

day 4.5

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by [nightrose](#)

Summary

Ilya gets Shane high and takes advantage of him (consensually).

A little sequel to a Mean Dom Ilya Week fic, by popular demand.

Notes

never in my fifteen years of writing fucked up fanfiction have so many people asked me to write a sequel/follow-up. so yeah. this is a sequel to the rape roleplay fic i posted for day four of Mean Dom Ilya Week

thank you to commentor Helpfullhariett (hope it's ok for me to shout you out here) for the suggestion of Ilya getting Shane high. It sparked the idea that Shane, like fellow autistic person this writer, might really hate the way he feels on weed, and thus this fic was born.

i'm gonna put the content notes up top because this one is so much exactly what it says on the tin that it's not really a spoiler. If you have any consent-related triggers I recommend skipping this one.

Content notes: brief mention of rough sex, somnophilia. detailed depiction of sex where one person is drugged, and of someone being drugged by a partner without their knowledge (but with enthusiastic consent beforehand--Shane knows it's going to happen and asks for it, but doesn't know it's happening in the moment). this is a sequel to a fic that is rape roleplay (Shane pretending not to want something he is very much enjoying), this part is entirely consensual non-consent (Shane agrees enthusiastically in advance to let Ilya do things he won't enjoy to him, and to be put in a position where he won't be able to revoke consent during the scene). also Ilya deliberately uses Shane's autism-related sensory sensitivities to make him uncomfortable during the scene, which i'm not sure how to tag but might be uncomfortable for people

It turns out the barrier to playing out Ilya's fantasy of fucking Shane against his will is not managing Ilya's guilt or keeping Shane emotionally safe. It's the fact the Venn diagram of things Ilya is willing to do, on the grounds of Shane's physical safety, and things Ilya can do that won't turn Shane on, on the grounds that getting Ilya off is essentially Shane's biggest kink (on a long list of kinks) appear to be two circles with absolutely no overlap. They're on different continents. Different planets.

It's not a problem, exactly. They end up having a lot of very enjoyable sex about it, as they work their way through the list of ideas they could come up with.

Shane wakes up with Ilya inside him and grins sleepily. "Mmm, please, sir, more." He grinds back against Ilya and it's very good, having Shane all sleepy and pliant in his arms. But the thought that Shane might be disoriented enough not to want it does not come true.

Ilya, after great persuasion, lets Shane take a Benedryl so he'll be stuporous and unable to resist. Two minutes in and Shane is trying to flip them over so he can clumsily ride Ilya. This is also very good—Ilya pushes him back down and uses him hard while Shane whines and tells him how much he loves having Ilya in him. But it doesn't spark that place in Ilya's brain, the place that terrifies him, that wants something more.

Ilya tries to fuck him so that it hurts, really hurts, more pain than would feel good to Shane. Shane is a masochist, but not like some of Ilya's previous lovers who were wired to literally turn pain to pleasure. He likes to be spanked, bitten, pinched, but not whipped or really beaten. But he does like being pushed past his limits for Ilya's space, and quickly floats away into a happy headspace when he knows he's pleasing his dom.

So Ilya, at Shane's entreaty, tries things he knows Shane genuinely won't like.

Overstimulates him by making him come four times before putting his cock in Shane. Somehow, Ilya's cock (and, he tells Ilya later, the idea that he's there for Ilya's pleasure even if Shane gets nothing from it, even if it hurts him) drives a fifth orgasm out of him.

Beats Shane's ass and thighs with his belt until Shane yellows out because he can't take the pain anymore, and then twists and pulls at the forming bruises while he fucks him. Shane, limp with exhaustion beneath him, eyes still full of tears of pain, still thrusts back to meet Ilya even though he's hissing with pain every time Ilya's thighs brush his battered legs. The idea that Ilya gets all the pleasure he wants and Shane only gets pain turns Shane on so much that he asks Ilya to beat him again the next day, right over his bruises.

Makes him fuck himself with a dildo for over an hour and asks Shane if he still wants it, knowing he won't be allowed to come at all. Shane begs for it. He begs to come, and then, after Ilya denies him, begs to be forced to keep going, so he can give Ilya a pretty show like he wants.

Fucks Shane harder than he's ever fucked him before, barely prepping him, Shane so tight around his cock that it almost hurts Ilya. Shane makes whimpering little noises and

instinctively tries to pull away, but when he opens his mouth what comes out is, “thank you, sir, thank you.”

Fundamentally, the problem is that it’s hard to do something to Shane that he won’t like, because nothing turns Shane on more than doing something he doesn’t like because Ilya wants him to. Pleasing Ilya with his suffering is better to Shane than any physical pleasure.

It seems like there’s no way to push Shane past the limits of what he likes to do for Ilya without doing something that might seriously physically injure him, and that’s a line for both of them.

So they’re at something of a standstill.

It’s not that Ilya is disappointed, exactly. It would be ridiculous to be disappointed in their varied, athletic, and very active sex life. And this experiment has helped them uncover some new ways of enjoying each other: the painful sex and the rape roleplay enter their regular rotation, and they start to play around with some more intense impact.

But there’s a part of him that, now that Shane has offered him this thing, aches for it. He wants to make Shane take it, to force his will onto Shane, and he wants Shane’s fear and his pleas to be real.

“I have one more idea,” Shane says, when Ilya confesses how strong the fantasy still is. “I know we tried drugging me already, and that didn’t exactly work, but just with one substance.”

“Am not giving you anything dangerous.”

“What about weed?” Shane asks.

Ilya sometimes reaches for a joint instead of a cigarette, but Shane never does. Ilya had convinced him to try it a handful of times, and Shane had been about to claw his skin off, he was so anxious and overstimulated. He’d hated feeling dazed and not in control of himself, he’d hated the dry feeling in his mouth and the churning in his stomach, and it had made his sensory sensitivities so much worse. “You hate weed.”

Shane grins. “Exactly.”

Ilya slightly fears the shiver that runs down his own spine at that.

It would work, he thinks. Weed makes Ilya lazy and horny, but it makes Shane twitchy and nervous and very, very prone to overstimulation. Last time, Ilya had helped him get his clothes off, and into a cool bath in a dark room, and he had still barely been able to get Shane to stop hyperventilating until the drug wore off.

With Ilya’s hands all over him, touching him, fucking him... Shane would hate it. And with the fog of the drug, the psychological thrill of knowing he’s doing this for Ilya will be dulled.

Pain won’t get Shane where Ilya so badly wants him to go, but discomfort might do it.

He'll be unsettled, twitching as Ilya ties him up, begging not to be touched, begging for relief from everything as Ilya fucks him. He'll be suffering from all the physical sensations he hates, and there's no way to turn overstimulation into pleasure the way he can with pain. He'll know he can't stop it, and he'll probably be scared.

It should not turn Ilya on so much to have found a way that he might be able to make the love of his life genuinely miserable.

"If we do this there will be no stopping," Ilya warns. "Drug will not wear off until it wears off, and if you want to stop I cannot make it stop sooner."

"I know. It's a good plan, right?"

"Fuck, Shane." Ilya has to kiss him. "You must come up with very fucked up fantasy next, okay? I want to do for you what you are doing for me."

They negotiate for a long time, after that. Shane keeps insisting that Ilya should do this whenever he wants, and that he should make sure it's as intense as he wants. He doesn't want Ilya taking breaks to check in, or giving him an out. He should feel free to tie Shane up or gag him so he can't use the safeword (he even suggests that it's okay for Ilya to ignore the safeword if Shane says it, which Ilya refuses). He wants Ilya to have his fantasy, exactly the way he's fantasized about it.

"You are very invested in this for something you are not so much into," Ilya says at some point. "Something where the whole point is that you will not like."

Shane shrugs. "I mean, in the moment I won't like it. Hopefully. But beforehand, afterwards, the idea that I've done this thing that's like... the ultimate submission. Given you what you want, genuinely at my own expense..."

Ilya watches the shiver of desire that runs through Shane's whole body.

"So yeah. Don't worry that this isn't doing anything for me."

"Okay," Ilya says. He memorizes the look on Shane's face, that hot look of wanting he gets where his lips part and his head bows and his eyes go huge. That look that only Ilya has ever seen. He'll remember that look, during, if his nerve starts to fail. "Yeah. Okay."

"And surprise me with it, okay?" Shane asks. "That'll help."

Ilya isn't sure how to do that, but it turns out when you buy cannabis from a fancy legal weed dispensary that looks more like an Apple Store than the club basements where Ilya used to score drugs back in the day, you have an array of options.

He gets something called a tincture, which is a liquid that can be dropped into any beverage. It doesn't taste like much: a little orange, a little subtle sweetness, a little spice masking the earthy flavor of the weed almost completely. He chooses it because he's told it's an intense high, but it doesn't last too long.

Ilya makes Shane a protein shake, as he often does. The man at the dispensary told Ilya that two drops of the tincture would be enough for a decent high. Ilya puts four in Shane's drink, none in his own. He dips his pinkie into Shane's smoothie and tastes it. He can't taste the weed at all, even knowing it's in there.

If he does this, there's no going back. If he hands Shane this glass and lets him drink it, Shane won't be able to stop him, even if he wants to. He'll be hurting in a way they can't just pull away from. He might not be able to safeword, even, if he wanted to—he'll be disoriented, confused.

If he does this, Shane will be helpless. He'll be under Ilya's power completely.

Ilya hands Shane the smoothie.

"Thanks," Shane hums, not looking away from the replays he's staring at. He wraps his lips around the straw and sucks. Ilya can't take his eyes off it. Every second makes his heart pound. Knowing what he's doing to Shane, and that Shane does not know. That, in a few short minutes, Shane will be entirely at his mercy.

Ilya knows it could take a while to kick in. And he can be patient, when it's called for. He drinks his own smoothie and watches Shane drain his to the dregs. He takes the empty cups, washes them, and puts them away.

The whole time, he's watching Shane. He watches as Shane starts to blink faster, his eyes glazing over.

"Ilya?" He sounds scared. That shouldn't make Ilya instantly hard, but it does.

"What's wrong?" His voice falsely sweet.

"I don't feel good." Shane's face is going slack, a hint of sweat on his forehead as the drug takes effect. Shane is a lightweight with everything: he can get drunk off one beer, pain medication makes him incoherent, and weed hits him really hard.

"Oh, no," Ilya says, in a sweet voice with just a hint of condescension. "Getting sick?"

"I think maybe something I ate didn't agree with me? My stomach is kind of off. And I feel... too sensitive."

Ilya clicks his tongue and walks over to Shane. He brushes his fingertips across Shane's cheekbone, in a way that would be unpleasantly too light for Shane anyway. Now it makes him visibly shudder and recoil in a way he has never, ever done when Ilya has touched him. Even when they were a secret, even when they were furious at each other half the time, even when one of them was always running away, Shane has only ever leaned into his touch. Fuck, Ilya can't believe how much he likes that. How much he wants to see Shane afraid of his touch. "Like that?" Ilya cooes.

"Yeah, I—"

Ilya does not let him finish the sentence. He swings a leg over Shane's lap so he's straddling him and shoves both hands under Shane's shirt.

Shane shivers. "I really don't—"

"Shut up," Ilya says, and kisses him hard. Shane doesn't kiss him back the way he usually does, the way he always has (gloriously submissively, letting Ilya lead and guide him and yet always drawing as close as he can get, like he's offering himself up to be devoured). His mouth is tentative under Ilya's, half frozen, not quite pulling away and not quite quite kissing him back.

Ilya doesn't let Shane go until he's running out of air himself. Shane looks dazed, dizzy, and like he can't decide if he's desperate for more or desperate for Ilya to leave him alone. "I don't feel good, Ilya, I don't want—"

Ilya slaps him across the face, hard. "I don't care," he says, enunciating every single word, "what you want. I want to fuck you, so I'm going to fuck you. I think we both know you couldn't stop me right now."

Shane's mouth falls open, shaping the word "oh" but with no breath behind it. Ilya can see that he's figured it out. He remembers what he agreed to, what he asked for, and he knows it's happening now.

And with a guilty thrill Ilya sees that it makes Shane more frightened, not less. There's no relief in realizing this is just a game, only fear of what he's gotten himself into.

Ilya wonders if there's a way out for Shane. If he ran for the door, would Ilya let him escape? Is there a way he could beg that would make Ilya relent? If he used the safeword, would Ilya stop?

He doesn't know. He knows he wouldn't have to. He knows Shane has told him he doesn't have to, and he knows that Shane couldn't stop him now if he changed his mind, even if he fought.

Ilya puts both hands under Shane's t-shirt, casually groping his chest, twisting his nipples a little. Not hard enough to hurt, and Shane starts to relax into his touch. "I love your fucking tits," Ilya says.

As Shane lets out a pleased little moan—he's long gotten over arguing with Ilya that they're not tits—Ilya reaches up to the neck of Shane's t-shirt and rips it. He quickly shoves the torn fabric into Shane's mouth, gagging him. Shane tries to spit it out, but his mouth is too full. His eyes are filling with tears, and he's shaking his head as Ilya continues to grope him, starts to nuzzle and bite at his tits.

Shane puts his hands on Ilya's shoulders and tries to push him away, but it's weak. He's hazy from the drug and (Ilya shouldn't like this so much) shaking in what Ilya thinks might be actual fear.

It's easy to grab both of Shane's wrists in one hand. He pulls Shane's arms back behind his head, so Ilya can pin them against the couch.

"Keep trying to get away from me," Ilya whispers, hot and ragged, into Shane's ear. The wetness of his breath makes Shane try to cringe away. "I like it when you try to fight back. Because we both know you're going to lose."

Ilya spends a long time feeling Shane up. He loves touching Shane's chest, is endlessly obsessed with how Shane's tits feel in his hands, with how Shane squirms when Ilya brushes his nipples. Usually he doesn't get to spend nearly this long doing it, because they're both so desperate for more. But now Shane doesn't want more, he doesn't even want this, and that means there's no good reason for Ilya to do anything except play with him, however he wants, while Shane squirms and makes miserable little noises and tries to get away from Ilya's touch.

He doesn't stop until his erection starts to become painful. Then he licks a messy stripe along Shane's neck, pulls Shane's arms down behind his back, and leans forward so that his chest is pinning Shane to the couch, pressing into Shane's sore nipples. That way Shane can't move when Ilya lets go of his hands for just long enough to take off his own belt and loop it around Shane's wrists.

Shane tries to pull his hands away in the few moments Ilya isn't on him, but he's too slow, too clumsy, and Ilya moves fast. The impromptu cuffs hold Shane's hands at the small of his back, and, though he pulls at them, don't let him go.

Ilya stands up, taking a moment to admire his handiwork. Shane's tits, red and turning bruised. His pretty lips, stretched around the gag. His shoulders, straining fruitlessly to get away. His eyes, filled with tears.

Then Shane makes a break for it.

It's incredibly awkward. He barely manages to get to his feet without stumbling, between not having the use of his arms and being stoned. He's slow, clumsy.

It's nothing at all for Ilya to step into his space, sweep a leg out, and knock him to the ground. Not a hard fall, because he wasn't moving that fast, but it knocks the wind out of him.

Ilya crouches over him. Like this, he has a good view of Shane's body. His tits, all marked up, his shirt, half torn off him... and his crotch, where his dick is, clearly, totally soft.

Fuck. Ilya's throat goes dry.

Shane doesn't like this. He doesn't want it. He's trying to get away and he's helpless.

It's exactly what Ilya had fantasized about. It's exactly what Shane had asked him for.

He thinks, for a moment, of stopping anyway. Even for a moment, just to check in.

But he can't. Shane looks too beautiful like this, so helpless and so fucking scared underneath him. Ilya wants it too badly.

And Ilya knows, with a bone-deep certainty that soothes his own fear, that Shane won't hold it against him. Even if he's wrong, even if he's going too far, Shane won't be afraid of him afterwards. They'll talk it through and Ilya will apologize and they won't do it again. It's safe to take what he wants so badly.

He turns Shane over onto his stomach. He's pinned against the ground now, helpless. Ilya takes a moment to check the makeshift handcuffs—not too tight, and sitting in the right spot on Shane's wrists. Then he yanks Shane's pants down.

Shane tries to wriggle away, tries to throw Ilya off, but he has no leverage in this position. He's trying to say something behind the gag but he can't.

"Shh," Ilya says, and undoes his own pants.

He doesn't bother with much prep. He hid a packet of lube in his pocket and he slicks himself with it, dribbles a little on Shane's hole, and then slides right in.

"See how easy you are?" Ilya murmurs in his ear. "All this no, all these pathetic attempts to get away, but this hole knows what it's for."

Shane is crying now. Not just the tears he often lets out during intense scenes but full-on, shoulder-shaking sobbing.

Ilya is so gentle with him, his pace so slow. And he's so relentless, not letting Shane get away. Shane is easily overstimulated by gentle touch—he wants to be fucked hard, wants things to be firm and rough. So Ilya takes pleasure in the opportunity to go slower, to relish every slide of his cock in Shane's tight hole.

The slow pace also means he can fuck Shane for a long time, right into the floor. He listens to Shane whimper and sob. He's not trying to get away anymore, all the struggle fought out of him.

It feels so fucking good, using Shane like this. Ilya has always loved how much Shane wants to be used, ever since that first time he threw himself to his knees in front of Ilya, but there's something enthralling about this too. The ultimate conquest: Shane isn't giving in, Ilya is taking. And taking, and taking, and taking, while Shane cries underneath him.

That thought takes him over the edge. He spills into Shane's body.

He thinks about continuing. About making Shane get hard and come while he's like this, about fucking him again.

But that should be for next time, if there is a next time, if this was okay.

Ilya unbuckles his belt from around Shane's wrists and helps him get the gag out of his mouth.

“Are we done?” Shane mumbles, his voice raw.

“Yes, my love.”

Now that the intensity of his arousal has faded, the anxiety returns. Ilya tries not to feel like a prisoner awaiting a verdict. Was it too much? Is Shane hurt too badly? Was Ilya wrong when he decided he could keep going, even after Shane started trying to fight him off?

“Can we wait to talk about it? Til after I sober up?”

“Of course.”

Ilya helps him to his feet. He holds Shane upright in the shower so he can be clean and tugs Shane’s most comfortable pair of sweatpants onto him. He makes Shane drink two big glasses of water to help with his dry mouth. Then he settles Shane under his weighted blanket.

“Should I stay?” Ilya asks, and Shane nods furiously. Ilya crawls into bed behind him, holding him firmly, just the way he likes.

“That sucked. I hated it,” Shane murmurs, his voice dry from the THC and from the gag and from crying. Just as Ilya’s stomach starts to turn in guilt, Shane turns and presses a firm kiss to Ilya’s cheek. “Thank you.”

“For what? I thought you hated it.”

“For sharing this part of yourself that you’re so scared of with me. And for letting me give this to you.”

Ilya knows, then, that they’re going to be okay.

“Now be quiet, Rozanov. I still feel like garbage.”

“Oh, I am sorry,” Ilya says, an edge of mockery in his voice. “You only begged for it for months.”

“Asshole,” Shane says. “Now don’t go anywhere. I’m going to try and sleep it off. I can’t believe people smoke this shit for fun.”

And then he’s dozing off to sleep, perfectly comfortable, knowing he’s safe in Ilya’s arms.

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