

Pay Attention

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Pay Attention

by [CarnivalMirai](#)

Summary

“Are you sure about this, malysh?” Ilya asks. Shane’s face is bright red, but he nods. “What if you need to tap out? Will you be able to?”

“I don't... I don't know.” Shane says truthfully. “But... I want to experience it.” Ilya thinks for a moment. He's skeptical, but what Shane wants, Shane gets.

“Then we will have to have a deeper discussion about boundaries.” Shane swallows thickly, but nods. Ilya is right. They've got the basics down, mastered it, even. But to be drugged and fucked with barely any sense of what's going on, that requires more discussion.

“Yeah, o-okay.”

Or:

Shane wants to try being drugged. And fucked. Ilya has plans for him.

Notes

HELLO HELLOOOOOO I AM BACK

I have lots of longer oneshots that I'm working on but in the mean time I wanted to pump out something short and smutty!

Someone in a group chat sent a tweet about pussy taping and oh man I have been THINKING ABOUT IT EVER SINCE. And I just think pairing that with some pussy torture and a spreader bar is the perfect combination.

Shane has a pussy as per usual!! Do not question me or him. This is your chance to ba away if you do not appreciate Shane's pussy.

Another note.

READ THE TAGS. PLEASE. Everything is consensual I cannot stress this enough.

Not beta read we die like men

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

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“Yeah, o-okay.”

“You’re still sure?” Ilya asks as he brings a can of ginger ale to Shane. Shane sucks in a breath, but nods.

“Yes.” He’s already getting wet just thinking about it. He’s not even sure if he’ll be able to remember what has happened after the fact, but that’s part of the fun of Ilya filming it— so they can watch it back later. “I trust you.” Ilya seems to relax, his smile softening and his shoulders releasing the tension they held.

“Then drink up.” Shane takes the can and places the straw between his lips, sipping on the drink.

At first, nothing happens.

It’s about fifteen minutes later when Shane is almost finished with his can that he feels it starting to work. He almost drops the can, but Ilya plucks it from his hand and places it on the coffee table. Shane’s head starts to feel dizzy and cloudy, his eyelids heavy as his body, unsteady and unable to keep holding him up, falls against Ilya’s chest.

Ilya catches him, curling his arms around his body.

“Ilya...” Shane slurs, his body completely lax against Ilya’s side.

“I’ve got you, *malysh*. ” Ilya murmurs, more to himself than to Shane. Standing up, he picks Shane up into his arms, one arm wrapped around his back and the other under his knees and carries him to the bedroom. They’re all set up, in exactly the way Shane wants, with a camera by the side of the bed and some water on the bedside table. Ilya sets him down on the mattress, Shane’s limbs loose and heavy as Ilya undresses him.

Ilya turns the camera on and makes sure Shane is fully in the frame. He clicks the button and the recording starts. Shane can barely register a thing - he feels Ilya’s hands roaming his naked body, palms grazing the expanse of his abdomen. He shivers with the warmth of Ilya’s touch - his mouth falls open to speak, but it’s as if there’s a mental barrier that stops any words from coming out coherently.

Ilya can tell Shane is nervous. He kisses his face and lips, tracing his jawline and down his neck in an effort to help him relax. “*Krasivyy...* ” Ilya murmurs into his skin, kissing and licking at his nipple. Shane’s chest rattles as he releases a long, slow breath, the tension releasing from him. Ilya can feel his heart racing under his lips, the pace picking up with every second Shane anticipates his next move.

“*Pozhalyusta...*” is all he can manage as Ilya grasps his thighs and spreads them apart. His eyes flutter shut and his pussy pulses as Ilya’s hands caress the muscle of his thighs, pulling a shaky breath from his lungs. He holds his breath as Ilya picks up the silk blindfold and as the fabric touches his face, his vision goes dark.

A whimper falls from Shane’s lips.

“Shhh, shh... it’s okay. You’re okay.” Ilya croons as he unfastens the straps of the spreader bar and presses the leather to Shane’s skin. They’ve had to punch more holes in the leather straps - Shane’s muscles are pronounced for the factory-punched holes. Ilya fastens one strap on the loosest hole and spreads the bar, clicking it into place. He spreads it just enough to strain, but not enough to hurt before fastening the other strap around Shane’s other thigh.

“Good?” Shane lets out a soft “*mmgh...*” which is probably as best as Ilya is going to get - as time passes and the rohypnol absorbs deeper into his body, soon Shane will be unable to answer at all. His cunt leaks profusely, slick dripping down his thighs and onto the plush mattress. Ilya feels his cock ache with how beautiful Shane looks— he isn't even finished yet. Ilya picks up a length of rope and Shane's beloved bullet vibrator. They'd splurged on a luxury bullet a while back, one controlled solely by Ilya's phone. It's small with ten settings, and made of steel - Shane loves when it's been going for a while and the metal starts to heat up.

“Still with me, *lyubov*?” Shane's head dips a little. Despite being able to hear Ilya's voice, every time he tries to move or respond it sucks more and more energy out of him. Even though Shane can hear him and feel his presence, being unable to see him makes his blood rush and his heart pound. The rohypnol makes the adrenaline in his body course, and despite how heavy he feels, his limbs still quiver. “You are doing so well...” Ilya coos, kissing the shell of his ear.

Ilya picks up a length of red rope - it's soft, made of natural silk and twisted premium cotton fibers. With careful movements, Ilya ties the rope around his arms, binding them behind his back. Shane startles when he hears the loud rip of duct tape as Ilya tears off a piece to tape the bullet vibrator right over his clit. He whimpers, his pussy throbbing and his thighs twitching in their restraints.

“Turn this way, baby.” Ilya's hands guide Shane to turn and face the direction of the camera. “That's it... beautiful... I wish you could see yourself, *malysh*, you look stunning.” Ilya murmurs, his thumb tracing Shane's bottom lip. Shane mewls, the praise running through him like molten lava. A blush rises from his chest and to his cheeks, highlighting his freckles as his mouth falls open, Ilya's thumb pressing in.

Shane's tongue is lax and heavy in his mouth as Ilya's thumb presses down. He traces his top teeth, then his bottom teeth, then around his gums before pulling his thumb free. Saliva pools in Shane's mouth, clinging to Ilya's thumb as he pulls out and threatening to dribble from the corners. “Perfect for my cock... would you like that?”

The question goes in one ear and out the other. Any sense of coherence leaves Shane's body, his head hazy and stuffed with cotton as Ilya kneels in front of him and tangles his hand in his hair. He yanks him forwards, forcing him to meet his clothed cock. Shane yelps with the roughness as he feels Ilya's cock press against his face. He inhales shakily, rubbing his face against Ilya's crotch.

As soon as Ilya lets go of his hair, Shane's body slumps. Ilya is quick to unfasten his trousers and free his cock. It's red and swollen, pre-come dribbling from the tip. Grasping his cock in one hand and Shane's hair in the other, he guides the head of his cock to Shane's plush lips and pushes in.

"Fuck, Shane..." Shane's mouth is lax and wet, his jaw completely slack. He lets out a pathetic moan around Ilya's cock, the stretch of his girth burning the corners of his mouth. Ilya is slow at first, pushing in an inch at a time. Shane splutters and coughs when Ilya's cock bumps his palate. Mercifully, Ilya pulls him off to give him a chance to take a breath before he keeps going.

And Shane, beautifully wrecked already, can't stop coughing and choking every time Ilya dares to inch into his throat. Ilya is half way in when he reaches for his phone and turns the vibrator right up to the highest setting.

Shane startles and sobs around Ilya's cock, the vibrations reverberating through Ilya's whole body. "Oh, *fuck*." Ilya's grip tightens in his hair, pulling at his locks as he jerks his hips, threatening to push down into his throat again. Shane squirms against his restraints, unable to stop the slew of moans that tumble from his lips. He rocks his hips, pressing into the vibrator tapes to his clit as slick sticks to his cunt dribbles down his thighs. There's drool leaking from the corner of his mouth and down his chin as Ilya sets a firm pace, fucking his face with slow yet deep strokes.

Each knock to the back of his throat makes him cough, but Ilya is relentless. He pushes and pushes and pushes, the head of his cock breaching further and further in. The repeated clench and release of Shane's throat massages his cock, making it twitch and pulse, pre-come spilling from the tip.

"You look so pretty *malysh*... so good for me, letting me fuck your face like this..." Ilya's voice is soft in Shane's ear, the praise grounding him as he takes what he's given. His thighs won't stop trembling, his stomach clenching as the vibrator on his clit has him barreling towards his first orgasm. "I can't wait for you to see yourself when we watch this back."

"*Mmph, mmgh*..." Shane mewls, his hips rutting against the vibrator between his thighs. Ilya can tell he's already close to coming by the way his thighs shake and try to clamp shut and

the way Shane's sobs get more and more desperate. Ilya is grateful for how in tune they are with each other; it makes this much more enjoyable for the both of them, and Ilya imagines, significantly less stressful for Shane, too.

Ilya fucks his mouth, pushing right into the depth of Shane's throat. Shane coughs and chokes again but this time, Ilya doesn't ease off. "Breath, *malysh*," he coos, despite knowing that Shane is definitely not capable of following instructions at the moment. His breaths are rugged and shallow, saliva bubbling at the corners of his mouth and dripping down his neck. "Shhh, shh, shh..." Ilya hushes, his hand gentle in Shane's hair as he continues to fuck his throat.

Shane whimpers as Ilya brings one hand to his throat and squeezes, just enough to feel the bulge of his cock. Ilya can feel every drag and plunge of his cock, can feel the way his throat bulges right down to his Adam's apple. And Shane takes it so, so well.

Shane is so close, so on edge. He's so close to coming, exploding all over the sheets. His cunt is desperate to be fucked and it's all Shane can think about. *Fuckmefuckmefuckmefuckme*, is his only coherent thought. Every slam of Ilya's cock in his throat only makes his cunt wetter, his nose buried in Ilya's blond curls nestled at the base of his cock. Without his sight, every smell, every sound, every brush of Ilya's hand is heightened. He's going to come if Ilya doesn't stop.

"*Mmph... guh... hmm...*" Shane's moans are muffled and desperate, and Ilya immediately understands him.

"You need to come, *lyubov*?" Shane couldn't nod if he tried. Cruelly, Ilya pinches his nose and cuts off Shane's air. Shane tries to gasp, but with his nose pinched and his mouth stuffed, he only ends up choking deeper on Ilya's cock. He can't even moan as his chest heaves and his body trembles as he comes, squirting violently. Ilya holds him in place, holds him on his cock as he releases Shane's nose to let him breathe before pinching it again.

"Fuck, Shane... fucking perfect... *godspodi...*" Ilya is merciful, releasing Shane's nose as release splashes from his pussy and soaks the sheets, dripping all down Shane's thighs. The vibrator is becoming unbearable as he sobs uncontrollably, his hips jerking in an attempt to escape the onslaught of the bullet. Shane's eyes squeeze shut behind the blindfold, more tears saturating the soft silk and seeping out from under the fabric.

All the while, Ilya is relentlessly slamming into his throat, his movements becoming erratic and shallow. Ilya brushes his thumb over Shane's cheek and swipes away the tears. His cock only throbs harder as Shane cries beneath the blindfold - he's such a pretty crier, with his face red and streaked with tears, his breaths hiccup-y and trembling.

"Shane... Shane, Shane, *Shane...!*" Ilya snaps his hips, pulling out half way as he comes, his orgasm crashing right through him. He grips Shane's hair tight in his hand and spills in his mouth, a low, lewd groan rumbling in his throat. "Keep it there baby, fuck... hold it for me... be good." Ilya slips his cock free, the last of his orgasm spurting all over Shane's tongue.

Shane thrashes against his restraints and sobs, the vibrator still so firm and intense on his pulsing clit, his mouth full and desperately trying to keep Ilya's come in. He can't stop coming - Shane can't even pinpoint where his first orgasm ends and his second one begins. All he knows is that blinding hot pleasure sparks under his skin, and it's almost *painful*. He squirts again, tears streaming down his face as he stifles and tries to moan around the load in his mouth.

"Shh, shh, baby..." Ilya repositions the camera again, so it's right in front of Shane's face, and grasps his chin. "You want to show the camera what you've got, hmm?" With his thumb on his chin, he gently coaxes Shane's mouth open to reveal a mouth full of semen. "Pretty boy... my pretty boy." Ilya's thumb pushes Shane's mouth closed. Ilya turns the vibrator down to the lowest setting, nothing more than a gentle hum. Shane whimpers, his shoulders drooping as Ilya kisses his face.

"Swallow for me." Ilya instructs after he's let Shane calm down a little. Shane isn't even sure if he can. Ilya's hand caresses Shane's neck, coaxing him to swallow. Shane's throat bobs and he lets out a rough breath. "Good boy... open up." Ilya coaxes his mouth with his thumb and presses in, letting out a pleased noise as he presses the pad of his thumb over Shane's tongue. "Beautiful."

"I-il... Ily-yaaa..." Shane slurs as Ilya knocks the vibrator back up to the highest setting. "T-too... too mu-*ungg*..." he hiccups through sobs and sniffles as the vibrator buzzes against his clit. He's soaked the sheets under him, fluid puddling around his knees as he kneels on the mattress, completely reliant on Ilya to keep him upright.

“You can take it, *malysh*. ” Ilya reassures, caressing his hair. “Good boy, so good... so pretty...” Shane mewls as he grinds his hips against the vibrator, his cunt clamping and stomach clenching as he feels himself hurtling towards another orgasm. Shane feels so hazy - he can't focus on anything that isn't the vibrator between his thighs or the cloudiness in his head.

“Come on, give me another, *lyubov*. ” Shane lets out a soft whimper as a hoarse sob tears through his throat. He trembles through another orgasm, tears sliding down his face and snot dripping from his as he squirts again, adding to the mess on the sheets. Ilya hushes his hoard sobs, caressing his hair and kissing his head as he holds him through his next orgasm.

Shane can't even beg for mercy. His tongue feels too heavy and numb, drool sliding down his chin as he tries to moan. His clit aches, painful with the overstimulation as Ilya turns the vibrator back down to the lowest setting. He's about to let out a sigh of relief when he feels Ilya push him back against the bed.

Shane looks so stunning like this - his freckles are highlighted by his bright red blush, tears streak his face, dried drool and snot crusts on his philtrum and his chin. He's spread completely bare and exposed, his cunt a deep, watermelon-pink, his folds plush and swollen and glistening with slick. Ilya's eyes burn into his hole. It pulses and clenches beautifully every time he tries to roll his hips against the vibrator, slick trailing down the crease of his ass. Ilya pulls his phone out of his pocket and snaps a photo.

“I think you can come again for me.” Ilya muses, opening the app that controls Shane's vibrator. Shane can't stop shaking against his restraints as he squirms against the sheets, broken noises tearing from his gravelly throat. Curiously, Ilya presses two fingers into Shane's winking hole and the effect is instant. He gasps, mouth falling open as he squirts again, fluid gushing around Ilya's digits as he scissors him open.

“Fuck... I can't wait for you to see these tapes, *malysh*...” Ilya's cock throbs at the sight, desperate to bury himself inside Shane's pussy. Shane looks *ethereal*. The rohypnol has made him so much more pliant and soft and loose - Ilya can't help but wonder how much more he could take. Usually, Shane is wrung fully dry after three orgasms, but Ilya is determined to get a little more out of him. Mercifully, Ilya turns the vibrator off and gently peels the tape away, freeing his clit from the onslaught of the toy. Shane lets out a whimper of relief, the nub of his clit swollen and pulsing. Even just a brush of air is enough to make it visibly twitch.

Reaching out a hand, he gently caresses Shane's pussy with the open face of his palm, revelling in the way he gasps and shakes. *Fuck*. Raising his palm, he brings it down with a loud *smack*.

"*Guh—!*" Shane yelps, his hips rutting against the face of Ilya's palm as the sharp sting of the spank radiates through his whole body. His thighs instinctively try to close, but the spreader bar keeps his pussy spread open for Ilya's enjoyment. "P-plea..." Shane's plead trails off as Ilya's hand strokes his cunt.

"Good boy... think you can take ten?"

"Mmh..." Shane slurs, sucking in a shaky breath. His cunt aches and stings, dripping like a faucet as gropes his cunt. He preens as Ilya raises his hand again, strings of slick sticking to his palm as he brings it back down with another sharp spank. "*Ha-ah...!*" The wet slap of Ilya's hand breaks through the room like a sharp crack of thunder as more tears trickle down Shane's face.

Shane hazily anticipates each spank with baited breath. Faintly, he can hear Ilya's soft praise ringing in the back of his mind as he pets his fluttering pussy. His heart gallops in his chest, blood rushing through his ears. He's trying so hard to stay as alert as he can, but each spank to his cunt sends him spiralling deeper. The faint spanks crack through his ears as he feels his body jerk and squirm.

"So good, *malysh*... perfect... my baby..." Ilya muses, groping his pussy. Shane hasn't stopped trembling since the first spanking - each slap makes his cunt flood a deeper shade of red, slick spilling in a constant stream and sticking to the open face of his palm. "Five more for me, baby, you can do it." Shane lets out a delightful whine when Ilya raises his hand again, one that makes his cock throb and ache and leak. He's not sure how much longer he can toy with Shane for before the need to fuck him overtakes the want to play with him.

Ilya is surprised that the rohypnol hasn't made him black out completely - he supposes it's a combination of a low dosage and a body strong enough to handle most of it. He spanks Shane's cunt again, relishing in the shiver of his body and the broken moan that tumbles from his lips as fluid gushes from his cunt and puddles on the sheets. *Fuck*, he's so pretty, so perfect, being able to come again just from being spanked.

Shane swears he's swaying in and out of consciousness with each spank - the sting and burn of each slap on his cunt jolts him back to consciousness every time. Shane feels a firm pressure *somewhere* in his body, like a dam is about to break. But with how foggy his mind is, he can't quite pinpoint it.

"Please... 'm gonna... n-no... c-can't stop, I-Ilya..." that's the most coherent Shane has been all night, and one more harsh spank has him squirting so hard that something else comes out too. Shane's bladder gives way as he comes so hard that he pisses, hot jets of piss splashing all over Ilya's hand and wrist. *Holy fuck*. That shouldn't make Ilya's cock as hard as it does - he can't wait to see the embarrassment on Shane's face when he shows him this tape later. Cruelly, he presses down on the firmness of Shane's bladder, emptying him completely.

Shane passes out completely. Ilya is impressed he was conscious for so long. Carefully, he turns Shane onto his front and admires the beautiful ropes that mark his skin and bind his arms behind his back. Reaching for the camera, he unscrews it from the tripod to get a good shot of Shane's body. With his cock in one hand and the camera in the other, he lines the tip up to Shane's clenching hole and plunges in.

Shane is so soft and warm and loose, the walls of his cunt massaging his cock. His free hand grabs the ropes that bind his arms, holding on as he fucks him with firm, brutal thrusts. Remnants of Shane's release still dribble down his thighs, each snap of Ilya's hips forcing another dribble out. His pussy feels like heaven after being used and teased and toyed with for so long. Even unconscious, Shane squeezes his cock with exactly the right amount of pressure.

Ilya can feel himself right on the precipice of another orgasm, every clench and release of Shane's cunt around his cock pushing him closer and closer to his orgasm. He grips Shane's hip hard enough that he's sure they'll bruise as he feels the heat of his impending orgasm spread through him.

It only takes him three more thrusts to come. He buries himself all the way in, his balls tightening as he spills hot and deep into Shane's pliant pussy, his hips jerking. He throws his head back, a low, satisfying moan tearing from his throat. "Oh, Shane... *Shane!*" Ilya's orgasm slams through him like a freight train as he snaps his hips, Shane's supple cunt milking him through his orgasm.

Shane doesn't even flinch, completely unconscious as Ilya catches his breath. He zooms in on where they're joined, admiring the way Shane's pussy clings to his cock as he pulls out. Much to Ilya's satisfaction, not a drop of his come seeps out. Setting the camera down, he unfastens the straps of the spreader bar and moves it out of the way before making quick work of the ropes.

Once Shane is unrestrained, he gently turns him back onto his back. Picking the camera back up, he zooms in his gaping hole. "You look so divine, *malysh*," he says softly, "you'll enjoy watching this when you wake up." Picking up the tape from the bedside table, he holds it in his mouth and tears off a few strips. "You'll keep this warm for me, won't you?" Carefully, he sticks one end of the tape to one side of Shane's pussy and gives it a gentle tug to pull it taut as he sticks it down on the other side. He sticks the next piece right underneath, leaving Shane's pussy taped up. "Pretty boy..."

Ilya turns the camera off and puts it down. Shane is completely knocked out - he gently stretches his legs out, making sure to get the blood moving again before doing the same to his arms. There's some rope marks on his arms, as well as imprints from the spreader bar on his thighs - Ilya makes a mental note to put some ointment on those when they get out of the bath.

The last thing to be removed is the blindfold. It's wet with tears, and when Ilya peels it away, more tears cling to Shane's lashes. He looks so serene, so relaxed, even with the tear tracks that stain his face. Reaching out he caresses his face and kisses his forehead. "Well done, *malysh*," Ilya coos quietly, "you are so so good..." he debates on getting Shane in the bath right now, but Shane will appreciate that more when he's awake. So for now, Ilya wets a cloth with warm water to wipe him down before carrying him into the guest bedroom.

When Shane comes around hours later, the first thing he registers is the warm body behind him and the fingertips drawing soft shapes on his waist. He peels his eyes open, vision blurry as he takes in the forest green paint of the guest bedroom walls. His body aches, though not as much as he would have expected - his limbs are sore and shaky, but surprisingly loose. Shane rolls onto his other side, about to make his consciousness known when he feels *something*. Like... a pressure between his thighs. He snakes his hand between his thighs and has a brief panic when he doesn't feel his clit or pussy, but instead feels—

"You taped me shut?" He chuckles, head pounding and voice gravelly. He coughs, wincing at the way his aching throat protests. Ilya purrs against the crook of his neck. His cunt is so sore, the ache bone-deep, but in the most satisfying way. Fuck, Ilya really did a number on

him. He can already feel himself getting wet imagining it. That feeling of being used is seared deep into his flesh - he's sure he'll feel it for days.

“Keeping it warm for me.” Ilya murmurs, as he sits up and reaches for the bedside table to grab a juice carton.

“Keeping what—” it only takes Shane two seconds to realise what he's keeping warm. He sits up properly, now fully awake as it dawns upon him that Ilya came inside him and tapes his cunt shut. His face turns bright red, a fluster rising from his chest to his cheeks. He lets out a soft moan, feeling his cunt pulse. “Fucking hell.” Before he gets a chance to fully process Ilya’s lewd act of possession, Ilya feeds a straw into his mouth.

“Drink.” Ilya instructs, holding the juice carton. Shane can do little but obey - the sweet apple juice feels so nice against his burning throat, soothing the ache. “Have these.” Ilya holds out a protein bar and some ibuprofen, which Shane gratefully takes.

“How long was I out for?” Shane asks as he chews on his protein bar.

“About four hours.” Ilya chuckles. *Four hours?!* “I’ve cleaned the bedroom already, so I can run you a bath as soon as you’re ready.” There’s a pause, then Ilya speaks again. “How do you feel?” Ilya asks, pushing a lock of hair out of his face.

“Good.” Shane sighs. “Surprisingly good.” He chuckles softly as Ilya hands him a water bottle full of electrolyte water, which he gratefully gulps down.

“I have some fruit here for you, to.” Ilya says. “I went out while you were asleep.” Shane can’t wait to sink his teeth into a giant, juicy strawberry. “Do you remember anything?”

Shane tries to pull up his memories from the previous night, but it's all foggy and hazy - he vaguely remembers being bound and blindfolded, but beyond that, he can't remember much else. There's black spots in his memory, and what he can remember is all distorted.

“Not really.” Ilya seems to smile at that. He gently grasps Shane’s hip and pulls him into his lap. Shane gasps, feeling the gentle tug of the tape on his pussy.

“I already exported the files and connected it to the TV,” Ilya purrs, his hands caressing up and down Shane’s ass and waist, “if you want to watch it now.” Shane’s body still aches, but he rolls his eyes playfully because yes, fuck, he’d love to watch it now. Trust Ilya to have already thought so far ahead.

“You’re such a perv.” Ilya grins.

“Oh, you love me.” Ilya’s tone has a playful lilt to it as he picks up the TV remote. “Turn around.” Shane shuffles in his lap until his back is pressed against Ilya’s chest and sinks all the way back against him. He lets out another soft whimper as he spreads his thighs over Ilya’s lap, the tape tugging again at his swollen cunt. “I’m gonna take this off.” Ilya says, groping his taped cunt. Shane nods, and slowly, Ilya peels away each piece.

“Oh, fuck.” Shane gasps, hips jerking as the tape clings and pulls at the lips of his cunt before releasing. “Holy shit, that’s really hot.” He pants, already feeling himself get wet. Once the tape is off, semen immediately starts dribbling out. His cunt is still so swollen and red, he’s surprised Ilya hasn’t been tempted to eat him out.

“You are surprisingly alert after only four hours sleeping off the drugs.” Ilya says, holding Shane’s hips with one hand as he frees his cock with the other.

“I still feel a bit murky.” Shane says with a half smile as he feels Ilya’s cock nudge his aching cunt. “Fuck.” He gasps, the sharp bite of pain coursing through his cunt deliciously. “Oh fuck, that’s nice, holy shit.” Shane babbles as he sinks all the way down, wincing as the tip of Ilya’s cock knocks his cervix. Once he’s fully settled, Ilya turns the television on. He picks up a strawberry and brings it to Shane’s lips, and as he bites down, juice spilling down Ilya’s wrist, Ilya presses play.

“Pay attention.”

The tape starts.

End Notes

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