day five

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/82886391.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers | Heated Rivalry - All Media Types
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	BDSM, Dom/sub, Cigarettes, Objectification, Degradation Kink, Humiliation, Sex Toys
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of Mean Dom Ilya Week
Collections:	Mean Dom Ilya Week
Stats:	Published: 2026-04-11 Words: 1,479 Chapters: 1/1

day five

by nightrose

Summary

Ilya finds new uses for his Shane.

Notes

day five of mean dom ilya week.

featuring: cigarettes, burning, isolation, dehumanization. mention of knife play and body modification.

cw: the dehumanization/degradation themes are pretty intense. so are some of the threats ilya makes. also there's a very glancing mention of piss play at the end.

this is a shorter one but hopefully still hits the spot.

if i achieve one thing in my kinky life it's gonna be making sexy ignoring a thing. one day it will be a canonical ao3 tag.

i promise shane gets fucked in the next installment. i just love writing blowjobs.

Ilya smokes his cigarette in contemplative, content silence. He is thinking mostly about how much he loves his husband, although surely Shane doesn't know that.

Right now, Shane is naked at his feet. He's wearing a heavy blindfold and a spider gag that forces his mouth all the way open. Right now, he's sticking his tongue out, still covered in Ilya's come, because Ilya told him to, hasn't given him permission to swallow. Right now, his wrists are bound tightly behind him, forcing his sculpted pecs forward, where the clover clamps squeeze at his sensitive nipples. There's also a frankly enormous dildo in his ass. *In case later I decide I want to use that hole too*, Ilya had told him while shoving it in.

Right now, Shane probably isn't thinking of much of anything. Although Ilya can't see much of his face, he can tell by how slack his expression is and how relaxed all of his muscles are, by the even pace of his breathing in spite of the pain, that Shane is deep in subspace.

Ilya loves every version of Shane. He loved Shane on the ice, competitive to the point of brutality. He loves fussy Shane in the morning who makes Ilya weigh the fucking coffee beans so that it "comes out right." He loves sleepy Shane cuddled up against him. He loves desperate horny Shane riding him as hard as he can.

But he has a particular sweet spot for this version of Shane, the one only he gets to see. The one where all barriers, all resistance, has been broken down, and he lets himself be made into a thing for Ilya's use. The version of Shane that is kneeling at his feet right now.

He flicks some ash from his cigarette onto the mess on Shane's tongue.

"You can swallow now," he says, and takes another long drag. Shane gags on it slightly, Ilya's cooled come that's been sitting on his tongue and his own drool and the ash from the cigarette.

There is a second when he thinks Shane isn't actually going to be able to do it, to get past his gag reflex and swallow the mess Ilya has left on him. But he does, of course he does.

"Very disgusting," Ilya comments coolly. "I wonder if there is anything you would not let me do to you."

Shane doesn't answer, not even non-verbally. He's deep in the headspace of this scene, the one where he's just an object for Ilya's use.

"What am I saying," Ilya muses, taking another drag off his cigarette. "Let, not let, this means nothing. Of course I can do whatever I want to a thing I own."

Shane lets out a little sound, a soft ah of contented desire.

"Maybe I should mark you up, so that neither of us forgets this again, hmm?" He tugs at the chain between Shane's nipples, hard enough that it must hurt. "I could pierce these and make you wear chain between them all the time. I could tattoo on you. *Property of Ilya Rozanov*. Maybe on your ass. Maybe somewhere everyone could see. Hand, face, something like that. Right across your forehead. This way everyone would know what you are."

He'd never do it—Shane would never actually let him do it—but the fantasy is incredible.

"Or maybe not tattoo. Maybe brand. Burn my name into you. That might be better. Is much more painful, just like you deserve."

He tugs at the chain even harder, hard enough that Shane lets out an involuntary noise of pain.

"But maybe best of all is to keep it simple. We have knives in kitchen. I could carve my name into you. Could do it right now."

Ilya takes in the wonderful sight of Shane suffering for him, longing to suffer even more, and then puts the cigarette out on Shane's shoulder.

Burning Shane, as it always does, provokes a wonderful, broken moan.

"This thing is awfully loud for an ashtray," Ilya comments, as if to himself, his voice neutral. "Maybe I'd better replace it with something that won't make so much noise."

Shane makes a visible effort to bite back his keening whine. He is not very successful.

"Takes up a lot of room, too. But at least it can put itself away when it's not in use." He snaps his fingers at Shane and nudges him with one foot.

Shane takes the hint. He moves clumsily, sore after so long on his knees, awkward from being blindfolded, but they've lived here for a long time and he knows roughly where the hall closet is. Ilya had carefully cleaned it out for this very purpose. And left a few surprises there, as well.

Once Shane has made his way in, Ilya follows him, closing the space between them in a few strides. He pushes Shane up onto his feet and attaches the chains to his collar, his bound wrists, and his ankles. Shane looks incredible like this, spread out for Ilya's pleasure, like a toy for his use.

He takes little one-pound weights, three of them, and clips them to the chain between Shane's nipple clamps. It must hurt, but Shane, trying so hard to be good, swallows his cries.

Then he finds the last surprise he'd hidden away: the long, thin dildo. He pushes it past Shane's lips, forced open by the gag, and down into his throat. Shane gags on it. Swallows hard, trying to relax his throat around it. Gags again. Chokes. Ilya takes a moment to enjoy watching as Shane obviously starts to panic, instinctively struggling as he realizes he can't breathe through his mouth and isn't going to be able to.

"No doubt I will want to use you again later," Ilya says, and closes the closet door with a loud click.

Shane doesn't need to know that there's a camera in there that will help Ilya keep a careful eye on him, make sure he can actually breathe and doesn't start getting frightened, at least not in a way he doesn't like. He can't safeword like this, so Ilya needs to watch carefully. This kind of play—Ilya jokingly coined the term sexy ignoring—turns both of them on, but a few

times it’s tripped the wrong wire in Shane’s brain. Made him feel abandoned for real. As if Ilya could ever forget him. Ever want anything the way he wants Shane.

Today, though, everything is going perfectly. Ilya turns the TV on so he can pretend to watch the hockey game. Background noise for Shane, who is Ilya’s real entertainment.

He’s being so good, even though he doesn’t know Ilya is watching him. That’s just his default state. Being so good for Ilya that Ilya can barely stand the thought of it. Barely survive knowing that Shane is in there, waiting for him, suffering for him, available for him to hurt or use however he wants.

Ilya is a very lucky man.

He waits fifteen minutes. Ten is all it takes for Shane to report later that it felt like hours. The last time they did this, he waited until Shane started to cry, and that was about twenty-five. This time, he doesn’t want Shane crying (although that had certainly been nice too). He doesn’t want Shane upset at all, just at peace in the headspace he gets into when he doesn’t feel like he even has to be a person for Ilya to want him. Fifteen minutes seems about right.

Also, that’s about when Ilya starts getting hard again. There's no rule against him being selfish. Actually, that's in many ways the point of all of this.

He tiptoes over to the closet where he’s stored Shane. He doesn’t want him to know that he’s coming. And from Shane’s slight but well-controlled flinch, he doesn’t know Ilya is there until Ilya is yanking the dildo out of his mouth and replacing it with his cock.

Ilya fucks Shane’s mouth in silence, the only sound Ilya’s grunts and Shane’s involuntary gagging. After all, there’s no reason to talk to an object. No need for humiliating words or carefully applied pain. Just making use of Shane, like a thing. Reducing him to nothing but his warm, wet mouth and his tight throat pulsing around Ilya.

It feels so fucking good. His head rushing from the power, his body alight with sensation. He pulls out of Shane’s mouth to come all over his face. This time, he’ll put him away filthy, too. Shane will hate that, itchy and dirty as come dries all over him. He’ll hate it and he’ll endure it, and he’ll be ready for Ilya to use next time he’s ready for him. Whatever Ilya wants. An ashtray or a urinal or a hole to come in, Shane is his.

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