

nothing i can do about it

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by [Dadi Long Legz](#)

Summary

Ilya had pried out all of Shane's dirty little desires from behind his ribcage; how Shane wants Ilya to force him—really genuinely force him—even when he desperately wants to stop, how he needs Ilya to do whatever he wants to him, to own Shane so completely that nothing he does could make Ilya stop.

And the carefully held control that Shane has over his own life is so mind numbingly draining in a way that frequently has him wanting to curl into a ball and cry. But when he's with Ilya, he doesn't have to worry about it anymore, he doesn't even have to think unless Ilya asks him a question. It is his salvation; this control that Ilya wields over him so easily, taking the reins without Shane even needing to ask, and Shane wants more of it. He doesn't want to have any control over what Ilya does to him, he doesn't want to have to think about it or make decisions for it, Ilya knows him, and he trusts Ilya.

OR: Shane gives Ilya the power to ignore his safeword whenever he wants

Notes

TW: I use the word rape in here, it is in the tags but just a heads up in case you missed it.

Shoutout to my wonderful beta, [viciousrat](#), for dealing with my incessant dms and need for reassurance. This fic is also dedicated to her because she made me feel all tingly every time I sent a snippet >.<

I am writing this in mind as a consensual situation where Ilya is given the freedom to ignore Shane's safeword in certain situations because they're both grown men who can use critical thinking and discretion to make decisions. I could go on a rant about the nuances of partaking in kink in this way but I will spare you.

Please don't make me give you a lecture.

I am writing this for the emotional sadomasochism and messy emotional edgeplay that many people (including me) enjoy partaking in. I believe Shane as a character would love this kind of play because of his tightly held control on his life in every other aspect.

Anxious anticipation and shame-fueled desire have made a home in Shane's chest.

All his nerves feel exposed and vulnerable, like he's walking a tightrope over a shark-infested pit with a bright white spotlight pointed directly at him.

His skin feels uncomfortably tight, goosebumps erupting on his body at the lightest shift in the air, like he's being watched every second of the day and one wrong move could shatter his carefully held together composure.

He's felt like this for three weeks; three weeks of jumping out of his skin at his own shadow and cataloguing the way Ilya has been acting—analyzing him, searching for anything out of the ordinary—and Shane has done this to himself, he knows that, but it doesn't calm his racing heart.

He had started the conversation, had stuttered his way through the shameful admittance of wanting Ilya to have *total* control over him, stumbled his way into asking Ilya to "*please ignore my safeword whenever you want.*"

And Ilya had been so sweet and understanding; asking follow-up questions and making sure he understood just what Shane wanted out of this change.

Ilya had pried out all of Shane's dirty little desires from behind his ribcage; how Shane wants Ilya to force him—really genuinely force him—even when he desperately wants to stop, how he needs Ilya to do whatever he wants to him, to *own* Shane so completely that nothing he does could make Ilya stop.

And the carefully held control that Shane has over his own life is so mind numbingly draining in a way that frequently has him wanting to curl into a ball and cry. But when he's with Ilya, he doesn't have to worry about it anymore, he doesn't even have to *think* unless Ilya asks him a question. It is his salvation; this control that Ilya wields over him so easily, taking the reigns without Shane even needing to ask, and Shane wants more of it. He doesn't want to have *any* control over what Ilya does to him, he doesn't want to have to think about it or make decisions for it, Ilya knows him, and he trusts Ilya.

Shane couldn't say it out loud at the time, but it flashes behind his eyes when he's alone and touching himself, a private fantasy of Ilya forcing himself onto Shane—raping him—without regard for Shane trying to fight back or him pleading for it to stop.

And for three weeks, Ilya has been perfectly kind to Shane, stopping when Shane cries and begs to stop, even though they've always played this way; it's how Shane enjoys sex.

He even stopped when Shane safeworded a week ago; quickly pulling out and cleaning them both up, cradling Shane to his chest and whispering heartfelt apologies into Shane's hair. And Shane was *disappointed* when he came back to himself, ashamed of his desire, because he didn't want Ilya to stop, even though he had safeworded out of genuine distress.

So, Shane has been a vessel of humiliated desire for the last three weeks, his frustration mounting every time Ilya has been overly kind in the bedroom.

And Shane hates himself for it; they have extremely satisfying sex, they do, and Shane *enjoys* it, he really does. But he wants *more*, he craves it so viscerally that he's had to bite his tongue to hold back from yelling and trying to provoke Ilya when he's being too gentle with him.

Shane knows Ilya's being gentler on purpose, but he doesn't understand why. It is the exact opposite of what Shane had asked for on the couch three weeks ago.

Ilya is toying with him and Shane cannot handle it, not when he's already worked himself up so much.

He's even been spending more time in the gym, more time than he has with Ilya recently, trying to work the frustration out through sore muscles and exhaustion so deep he feels it in his bones.

But it's only made it worse; the way Shane's body goes weak after pushing himself to the limit.

Then he has to spend fifteen minutes trying to will away an erection at the thought that if Ilya really wanted to, he could come into the gym and force himself on Shane and Shane wouldn't be strong enough to put up a good fight, that he would have to just lay there and take it and wait for it to be over.

A loud clatter snaps Shane back to the present, and he quickly grabs a pillow to pull over his ill-timed erection out of fear of what Ilya will think of him.

Shane's face snaps towards the sound, finding Ilya standing next to the couch with an inquisitive look on his face and a book haphazardly dropped onto the floor.

Shane huffs, playing upset, "why would you drop my book on the floor like that, Ilya? You're going to crease the pages."

Shane rolls his eyes in annoyance, turning away from Ilya's assessing gaze.

"You have been staring into space for 15 minutes, not responding to me with your cock making a tent in your shorts," Ilya raises an eyebrow before swiftly climbing onto the couch next to Shane and tangling a hand in his hair.

Shane lets out a moan as Ilya wrenches his head back, eyes going heavy lidded and hips pushing up into the pillow on his lap.

The pillow is gone the next moment, leaving Shane's shameful display out in the open.

"Why have you been sitting here lost in your head when I am right here? Hm, Shane?" Ilya flicks the head of Shane's cock through his shorts and Shane tries to twist away desperately, a strangled yelp slipping past his lips.

“N-Nothing, Ilya. Was just in my head, that’s all,” Shane stammers pathetically, squeezing his eyes shut against the humiliating words sitting on the tip of his tongue.

Shane cries out again, louder this time, as he’s pulled to the floor by his hair. Ilya manhandles him between his legs, kicking Shane’s legs apart. Shane feels strands of hair break from the root into Ilya’s hand as pinpricks of pain shoot down his spine.

Shane goes willingly and relief echoes throughout his body at the rough treatment, tension visibly draining from his body as he kneels between Ilya’s legs.

Ilya makes a noise above him before Shane’s head is wrenched back again and he’s forced to look Ilya in the eyes.

“Is what you wanted? How hard is it to use words instead of daydreaming and humping pillow like slut with your boyfriend in the next room?” A broken moan echoes in the room as Ilya tightens his hold in Shane’s hair and shakes him harshly.

“Yes, Ilya. ‘m sorry, *fuck please*, more!” Shane whines petulantly as he pulls against Ilya’s grip, relishing in the warm ache radiating throughout his scalp and the sharp zips of humiliation making his cock throb.

Ilya releases him and Shane has to catch himself before he faceplants directly into Ilya’s crotch.

“Use your words, *Shanya*. What do you want?” Ilya’s face is a mask of indifference, but Shane is still eye-level with Ilya’s dick so he can see that he is just as affected as Shane is, his hard cock outlined obscenely by the thin material of his sweatpants.

Shane feels his face flush, the heat spreading all the way to the tips of his ears. He shakes his head at Ilya, trying to plead with his eyes, ‘*please don’t make me say it.*’

Ilya lets Shane sit like that, on the receiving end of his burning gaze, in silence, before he sighs loudly.

“Fine, whatever, Shane. Keep your secrets then.”

Shane stammers, almost letting the words fall from his lips, desperate to keep Ilya where he is before he realizes Ilya is shuffling out of his sweatpants and pointedly *not* leaving.

Ilya’s cock bobs against his stomach as he discards his sweatpants and the sight of it makes Shane’s mouth water. A whine slips out before he can stop it, leaning more into Ilya’s space.

Before Shane can think better of it, he’s sticking his face into the crease of Ilya’s thigh, inhaling the sweat and musk from Ilya’s skin.

“Ah, no, Shane. You want to be bad; you do not get to have your fun today.” Ilya’s hand is in his hair again and Shane’s head is pulled back and held *just* out of reach from Ilya’s cock.

Shane can feel his eyes tear up as desire claws through his body, he tries to pull against Ilya’s grip, to get to his cock, and all that elicits is an embarrassingly whiny moan bubbling up his

throat.

“’m sorry, Ilya. *Fuck*, please let me suck your cock!” Pain immediately erupts across the left side of Shane’s face, pulling a soft shocked gasp from him.

“Shut up. I give you what I want to give you,” Ilya’s voice is cold, absolute. An order he knows will be followed without question.

Shane’s mouth audibly snaps shut as he blinks the tears from his eyes, shuffling on his knees as his legs start to tingle from disuse.

Shane hears Ilya chuckle quietly above him before he’s being rearranged again, pulling Shane forward until his knees are pressed against the bottom of the couch and his face is *so* close to Ilya’s cock; a reminder of what he does not get the privilege of having.

Ilya releases him before he speaks, “sit up straight, keep your hands behind your back.”

Shane listens quickly, a show of his hopefulness that he will be rewarded for his obedience.

“Now, close your eyes and set your jaw.” Ilya’s eyes slowly scanned Shane’s face, “Clench your teeth, *Shanya*,” Ilya’s voice is calm and composed, mocking, even as a small bead of precum leaves a shiny trail down his shaft.

Shane’s eyes follow its descent before the order registers. And Shane’s body is obeying before his mind catches up with Ilya’s commands, his eyes slipping shut and his jaw tensing up before the confusion has even had time to solidify in his mind.

Then Shane is on the ground, his shoulder making contact with the floor—hard—pain radiating down his arm, punching the breath from his lungs. Next, the pain in his face registers, a white-hot throbbing radiating down his cheekbone and into his jaw, a low groan escaping his lips as everything registers.

Shane goes limp against the floor as the world spins behind his eyelids and the taste of blood explodes over his tongue, metallic and hot.

“*Fuck*, Ilya,” Shane whispers quietly, whimpering in pain softly before running his tongue over his teeth, checking that they’re all accounted for and discovering a split lip from the impact of the punch.

“Get the fuck up! I did not hit you that hard, you have taken checks on the ice harder than that,” Ilya scoffs disapprovingly and Shane can see the disappointed shake of his head even in the dark behind his eyelids.

Shane doesn’t even get enough time to push himself up; Ilya’s hand is in his hair again and wrenching him back into position, with no concern shown even as a high-pitched yelp erupts from Shane’s throat.

“Again, Shane. Stay in position this time and keep your eyes open.”

Ilya barely gives him enough time to get back into position before the next punch is thrown. Shane sways haphazardly against the force behind it, his eyes immediately welling up with tears as his head snaps to the side.

Shane feels his split lip split open even more, an obnoxious stinging that permeates the throbbing in his head as a small trickle of blood runs down his chin. He doesn't even attempt to lick it up, he knows better, Ilya will want to see the blood and the thought is quickly reaffirmed by a loud groan sounding above him.

Ilya is gripping his jaw in an instant, making the pain reverberate throughout his skull and pulling a whine from high in his throat.

Ilya's thumb digs into Shane's split lip, a small hiss escapes Shane as Ilya pulls the cut apart with his thumbs, causing more blood to drip down his chin.

"*H-hurts!*" Shane can't help but whine, all his muscles engaging in an attempt to bypass the instinct to pull away. Shane knows it'll only get worse if he attempts to scramble away, Ilya does not take kindly to Shane trying to exercise autonomy that he has not been granted.

Ilya presses his fingers into Shane's broken lip harder in reprimand, pulling another small whine from Shane's chest.

Shane squeezes his eyes shut against the pain, tears finally breaking over his bottom lashes, leaving trails of fire in their wake against his abused skin.

A sigh of relief escapes Shane as Ilya pulls his fingers away from the cut, swiping his thumb through the blood steadily leaking down Shane's chin.

Shane opens his eyes slowly, blinking the blurry film of tears away before a groan claws itself out of somewhere deep in his chest at the image in front of him; Ilya has his blood covered thumb in his mouth, his eyes closed, and his face screwed up in reverent pleasure. Some of Shane's blood didn't make it into his mouth, crimson against the soft pink of Ilya's lips.

Shane wants to lick it off, he wants Ilya to kiss him and taste the blood straight from the source, press against him so hard that more blood leaks between them. He wants to see Ilya's teeth covered in his blood; he wants to taste his own blood as he licks into Ilya's mouth.

"Impatient slut. Be quiet," Ilya's voice is condescending, and it makes Shane's head spin before the words register and Shane realizes that he has been whining since his eyes focused on Ilya in front of him.

Shane tries to stop the whining so quickly that he ends up choking on his own spit, making him cough roughly and double over.

"You cannot even be quiet properly. Not a very good toy, *Shanya*," Ilya tsks and Shane's eyes immediately start to well with tears again. He snuffles quietly before lowering his gaze to the floor, too upset with himself to look Ilya in the eyes or conjure the energy needed to dispute what Ilya said.

Ilya huffs in amusement in front of him before Shane sees his foot slowly creeping into his line of sight. Ilya's foot grazes his knee before it runs up the length of his thigh, deliberately bypassing the tent in his shorts. The tip of Ilya's big toe runs up Shane's stomach and stops in the center of his chest before Ilya pushes against him, *hard*.

Shane's on his back in an instant, his head cracking against the carpeted floor, making his brain feel like it's rattling around in his skull; untethered.

Shane has to bite his tongue against the words bubbling up in his throat — "*what the fuck, Rozanov?*" — he doesn't want to find out what that outburst would cost him.

He knows Ilya is seemingly in a *mood* today, and he has been kind enough to tell Shane what is expected of him, so he knows Ilya will not take kindly to slip-ups.

Shane relaxes against the floor, blinking against the dizziness caused by his crash landing before taking a deep breath, trying to regulate against any irritation welling up in his chest. He will be good for Ilya because he *likes* when Ilya treats him like this, and he doesn't want him to stop or misinterpret his irritation for genuine refusal.

Shane hears shuffling from the couch and resists the urge to lift his head and watch Ilya move around. He's rewarded for his patience quickly; Ilya begins crawling over his body, his cock still out over the waistband of his sweatpants.

Once they're face-to-face, Ilya holds himself in a plank over Shane with an amused expression on his face.

Shane watches Ilya scan his face, the way his bright blue eyes linger on the sluggish trail of blood continuing to seep from his split lip. He watches Ilya's tongue poke out over his bottom lip, the way it runs over his lips and leaves them wet with spit before Ilya pounces.

Their lips crash together harshly, pulling a muffled hiss out of Shane as the cut in his lip splits open more, stinging, before he's moaning into Ilya's mouth. Ilya's tongue runs over the seam of his lips and Shane's mouth drops open instantly.

He's hungry for it, greedy in a way that takes over his entire body and mind.

Shane wants Ilya inside him, all over him, everywhere. He wants to crawl inside of Ilya's skin and stay there, content and warm. He wants Ilya to bleed him dry and feed on his flesh, wants Ilya to wring all of the suffering out of his body and make him cry until there are no tears left, just dry wracking sobs and Shane's catatonic body to use for whatever he wants.

Ilya pulls away and Shane almost wails at the loss, quickly biting his lip to keep the noise at bay. Shane slams his fists down onto the carpet a few times in anger before taking a deep breath, opening his eyes to gaze up at Ilya.

"Aw, what's wrong, toy not getting what it wants?" Ilya smirks down at Shane, his voice condescending.

Shane knows it's a rhetorical question; he knows Ilya doesn't want an answer, but he wants to scream, wants to tell Ilya to "*get the fuck on with it*", that he cannot cope with this tightrope of desire and obedience Ilya is forcing him to walk. Shane feels like he is going to throw a tantrum; like he's a fucking toddler being told "no" for the first time.

But Shane just takes another deep breath; trying to steady himself, to lift himself out of this messy pit of emotions that Ilya has thrown him into, to respond to Ilya in a way that is *right* and *obedient*, in a way that will not warrant discipline.

"N-No, Ilya. It's okay, I'm sorry, I have it under control now," Shane is proud of himself, his voice only quivers a little even though he feels like if Ilya presses him just right, he will shatter into a million pieces, never to be the same again.

Ilya chuckles at him, an evil glint in his eye as he runs his hand down Shane's chest, "Good. You will not like what I will do to you if you throw a tantrum. Or if you try to say 'no' to me, toys do not get a say in what their owners do with them."

Shane shivers against Ilya's touch, his dick twitching in his shorts at Ilya's words. Shane nods eagerly, feeling a little like a bobblehead as his brain rattles around in his skull.

Ilya's hand continues its descent, trailing over Shane's abs before slipping under his shirt. Ilya pushes Shane's shirt up to his shoulders, clicking his tongue once before Shane gets the message and rips it off, quickly laying flat against the floor again without prompting.

Shane's eyes flit around Ilya's face before dropping down to the hand that is slowly crawling down his body. Ilya's fingers brush the waistband of Shane's shorts, running the tips just below before he pulls the elastic back and snaps it against Shane's lower stomach.

Shane lets out a low groan at the dull sting of pain, pushing his hips back against the floor to combat the instinct to push up into Ilya's palm, to get that delicious friction against his dick.

Ilya chuckles at the war between desire and obedience clearly written on Shane's face and Shane's eyes immediately flick back to Ilya's face at the noise with a small, shocked expression.

"C-Can I— please, Ilya?"

Shane worries his bottom lip with a hiss, the cut in his lip smarting under the pressure. He's scared that he spoke out of turn, that Ilya will be mad at him for speaking. Shane is practically shaking in fear when the slap lands, right over the blooming bruise on his cheek from the earlier punches.

Shane cries out as the throbbing pain reignites throughout his skull and he feels tears start running through the still-drying tracks on his face.

"*'msorryIlya'msorry,*" Shane sobs out as soon as the breath required for words hits his lungs, barely comprehensible but he refuses to speak again without prompting from Ilya.

“Speak up, slut. What do you want, hm?” Ilya’s voice is filled with indifference and the hand that was steadily moving towards Shane’s cock halts completely as he waits for a response.

“’m sorry, Ilya... P-please touch me, my dick is s-so hard, it *hurts!*”

Shane is a mess; fat tears roll down his face, his chest is heaving under the force of the sobs wracking his body, there’s snot accumulating on his upper lip. He is drowning in his misery and fear, and Ilya is the lifeguard watching it happen, pushing his head further under the incoming waves, watching him choke on the salt water and vomit it back up. A never-ending cycle.

Ilya wholeheartedly laughs at Shane, causing a spike of hurt and betrayal to cleave Shane’s heart right in two, wrenching a broken-hearted wail out of him.

“Shane, I have been very indulgent by letting you throw your little fit, but you need to be quiet now, it is starting to irritate me. Like a fly buzzing directly in my ear, shhh,” Ilya waits, semi-patiently, as Shane calms himself down.

Only when his sobs have greatly reduced in volume does Ilya continue moving his hand, slipping his fingers under the waistband of Shane’s shorts again.

Shane takes in a shuddering breath when he realizes that Ilya has started moving again. He holds his breath as Ilya inches closer to his crotch, trying to appear small and nonthreatening as his mind screams incoherently about Ilya’s hand being so close to the center of him, a touch he’s been craving for so long.

As Ilya’s fingers wrap around the base of his cock, Shane’s held breath leaves him in a rush. It feels *so* good to finally have Ilya touching him, giving him direct pleasure after being denied for what feels like hours at this point.

“Thank you, thank you, Ilya! *Fuck*, thank you,” Shane moans out unevenly as he tries to stay still. He knows that if he bucks up into Ilya’s hand that it will all be for naught, Ilya will take his hand away and he’ll probably leave Shane on the floor, all alone, to go jerk off in their very comfortable bed in the other room.

“Shhh, Shane. It’s okay, take a deep breath for me. Do not want you passing out on me from hyperventilating, at least not yet.”

Shane nods shakily at Ilya, blinking his eyes open to look up at him. The sun shining in from the windows casts a golden hue over the scene and Ilya looks like divinity; he is the closest thing to divinity that Shane will ever have, and he will worship at his altar until Ilya tires of him.

Once Shane’s breathing is back under control, Ilya continues his ministrations. He runs his hand up and down Shane’s shaft with *just* the right amount of pressure, twisting his wrist around Shane’s cockhead to collect the precum and send zips of lightning-hot pleasure up Shane’s spine.

“*F-fuck*, Ilya! I’m gon’ cum if you keep doin’ that, *fuck*! Can I ‘lease cum? ’ll be s’ good, you can do wha’ever you wan’ to me, *please*,” Shane babbles mindlessly, so lost in the pleasure he forgot his vow to not speak unless prompted.

Ilya makes a noise of consideration, pulling a few tears and a sob out of Shane, before responding, “Yes, *Shanya*. You can cum for me, sweet boy. Come on.”

The permission goes straight to Shane’s balls, his back arching off the floor so hard that it pops, and his vision whites out as his orgasm washes over him. It feels like it lasts forever, pleasure singing through his veins until he collapses back onto the floor.

When he finally comes back to himself, he realizes that he’s sobbing again, desperate, and Ilya is still working his cock, making him try and twitch away as the oversensitivity wins out over the pleasure.

“Ilya, Ilya! Sensitive, please!!” Shane gasps out frantically, his instincts fighting between trying to get away and taking what he is given obediently.

Ilya continues to stroke Shane’s cock, using Shane’s cum as lube to ease the way as his cock softens.

And then starts to get hard again under Ilya’s constant attention.

“Aww, I thought it hurt, why are you getting hard again already if it hurts? Lying little slut,” Ilya squeezes Shane’s cock harshly, pulling a yelp from his chest.

Shane’s head is so fuzzy, he can barely focus, but Ilya’s words send a bolt of arousal into his stomach and his cock to twitch in Ilya’s hand.

The question might be rhetorical, Shane can’t tell, but he doesn’t want to get in trouble for not responding, “’m sorry, Ilya, won’ lie again. Promise, promise!” If Ilya says he’s a lying slut, then it’s true, Ilya decides who—*what*—he is.

Shane lets out a sigh of relief when Ilya pulls his hand out of his shorts, grimacing softly at the feeling of cooling cum being pressed into his skin by the fabric. But he isn’t uncomfortable for long, Ilya swiftly pulls Shane’s shorts and boxers off altogether.

Shane barely has time to adjust to his nakedness before Ilya is straddling his chest. Shane’s eyes immediately drop to Ilya’s hard cock bobbing in front of his face, but he stays slack against the floor, remembering Ilya’s earlier words.

Ilya pats Shane’s cheek condescendingly, “aww, finally have some sense in your head, Hollander? Now open your mouth and be good.”

Shane’s mouth drops open and Ilya’s thumb props it open, three fingers forcing their way down his throat.

Shane gags wetly against the assault, his throat clenches around Ilya’s fingers before they’re forced even deeper. He feels Ilya’s fingernails scratch against the delicate skin of his esophagus as he starts struggling to pull in a full breath.

Ilya's cock nudges against Shane's bottom lip as Ilya grinds his hips forward, Shane looks up at Ilya with his big wet eyes and sees the way Ilya's pupils dilate even further, the blue disappearing behind the black.

Shane can feel drool running down his chin as he gags again, a disgusting sound from the depths of his stomach. He tries to suck and lick Ilya's fingers, to please the man who holds his heart between his palms, to show how useful he is. And if Shane knows anything, it's how to please Ilya with his mouth, he *knows* he's good at it but it's a little difficult when Ilya's fingers are so deep down his throat.

Ilya groans and Shane shivers at the sound, the noise of pleasure from Ilya goes straight to his dick, spurting out a glob of precum in response.

When Ilya removes his fingers, Shane's throat gurgles as full gulps of air are finally drawn into his lungs. His face is a mess of tears, sweat, drool, and snot, but Ilya looks at him like he's the sexiest thing on the planet. Shane doesn't get a lot of time to stare or recover because Ilya is pushing his cock past Shane's slack lips a moment later.

Shane swallows around Ilya's girth automatically, easing the glide and calming the gag that threatens to rise. Ilya pushes in all the way, until Shane's nose is smushed against his lower stomach, and stays there. He just watches Shane as his predicament kicks in; nowhere to go and no way to breathe.

Shane tries to pull back as soon as his lungs start to tinge and is rudely reminded that he's pinned against the floor. He closes his eyes against the impulse to thrash around and tries to relax into it, but as the oxygen in his lungs steadily decreases, his body takes on a mind of its own; his hips twist helplessly against the floor, trying to buck Ilya off his chest, and his hands come up to claw at Ilya's thighs through his sweatpants.

"Where do you think you are going, whore? You breathe when I want you to breathe, and I like the way your throat tightens around me when you try to fight me, poor baby struggling for air... *fuuuuck!*"

Ilya's drool-soaked hand lands heavily on Shane's cheek, the pain in his head lighting up again, causing Shane to cry out around Ilya's cock and lose the rest of his air. Shane's mind goes blank, animal panic replacing any other thoughts in his head. He tries to buck his head up, to dislodge Ilya from his throat, but Ilya's hands are immediately in his hair, pinning his head to the floor. Shane's hands twist in the fabric of Ilya's sweatpants, trying to wrench him backwards, but Ilya stays stone-still on top of him.

Shane kicks his feet petulantly against the floor as his vision starts to darken at the edges and his muscles relax as the possibility of fainting quickly approaches reality.

Ilya thrusts harshly into Shane's throat, groaning darkly at the feeling of Shane's body relaxing underneath him before he's spilling down Shane's throat.

Shane's eyes flutter helplessly against the welcoming dark that starts to overtake him and suddenly he's shooting upward and desperately gasping, coughing roughly as cum sticks against the inside of his throat.

Tears stream down Shane's face as he recovers, drool and cum running down his chin. He knows he has to look absolutely disgusting, his head spinning from lack of oxygen. His eyes are probably bloodshot, and his face feels perpetually wet, with no way to escape the sensory overload until Ilya is done with him.

When Shane recovers enough to look around the room, to seek out Ilya's control, he finds himself alone in the living room.

He looks around the room again, thinking he must have missed Ilya's head of curls somewhere, when he hears footsteps coming down the stairs. Shane's gaze immediately snaps to the stairs, physically craving the sight of Ilya, before Ilya is bounding towards him as soon as his feet hit the bottom floor.

A smile breaks out over Shane's face as soon as Ilya is in his line-of-sight and he relaxes back against the floor, lying flat on his back in his previous commanded position.

"Finally, being a good toy, I see. Do you need any water?" Shane feels Ilya's eyes scan his face, assessing, before he shakes his head lightly in response.

Ilya smiles back at Shane before kneeling down next to him and that's when Shane realizes he's holding something, his purple dildo. Shane's face erupts into flames at the sight, and he covers his face, laughing softly in embarrassment.

Shane feels his legs being moved and his body being turned before Ilya is pushing Shane's knees to his chest.

"Hold your legs, Hollander," Ilya's voice is distracted, like he's focusing on something else, and Shane finds Ilya's eyes trained on his hole as he uncovers his face to do as he's told.

Shane isn't sure if there's any lube in the living room, and he didn't see Ilya bring any in from the bedroom, but he finds himself with no desire to question Ilya even in his confusion and fear.

Ilya hums in approval at Shane's obedience before the dildo is shoved haphazardly past Shane's lips.

Shane makes a muffled noise of protest, "*'s gros', I'ya!*"

Ilya shoves the dildo deeper with a glare, pulling a gag out of Shane, before his hands are spreading Shane's cheeks apart and he's spitting a big glob of spit directly on Shane's hole.

Shane gasps, the dildo slipping out of his mouth a little. He hurriedly adjusts his position, propping the suction cup end of the dildo on his knee before relaxing his throat and shoving it further with a moan.

"Get that wet and sloppy for me, *Shanya*. It is the only lube you get." Ilya's finger slips past the tight ring of Shane's hole harshly, pulling another gasp out of him.

It burns going in, too dry, muscles tensing automatically. Shane tries to relax into it, to let Ilya in, but it *hurts*. Especially when Ilya hooks his finger around the rim and *pulls*.

“*F’ck!*” Shane yelps as his hips twitch away, making his hole stretch wider around Ilya’s hooked finger.

“Stop fucking moving, you are fine. Your slutty hole knows what to do.” Ilya’s free hand finds the bottom of Shane’s stomach and pins him against the floor, stopping his useless struggling as Ilya starts pumping his finger.

Drool pools under Shane’s tongue and he tries to coat the dildo with it to the best of his ability, but the spit just runs down his chin, making even more of a mess of his face.

Shane feels Ilya spit on his hole again, easing the glide of Ilya’s finger enough for him to relax before Ilya is bullying a second finger in beside the first. Shane whines, wiggling in place to try and disperse the burn when he feels the skin around his hole split under Ilya’s relentless pressure.

Ilya groans above him, “*fuck*, Shane. You are bleeding down here, is just a little though. For now.”

Shane lets a whimper escape his throat as Ilya removes his fingers, leaving Shane empty and burning.

Ilya quickly pulls the dildo out of Shane’s mouth, bracketing Shane against the floor with his forearm on the back of Shane’s thighs, “this is going to hurt but you are going to be a good boy and only scream a little. Got it?”

Shane feels the tip of the dildo against his hole before Ilya has even stopped speaking and he nods quickly, biting the inside of his cheek as he braces.

Ilya pats his thigh firmly before pushing and Shane’s eyes immediately well with tears, his hole stretching open reluctantly, splitting him open around the girth of the dildo. He can feel the tear ripping open even more, stinging alongside the excruciating burn of being stretched too wide, muscles too tight to allow for a less painful experience.

“I-Ilya, no! Please stop, you’re hurting me! It hurts, *fuck*, please!” Shane tries to keep the scream from bubbling up his chest, but Ilya forces the dildo the rest of the way inside him, and it comes tearing out of him, ear-piercing and desperate as he claws against the floor.

Shane can feel blood dripping from his hole as Ilya starts fucking him with the dildo, not giving him a chance to recover or relax against the onslaught.

“Fuck, Hollander. I should do this to you more often,” Ilya groans, smearing the blood around Shane’s stretched rim, painting a lovely red sheen over the inflamed skin.

Shane shakes his head, frustrated tears streaming down his face, “no, please don’t. Ilya, it hurts please stop—”

Ilya rolls his eyes at Shane, a disapproving noise leaving his mouth before he angles the dildo upwards, nailing Shane’s prostate on the next thrust.

“*F-fuck*, right there!” Shane’s eyes roll back in his head as pleasure lights up his spine, pooling hot in his stomach.

“Yes, *Shanya*, I know where it is. I have been fucking you for how long? Tsk.”

Shane claws against the floor again, pleasure making his head spin as Ilya jackhammers his prostate, already sensitive from his first orgasm. The pain from the tear and too-short prep combines deliciously with the pleasure, a heady mix that brings Shane to the edge embarrassingly quickly.

“Ilya! Can I cum? ’m sorry ’m so close already, *fuck please?*” Shane sobs as the next stroke punches a messy string of precum from the head of his dick.

“If you cum now, I am not going to stop. Up to you.” Ilya shrugs at him with an evil grin, fucking Shane faster.

Shane’s toes curl as the dildo nudges his prostate *just right*, another sob escaping him as the heat in his stomach becomes a forest fire ravaging his bones, his orgasm hitting him so hard he can barely breathe, painting his chest in strings of pearlescent white.

And Ilya *keeps* fucking him, not slowing down. Shane can’t catch his breath, his body twitching as the pleasure turns painful and he tries to kick his legs out with a cry.

Ilya holds him down, dodging the foot that narrowly misses his face.

“That was a bad decision, Shane.” Ilya pushes the dildo in all the way to the hilt, right against Shane’s prostate, before he starts grinding it in little circles.

“No, fuck, *please*. It hurts, is too much, Ilya. *I can’t!*” Shane cries, his whole body shaking with the force of his struggle.

Ilya just laughs at him, grinding the dildo in harder.

Shane kicks again, struggling against Ilya’s hold with all of the remaining strength in his body. He twists and turns, trying so hard to get away from the relentless press against his prostate.

Ilya’s grip slips the slightest bit as he repositions and Shane reacts to the weakness as easily as he does on the ice; his leg kicks out, knocking Ilya on the shoulder, pushing him back far enough to scramble away. Once he’s out of Ilya’s reach, he rises to his feet, faltering slightly as the burn in his ass flares up at the quick movement.

Shane doesn’t even turn around, doesn’t spare Ilya a glance, as he starts to bolt. He doesn’t know where he’s running to, just *away*, but as soon as he takes his first step, his knees buckle and he’s back on the floor.

Pain radiates from his ass, up into his spine; trying to run had only exacerbated the pain, making it so excruciating that his body gave out from underneath him.

“Did you really think that was going to work, Shane? Even if you did not collapse, you would not get far.” Shane snuffles petulantly as Ilya shakes his head, mockingly pouting down at Shane.

“You do not get to choose when I’m done with you. If you cannot be useful, I will find someone who can, do not try this shit again,” Ilya’s words make Shane’s heart squeeze painfully in his chest, a few tears escaping and running down his temples.

“’m sorry, Ilya...” Shane mumbles with his chin tucked into his chest, trying to hide from Ilya’s disappointment.

Ilya just shakes his head again before scooping up the dildo and kneeling in front of Shane. He immediately starts rearranging Shane back into position, detached and clinical, and gives no warning before shoving the dildo back into Shane, right to the hilt.

Shane yelps as the pain shoots up his spine again, his prostate immediately under attack. Shane twists and turns against the floor; not trying to get away, just trying to cope with the pain of being overstretched and oversensitive.

Shane twitches like he’s being electrocuted every time the dildo presses against his prostate head-on, sending shocks of should-be pleasure into his stomach and up his spine.

“*I-Ilya*, I can’t, I can’t cum again. *Fuck*, ‘lease stop!” Shane’s crying in earnest again now, desperate for the torture on his prostate to stop.

Ilya doesn’t stop, doesn’t even spare a glance at Shane as he watches Shane’s rim stretch around the girth of the dildo, broken and inflamed skin turning puffy and swollen under the relentless assault. He doesn’t even dignify Shane’s pleading with a response, grinding the dildo in harder.

Shane’s toes curl at the tendrils of pleasure that spread throughout his body as Ilya ignores him, gasoline being poured onto the persistent flame of arousal that still runs throughout his body even as pain carves itself a home inside him.

Shane really can’t help it, the painful almost-pleasure wracking his limbs and Ilya’s obvious disinterest in his begging make an intoxicating concoction that shatter the remaining pieces of him into nothingness.

Shane’s whole body locks up as his orgasm hits him, his ears ringing so loud he cannot even hear himself screaming but his throat feels raw and bloody so he knows he must be. He feels disconnected from his body, floating in the clouds where nothing beyond *this* feeling matters.

Shane’s dick doesn’t even spurt this time, his balls overworked and empty, only a small drizzle of cum leaking from the head and adding to the mess on his stomach.

When Shane’s body finally relaxes back onto the floor, Ilya starts fucking him with the dildo again, hard and fast.

Shane screams, blood-curdling and pained, “**RED**, red, Ilya. *Redredredredred*, oh my god *please stop!*”

Ilya’s grip tightens, using the leverage he has to pin Shane against the floor so he *really* can’t get away this time.

“Shhh, Shane. It is not up to you when I stop. You can cum one more time for me and maybe, I will stop.”

Ilya shakes his hair out of his face, sweat damp and sticking to his forehead. He smirks at Shane as he readjusts his grip on the dildo, starting to fuck Shane the way he likes.

“Get your dick hard again, is rude to be soft when I am fucking you.” Ilya glares at Shane, holding his gaze until Shane reluctantly moves his hand to his poor cock and starts stroking it.

Shane grimaces as overstimulation sings through every nerve in his body but he dutifully pumps his dick, screwing his eyes shut and praying he gets hard again. He doesn’t want to know what Ilya will do to him if he stays soft.

Shane’s body jolts every time the dildo bottoms out, the carpet scratching unpleasantly against his back and he can barely focus.

How is he supposed to get hard again when everything feels *bad*? Ilya’s sweaty skin is sticking against his own, the texture of the carpet is embedded into his skin, his cock is so sore, but he can’t stop stroking it, he’s not allowed to stop. His hole hurts *so* bad and he swears he can feel it bleeding again, a slow trickle that irritates him even more.

The irritation sobers Shane up even as sobs still spill from his throat, "Ilya, I'm serious. Get the *fuck* off of me, I said **RED**, asshole."

Ilya laughs at him again but this time the warm buzz of humiliation that normally accompanies it is replaced with white-hot rage. Shane can't struggle in this position and he knows Ilya's holding him like this on purpose but it only fuels the rage. He snarls at Ilya, shaking his head side to side to dispel the tension.

"Shut the fuck up, Shane. Stroke your cock and cum, I did not ask for your opinion on the matter."

Shane's body has always betrayed him when it comes to Ilya and he was hoping his body was too wrung out to obey, but he feels the telltale signs of an impending orgasm building in his gut and he's helpless to stop it.

Shane's abs tense up as his dick pulses in his hand, his hole clenching painfully around the dildo. He barely feels it, a small wave of pleasure making his head fuzzy but there is none of the bone-deep satisfaction that normally accompanies his orgasms. His body just *hurts* and his head feels like it's stuffed with cotton.

Ilya's voice rings in his ears when he has enough brainpower to focus on what he's saying, "...now be a polite boy and beg me to rape your poor broken hole. Just ask me to *pretty please* rape you and maybe we can be done now."

Shane whimpers as Ilya pulls the dildo out, leaving him aching and empty. He shakes his head softly at Ilya, warily eyeing Ilya's erection.

"Ilya, you can't. You're gonna hurt me, please don't," Shane tries to pull on his best puppy-dog eyes, trying to appeal to Ilya's sensible side, but Ilya's face drops at Shane's words and he huffs angrily at him.

Shane's being rearranged for the millionth time and before he knows it, he's bent in half with his knees beside his ears, Ilya's cock slotted against his overworked hole. Shane flinches at the contact, his hole clenching as phantom pain shoots up his spine.

"You know, Shane, it is not polite to lie." Ilya shakes his head in disappointment as his grip on Shane's thighs tighten before he's forcing his dry cock past Shane's bleeding rim, "you have not been subtle. You have practically been begging me to rape you for the past three weeks, *shlyukha*."

Shane cries as Ilya bottoms out, Ilya's cock gets so much deeper than the dildo and he feels like he will actually be split in half if Ilya starts fucking him. He scrambles fruitlessly, his hands shoot up to claw at Ilya's forearms.

"Get the fuck off me, Ilya. Oh my god, you're going to kill me. Get OFF, fuck!" Shane screams at Ilya as he shallowly thrusts, testing the give of Shane's body.

"Shane, shut the fuck up. If the next words out of your mouth are not '*Ilya, please rape me, it is all I have been thinking about*' I will rape you dry for the next week."

Ilya's words send a bolt of ice down Shane's spine, swallowing against his dry throat, he tries to relax into the pain when it hits him; Ilya is *raping* him, he *finally* ignored his safeword, and he's threatening to do it for the next week if Shane doesn't comply. Shane's whole body shakes with the realization, his arousal coming back full force even as his body stays unresponsive.

"P-please rape me, Ilya... I need it, I haven't been able to think about anything else," Shane shuts his eyes against the wave of emotions that flood him as he speaks; shame, humiliation, vulnerability, exposure.

Ilya groans above him, a sound of pure pleasure and indulgence, before he's thrusting into Shane with everything he's got.

Shane screams as Ilya's cock carves out a home in Shane's body, he feels like he will be forever split open, scarred beyond recognition with Ilya's cock being the only thing that makes him whole again.

Shane lets out a high keening moan every time Ilya bottoms out, his balls slapping against Shane's ass, filling the room with the debauched sounds of Shane being brutalized.

"I-Ilya, *fuck*, it hurts! Is too big, I can't!"

Ilya smirks down at Shane, his face red and sweaty as he pants with exertion, "you can, you take it all the time. Always begging for it, big hockey player turned into a slutty little bitch who begs to be raped." Ilya pouts at him, exaggerated and mocking, pressing Shane harder into his folded shape.

Shane hisses at the stretch, his hamstrings screaming in protest at the sustained strain. But he lets himself float away, the pain becoming background noise, the rhythm of Ilya's thrusts relaxing him even further. Ilya's words become incoherent as Shane closes his eyes, smiling up at the ceiling.

He feels Ilya's movement come to a stop, warmth coating his insides, before he's being laid flat on the floor, Shane's mouth opens in a groan as the tension in his muscles dissipates with the stretch. He flinches hard as Ilya's cock is shoved in his mouth, the coppery taste of blood exploding over his tastebuds before the familiar taste of Ilya's cum settles.

Shane sighs happily around Ilya's cock, sloppily licking up whatever he can reach before Ilya pulls his cock away with a hiss.

Ilya's hand cards through Shane's hair, letting him relax and soak up the comfort before they have to get cleaned up. Shane is a mess of drying cum, sweat, tears, snot, and blood and Ilya knows he's going to be sore for the next two days at least.

Shane leans into Ilya's hand with a hum, blinking his eyes open to smile dazedly up at him. Ilya returns his smile before scooping him up, whisking him away from the scene of the crime to run a hot bath for Shane to soak in.

End Notes

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