saliva around it.

"Show me first how you are going to do it, yes? Show me how you do it to your man." Ilya whispers and then puts the pad of his fingers on his bottom lip, wet with saliva, red, and rightfully sinful. Shane opens his mouth and he presses slowly in, pushing them first against the tongue and then further into the bottom. Shane closes his eyes and his lips and sucks in,

his tongue going around his fingers. Ilya knows he is trying not to moan, so he allows his own grunts to get away from him in solidarity.

If this were any other day, he would directly kiss him, pushing his own tongue in with the fingers. But as it is not any other day, he just spits on them, on his lips, pushing it inside when they are back in. At the same time, he half-fucks the side of his throat with his cock, shiny precum spreading around the skin.

Adding the thumb, he forces his mouth open, draws back his hips, and puts the tip of his cock between the fingers. "Be good to me, yes?"

Shane, possibly unable to stop himself, nods and puts the tip of his tongue against the delicate part under his cock. Ilya sucks in a breath; he almost says *Shane*. He puts his cock into his mouth slowly, watching it enter, watching the way Shane's eyes flutter close, wetness clinging to his eyelids. "Fucking more," he whispers, and when he is almost all in, he modifies the angle, Shane breathes in and does this thing with his throat that makes any resistance disappear, and Ilya is able to bottom up completely.

Arms against the headboard. He needs to stop looking at Shane or everything will be for naught, as this is just the beginning. Shane needs to be undone, any resemblance of defiance or control gone. He needs to be in pain and at his mercy.

A hand around the nape of Shane's neck, Ilya draws back his hips, back and forth, rocking into his mouth without allowing him a second to breath. He's gagging on the next thrust, tears flowing already. Not bad, but those are not the ones that Ilya wants to see, it's easy to get those from a physical reaction. Shane's hand is close to his, so close, still clinging to the rope; Ilya cheats with his own wrist so his thumb is touching Shane's skin for a millisecond. Before he actually starts caressing him, he shifts back, cock out of his mouth, drooling around it, saliva dropping onto his chin when he starts coughing.

"You're such a cock slut, fuck; you take this too well. I want to fucking make you choke on my cock."

Shane can't stop himself anymore, and he moans the next time Ilya puts his cock inside; Ilya grunts and pushes inside, coaxing the vibration that they make around his dick.

"Are you trying to make me come with that amazing mouth? You think that making me finish is going to make me stop?"

"I don't—"

"You do. You thought, well, if I do this, he will leave me alone, is that it?" Ilya smiles, in character again, and decides not to get so close to breaking again. "Sorry, but you will not be so lucky." Another soft slap. "Open," he says, and puts it in again, fucking into it, not having any consideration for his mouth or his throat. When he's close to coming, he draws a hand to his back, looks for Shane's nipple, and twists it. Shane almost dislodges his jaw in surprise, and Ilya takes the opportunity to press against it, finally coming into his mouth. Shane starts to retch, and then he controls it, swallowing it down. For the last spurts, Ilya pulls it out and lets it fall onto his lips.

"Swallow it; I know you want it." He says, sliding down his stomach, avoiding putting his whole weight on it, his spent cock resting in the middle of his pecs until he puts it inside his briefs again. He takes the fake knife, too, and throws it to the other side of the bed, he won't be needing it again. Shane is coughing still, but he obeys, breathing shallowly.

Then, very much in a calculated way, he shifts down through his body, his ass pressing directly into his hard cock. Shane pushes his hips away from him, as if there were any place for him to hide.

"What do we have here? You're—you're fucking hard? This is why you wanted to make me finish, so I would not notice that you're getting off on this too?"

His voice is raw and wrecked. It's the best fucking sound in the world. He's close to crying, humiliated. "No, it's not—it's not like that. I don't like—"

"You can say whatever; this doesn't lie, yes? Are all hockey players secretly sluts, or did I win the lottery?" He presses again, his whole weight against it, and it's almost admirable how Shane stops himself from rutting against him; he can't stop the broken moan he lets out. Ilya looks down, then up to his eyes. "What about you and me have a good time?"

"No. Just—please."

"Yes, please. I will give you what you want, what all you fucking whores want. Even before you know you want it."

He slides down until he's straddling his feet, then he hooks his fingers on the hem of the shorts and the briefs he is wearing underneath and pulls them just a little bit down, rendering useless the way Shane is trying to stop it.

Ilya swears under his breath. Shane is so hard it seems like he's close to come, the cock an angry red, the balls tightening up.

"So? Do you have any explanation for that apart from you wanting me to fuck you raw?"

Shane doesn't say anything; he just sobs, trying to hide his face on his bicep, unable to look at Ilya. He sniffs for a second.

With two fingers, he touches lightly Shane's navel under the shirt, his thighs, his groin. Shane's dick tenses for a second. Ilya hooks the fingers under it, pulls up, and then, in Ilya's direction, he lets it go; wet tip against skin, a slap that resounds on the silence of the room. Shane lets out a sound between a grunt and a moan.

"You're getting shy now? You prefer not looking at my face?" Shane shrugs-nods, sniffing again. Ilya rises onto his knees, giving him just enough space. "Turn around then. I want to see the ass that you're giving your man daily. I think you like to be on fours, like a dog, yes?"

"Fuck off. I'm fucking gonna kill you." Cheap threats from someone that feels he will come the second Ilya puts his cock inside him.

"Hmm. Maybe. But first I'm going to fuck you so hard your man is not going to know what to do with you after. Same options. Easy way or hard way?"

Shane looks at him, anger and excitement pooling in the wetness of his eyes. He pulls himself onto the headboard, abs tense, turning himself around; and getting on all fours for him, his hand still visible enough for Ilya. *Good boy, Shane*, Ilya thinks. *I'm going to give you everything you need.*

Ilya drags up his shirt until it is crumpled in his armpits and gasps. There is a bruise starting to bloom purple on the lower side of his ribs that reaches his ass. Shane was saving it as a surprise for him, probably; maybe he would have sent a picture at some point tomorrow, just to haunt him or just to make Ilya come to Montreal, which *would* have worked. Incapable of stopping his fingers, like a magnet for him, he presses on the central part, leaning more into the side.

Shane under him is something to behold, and he takes his time while he processes the new information. Head just turned enough that he can hide his face in the pillow or look back at Ilya. For a second, Ilya can spot something satisfied in his eyes, like a cat that has managed to get what he wanted. He's so glad that he had this surprise for Ilya, the little shit; God, Ilya needs to punish him. The curve of his back, where Ilya can't get lost because the notches in his spine mark the path home, and the dimples just above his hips, one of them in the limit of the bruise. Once, not long ago, he pulled out before finishing inside him and filled them with his cum.

His glorious, amazing ass, ready for him. Always ready for him.

“I understand now why you are a fucking slut, with an ass like this, Hollander. Is this your favorite position?" Ilya rasps and slaps him hard and without warning. Shane yelps, just at the surprise one. When Ilya continues hitting him, now on the side of the cheek, then on the center, just on one side to have the color comparison with the other one. He notices Shane is trying again to resist moaning, either from pain or from pleasure. Ilya won’t have that, so he adds pressure to the slaps and then lower, on the back of his thigh; the skin there sensitive and tender. Shane yelps and tries to get away from his hand. Ilya laughs, a cruel edge to it.

"There is no place to go to, sweetheart. Also, do you *really,* really want me to stop?”

Shane’s voice is hoarse. “Yes!"

Another slap, same place, harder.

“Do you think I will leave you alone if you ask me like that? Canadian boys are supposed to be polite, yes?”

Shane does not answer; he is just saying something like *fuckyoufuckyoufuckyou* against the pillow, but they turn into whimpers when he slaps him again. Ilya keeps talking, unable to stop, wanting to break him, to make him beg for something he should not want.

Pushing the seam of his shorts up, he admires his work, the reddened skin warm to the touch; a whack on the reddest part every time he recoils from him. His hand is now almost

completely under the cloth; his thumb getting closer to the skin between his ass and his balls, he slides a nail against it, and Shane mumbles something that Ilya is not able to understand.

"What was your number? Twenty-four, yes? I think we're close to those, but your ass is taking it so fucking well."

Shane babbles against the pillow, but the begging tone is unmistakable.

“Can’t hear you. Ask me nicely.”

“Please,” he says. “Please leave me alone. Please.”

Ilya sighs. “You know. You are right. This is wrong, yes?” His thumb retreats for a second. Shane nods frantically, relieved. “Ask me again.”

“Please-please-please-please," he almost chants. "Please stop hurting me.”

Ilya’s heart is racing inside his chest. Supporting himself on the hand that’s not groping Shane’s ass, he gets closer to his face; Shane is looking at him from the corner of his eye. Ilya says, “No,” and shifts his thumb under the shorts, pushing it dry into his hole without leaving him any time to prepare and making it into the knuckle.

Letting out a raspy noise at the invasion, Shane tries to writhe away, but Ilya was right; he doesn’t have anywhere to run away to. He looks back at him, glassy-eyed, open-mouthed.

Ilya snickers. “You’re too innocent, Hollander. How do they call you in your team? Hollander, Holly? That’s a girls' name, but maybe you like it, don’t you? You like being fucked enough, I can tell,” he continues, blabbering at the pressure around his thumb. He scoots back, giving a little reprieve to his hole to take the shorts with both hands from the hem and pushing them down. He leaves the shorts around his calves, using them to limit his movements as much as possible.

“God, it really is a pretty ass,” he says and can’t stop himself from hitting him again. His hole tenses and then puckers; Ilya has to gather all his willpower not to stick his mouth to it to eat him out. “Let’s do something, and I promise I will honor my word this time. I'm going to touch your dick. If it has gone soft, I will leave you alone. What do you think?”

Ilya knows that there is zero possibility that he is *not,* but if he touches him and he is not about to burst already, he might take it as if it were soft and play with him a little bit more.

He might do it anyway. Shane feels like giving up; he just shakes his head, and there is a shift in his body language, like he knows it's going to happen and is trying to brace himself for it.

"If you're hard, though—" he says, and Shane lifts his head.

"Please, just go. I won’t tell anything. I promise. I will give you money.”

“But I don’t want money, sweetheart. Not anymore. Your ass is the best prize I could have hoped for when I entered here. You shouldn’t worry, no? You should not be hard if you’re not liking what I am doing to you.”

“I don’t. I’m not.”

“Let me see then.”

When he tries to put his hand below him, though, Shane tries to lie down on his own body, scrambling to stop him from getting to it. It doesn't matter; Ilya has enough strength, and he is in a better position, his hand gripping his sweaty hips and pulling him up until he can reach. Shane grunts when he surrounds his dick with his hand.

“Still hard as a rock. Even harder than before, I would say. I knew you were a slut, Hollander. I knew you wanted to be treated as one.”

“It's not like that,” he whines, but his voice and complaints are starting to sound too weak, breathy,

“You keep saying that but look at this, Hollander. Just accept it that you like to be treated like a whore.” Ilya moves his other hand to his mouth to cover two of his fingers with enough saliva , and he presses inside his hole, both at the same time, while he jerks him off.

“Oh my god,” Shane cries out, his body unable to decide where he wants to move, as moving back drives Ilya’s fingers into his prostate and moving forth makes him fuck his dick into Ilya’s hand. *Stopping won’t help, Shane*, Ilya thinks when he tries and crooks his fingers inside him, the index of the hand on his cock extending the precum that is weeping over the tip, just insinuating itself into the slit.

“Are you going to come already? Apart from a whore you’re fucking easy.”

When Shane's orgasm is getting closer, the vein on the underside of his cock swells up. By the time the first actual moan starts getting out of Shane’s mouth, Ilya is pressing down on the base, completely stopping his orgasm. The grunt of frustration sounds almost teary; Ilya *almost* feels bad about it.

Shane lets himself fall down, defeated.

"Tsk," Ilya tuts. “You know that good boys ask permission to come, Hollander. Are you really going to finish before me?”

“I wasn’t going to—" he slurs, lying.

“Don’t lie to me, or I swear to god I'll record you so everyone knows how much of a slut you are.”

“No! Please. Please, no one can know.”

“Do you think they would believe me if I don’t? It might be better if I have proof, no? ”

Shane doesn’t respond. Ilya hears him sniff; his hand is still clinging to the end of the rope.

“Don’t be sad. Here, I know something that will cheer you up." His head turns, and he glares at him, but it doesn't hold strength because he is fucking the air at the same time, trying to

find some purchase, clenching around his fingers. "Don’t look at me like that; I am already hard enough again.” To prove his point, Ilya takes out his cock again. Looking at Shane before him, he absentmindedly notes to repeat something similar and fuck a fully naked Shane while he is not. There is power in it; even without the ropes, he would feel it. “What should I call you? Holly?"

“Don’t,” he complains. "Please."

“What, you don’t like Holly? Do you prefer any other name, then?"He makes the pantomime of thinking about it. “See? I’m good. Shane, uh. How about Jane? You'd like that?”

Face hiding against the pillow to smother a teary moan, which is as loud as a *yes* that Ilya is going to get. Montreal Jane, Ilya thinks; his little heart might not survive today. Getting back on track, he slaps Shane’s ass with his cock, spreading his precum on the blush on his hand's shape, and then he rests it on his crack, pushing his cheeks close just enough to be able to thrust against it and give himself some release. He slides down, his arms on the sides of his armpits, a hand sneaking under to pinch a nipple, twisting it hard. Shane sinks his face on the pillow, crying against it, his ass up in the air, trying to get closer to Ilya's cock.

“Hey, Jane," he says, but there is no reaction. Then, a little bit higher, "*Jane*, listen to me. Do you think you can take me like this? You should be wet already. You do that daily for your man, yes? He doesn’t have to even ask you, *I bet*; you’re just ready for him whenever he wants to use you.”

“I can’t,” he pleads. “I really can’t.”

“Hmm. I think you do. I think you would like it. Maybe it’s the only way you have to feel something anymore.”

He shakes his head again; Ilya scoots back and looks at his own cock. There is enough precum to push it in a little, he thinks, but that's it. Even with preparation, which they have had not, putting it dry would not only hurt Shane but also Ilya; he won’t do it. But there is something in the fear; it's like he can smell it in the air, mixed with Shane's sweat.

Maybe if they are actually together for some days. Maybe, but not now. There is a previously opened pack of lube in his pocket, ready for this, but Ilya is trying to prove something to himself about Shane. He puts the head of his cock, just this side of wet, on his entrance, looking at his hand on the headboard. They are both teetering on the line, and it’s making Ilya very, very horny. God, he loves Shane and his stubbornness.

“It’s going in; do you think it will fit, or will you break?”

There is a moment where everything is balancing on a cliff. Ilya, the head of his dick already in; Shane, the sound of his sobbing deafening, still trying to relax himself enough so Ilya can actually do it. His hand, hesitating on the rope, but the thing still coiled in his palm. Ilya confirms what he already knew: he’s not going to drop it, because that’s Shane for you.

Good thing that Ilya found him. That they found each other. *Mine, mine, mine*. Someone else could hurt you badly, sweetheart, but not me.

Since that first time that Ilya said *drop to your knees* and Shane obeyed without hesitation, Ilya should've known that this man was specifically made to drive him crazy. Hoping to do it sneakily, without stopping pressing in, he takes out the lube and drops it on his own cock, coating it enough that they both avoid a visit to the hospital. He draws back, extends it quickly with his hand, and moves back in, pressing in then, without stopping, until he bottoms out; Shane sighs with relief and clenches his fist again around the rope. Jesus fucking Christ, Shane.

"See? You were wet enough for me. You know who gets wet, Jane?"

Shane looks back, eyes glassy, resistance gone from him. "Who?"

Ilya smiles and grazes with the back of his hand Shane's back, soft, a whisper of a touch. Under Shane's attentive look, he raises his hand and slaps his ass again, eyes locked with him. He draws his hips back and purrs, "Good boys like you," just to put it back in a brutal thrust, up to his balls. It almost hurts him, so he can imagine that it's not being exactly harmless to Shane. His mouth is open and his eyebrows are drawn together. He doesn't complain, though.

"Look how you take me, God." He grips his hips, gets into position, and twists his own just until he notices the grunt that one of the angles exerts from Shane's throat when he grazes his prostate, and then he hones in on that same direction without giving him any respite. Every time he bottoms out, Shane cries out, a mix of pleasure and pain, and it doesn't take long for Shane to be close to coming. Ilya wants to make him come untouched, and, while it is something quite possible for Shane, it's not something that Ilya can do at will, even after all this time. He still doesn't know how he managed it the first time, when they didn't know so much about each other.

The hand that Shane does not have the end of the rope on is grasping the headboard, and he *is* pushing back against him because Shane can't stop himself at this point, and Ilya keeps his punishing rhythm against his asshole, the friction almost unbearable; it's so dry. He presses his fingers on his hips, hard, so hard that he might leave bruises, adding all his strength and weight into the thrusts until he feels the known pressure of his dick that informs him that Shane is almost there. In that moment, he presses on with his thumb on the bruise, and Shane recoils from the pain, sobbing.

"What did I tell you? Do you want me to stop you again from coming?"

"No, fuck, please, no, please—"

Ilya slows down. "Then you know what you have to do. *Ask* for me to fuck you raw until you come. Fucking *beg* or I will come again and then will leave you tied up until someone finds you, still hard, in two days."

Ilya snaps his hips back and slides in again, grazing his prostate, and then finally Shane caves in. "Please let me come. Please *make me* come; fuck me, please—"

"See? Was it so difficult?" He draws back almost until the tip is out and just fucks into him as hard as he can, the angle premeditated, hands gripping his hips to get him where he wants,

Shane moaning and sobbing just a word, *please*, until he finally, finally starts spasming around Ilya's cock and comes, mouth open around a final plea.

Ilya stays still inside him for just a second and then starts moving, slowly but not stopping completely, looking at the way his dick presses against the reddened, abused rim. "No stopping, Jane. No stopping for you. Did you come?"

"No."

Ilya stutters back and forth with his hips, and Shane cries from overstimulation. "Don't lie. Why are you still trying to lie to me? You were doing so good."

"It hurts, fuck, fuck," he starts and muffles the sound of his voice on the pillow again. He is close to gone, and Ilya is loving every second of it. He shifts back and takes out his cock; looking at his gaping hole as it closes up, he gathers saliva and spits on it, pushing it inside with the tip of his cock.

"What a beautiful hole, Jane, so wet for me," he whispers, and Shane brings his ass back, closer to him, the rim tensing and then opening, he recoils when it starts to hurt. "If you tell me the truth, I will make you a little bit wetter before putting it in again. Does that sound nice?"

"Yes. Okay, I will—I will tell you the truth. Just—don't hurt me." He's crying now, and these tears are better, more sincere.

"I won't do anything that you don't like."

He shifts his hand between his legs, stroking the tender skin before his balls with the pad of his fingers, then the sack, pressing around it enough that Shane's toes curl in, and then he moves the hand to his cock, spent and soft, but Ilya knows that in a minute it will be trying its best to get hard again. Bless Shane and his ease of getting hard. It was what brought them here, and honestly, Ilya is not one to complain. "Hey, Hollander," Ilya whispers, supporting himself on one hand to get as much access with the other to Shane's body.

Shane stutters, "Yeah?"

"Would you like me to touch your tits a little bit? Would that help get you wet?"

Silence. Ilya's hand climbing up to his navel, his abs, under his pec, not reaching his nipples, just teasing close to them. Ilya knows that will break Shane.

"You promised you would tell me the truth. I don't know you, no? You have to tell me." A beat. "You have to *ask me for it*."

Ilya waits. In the end, Shane likes to submit. Shane likes Ilya making him submit, either by force, like today, or by neglect, when he denies him the right to come, or even by love, when he praises him until he melts. But it is like this: Ilya coaxing his desires out and enjoying every second of it.

"Please." A low whisper, almost inaudible, the fluttering wings of a butterfly.

"Please, what?"

"Please, touch my tits and make me wet."

The only thing left for Ilya at this point is to bark. "Of course, sweetheart," he says instead, and Ilya shifts down until his chest is glued to his sweaty back and brings his fingers to Shane's mouth. "Gimme some," he orders, and Shane obeys, licking his fingers as if he were kissing him. Fuck. Ilya needs to kiss him as soon as possible. He draws back his hand and touches him as promised, more tenderly than he should but still twisting his nipples, pressing them between his fingertips. Shane gasps and then moans, and isn't that the best sound in the world? His own cock is resting against Shane's ass, and he uses the placement to give himself some friction. He is so close to coming again, but he wants to take another orgasm from Shane before finishing himself.

Shane is pushing his chest on Ilya's hands, arching his back, stroking Ilya's dick with his ass. Shane pants and cries and whimpers when Ilya presses just so on the nub with his nail.

Ilya doesn't know about Shane, but his cock is spurting so much precum that *he* is the wet one. Again, in silence and while he pushes his thumb in his ass, he drops the rest of the lube on his cock, which should be enough after fucking Shane five minutes ago. He takes out his shirt, fed up with the heat of the room.

"I think that's enough; a good girl should be wet already," he says, and Shane shudders when hearing the words. This has been fun, but by this point seeing Shane's face is a necessity akin to breathing. "Turn around again, Jane."

Shane obeys, with Ilya's help. When he is looking at him from below, Ilya takes his time admiring his work. Mouth open in a perpetual moan. Blushed from his freckles to his chest, gaze unfocused. His nipples are hard and wet still, cock hard and leaking on top of the remnants of his previous orgasm on his stomach. Ilya grips the back of one of his knees so he can rest Shane's calf on his shoulder, the angle making his entrance available for him.

Shane bites his lip under his stare. "Fuck, you're pretty like that. I want to have you tied up there, for me, to use whenever I want. Would you like that?"

Shane breathes in, then out, and brings down his hips against Ilya's cock. Trying to stop himself from dropping a kiss on the available skin from the ankle resting on his shoulder, Ilya bites down around his calf so hard that Shane tries to take his leg away from him, but he is so weakened by this point that there is nothing to do. He just whimpers under the pain, says *please,* and *you said you would not hurt me*.

Ilya readies his cock on his entrance again and answers, "I didn't say I wouldn't hurt you. I said you would like it." Shane cries out when Ilya presses in, finding less resistance than the previous time, but he knows it hurts anyway; he knows from the way Shane's face changes into a grimace and he tries to writhe away from him, his eyes filling with tears again. It doesn't stop him, though, sliding inside him against the resistance, waiting until he breathes in and the muscle relaxes and he can bottom out on it. "Fuck," and it's pressing around him so much, so much it almost hurts, but that only makes himself getting harder, if possible. He will make Shane come another time before he brings himself over the edge; even if he has been so

close for so long that every thrust is like an alarm going on his head. He might die when he finally comes for all he knows.

Hips back and forth, long thrusts extending the little wetness around his hole, the rim abused around his cock. Ilya can't remember what game they had. Ilya can't remember anything beyond the man he has under him. He is not playing anymore, and there is something to be said about how he is the same; he wants to hurt him the same, he wants to make him cry, and he's doing it.

Ilya is blabbering now, calling him names, all mixed up: Shane and Jane and Hollander and *sweetheart*; any pretense that this is not them dissolving as he gets closer to his orgasm. He doesn't even need to look at his hand because, while Shane is still sobbing and saying that it's too much, the leg that he does not have on his shoulder is on Ilya's ass, the heel pressing against it. Ilya brings himself down, blessed by the flexibility that the yoga gives Shane. He supports himself with one hand and uses his free one to put it around Shane's cock; Shane breathes in through his teeth.

Their faces are too close. Shane looks at him, eyes glassy, tears drying on the sides, and whispers *Ilya*, his plush lips touching Ilya's, and the strongest man in the world could not stop himself at that, and Ilya doesn't try to pretend to be; he kisses him, and it feels like coming home, like coming back to the only place he wants to be. "I'm—," he starts, but he cannot keep going, kissing him and talking at the same time; his brain has stopped working except as a means to make him and Shane finish. "*Shane*," he pleads.

The roles have changed, and he has not even realized when; Shane is tied up, and yet he's suddenly in charge. Or maybe he was from the beginning, as everything Ilya does is for him. "I'm almost there, Ilya; just fuck me, *break me,*" his heel almost kicking him in the back. Ilya gathers strength from where there is none anymore, snapping his hips as hard as he can, his hand almost not needing to be moved with how he's making Shane's body jerk.

Shane's mouth opens in a silent wail, then breaks into a moan, and Ilya whimpers with relief, his own orgasm just barely held by pure stubbornness, so when Shane starts spurting and pressing around his cock, he just has to let go to reach it. He presses his mouth to Shane's, and there is something that can just relate to a kiss between them, mouths opened and shared breath while they moan, white release between them and inside Shane. By the time they are actually finished, Ilya thinks he's seeing stars.

Ilya gives himself the bare minimum of time to get his pulmonary capacity back and then raises his hands to untie Shane; when he is free, Ilya drops to his side and hugs him into his arms, his legs, pulling the sheet on top of them. Shane makes himself small to stay glued to him. While using his lips to give him little kisses on his face, on the side of his eye, the taste salty there, the side of his mouth, Ilya's hand caresses the path from the nape of his neck to his ass; he finally leaves his fingers there, not inside, just the pads resting at the entrance and not allowing his release to leave his hole, and he sighs, locking Shane into his embrace. Mine, he thinks.

Mine, mine, mine.

Ilya must be out for around five minutes, and when he comes back to himself, Shane's arms have moved and around him, his mouth stuck to Ilya's chest, peppering little kisses, his leg on his hips still allowing him to have his hand between his legs.

"Sorry. Am I hurting you?"

Shane shakes his head and then shrugs. "Kind of. I don't mind." A beat. "I love you, you know."

Ilya's chest is full of light. "I love you too," he says, and he finally leaves his ass, cleans his fingers on the sheet, and surrounds Shane again, he presses his body to himself. Shane raises his head to kiss him. He feels calm and at peace, sighing contently against Ilya's chest.

Usually, Ilya would have things prepared to clean them both afterwards, but, of course, that part was out of the window today. He can still do it, though. "Let me get something for the mess."

Shane doesn't allow him to leave his side, though. Ilya kisses him, their tongues just sliding on each other, lazy and loved. "Let me. You will hate me if you fall asleep again like this."

"I know. But I don't want to be away from you." A moment, and he sighs. "Let's do it together. Take a shower, then we change these filthy sheets quickly, and we sleep late tomorrow?"

Ilya sighs and nods. "Okey." He knows he should be the one doing this. He should be the one that cares for Shane, but he feels—drained. Not bad. It was amazing, but it is sometimes like this, like he poured all his energy into Shane and there is nothing left for him.

The thing is—this is not how Ilya used to fuck before. There is nothing on his past that prepared him for the way he fucks Shane. For the way Shane likes to be fucked. He didn't mind a little bit of roughing them up, and God knows that Sasha and he stepped over each other's boundaries like they didn't exist, but this—this is so different. The point is, of course, that Ilya has discovered things about himself that he didn't know about before Shane that feel equally insane as the things that Shane wants to have done to him.

Everything in his life has been like that: before Shane and after Shane. Better said: before meeting Shane and after meeting Shane. There will not be anything for Ilya *after* Shane. If it's up to him, they will be joined at the hip until they retire (two hours away, all year round) and then even closer and finally in one thousand years Ilya will die, before Shane, of course, and Shane can have some happy time after him and that's it. Ilya won't have to be without him ever again.

He allows Shane to guide him; they clean each other in the shower. Shane's wrists have some burns of the ropes, even if Ilya spent a ton on it being as soft as possible; he gives little kisses on them. Shane says, "I like it," and Ilya laps at them. They kiss each other while the water reaches their shoulders and back, the bruise stark against the soft, bright skin there. "I wanted to surprise you," Shane says.

"Oh, you did."

"You had a bigger surprise for me, though."

Ilya smiles, his hand pressing on the bruise, kissing him to drink the soft whimpers from Shane's mouth.

Shane also has the shape of his hand on his cheeks; it might even still be visible tomorrow. Marks all over his body, Ilya would like the bruise to also be his; he would have to reclaim it tomorrow.

After the least efficient shower in history that barely allows them to feel refreshed, they team up to put the filthy sheets in the basket and the new ones as fast as they can on the bed, not even bothering with anything else than putting them on top of the mattress.

By the time they actually get on the bed, Ilya feels like he might cry. Shane is clinging to him, his head on his chest, the warmth of his body plastered to Ilya's, knee on top of his stomach. They have not bothered putting on anything to sleep; it's rare for Shane but not unheard of, especially when they feel like right now, raw.

Ilya contemplates the ceiling and his life choices. He sighs and turns just a bit so he is inside Shane's arms, turning their positions into a tangled mess of themselves.

"Ilya?" Shane whispers.

"Hmm?"

"I loved this. You did it for me, and I loved it, and I love you," he says. Ilya murmurs it back, and they kiss for another bit. Then Shane raises his head for a second and looks him in the eye. "You didn't hurt me in a way that I didn't enjoy."

He knew, but in any case, the weight that sometimes accompanies him is lifted. "Yes? Was it good? I felt a little bit—fuck, we have to delete the recordings of the camera," he says.

Shane laughs, his voice sleepy, almost gone. "I will, first thing in the morning. I kind of want to watch them, but I won't if you prefer it."

Ilya thinks about it, knowing it's going to be ridiculous because he was kind of panicking. "I'll check it out first."

Shane nods, dropping kisses like feathers on Ilya's shoulder and neck, and, when he turns his head, his lips.

"Just one thing. I want this to be this—an amazing memory of an amazing night. A one-time thing. Yeah? I mean like—the full thing. Other things are okay when you're here."

Ilya nods. "Yes. Was fun, though."

Shane agrees. For a fleeting second, Ilya thinks about pushing his luck and trying to get Shane to tell him which exact parts he loved—but then he discards the thought, sleep coming for him fast. He has the following weeks to test every one of them, anyway; and it's how they like to do it.

End Notes

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