

day four

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day four

by [nightrose](#)

Summary

Ilya doesn't want to like it when Shane says no, but he really, really does.

Notes

day four of mean dom ilya week here we gooooo

as totally unhappy as i was with day 3's fill, i'm psyched about this one. i hope y'all will like it as much as i do.

featuring: dubious consent/consensual non-consent, predator/prey, overstimulation, gagging (and mention of gags), mention of substance use

detailed CW is at the end, general overview: this sits right on the border of rape roleplay and consensual nonconsent. if you want to know more about that, check the detailed CW or drop a comment and i'll try to explain so people can make an informed decision on if you want to read this. also features some pretty bad/serious self-hatred on ilya's part for his own fantasies. the word "rape" is used for play, and there is a glancing mention of ilya's abusive upbringing.

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

“Please say I can come, Ilya, please, please, I’m so fucking close, I can’t—“

Ilya pulls his mouth off Shane’s cock just long enough to say, “No.” Then he’s back to work. He flicks his tongue against the leaking head, relishing how good his Shane tastes when he’s desperate for him.

“Please, I need it, I can’t help it—“

This time, Ilya replaces his mouth with his hand, stripping Shane’s cock fast and firm. He figures he’s probably going to need his mouth free to boss Shane around. “If you come without permission,” Ilya says, sternness in his voice, “I am going to have to punish you. I thought you were a good boy.”

Mercilessly, he continues to jerk Shane off. He can feel Shane’s cock twitching with every stroke, knows that soon there will be nothing Shane can do, no matter how much he wants to be good.

“Then *stop*,” Shane begs, and Ilya does, surprised, for a moment.

But that’s not their safe word, so he continues.

“Stop, stop, Ilya, please,” Shane gasps, bucking against Ilya. Not quite a thrust, he’s too polite, even when he’s this far gone. “Please, please, I’m going to come, please stop. Please, I want to be good, don’t make me—”

“You don’t tell me what to do,” Ilya growls. Even though he’d gotten off not even five minutes ago, even though they are no longer eighteen-year-old boys, he can feel himself getting hard again. He’s a little horrified to realize why. It’s not just the begging and the beautiful moans and Shane’s desperation to be good for him.

It’s the word *no*. It’s Shane telling him to stop, begging him to stop, saying he doesn’t want it, and Ilya continuing to touch him anyway.

The shame of it hits Ilya hard enough that for a second he considers yellowing out of the scene. He’s getting hard at the idea of forcing Shane, of—he can’t even think it.

But Shane is so far gone beneath him, looks so fucking gorgeous, lost in his need, and Ilya figures he can have his little spiral later. First, he will take care of his husband.

“I can’t, don’t, don’t—“ Shane is begging. He almost sobs as his cock jerks in Ilya’s relentless hand, as he starts to come. “Sorry, sorry, I can’t, please—“

Ilya tuts in his ear, condescending. “I should not be surprised. You are such slut, cannot help yourself.” He does not slow the pace of his hand on Shane’s cock at all, even as Shane’s thrusts stop, Ilya’s fist wet with come.

“Ilya,” Shane whines. “It hurts.”

“Oh, now you don’t want me to touch your cock?”

“No, it hurts. Please...”

“I cannot let you just come without permission all the time,” Ilya says, in that sweetly condescending tone. “I have no choice but to punish you. Otherwise how will you learn to be good boy?”

He continues his relentless assault on Shane’s softening dick, even as Shane starts trying to squirm away from him. Soon, Shane is pleading. He hates being overstimulated. Ilya knows it’s more than a little mean. Shane has to navigate a world that is overstimulating all the time, where the wrong texture or the lights in a waiting room or the music in a restaurant can make his skin crawl.

But Shane also has to navigate a world that feels confusing, and he loves the rules that Ilya gives him, the structure. Even when he hates it, he loves it.

That doesn’t stop Shane’s begging. “Stop, Ilya. Please. Please, it hurts. It’s too much, I can’t, please, no, no, no—“

It goes on for a long time like that, Shane’s pleas for him to stop echoing in Ilya’s ears. It’s everything he wants, everything he’s terrified of wanting.

Shane is exhausted from begging, down to just one word, again and again, “No, no, no,” by the time he starts to get hard again.

“This time you come whenever you are ready,” Ilya says magnanimously.

“I can’t, I don’t want to, I don’t—“

Ilya leans over him, bites at his neck, the shell of his ear. “I don’t care,” he whispers, right into Shane’s ear, “what you want.”

Shane comes at that, a pathetic little dribble of an orgasm, crying out in pain more than pleasure.

Ilya strokes him through it, and then once, twice, three more times when he’s done, just to watch the panic rise in Shane’s face as he starts to worry that Ilya is going to force him to come a third time. But he relents, letting Shane’s limp cock go, letting himself slump, satisfied and sweaty, onto his equally exhausted husband.

It’s only later, once they’ve cleaned up and Shane is asleep in his arms, that Ilya has his spiral.

It has been a long time since Ilya had one of his internal panics about dominance and what it means about him. When he was just a kid, when he started to have these fantasies, they terrified him. That any part of him wanted to control or hurt someone else, that he could enjoy a partner’s pain or fear. When the thoughts first started coming into his mind while he jerked off, thoughts of making someone choke on his cock or holding someone down, Ilya still lived under his father’s roof. And thus often under his fist.

He had always known he didn't want to be anything like his father. He didn't want the people who loved him to be afraid of him. So what did it mean about him that nothing, nothing, not sex with a real girl or his forbidden fumbblings with Sasha, turned him on half as much as his fantasy of control?

Ilya worked through most of this a long time ago. It's hard to have too much of a complex about being dominant when your partner is Shane Hollander. If Ilya had not been naturally dominant, he would have had to figure out how to become so. Shane loves it, needs it, so much that Ilya can't feel like what he does with Shane is anything other than beautiful and good.

Besides, it's just sex. People have kinks, they don't have to mean anything. And Ilya is a grown man now, his father gone for many years. He has had a long time to unpack the ways in which he is his father's son, and he knows that his desire for sexual dominance is not one of them. He also now has more than fifteen years of the evidence of his eyes and ears and body that Shane loves what they do together, what Ilya does to him, and that Ilya has never gone too far or done him harm in any serious way. They have had their mishaps, like that night in Vegas, but they were few and all, ultimately, harmless misunderstandings.

But this...

This isn't him getting off on Shane's reactions, on his pleasure, on his pain. It isn't relishing the trust he puts in Ilya or the open vulnerability he shows when he's submitting.

It's the thrill of power, nothing more. The knowledge that he could force Shane. That he's the one in control. That Shane can tell him to stop, and he doesn't have to listen. Shane has begged him to stop plenty of times before, but always in play. Never with that real desperation in his voice, the sincere fear that's still echoing in Ilya's mind. Of course, it was the fear of being bad and coming without permission, not actually fear of Ilya, that sent Shane to that place. He's not afraid that Ilya would seriously hurt him.

But there's some part of Ilya that wants him to be.

Ilya feels sick at himself. Scared of himself.

And fucking turned on.

It's soon clear that his erection is simply not going to subside on its own. Somewhat grumpily, he goes to the bathroom to jerk off, leaving Shane sleeping peacefully in their bed. He tries to summon up another favorite memory—the first time Shane sucked his cock, the day that Ilya slapped Shane again and again until his lip split and his eyes filled with tears and Shane came just from the pain and humiliation, the week that he didn't let Shane wear anything except lingerie Shane hated and a collar Shane loved—but somehow the image of Shane begging, no, no, no, just keeps intruding.

Ilya is left with a hollow feeling of guilt and a lingering wave of arousal after his intense orgasm washes over him.

If their years of sneaking around taught them one thing, it's that there's no way around shame other than talking about it. Directly, in words, as hard as that is.

Ilya makes them both coffee and breakfast—his own appetite has leveled off now that he's not playing competitive sports sixty hours a week, and Shane has eased up on his rigid diet, so they can finally eat the same food, thank God—and sits at the counter, where he can be next to Shane without having to look right at him.

Shane never gets any credit for being emotionally intelligent, but he is in his own way. He knows right away that something is wrong. He also knows by now that pushing, the way he himself needs to open up, will only make Ilya shut down. Instead, he leans into Ilya's space, their shoulders just brushing, while Ilya finds his words.

"Something... happened for me last night," he starts.

"Something bad?" Shane's voice betrays only a hint of anxiety.

"No. Maybe. Nothing you did, my love." Ilya takes a breath. "When you wanted to be good for me, not to come, and I wouldn't let you. I liked it."

"Well, good," Shane says with just a hint of a joke in his tone. "That's sort of the point of sex. You're supposed to like it."

"I think I liked it too much. I liked that you..." Words have not failed him so much in a long time. He switched to Russian, which by now Shane is fluent in. "I liked that you were scared. I liked that you wanted me to stop, not for play but for real, and I didn't have to, because I could do whatever I want to you."

Ilya waits, in agonized silence, for Shane's reaction. He doesn't think Shane will be disgusted with him. Shane knows the difference between kinky fantasy and reality. But he's not sure. Won't be sure until Shane responds.

So he is pretty thoroughly shocked when Shane cackles out a laugh. "Ilyusha, my darling, do you really think you could make me do anything I don't want to do?"

Ilya can't find words in any language to respond to that.

"We played against each other for twelve years. I think you know by now, we're pretty perfectly matched in size and strength. Even if we were more of a complementary match than an equitable one in some other ways." Shane adopts his captain voice, the one he uses when he's figuring out how to order a complicated play. "So I suppose that's going to make this a really hard fantasy to play out. I can't figure out a way you could actually force me to do anything. Or for that matter, much of anything I'd have to be forced to do."

Ilya is pretty sure his mouth is gaping open like a fish. He must look very stupid, not sexy and dominant at all.

"Any chance you'd go in for drugging me? That could work. Especially if it was something that leaves me groggy when I wake up from it, maybe with you already inside me. That could

be legitimately scary.” At the stricken look on Ilya’s face, Shane says, “I’m not saying, like, roofies or something serious. But Benedryl makes me pretty loopy the next morning, or one of the Oxys we have left over from your shoulder surgery?”

Ilya swears in Russian. “Shane, you cannot be serious.”

“Other people is a hard limit for both of us, so a gang rape scenario is out. Maybe just if you tied me up while I was sleeping? So I couldn’t get away? And gagged me so I couldn’t cry for help and we both knew I couldn’t safeword? No, this all sounds like I’d like it too much.”

Ilya can’t believe Shane is saying these things. “You are not scared?”

“Of you? Of course not.”

“The man you sleep in bed next to every night for a decade tells you he wants to... wants to rape you, and this doesn’t make you nervous? Disgusted? Even surprised, for God’s sake?”

“Hmm? Oh, of course not. I mean, it makes sense, right? You’re very naturally dominant, you’ve grown into your sadistic side, you like controlling me, you like hurting me, you like making me do what you want. This fits right in. In a way, it’s sort of the fantasy at the core of power exchange, right? That you could make me do something, and I’d have to let you. The ultimate loss of control, the ultimate gain of it.”

“You read too many sex books,” Ilya grumbles.

Shane takes his hand. “Ilya, if you actually wanted to hurt me, you wouldn’t have waited eighteen years to start and then made me breakfast about it, okay? This is just a kink, and it’s not the first time one of us has had a kink that scared us. There’s nothing wrong with that. And if it scares you too much, if you decide you don’t want to try to find a way to play this out, that’s okay too. But I don’t want you going back to this horrible narrative that you’re some kind of a monster for wanting the same things I do. Just because you’re the Dom, and I’m the sub, doesn’t mean there aren’t risks to the things I want, too. We could both hurt each other. And we’ve both trusted each other not to, for a long time. This is no different.”

Ilya still doesn’t know what to say, so he just says, “Okay.”

“Okay?”

He gives in. “Yeah. Okay. I don’t know if I want to... if I can do it. But panic is over, I promise.”

Shane is relentless in bringing it up. Ilya isn’t sure whether the actual (he makes himself think it) rape fantasy appeals to Shane that much, or if it’s more the idea of doing something for Ilya. Or, equally possible, if he just enjoys the idea of being proven right.

He brings it up when they’re in the gym working out together. “Maybe when I’m totally exhausted from my routine, if you sat out the whole workout, you could overpower me?”

He brings it up in the middle of sex. “Fuck, Ilya, that feels so good. I love when you hold me down like this. You could just *force* me to take it, hurt me, make me beg you to stop.”

He brings it up when they’re cuddling in bed afterwards. “After you raped me, what would you do, you think? Would you cuddle me, try to comfort me? Would you tell me it was all my fault? Would you just leave me there, broken, crying?”

Ilya can only take it so long before he snaps, before he has to have this thing he wants so badly, never mind whether he thinks it’s right or wrong to want it.

They still talk it over, negotiate, plan. Shane, after suggesting about a dozen more scenarios where Ilya could actually make him do something he doesn’t want to do, finally agrees to just let it be a roleplay. They can find a way to actually play with consent later, once Ilya’s not so “anxious about the whole thing,” as Shane puts it. In return, Ilya agrees not to tell Shane the details of the scenario he’s come up with, or warn him when it’s about to happen.

Ilya waits for Shane to go for one of his long runs, and he gets ready. There’s a part of Shane’s route that curves along a particularly thick patch of trees. Shane won’t see him there until it’s much too late. One of the trees has low, sturdy branches. He’s tied Shane to it before. It’ll work perfectly.

He lays out his ropes carefully, and waits. Mostly, he feels excited. Shane’s enthusiasm to give this to him makes it hard to wallow in shame. But there’s a part of him that will always be frightened of the monster that lives within him, the Ilya who looks at this beautiful man and sincerely wants to rend him to pieces.

Ilya will just have to remember that he can use that monster without becoming it.

Shane approaches. He’s breathing hard, his face red with exertion and a little sweat dappling his brow. Ilya watches, watches, watches as he passes, and then reaches out and grabs the back of his t-shirt.

“What the fu—“ Shane gets out, before Ilya presses one of his boots, firmly, into the back of Shane’s knee, forcing him to the ground.

He wrestles Shane’s hands behind his back and starts to tie him up. There is nothing gentle in his touch. He’ll probably leave bruises.

“Let go of me,” Shane says, shifting his weight from side to side, trying to throw Ilya off. Shane is not the world’s best actor, but he’s out of breath from his run and from Ilya knocking the wind out of him and it’s making his performance extremely convincing.

Ilya has plenty of practice with ropes, though, and Shane isn’t doing any of the things that would actually let him get away (like kicking Ilya in the balls and running for it), so soon Shane is thoroughly bound. Ilya uses the ropes to yank Shane to his feet and shoves him forward, pressing his face hard against the bark of the tree.

“What are you doing—“

And there it is, that pleading note, that hint of real fear. Ilya leans in and whispers in Shane's ear, "I think it is pretty obvious. I am going to fuck you."

"No," Shane says, trying to shake his head, but he can't with the way he's pushed against the tree. "No, please—"

"I like when you beg. Makes you sound very pathetic." He yanks Shane's jogging shorts down, just far enough to expose the perfect curve of his ass. "Get your hands off me," Shane hisses, tugging uselessly against the restraints.

Fuck, Ilya shouldn't like this so much. It should be scaring him, how easy it is to fall into this role. He should be worried sick that he's going to go too far and hurt Shane.

Instead of concern, the words that come to his lips are cruel. "Okay," he says, lifting his hands away. "You want me to fuck you with no prep, that is fine. I can keep my hands to myself."

"No," Shane whimpers, and there it is again, that perfect note of real fear that sends the thrill of power through Ilya. "No, no, please don't, you'll hurt me—"

"I'm going to hurt you either way." He leans in and bites Shane's shoulder, hard enough to taste the tinge of blood through his sweat. Shane keens helplessly. "It seems like you do not know what you want. First you tell me, no hands. Now you say, please stick fingers in my slutty little hole. Which is it?"

"Please just let me go," Shane says, sounding on the edge of tears.

"This is not one of the options," Ilya says, his voice falsely patient. "Which is it that you want? You want me to shove it straight in? I think this will be very painful. Maybe rip you right open. Probably you will bleed. I will warn you, I have very big cock."

"No, don't."

"Then I think you should ask me for what you want."

Shane sucks in a gasp of air. "Please, um, please prep me."

"This is not very convincing. I think you should ask nicely."

"What... what do you want me to say?"

Ilya decides to be a little merciful. Shane often loses his words when he's this far into subspace, or worries so much about choosing the wrong ones and displeasing Ilya that he can't speak at all. "I think you should say, *please shove your fingers into my filthy cunt before you rape me*. If that is what you want."

"Fuck, I—" Shane cuts himself off before he says Ilya's name and breaks the roleplay. "Fuck you."

“Okay. Since that is what you want, I will rip you open on my cock. You really are slut.” Ilya unzips his pants. The sound echoes in the forest.

“No, no, shit, I—I—“

Ilya lets him stammer. Relishes the depth of his humiliation.

“P... please, uh, please put your fingers in me first.”

“This is not what I tell you to say,” Ilya says, adopting a tone of mock disappointment. “Too bad. I think you will be almost too tight. Maybe a little uncomfortable for me.” He spits into his hand, slicks his cock up with it. He has no intention of actually fucking Shane with no prep at all, but he's interested to see how far he can push this.

“Pleaseshoveyourfingersinmyfilthycuntbeforeyourapeme,” Shane says, all in one desperate breath.

“I should make you do it again properly. But I would rather just fuck you. Is not worth the trouble of trying to train you up to be polite.” Ilya spits in his hand again. Because this time, Ilya gets to be as selfish as he wants. He gets to balance the pleasure of Shane's pain and humiliation with the pleasure of just using his body.

“Lube?” Shane asks, in a tremulous, frightened way.

“Oh, too bad. I didn't bring any. Here, I will be very nice.” He shoves four fingers into Shane's mouth. He presses relentlessly until he feels them slip into Shane's throat. Shane gags and spasms around Ilya's fingers. Ilya fucks his mouth like that, brutally hard, until Shane starts to cough, coating Ilya's fingers with the thick mucus from the back of his throat.

He pulls out, leaving Shane gasping for air, drool running over his plush lips. He looks fucking incredible. Like he's breaking into pieces, all for Ilya.

Ilya smacks his ass, hard, and then pushes two spit-soaked fingers into him without any warning. Shane whimpers and tries, again, to get away, but he's caught between the ropes and the firm press of Ilya's arm braced against his back and the unyielding tree as Ilya's fingers split him open. “Does that hurt?” Ilya asks, aching to know the answer.

“Yes. It's really dry, it hurts, please, no more. I can't take it.”

Ilya scissors those two fingers so he can push the other two in. Shane almost sobs. “I cannot wait too long,” he explains, his tone still sugary-sweet. “Do not want all the spit to dry. Then you will have nothing at all between you and my cock.”

Shane's pleading turns into one high whine. “Noooooooo,” like he's lost everything else. All the fight has gone out of him by the time Ilya reaches around him and wraps a hand around his neck, bracing himself against Shane's throat for leverage as he shoves into him.

Ilya can feel how unready Shane's body, which usually welcomes him in so easily, is. He's so tight that Ilya isn't sure he even can force his cock in, but, with a violent thrust, he does. The

almost-dry friction is a little painful and a lot incredible on his cock.

“Stop,” Shane whimpers. “Stop, stop, please.” “Stop, stop, no, don’t,” Ilya repeats mockingly, right in his ear. “Don’t you ever say anything else? Just begging like a pathetic little bitch? But I won’t stop. I don’t care how many times you say no. I don’t care how much it hurts. I’m going to fucking tear you open, and you can’t stop me.”

Ilya proves his point with a particularly brutal thrust, and wraps his fingers tighter around Shane’s throat so he can’t beg anymore, can’t do anything except let out desperate little breaths that are, in fact, pathetic.

He’s ruthless, as rough as he ever is in spite of Shane’s unprepared state. He’s fucked Shane almost-dry like this plenty of times, but usually he’s careful and gentle, not like this. Not hurting him just to prove that he can.

It’s that thought that sends him over the edge, driving mercilessly into Shane’s body as he comes.

He pulls out, releases his grip on Shane’s neck, and pats him affectionately on his bare ass as he zips up his pants.

“That was fun,” he says.

“L—let me go, please,” Shane begs. “I won’t tell anyone, I promise, just don’t leave me here.”

Ilya pretends to consider it. “Hmm. No, I don’t think so. I might want to come back and fuck you again soon.”

And he walks away, listening to Shane’s ragged breaths turn back into sobs as a little, frightened part of him wonders if Ilya is actually going to leave him there. Just for a moment, and then he rushes back to his husband’s side, snipping the ropes (they’re ruined anyway, filthy from the tree and abraded from Shane tugging at them) and letting Shane fall into his arms.

He’s a mess. His face is streaked with tears and spit. His hole is swollen and dripping Ilya’s come, though not, Ilya is glad to see, any actual blood. He’s covered in red abrasions where he’d fought against the ropes, and his whole front is scraped from the tree.

He’s also as hard as a rock.

“Ilya, fuck, I have to come,” he says, and Ilya, of course, obliges, bending to take Shane into his mouth. He’s as gentle now as he was brutal before. Shane tangles his fingers in Ilya’s curls, strokes his face with the other hand, obviously needing to touch him, to ground himself in the knowledge that this is still his husband. This is the man who loves Shane, who would do anything for him, even let Shane see the part of himself that scares Ilya the most.

Ilya is so fucking lucky.

Once he's gotten Shane off, Ilya just holds him, for a long, long time. They should go home. They should clean up, and debrief, and he should take a look at the injuries he left on Shane.

But for now, all he wants is to stay right here.

"Next time," Shane murmurs, half-asleep and filthy in Ilya's arms, "I really want to try it with you drugging me."

End Notes

this fic mostly remains in the realm of rape roleplay, with Shane only pretending not to want what Ilya is doing to him and actually being a willing and enthusiastic participant. however, there are a few moments where it veers into consensual non-consent (where Shane is agreeing to give up his ongoing right to consent), while Ilya has his fingers in Shane's mouth or is choking him while he's tied up and he could not safeword if he wanted to. he doesn't, and they have been married a long time and know each other super well, and Ilya does not have any intention of actually hurting or coercing him in any way, and neither of them are harmed at all.

during this role-play, Ilya has sex with Shane without adequately prepping him, in a way that is deliberately painful. the actual sex is pretty violent.

there is also a lot of detailed fantasizing about other forms of CNC, including consensually drugging a partner.

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