Run, Kitten Run!

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Run, Kitten Run!

by clubshilya (naeminnie)

Summary

“Are you gonna hurt me?”

“Baby, I would never hurt you.”

Shane couldn’t take his eyes off the other man, the atmosphere in the room layered with fear and heat and something deeper, something almost primal.

Like prey caught between the teeth of its predator.

Or: scream au ft. freak4freak hollanov and slight ilya whump!

Notes

save me...freak4freak hollanov...save me...

i love putting these 2 in #situations because i can! shane and ilya r my little ken dolls <3

for those who care abt the lore in a pwp: the first scream came out in 1996 and thts the setting i was /very loosely/ trying to stick to HOWEVER! in order to make my life easier with the hockey convo tht happens early in the fic imagine the year is 1997. thats all.

plsplspls read the tags!! if u wanna know wht ur getting into beforehand read the spoiler below c:

if u wanna yap abt hollanov im on twt @clubshilya!! anyways hope u enjoy this...this...whatever this is.

▶ !!Spoilers!!

See the end of the work for more notes

For one of the first nights in who knows how long Shane had the house to himself. Hayden and JJ had both gone out to some halloween party leaving their shared off campus duplex devoid of any of the noise that usually came with the two over active boys Shane was - usually - happy to call his roommates and teammates alike. The exceptions of course being when they'd leave dishes in the sink or socks in the laundry room.

The trick-or-treaters had stopped a while ago seeing as it was almost midnight, the candy bowl Shane prepared nearly empty.

Still buzzing with the energy he had entertaining the kids that had come by for treats, Shane made himself a snack and settled in front of the tv to watch highlights from a hockey game that had aired yesterday.

As he slowly ate his way through his fruit salad and made comments to himself about the calls from yesterday's game, the cordless landline phone rang. Getting up, assuming it was probably one of his roommates, he plucked it off the receiver, "I told you, I'm not coming to pick you up, so call one of the other guys."

In return, he heard nothing but the crackle of the reception from the other end.

"Ugh, both of you can fuck off." he said before hanging up, making to reclaim his spot on the couch, he only took a few steps before the phone started to ring again, the loud shrill making him jump slightly. Frowning, he turned around and grabbed the phone again, "Hello?"

"Hello." A deep voice answered back, sounding nothing like either of his roommates.

"Who is this?" Shane answered, "Is this one of those Halloween pranks?"

Nothing but silence answered him, "Ha, ha. Very funny." he said before once again clicking the end call button.

Before he even had time to place the phone back on the receiver, it had started ringing again.

Starting to get annoyed, he picked up the phone, “This is getting really boring, you know.”

“I’m sorry,” the same voice answered back, “I just really wanted to talk to you.”

“I don’t even know who this is.” Shane responded, making his way back over to the couch to grab his bowl of fruit.

“You could.”

“I’m good, thanks.” he said hanging the phone up yet again.

It hadn’t even been a full two minutes before the phone started ringing again, angry now at having his hockey time interrupted, Shane answered the phone, “Look, I don’t know if this is some joke but you can just fuck off.” he spat angrily.

“I’m sorry, can we just talk for a second?” the mysterious man answered. Shane could make out some sort of accent through the distorted transmission.

“Why? You don’t even know me.”

“Ok then, what’s your name?”

Anger making way for confusion, Shane responded, “That’s like stranger danger 101.”

The voice let out a slight chuckle, “Yeah, I guess you’re right.”

There were a few beats of silence and Shane decided he'd had enough of whatever this was for the night. "Look I-"

"What are you watching?" the voice cut Shane off before he could respond.

Finding there really wasn't much harm in entertaining whoever this was, Shane answered, "Hockey highlights."

"Ouu, a hockey fan, huh?" the voice asked, a hint of humour in his voice.

"You could say that." he responded, popping a blueberry into his mouth.

"Who is your favourite player?"

Shane hummed, thinking seriously as his brain ran through all of the players he could think of, "I'm not sure actually."

"Oh come on," the voice said, Shane could almost hear the eye roll in his tone, "You are watching hockey on Halloween night, you must have favourite player."

"Hmm…probably Gretzky if I had to choose."

"He is on Rangers now, yes?" the voice asked, genuinely sounding interested.

Shane smiled, hockey being something he could talk about for ages, "Yeah, he's been playing great recently."

"I'm a fan of the Red Wings myself."

“Oh yeah, why's that?” Despite himself, Shane was having fun talking to this mysterious stranger, his deep, accented voice making shivers run through his body.

“Fedorov is better than your Gretzky.” the voice teased back, a smile clearly evident in his voice.

Shane scoffed, “This is his first season with the Rangers and I bet he’s still gonna out score Fedorov.”

The voice laughed, “I can see you are watching Red Wings highlights, tell me you really think Gretzky is better than him.”

A cold shiver ran down his spine as he focused on the Red wings highlights currently playing on his TV.

Warning signals firing off throughout his brain, Shane sat forward and looked towards the backyard door that sat to his left before asking back, “How did you know I was watching Red Wings highlights?”

“Well, you said you were watching highlights, I just…assumed.”

“Yeah but, you said you could see me watching the highlights.”

“Did I?”

Standing up, he made his way towards the door, bracing himself and taking a deep breath. He flicked on the light after his quick pause, nothing but a tall, fenced in oak tree getting bathed in the light.

“I, uh, I have to go.” Shane stuttered, uneasiness filling his senses. He shut the light off, made sure the door was locked and made his way back to where the receiver was seated on the kitchen counter.

“Wait, I am enjoying talking with you. Do not hang up.” the voice rushed out.

“Have a good night.”

The line went dead as Shane returned the phone to its spot.

Moving to step away, the loud ring of the phone filled the quiet space of the house, goosebumps raising along his arms.

Picking it up despite his anxiousness, Shane let the voice speak first.

“I told you to not hang up.”

“Why do you keep calling me?”

“I want to keep talking about hockey.”

“Well, I don’t. Goodbye for the last time, asshole”

Before he could hang up though, the voice yelled out on the phone, losing all of its previous playfulness, “If you hang up again I will slit your fucking throat. Yes?”

Shane froze, blood running cold, “This isn’t fucking funny. Is this some sick fucking prank?”

The voice hummed, casually as though he hadn't just threatened Shane's life moments before, "Maybe...more of a game."

"I don't *want* to play any fucking games with you." he responded, moving towards the front door and making sure it was locked.

"Well what I want is to see you whimpering in fear and spread out under me." the voice drawled, sultry tone filling Shane with confusing amounts of fear and arousal.

"Fuck you." he grit into the phone before hanging up again.

As he turned to head back into the kitchen, the doorbell rang. He looked over his shoulder, a cold shiver wracking his frame, "Hayden?" he called out before the doorbell rang again.

Nothing but silence answered him.

Feeling his anxiety grow, he lifted the phone to dial Hayden's number and ask him to come home, throwing all thoughts of how much his roommate would tease him about this later out of his mind.

Typing out his number, he lifted the phone to his ear, the sound of beeps indicating a failed call greeting him.

He muttered a quick curse to himself, fear and panic starting to settle into his bones.

Deciding he'd just go pick up Hayden and JJ himself despite his earlier protests to the two men, he rushed his way upstairs to grab his keys and wallet.

Skipping the stairs two at a time in his haste, heart pounding as he entered his room he grabbed what he was looking for before quickly making his back way downstairs.

As he approached the front door, fingers just making contact with the knob, he felt a hand grab him by his hair before he could wrench it open, yanking him backwards and sending him tumbling to the ground.

“Where do you think you are going, котенок?” the same voice he had heard over the phone asked as he looked down at him, face obscured by an all black goalie helmet that had a black out visor where the cage would normally be.

Shane didn’t have much time to take stock of more than the glint of a knife in his hand before he scrambled backwards. The man reached down for his ankle but Shane kicked his leg out, making contact with the man's stomach and forcing him to bend over with a quick grunt. Seizing the opportunity, he turned over onto his hands and knees to make a bolt for it.

He ran towards the living room, aiming for the back door. As his sweaty hands grasped at the latch, he heard the masked man behind him, only having a split second to look over his shoulder as the hand with the knife raised in the air. He ducked quickly, narrowly missing getting caught by the man's swing.

The knife ended up making contact with the wall, getting stuck in the plaster and giving Shane a chance to dart away. Knowing he wouldn’t have enough time to make it to the front door, he made his way upstairs.

At the top of the steps, Shane chanced a look behind him seeing the masked man stood at the bottom, Red Wings jersey hanging off his frame and knife poised in his hand.

“You are making this very difficult, котенок.” the voice called out, muffled from behind the visor.

Shane internally cursed himself at the strange mix of horniness and anxiety he was feeling. A man being able to throw him around with a deep sexy voice to match mixed with the fear of quite literally being chased for his life.

He spat out a quick *fuck you!,* before retreating to his room, hoping to lose the intruder by running through his shared bathroom with Hayden.

As he sprinted through the entrance to his room, slamming the door shut behind him, he crossed his room and opened the door to the bathroom before getting stopped in his tracks by the man already standing in the doorway opposite of himself.

Shane slowly backed up as the man took prowling steps towards him.

“What…what are you gonna do to me?” Shane said breathily, the backs of his knees hitting the edge of his bed, forcing him to sit and stare as the masked man stood before him.

“Depends.” the man said, bringing the edge of the blade up to Shane’s throat.

“On what?”

“How well you behave.” With that, he reached up and took his helmet off, revealing bronzed curls that bounced as he shook his head free.

Fuck, he was gorgeous. Piercing blue eyes, a strong jawline and heart shaped lips.

The knife drew a line up from where it had been resting, stopping at the tip of his chin, the man using it to tilt Shane’s head back, brown eyes meeting blue.

“Oh, Shane,” he whispered, “You are always so pretty, even when you are shaking with fear.”

Shane could feel himself hardening in his sweatpants, compliments coming from such a beautiful mouth with such an alluring accent doing things to him he wishes they weren’t given the circumstances.

“Are you gonna hurt me?”

“Baby, I would never hurt you.” he said as he brought his hand up to cup Shane’s face, thumb running over his cheek. The digit found its way to Shane’s mouth, pulling his lower lip down before letting it snap back into place.

Shane couldn’t take his eyes off the other man, the atmosphere in the room layered with fear and heat and something deeper, something almost primal.

Like prey caught between the teeth of its predator.

Shane let his mouth open ever so slightly, an invitation that was happily accepted as the thumb pushed its way into the wet heat. It pressed down on his tongue, making his jaw drop even further, the move making the man let out a quiet curse in what sounded to be Russian.

“Are you scared?” he asked as his thumb made its way to the inside of his cheek, tugging at the skin. Shane nodded as best as he could with the intrusion in his mouth.

“But will you still be good for me?”

Shane didn’t respond as he closed his mouth around the digit, keeping eye contact as he let his tongue run along the pad, coating it in spit.

Eventually, the thumb was removed, dragging against his face as it grasped at his chin; the hand with the knife dropped to the man's side at some point after Shane had closed his mouth around the finger prodding around inside his mouth.

The man gazed down at Shane with a mixture of want and fondness in his gaze and asked, “What do you want?”

And what did Shane want? His body was a mess of emotion from confusion and adrenaline to lust and panic.

But he knew one thing for sure.

This man was doing things to him he couldn't explain, and Shane couldn't help but feel intrigued.

"You." The word leaving Shane's mouth as nothing more than a puff of air.

"Is that how good boys ask for what they want?"

"Can I...I want you in my mouth?" Shane said, voice inching up at end as if he himself couldn't believe what he was asking for.

Pulling his jersey over his head and revealing an incredibly sculpted body, the man let out a quiet *good boy* as he tossed the knife onto the bed and let both of his hands find either side of Shane's head.

Shane took the cue and slid from the edge of the bed onto his knees, the hands guiding him to the bulge beneath the man's pants.

He nuzzled his face into the man's groin, letting his tongue come out to mouth at the length through the fabric, a scent so distinct and familiar filling his senses.

Shane's hands made for the waistband, fingers folding over the edge and pulling them down with his boxers. Doing so revealed his hard cock as it slapped against his stomach, just as pretty as the rest of him. Curly hairs at the base while the length sat uncut and thick and slowly leaking precum.

The man stared down at Shane as he gripped himself by the base, smearing the head across his cheek and leaving trails of shiny precum behind. Shane lolled his tongue out and the thick cock came slapping against it, once, twice before slowly dipping inside the heat of Shane's waiting mouth.

Lips closing around the head, Shane hollowed his cheeks and sucked, not yet taking it deeper as he let his tongue lavish the tip. The man above him groaned, hand still on Shane's head but not guiding, simply resting as the man on his knees showered the crown of his cock in attention.

The man snapped his hips suddenly, Shane gagging slightly before he pulled all the way back, cock slipping free from between his lips, "What do you say?"

Shane really didn't have the wherewithal to respond, the question passing through his static filled brain, words processing syrupy slow.

"I give you what you asked for," he said, tapping the head of cock against Shane's cheek, "So what do you say?"

"Th-thank you, Ilya." he stuttered out, head clearing enough to figure out what was asked of him but not enough to keep up with the game they'd been playing, Shane falling into the headspace he so often did with Ilya easily.

"My good boy, my Shane." Ilya groaned from above him as he guided his length back into Shane's pliant mouth.

This time, Shane didn't wait before he was taking Ilya down a good couple inches, pulling back with hollowed cheeks and his tongue running along the vein he knew made Ilya go crazy. The answering *fuck* and a twitch of his hips filling Shane with pride at how well knew which buttons to press to make Ilya lose himself in pleasure.

He let his throat relax as he kept taking more of the warm flesh into his mouth, eventually feeling the short hairs at the base tickling his nose. He stayed there as Ilya stilled, breathing in through his nose, airway mostly obstructed. And wouldn't that be a way to go. On his

knees with a cock so far down his throat he couldn't even taste the precum he knew was slowly leaking from its tip. Warming Ilya, trusting Ilya, being good…for…

Shane didn't even realize how lightheaded he was, having let his brain quiet as he sat there warming Ilya. It wasn't until he felt a hand drag him off, his lungs spasming as he sat there gasping for breath once his mouth was empty that he noticed.

Ilya chuckled meanly, "You think my cock is more important than breathing?" he asked after Shane had a few moments to gather himself, sucking in large breaths and wiping the mess on his chin away with the back of his hand.

"Yes, Ilya."

"Then take it." he responded as he pushed his length back into Shane's mouth.

"Your throat is so fucking perfect, you take me so well." Ilya said once Shane had resumed sucking him down. He'd started a rhythm of going down to the base before coming back up, bobbing his head and licking as he went. His hands had found a home on the backs of Ilya's thighs, pulling him into every bounce of his head.

At some point, Ilya's fingers clenched in Shane's hair, stilling him as he began to thrust shallowly into the willing throat below him, welcoming his cock with ease. "Look at you, on your knees and hard for the same man who broke into your home."

Shane gargled in what was supposed to be a moan, a hand finding its way down to his own aching length, the cotton of his sweats wet as he leaked through his briefs. He didn't let his hand do more than squeeze at himself over the fabric, already feeling on edge.

The hips above him sped up their pace, Ilya thrusting harshly into his throat now, spit and precum dripping out of Shane's mouth and trailing down his neck.

Ilya let himself snap sharply into Shane's mouth and held his head down, leaving the brunette with nothing to do but swallow around the intrusion and inhale through his nose as Ilya continued to spit filth from above him.

"Just letting me come in here and use you." He pulled Shane off his cock and watched as the man below him took deep breaths in, lungs greedy for air after having his throat thoroughly filled. A hand found its way to Shane's jaw and it tilted his head up, "How are you feeling, pretty boy?"

His first attempt at a response left him coughing slightly, his throat scratchy from use, "Good," he croaked out eventually, "Very good."

"Perfect." Ilya responded, reaching for Shane's hands on his thighs and tugging slightly. Shane rose from his knees back to the position he was in before, seated on the edge of the bed. Once settled, Ilya cupped his face and leaned down, kissing him close mouthed and slow before letting his tongue find its way into Shane's, the kiss messy and sloppy from the spit coating the lower half of the brunette's face.

Shane could never get tired of the way Ilya kissed. Sometimes it was slow and sweet. Right now it was hungry and wanting, teeth nipping on his lower lip in between the gaps where he had his tongue as far into Shane's mouth as he could manage. He'd always drag the muscle across the roof of his mouth and run it along his teeth as though he was marking his territory. The feeling of *belonging* to Ilya always making him feel fuzzy with warmth.

Pulling away with a chaste peck against his lips, Ilya murmured for him to lay back. Shane pulled himself onto the bed and settled in against the pillows as he watched Ilya rid himself of his joggers and walk over to the nightstand. He returned to the side of the bed with a bottle of lube in hand, standing tall in all his naked glory and leaving Shane's mouth watering.

Ilya put a knee onto the bed, "Off." he said as he pulled Shane's sweats and briefs down his legs. Shane did the same with his shirt, pulling it over his head, folding it hastily and handing it over to Ilya who put them on Shane's dresser before returning to the bed. He crawled his way over Shane, settling between his parted legs.

Their lips found each other as Ilya bent down for a kiss, entering tongue first as the brunette let Ilya get his fill. Shane tried his best to keep up until he felt Ilya pulling back, hungry eyes gazing down into his.

“Gorgeous.”

Shane felt himself flush from the praise, in return opening his mouth and sticking his tongue out. Ilya could only groan, gathering spit into his mouth before letting it fall into the one open and waiting beneath him. Always looking to Ilya for direction in this headspace, Shane waited until Ilya told him to swallow before closing his mouth.

It would never fail to surprise Ilya just how much Shane trusted him, how willing he was to give himself over to Ilya. Even here, face messy with drool and precum, eyes lined with tears, Shane was still so ready to do whatever it was Ilya wanted.

Before he could show Ilya how good a job he’d done, Ilya leaned down and captured his lips in another filthy kiss.

“Such a good boy for me.”

All Shane could do was whine, soon feeling a slick finger press against his entrance. When Ilya had managed to open the lube and slick a finger up he’d never know. Heat and wanting both shot through him as it circled before pushing in slightly, only the tip breaching the ring of muscle.

“Is that what you wanted?”

“Yes-yeah…Fuck me.”

Ilya pushed more of his finger in, the digit going down to the second knuckle, before it was pulled back, repeating the motion while Shane whined below him. Crooking his finger, Ilya stretched him out to make space for another digit, the second finger sliding in alongside the first and making Shane gasp out in pleasure.

“Puh...please more.” Shane moaned out after a few minutes of Ilya scissoring two fingers inside Shane. He had started to grind his hips down, seeking more pleasure and using Ilya’s fingers to get off.

Ilya had snapshots of every version of Shane he’d come across. When he was angry after a bad game, when he felt accomplished after doing a deep clean. But one of Ilya’s favourites had to be how Shane looked when he lost himself to pleasure, completely giving himself up to Ilya.

Leaning down, Ilya placed a kiss on Shane’s lips, nothing more than a quick peck. Moving his head, shiny trails of spit followed his path across Shane’s neck and collarbones, down to his nipple where he let the flat of his tongue run along the nub.

One of Shane’s hands found its way to Ilya's curls, squeezing and tugging when his fingers brushed against his prostate or when he nipped at Shane’s hip bone.

Settling between his legs, Ilya slid a third finger into Shane at the same time he took the head of his leaking cock into his mouth.

Shane’s back arched and his mouth dropped open on a silent moan, hand clenching in Ilya’s hair in a grasp that bordered on painful.

Releasing the tip and kissing his way down the shaft, Ilya let his mouth find one of Shane’s balls, sucking it into his mouth and rolling it around with his tongue as he pumped his fingers in and out of the writhing body laid out before him.

“I-‘m close, Ilya.” Shane moaned as he continued to roll his hips down to meet Ilya’s hand, the hand that didn’t have Ilya’s curls in a death grip scrambling for purchase along the bed sheets.

Ilya released Shane’s sack from his mouth with a wet pop of suction, “Then come for me.” His tongue trailed from the base of Shane’s cock back to the tip, spitting on the head before Ilya took the length back into the wet heat of his mouth.

It nudged the back of his throat as Shane started to grind down on his fingers and up into his mouth. Ilya took the intrusion with ease, his mouth molded to the shape of his Shane.

“Wanna...with you ‘n me.” and Ilya could tell just how close Shane was based on the pitch of his voice, whiny and breathy, the words slurring together as Shane fought to get them out.

Ilya pulled off of Shane’s length and cooed, fingers still dragging along Shane’s walls and petting over the spot that made the man see stars, “I will just keep using you.”

Shane keened at both the mean words - *using you* like Shane was just some plaything Ilya was using to get off - and the way Ilya nudged a fourth finger in with the others. Shane could feel the burn of the stretch now and clenched his eyes shut, fat tears sliding down his face as he did.

Without letting up on the rhythm of his fingers inside Shane, Ilya moved his way up his body, licking his way into his mouth once they were face to face.

It only took another press and curl of Ilya’s fingers against Shane’s prostate before he was coming, hole clenching around Ilya still inside of him and gasping into his mouth. His come smeared between his and Ilya’s chests, the Russian plastered so close against him he couldn’t tell where he stopped and Ilya began.

“That’s it, come for me, котенок.” Ilya breathed against Shane’s mouth, slowing down the pumping of his fingers before pulling them out completely. Moving his hand to circle his own aching cock, he gave himself a few languid strokes, leaning his weight onto the forearm pressed next to Shane’s head.

Before Shane could fully come down from his high, body still twitching with post orgasmic tremors, Ilya pressed the blunt head of his cock against Shane’s stretched entrance, still wet and loose from Ilya’s fingers.

As he started to press in Shane's hand shot out to his shoulder, pushing back ever so slightly, "'S too soon." he slurred, though his legs spread further to make more room for Ilya between them.

"I told you I would use you, no?" Ilya ground out from behind clenched teeth as he fought back the overwhelming need to drive into Shane, wanting to keep him overstimulated but not far enough where it became too much.

He moved his hips ever so slightly, the head fully tucked into Shane with an inch or two sliding in after it. Ilya did still his hips when Shane sniffled beneath him, "Ilya," he whined, eyes watery and pupils blown with tear stained cheeks and kiss swollen lips, "'S too much."

Ilya wanted to burn how beautiful Shane looked when he was spread out beneath him - cock drunk before Ilya had even gotten his length fully seated inside of him - into his mind forever.

"If it's really too much you know what to say," Ilya said sweetly, words laced in a mocking undertone, as he inched his cock another two inches into Shane's tight heat. He got to watch up close as Shane's brows furrowed, his nose scrunching as his body fought against the tingly overstimulation Ilya was sure he was feeling, "Otherwise you will just lay there and take it."

Shane answered with a deep moan, eyes fluttering shut as he felt himself stretch around Ilya, legs coming up to lock around his back.

"That's what I thought." Ilya grunted as he snapped his hips forward. Shane let out what could only be called a scream as Ilya ground his hips against him, all nine inches of him burning with the heat of Shane's body squeezing around him.

Ilya stayed seated in Shane until he felt the other loosen slightly from the koala grip he had on Ilya, ankles locked at the bottom of his spine, arms thrown over his shoulders as he hugged the full length of his body to his own. He let himself pull out a few inches before slowly pushing back in, feeling puffs of breath against his neck from where Shane had his face hidden.

The two continued like that for what could've been hours, Ilya slowly pulling out until just the crown of his cock remained in Shane and pushing back in so slowly all Shane could do was whine and drag his nails down the broad back engulfing him. Like this Shane could feel every inch of Ilya filling him, his own body lit on fire from the high of never coming down from his last orgasm.

Ilya could hear Shane mumbling before he felt fingers grasp his wrist, leaving him to once again lean his weight onto his forearm as his hand was dragged over Shane's stomach.

"So full." Ilya finally made out through the slurred ramblings the boy beneath had been mumbling. He didn't understand what Shane meant until he thrust back in again, feeling the slight distension from where his cock ever so slightly nudged against the skin of his tummy.

Ilya swore at the literal *feeling* of himself inside of Shane, drunk off the power that only he could fill him up the way he so badly wanted to be.

He pulled back from Shane completely and placed a hand under each of the others thighs, pushing until Shane got the message and put a hand on the backs of his knees, leaving himself fully exposed and at Ilya's mercy.

The flood of having held himself back finally burst as Ilya began to pick up the speed of his thrusts, the sound of wet skin slapping loud throughout the room.

Shane was practically bent in half, knees to his shoulders and already half hard cock bouncing against his abs as Ilya jack rabbitted into him, angling his hips so he would be nailing Shane's prostate with every thrust.

The loud keens now leaving Shane were an indication he was getting close, his toes were clenching and his mouth was dropped open, eyes closed in a haze of pleasure.

As Ilya continued to fuck into Shane, leaving him a groaning and whining mess, he caught sight of the knife that had nearly teetered off the edge of the bed in the mess Ilya and Shane had made of the sheets.

There had been *a lot* of research that went into this scene, Shane going over every detail from the phone calls to how Ilya would get into the house unnoticed. They'd talked in depth about what kind of knife would be best and safest to use.

Ilya had been terrified at first to be completely honest. The thought of accidentally hurting Shane sent him into a spiral but Shane had been so sweet, telling Ilya he didn't have to do it if he didn't feel comfortable. Had Ilya been a better or stronger man he would've said no.

But when Shane had explained how hard the thought of being completely at Ilya's will - knife to his throat and power over his *life* handed over to Ilya - left him, Ilya would be a liar to say his dick hadn't twitched at the thought.

He'd also be a liar however to say he wasn't scared. To say there wasn't a voice in the back of his head telling him he was a little messed up for wanting this

Leaning over slightly, he closed his fingers around the handle of the knife - the blade itself was dull, made out of acrylic and not as sharp as steel would be.

Shane's hazy eyes had been following Ilya's every move, letting out a tiny gasp as he realized what Ilya was planning. The knife as real as Shane wanted it to be.

As he looked down at Shane, Ilya saw that at this point he was a debauched mess of tears and spit, hair tousled and skin flushed. He sobbed at every hit of Ilya's cock into his prostate and Ilya almost felt sick at the fact that he was getting off to his boyfriend being so utterly at his mercy.

He brought the knife up to Shane's throat as he kept pistoling his hips into him. Brown eyes stared at him hungrily, as the cold blade sat mere inches from his warm skin.

"I could-*fuck..*" Ilya cut himself off as Shane clenched around him, the hand he had wrapped around Shane's thigh dimpling the skin - sure to leave finger shaped bruises - at the feeling.

Ilya could feel himself getting close to his orgasm, hips stuttering in their pace as Shane writhed and moaned on the sheets beneath him, “I could kill you right now.”

Shane’s eyes rolled back as his orgasm overtook him, his spent cock shooting nothing more than a few measly ropes of come over his stomach after being wrenched to another orgasm.

Never taking his gaze off of Shane’s face as he continued to work the man through the final after shocks of his climax, he watched Shane struggle through his next sentence. His mouth opened and closed as though his words were getting caught in his throat, eyes screwed shut as sound failed him.

“Id let you.” he finally managed, and it was those words that had Ilya following him over the edge, stilling with his length fully seated in Shane. He could feel himself shaking with the force of his orgasm, coming deep inside Shane and filling him up.

I came to the thought of Shane letting me hurt him.

The thought crashed into Ilya at full force, guilt and shame overtaking his body as tears started to well in his eyes.

Before Shane could see the emotions clouding over Ilya’s expression, he quickly placed the knife on the nightstand to his side and let himself flop onto Shane, hands curling around his body as he tucked his face into his neck.

He ignored the ugly feeling growing inside of him, the need to comfort Shane - knowing how important praise and contact were to him - taking precedence.

“You are so good,” He whispered into Shane’s skin, “I would never hurt you.”

Shane hummed as he pet at Ilya's curls, the feeling of the man's body weight on top of him keeping him grounded.

The pair laid wrapped around one another for nearly half an hour. Shane was slowly coming back to himself as Ilya covered the skin of his neck in kisses and whispered praise while Ilya…

Ilya was spiraling.

He was trying his best to keep it together for Shane knowing how crucial aftercare was for him but he would be remiss to say he was enjoying the post sex haze the way Shane currently was.

Thoughts of how not normal he was for scaring Shane and getting off to it mingling with a layer of shame and guilt.

Shane's movements became more lucid, fingers now scratching at his scalp as the tips of his other hand danced up and down the arm encircling him.

"That was…" Shane let himself trail off, Ilya already had an apology ready on the tip of his tongue before Shane continued after letting out a giggle, "Really fucking good, wow."

Good?

Shane thought it was…good?

Ilya let out a sigh of relief at Shane's words, arms squeezing him tighter before releasing, "That is…nice to hear." The words coming out muffled from where he was still hidden in the other man's neck.

“Oh my god, when you dragged me from the door I nearly came on the spot.” The brunette reminisced, unaware of the turmoil Ilya was facing on top of him.

“I am happy you enjoyed it.”

“Did you…not?”

Ilya wasn’t sure how to respond. Of course he *enjoyed* it, sex with Shane, no matter the context, always left him breathless at the fact that every time was just as good as the last. This might've even been the hardest he’s come in his life.

And that was the problem, wasn’t it?

Ilya had one of the best orgasms of his life while holding a knife to the throat of the one person he’d never want to hurt. The thought had him releasing a choked out sob into the crook of Shane’s neck.

The fingers that had been scratching at his scalp curled and pulled up, dragging Ilya eye level with Shane.

Shane’s eyes widened as he took stock of Ilya, face flushed from exertion with tears threatening to fall and eyebrows scrunched in sorrow.

“Ilya what…” Shane started as he brought both of his hands to cup Ilya’s face, thumbs dragging along his cheeks to wipe away the tears that had already escaped.

“I am sorry, Любовь моя.”

“Sorry for what?”

Shane couldn't have been more confused, he thought Ilya had liked it if the way he shook while he came nestled so deeply inside of him was any sign of his pleasure.

"I shouldn't want to hurt you." Ilya said quietly.

And *oh,* Shane's sweet boy. For all the bravado and posturing Ilya showed off to the public, the warmth and softness he carried for those close to him doubled. It made sense that he would be at odds with himself, the fierce protection he felt for Shane battling with the way having him at his mercy riled him up.

Shane guided Ilya's face towards his own, kissing the space between his eyebrows, "You don't want to hurt me," he said before moving to place a kiss on his nose, "You would never hurt me, I know that."

"But I-"

"No buts." Shane cut him off, shaking Ilya's face side to side slightly as his lids slipped shut and his head bowed in shame. He wanted Ilya to look him in the eyes to know he truly meant what he was saying.

"I liked it. You liked it. There's nothing wrong with that," Shane explained, keeping his gaze locked with the pouty blue orbs that stared back at him. "The fact that you're so torn up about this tells me all I need to know."

Ilya mumbled something under his breath but even with the close proximity Shane was to the man, he couldn't make out the words.

Shane leaned up and kissed Ilya softly, incredibly endeared at Ilya's obvious case of over protection, "What was that?"

"I feel wrong." He said louder this time and fuck. Shane really was in love.

“Well I feel right,” Shane responded, he let a small smile grace his face as he continued, “The man I love helped me live out one of my freakiest fantasies and made me come so hard I think I couldn’t talk.”

Ilya’s lips twitched ever so slightly, a smirk clearly being held back.

“You did such a good job, Ilya. It was everything I asked for. And I *did* ask for this, ok?” Shane ended, waiting for a response from the other man who, while mollified, didn’t look completely convinced.

Shane shook his head again, “Ok?”

At the stern look on Shane’s face, Ilya finally cracked a smile, “Ok.”

Biting his lip, Shane was suddenly the one looking out of sorts, “I didn’t like…You wanted this too right?”

“I did. I just…got into my head.”

“Ok, good.” Shane nodded to himself, “Because I’d never wanna like force you into-”

Ilya cut him off with a fake groan of pain, “My hot and very sexy boyfriend is forcing me to have freaky sex with him. I should call the police.”

“Oh, fuck you,” Shane spat out with a smile as the hands on Ilya’s face lowered him once again, bringing their lips together in a slow kiss, tongues never meeting but mouths never coming apart.

“I love you.”

Ilya inhaled deeply, the scent of sweat and sex and Shane filling his senses as he lowered his forehead against Shane's "I love you too," he punctuated with another kiss, "Even if you are a pervert."

Shane laughed, eyes scrunching with the force of it, "Yeah, but I'm your pervert."

And that Ilya couldn't argue with. A blinding smile overtook his expression as he reached down to peck kisses all over Shane's face, his nose, his eyelids, that one freckle on his left cheek that was darker than all the others.

Shane didn't think less of him for liking this. Ilya wasn't a bad boyfriend for doing it. Shane was smiling beneath him so certainly everything was ok.

Giggles filled the room as Shane fought him off, "We need to shower," He said after finally getting Ilya to ease up, "I'm sticking to the sheets."

Ilya rose up on his forearms and slowly pulled out, lube and come trickling down Shane's rim as he did so.

Shane bristled at the feeling and all Ilya could do was smile fondly as he made to get up from the bed, "I will run us a bath you stay here."

"You know, you liked the power you held over me, not the thought of actually hurting me." Shane said into the quiet space of the bathroom, back pressed against Ilya's chest as they tried their best to fit into a tub clearly not made for two grown men.

Ilya hummed, tracing patterns with his fingers across Shane's stomach underwater. The feelings he'd had earlier had subsided the longer he had Shane safe and content in his arms

but it helped hearing Shane reassure him.

“I think it’s hot you’ll do anything I ask.”

Shane let out a yelp as Ilya leaned down and teased a light bite against his wet shoulder, “Behave. Ilya Rozanov is not a softie.”

“What if I like when you’re a softie?” Shane looked back, doe eyes conveying all the meaning left unsaid, “You aren’t a bad person for wanting or liking these things though, seriously.”

Ilya hummed, placing soft kisses along Shane’s neck, his shoulders, the lone freckle behind his ear, “I believe you, we are freaks for each other.”

Laughing, Shane corrected him softly, “Yeah, we match each other’s freak.”

And with his gorgeous boy happy and thoroughly fucked, he let himself bask in the warmth of Shane’s love and devotion.

“So next time, what if you gagged me too?”

“Shane, please.”

End Notes

if u think i may have missed a tag or tagged something incorrectly pls lmk!!

hope you enjoyed <3

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