

Anything for the Birthday Boy

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Anything for the Birthday Boy

by [heauregard](#)

Summary

shane: ok so ur an intruder and you sneak into my house while im sleeping on the night of my birthday and torture me sexually for hours

ilya: shane-

shane: and you fuck my mouth and cum in it then duct tape it shut so i have no choice but to swallow it

Notes

mind ur tags

this might seem a bit rushed at the end bc 1. i threw everything that made my dick hard at this wall and 2. i needed it done before shanes birthday was over

no beta if you see something that doesnt make sense lmk!!

on mobile: click the Russian words to translate

on web: hover over Russian to translate

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

There's a duffle bag packed with various pieces of equipment that Ilya sets outside the bedroom door while he steps up to the closed threshold in socked feet.

Silk rope - navy blue.

Two rolls of duct tape - the standard silver.

Two camcorders, two tripods.

Various toys - ranging in size, shape, function.

A bottle of Viagra - a long night was ahead of him, after all.

A bottle of Beluga - see above.

He's slept a good few hours during the day today leading up to this, so had Shane. They napped together, curled into one another as if the night of depravity ahead of them that the freckled man had requested as his birthday gift wasn't looming just around the corner - just outside of the doorframe.

"I can take it."

Ilya turns the knob slowly, only the ambient light from the distant lamp in the living room guiding him.

Do your worst, he had said, smiling at Ilya so sweetly - as if he wasn't asking for the next few hours to be so torturous.

He slides into the room, cataloguing the empty side of the bed he'd usually be tucked into at this time of night. Shane is asleep, sprawled out on his front with his left arm and leg kicked out in that way that he insists he *doesn't do* in his sleep. The duvet shrouds him, all six feet and two-hundred-something pounds. His skin looks tanner, warmer against the cream colored fabric, Ilya notes as he nears the side of the bed with the duffle bag in hand.

He sets it down, pulls one roll of duct tape from the open pouch and lets his eyes travel down the mound of Shane's frame underneath the covers as his eyes adjust to the dark. In his free hand, the silk rope tied in a neat knot unlike the condition he'd bought in - he'd been practicing the knots.

Anything and everything for you, моя любовь (*my love*).

In the dim light of the room, Shane's profile is tucked away beneath the upper hem of the blanket. Peaceful. Eyelashes still, cheeks mushed against the pillow adorably.

Once he's sure he's made out *just about* where the other's head is in the cream cloud - he pounces.

He jumps on top of Shane, knee digging into the mattress just above where his lover's folded leg is. Shane yelps, voice cracking as he's suddenly violently roused from sleep. Ilya sees him wipe at the corner of his mouth where a little bit of drool has dried - it's a quick, half-aborted movement as Shane presses his palms to the sheets beneath him and valiantly tries to lift his chest. Ilya's weight overpowers him, the blond leans over him and shoves his hand into noir black strands of hair to push his head down into the pillow - rope abandoned beside them.

"No, no," he coos, feeling the man stiffen below him. "You stay put."

Shane huffs, breath coming quick and hard through his mouth. He's trembling beneath Ilya - familiar already with this intruder's thick accent and comfortable weight on him. And yet, he's found that Shane becomes quite the Oscar-worthy actor come times like these. More often than not, Ilya is the one to break character - laugh, or simply stop to check in on his lover in worry.

"I have money. Take - fuck - take whatever you want."

Ilya clicks his teeth at Shane's attempt to bargain, humming as if he considers it. He pets his thumb in slow circles against his boyfriend's scalp. The motion seems to soothe him just barely and Ilya drags his thumb nail on his other hand over the ridges of the tape. He leans down, breath warm against Shane's ear while the man tenses underneath his grasp at the growing proximity.

"Be good for me, yes? Would hate to have to beat you, but you are so pretty in black and blue."

Shane drives an elbow back in an attempt to throw Ilya off of him, but his arm is quickly hooked and he's yanked backwards enough that the ache of the stretch settles over the front of his torso. The sound of the duct tape yanked and torn free of the roll makes Shane whip his head over his shoulder.

It's a surprise - there had been no specific requests.

His dick twitches in his boxers.

He's shirtless, wearing just boxers to bed in anticipation for the night.

Ilya slaps the tape over Shane's mouth with a crinkling smack, pressing firm into where the ends of it stick to his flushed cheeks. He rubs his palm over the length of the tape roughly, Shane's head rocking back and forth with the force of it. Once he's efficiently silenced, Ilya moves on to immobilizing him. The roll of tape is tossed on one pillow and he picks up the rope next, shaking it free from its loose binding. Shane wriggles and pants through his nose, testing how effective the poor man's gag is at stifling his noises by taking a deep breath in through his nostrils and shouting behind it.

It sounds like a pained sound, Ilya pays close attention to his expression as he winds the soft rope around where he's pinned both of Shane's arms behind his back. His forearms are crossed over one another, palms pressed to his own warm skin and held in place by the rope

quickly winding around them. Shane shouts again, seemingly satisfied with the noise reduction of the tape over his closed mouth and this time opting for something that sounds vaguely like he's pleading for help.

Ilya laughs at him as he ties his forearms together in a knot, then takes the two long ends of rope still left and shimmies down the length of the freckled man's body. He settles his weight now over Shane's ankles, pinning thick legs - like fucking *tree trunks* - together at the thighs. He winds the rope just above his knocking knees twice, then moves off of him completely and forces his legs to bend at the stifle. The rope nears its end as he binds them in three small loops and finally pulls the last bit of silk through the wind around his strong thighs. He ties it off there; Shane lies with his forearms, thighs, and ankles all connected by the blue - bent at the knees and essentially hogtied.

The Russian steps off of the bed, the dip in the mattress now evening out from the loss of his weight. He turns on the light and admires his work - admires the flushed face of his pretty lover. Shane has his cheek pressed into the pillow, breathing ragged and a shade of crimson spreading over his face and ears. His hair is messy from sleep and the struggle - eyes wild as he takes in Ilya's attire. A black t-shirt, black jeans, and black combat boots that he's sure he's never seen before (because Ilya bought them specifically for this).

Shane looks so helpless, tied up and reverent in his gaze. Ilya wants to eat him alive.

"Okey, now you stay there," as if he has a choice. "And look pretty."

Fuck you, Shane tries to spit with as much venom as possible behind the tape.

Ilya grabs the duffle bag and sets it on the bed directly in Shane's line of sight. Brown eyes flit over the various items as Ilya pulls them out - taking his time turning them over in his hands as if pondering them when really he's allowing Shane hints as to how his night will turn out. The vodka bottle gives Shane pause, persimmon bark irises narrowing.

"Ah, is reward, if you are good boy."

He pops the top off and takes a whiff, humming happily before tilting the neck of the bottle to his lips and taking a sip. It's warm down his throat. He sets the open bottle on the nightstand and moves on to pulling the collapsed tripods from the bag next. Fully extended, they sit about half of his height. He sets both of them up with their respective camcorders attached - one at each side of the bed. The one closer to Shane's side of the bed he lowers so it sits just slightly below the height of the other. He turns both cameras on, then grabs the rope that lines Shane's spine and yanks the man's bound body to lie on the bed with his head towards one camera and backside to the other. Freckles disappear behind a blush. He muffles an irate question that goes ignored.

"Hm? What is that?" Ilya cups a hand behind his ear, tone mocking.

Shane huffs. Ilya shrugs and continues his work.

"Okey," he checks his watch - the one Shane got him for his last birthday. "Eleven-oh-nine. I have eight hours of you before your sexy handsome boyfriend comes home."

Shane rolls his eyes.

Ilya presses record on each of the cameras.

“Good thing I have extra memory cards.”

Ilya rounds the bed so he comes to stand in front of him and Shane lifts his head defiantly, shaking in anticipation. His hand rests on his belt, fingers tapping absentmindedly against the leather as if he’s considering where to start. When his touch moves to peel the tape mostly off of Shane’s mouth, the first thing that greets his ears is the raspy voice behind it.

“Fuck you, *fuck* you,” Shane breathes. “Take whatever you want, ple-please man, please, I - I don’t-”

“Blah blah blah-”

“Oh *fuck* you, I-”

“Shut up, bitch.”

It’s a simple command. Ilya calls Shane plenty of things - his favorites being *shut*, *whore*, *cock drunk*, and *baby* - but *bitch* is new and more degrading, he thinks, than any of the previous put together.

Shane stalls, eyebrows furrowing slightly and lips quivering like he’s turning the word over in his head. He must like them, given his Ilya watches in his periphery as Shane’s hips stutter against the mattress below him.

He grins - canines glistening in the warm light.

“Just shut up,” Ilya muses, unbuckling the front of his pants. “You are in a very bad position, why the fuck do you think you can run your fucking mouth?”

The sound of his belt buckle and the zipper that follows it fills Shane’s ears. His eyes follow the flexing of the tendons in Ilya’s hands - hungry. Ilya is hard, the slightest bit of relief flooding his veins when he’s no longer restricted by his jeans. Shane’s mouth waters, eyes zeroing in on the way his boyfriend’s hand strokes himself languidly - content with utilizing the chunk of time he seemed to have.

He steps closer to Shane only after reaching behind himself and pulling a knife from his waistband and brandishing it, the blade reflecting the lamp light beside them threateningly.

“If you bite, I will fucking kill you.”

Shane’s body does this thing that most do when they’re cold - he shivers all over so jarring that goosebumps rise to his skin. Ilya tucks the knife back where it belongs, then threads one strong hand through onyx strands of hair silky smooth beneath his grip. He yanks Shane’s head back and feeds his cock into the lazy ‘o’ of his mouth, only meeting resistance when the man below him seems to come to his senses. His throat spasms around the head of Ilya’s cock, jaw twitching like he’s pretending he’s about to bite down.

Ilya cracks him across the cheek.

“The fuck did I tell you?”

Shane whimpers, eyes squeezing shut and fingers clenching into fists at his lower back. Ilya keeps one hand at the back of his head, guiding the rest of his cock into his lover’s mouth until he’s pressing the back of his throat with three inches still dry. With his unoccupied hand, he finds the hinge of Shane’s jaw and presses his thumb into it.

“Aw, too much for you already?” he taunts, rolling his hips forward experimentally and groaning at the wet gagging sound that falls between them along with a line of drool onto the floor.

He pulls his hips back and caresses the side of Shane’s face while he drags his hand to his hair, both fists now encasing black strands in them. He fucks his hips forwards and curses at the same time Shane tries to cough around the intrusion. He holds his head in place, setting a pace unkind.

Shane’s mouth gets so wet when he fucks it - the usually uptight man turning into a drooling, gagging mess should Ilya have the privilege of getting his hands on him. Shane would wipe at his chin after a good few moments between Ilya’s legs, blushing a pretty shade of pink. But now? He had no choice in the matter, just like he’d wanted.

So, Ilya fucks Shane’s throat in earnest. He watches the tanner man’s body spasm, twitching in his bindings and wiggling in a way that surely had his cock rubbing against the sheets below him. There isn’t a second that he isn’t making wet, choked sounds around Ilya’s cock. Drool pools at the corners of his mouth, spilling over in a mess of small bubbles frothing and stringy as they creep towards the floor beneath him. Tears spring to starry brown eyes, red-rimmed and puffy.

“See how much prettier you are when you stop running your fucking mouth?” Ilya taunts, half-breathless as he reaches behind him and grabs one camcorder.

He tilts the tripod so the sight that the turned view-finder captures is Shane choking on his cock. Face flushed, a tear sliding down one cheek, lips red around the thickest part of Ilya’s dick.

“Do not worry, милый мальчик, (*cute boy*,) these are for me. Unless you go and tell anyone about this. Then maybe,” he shoves his hips forwards, cock stuffed down his lover’s throat and happy trail tickling his nose. “Maybe I will show the world how good Shane Hollander is at taking cock. Hm?”

Shane shakes his head as best as he’s able.

“No? Are you sure? Is a skill, you know. To gag so pretty like you. Look how fucking messy you get.”

He smears some of the drool on Shane’s lips up and over his cheek. The action is crude, earning him a huff through nostrils. He pats the wet spot.

“I think everyone will love it. Seeing you so pathetic like this. Metros captain, tied up and gagged on cock. Too weak to fight back...”

Shane shudders, limbs tensing in their bindings. He isn't weak, but *God* does it feel good to be reduced to this leaking mess he's quickly becoming.

Ilya's hips begin to stutter. The tip of his cock is driving more and more salty precum down Shane's throat with each thrust, fingers tightening in the grip to his hair. It takes another two quick ruts and he's pulling back enough that when he spills into Shane's mouth, it doesn't slide directly down his throat immediately but rather sits at the back of his tongue. It takes everything in him to not swallow on pure instinct.

Ilya sets the tripod up a bit to the side so that as he pulls himself free from Shane's mouth, there's an unobstructed view of how he slaps his hand down over the tape and presses it into his skin hard. He traps his cum in Shane's mouth, briny blossoming over his tastebuds now with nowhere to go but down. Heart-shaped lips tug into a satisfied grin while he pants and jostles Shane's head around by the grip still in his hair. He knocks his open palm against the man's cheek, finding it wet beneath his palm.

“You hold that for me,” he hums, standing straight and releasing him finally.

Shane's eyes are teary and red-rimmed while he follows Ilya's form round the bed. He drops his forehead to the mattress, trying to catch his breath through his nostrils - throat aching and tongue coated in thick spend. He can't turn his head far enough in his tied position to see Ilya now, but he can hear the rifling in the duffle bag. All he can do is lie in wait until he feels Ilya's fingertips - gentle despite this character he'd taken on to play - graze a gentle path up his calf.

He jumps at the tickle it brings to the surface of his skin, involuntarily making a sound behind the duct tape and sputtering when he feels the cum slide over his tongue and threaten to dip back into his throat. Ilya's fingers are deft and quick as he unties just his legs. The rope is soft on his skin, leaving pink impressions of the weaving pattern into sinew. Ilya lets his touch linger on them, reverent - until he's shoving the backs of his knees underneath his chest.

Shane tries to kick and it earns him a rough, open-palm smack to where his upper thigh meets his ass. The vibration it propels through his strong body and his resilience falters, allowing Ilya the perfect window of opportunity to wind the rope down between his legs and around the thickest part of each thigh. He ties the cord in a figure-eight like motion, Shane's inner thighs touching and now linked. Once he secures the ends back up to where his arms are bound the same as before - untouched - he admires the new position.

The rope digs into the meat of Shane's ass from the strain, navy blue sitting complementary to his skin tone and forming a nice triangle right over where he clenches and flutters around nothing. Ilya drags his dry thumb over the puckered hole, reminiscing about how earlier that morning he'd woken Shane up with soft rocking into it. The man makes a breathy noise, lurching away from the touch despite how badly he wants to buck back into it.

“Looks so tight,” Ilya says conversationally, free hand coming to hold Shane in place by his hip as he swipes his thumb over him again, blunt nail catching on the rim. “I wonder what I can fit in here.”

His curls sway when he turns to look into the camera beside him. The position he’d tied Shane into - ass up, arms behind his back, thighs pressed together - has his ass on display for the lens pointed at him. Ilya drags the tripod just a little closer for that money shot. The focus is Shane’s hole, his plush ass taking up the outer part of the frame. Ilya’s hand from fingertips to wrist is visible, then cut off otherwise. He slides his warm hand over the curve of his boyfriend’s ass, forearm rested on his lower back while he spreads Shane open.

He presses the pad of his thumb against the rim, feeling it clench at the attention. Too dry, he decides before spitting directly onto the spot and immediately rubbing his thumb in small circles. Shane gasps brokenly, body instantly sent into a trembling fit. The touch stays teasing, just wetting the ring of muscle and getting it the slightest bit slick.

“A hairbrush? Yours, so every time you use it you remember how good it felt in your ass. Or maybe your boyfriend’s razor, hm? I turn it on, like a girly vibrator for you. You like this?”

Shane tries to shake his head.

“Yes you do,” he chuckles, shaking his head. “You will take anything I do to you.”

He slips a half-dry thumb into the quivering mess that is Shane Hollander and the man’s body swallows it up greedily.

“Because you have no choice,” he coos, mock sympathy laying over his thick accent like a blanket.

He pulls his hand free and stands, disappearing into the ensuite bathroom with familiar ease and coming back out with his own electric razor in hand. He grabs the lube from the duffle bag he’d bought specifically for this night - because Shane preferred unscented lube that didn’t leave his skin too slick.

But tonight he wouldn’t have that, Ilya had decided.

Tonight, Shane would deal with the slick, vanilla scented (flavored) lube and as much of it as Ilya wanted to lather him in.

He uncaps the bottle, taking a whiff of the sickeningly sweet scent before drizzling it over Shane’s hole in direct view of the camera. The glisten catches the dim light in the room and makes his skin shine where it slides over him. The cold shocks a sound from Shane that Ilya mimics as he drags the blunt end of the razor over the mess. The metal is colder, making the man buck away from the sensation. Ilya presses it more insistent, watches Shane’s rim flutter and relax as if the action was a conscious choice.

The razor is as wide as Ilya is at the tip, so it wouldn’t be an issue getting it in with a bit of fingering. But did Shane deserve even that, he wondered?

“Hmm, maybe too big for you. Oh well.”

He presses, persistent. Shane shakes his head, whimpers behind the tape covering his mouth.

“What? You need something?”

Shane’s rim is a shade or two darker than his skin, but bleeds white at the pressure applied now.

“You need help? Yes? You need me to open you up, get you ready? Nod.”

Shane breathes heavily, stubbornly holding out until Ilya rotates his wrist in circles and traces his rim with the edge of the razor. Then, he nods quickly and huffs through his nostrils.

It’s enough for now.

Ilya tosses the razor on the bed and spits over the man’s rim again before sliding the pads of two fingers over it. His skin is warm and he’s sure that Shane doesn’t realize that he’s leaning into the touch. No matter, he’ll make him aware.

“So easy to get you to beg. Look at you,” he sighs. “Has not even been the full hour yet.”

Shane whimpers when he sinks one finger into him, not stopping until he’s buried to the knuckle and crooking it cruelly with no time for adjustment. He hears what vaguely sounds like his own name from behind the duct tape. A quick assessment of Shane’s expression and body language gives him the green light to keep going and he pulls his finger out only to sink it back in again.

“So noisy. I wonder if you scream and cry, if anyone will hear you,” he adds a second finger too soon, Shane’s back arches. “Try. Say ‘help, help me! I am too much of a weak, pathetic whore to fight!’ Go on.”

Shane grunts, leg twitching as if he wants to kick. Ilya slaps his ass and revels in the groan it grants him, scissoring his fingers in torturously slow movements.

Help, Shane tries to stutter behind the tape - it comes out a muffled *hm-hmph!*

Ilya speeds his hand, keeping his fingers straight and apart to avoid brushing the spot he’d become closely acquainted with over the years. Shane is still making soft noises behind the tape, mostly breathy grunts and groans. The focus stays on stretching him open until he’s three fingers deep and his forearm starts to ache - and he keeps going.

Only when he sees the frequency at which Shane’s balls tighten up does he finally pull his fingers free, earning a broken whine. He wipes his fingers over Shane’s ass, kneads at the plush muscle there with rapt attention for a while as he waits for Shane to come back down from the edge that he’d gotten up to. The darker haired man would definitely be allowed to cum - forced to, in fact - but not yet.

He picks the razor up and the blunt end of it spreads Shane, but the lube aids the push into him. It’s a short device, so he gets up to where the power button is - where the handle slims

for ergonomic purposes - and stops. He ensures that the guard is on the razor end so neither of them would be getting cut, then presses the power button. Buzzing fills the room - and Shane's ass.

Immediately, he's whimpering and shaking so violently that Ilya has to hold onto the bindings like they're reins on a horse in order to keep the man from keeling over. Shane has his forehead pressed into the bed, nerves alight and muscles tensing in such a way that distracts him from the fact that Ilya's cum he'd dumped into his mouth slides down his throat. He swallows it, cock jumping where it hangs flushed, hard, and leaking. Ilya coos something behind him, condescension dripping from his filthy mouth while he leans up and stands from the bed.

"Don't let it fall."

He walks off, out of the room and leaving Shane tied, gagged, and filled. His freckles are still there behind the crimson flush on his face, but there's a sheen of sweat quickly darkening the sheets below him. Skin slick and wet with it, he has to shift continuously where his thighs stick together. Ilya disappears down the hall to grab a glass from the kitchen. When he returns - taking his time with slow steps and lingering glances around the photos hanging on the walls - Shane's gaze snaps to the door and the blond revels in how wrecked he looks already.

Poor thing; their night was just getting started.

Ilya grabs the remote from the nightstand and turns the tv opposite the bed on, pours himself a glass of vodka. The bed dips at the edge, nearly taking Shane with it as Ilya sits and steadies him with a hand against his side. He turns his attention then once Shane is balanced to the tv, sipping at the vodka and humming with an air of nonchalance as he flips through a few options on the screen.

Shane's breathing picks up the longer he's ignored.

Ilya mirrors his phone screen to the tv and opens up a private browser. Shane's eyes go wide. They watch porn together from time to time, it isn't anything new. But with him bound like this, there's a shameful feeling pooling in his gut at the prospect of Ilya ignoring him to instead seek out the depraved videos. They'd gotten close to whatever labeled kink this would be - a form of virtual cuckholding, maybe? - in that Ilya had fucked Shane with both of them facing the tv, watching some twink get his guts rearranged. Ilya had leaned over his back, forced his head up, muttered to him about *how fucking helpless he was*, just like the twink.

Ilya's hand settles on his groin, back turned to Shane and head cocked to the side. He was awful at pretending that not touching Shane wasn't torture for himself. Still, Shane bites. He makes a noise, half-way to indignation as the video starts. The usual awful scripting and dialogue and wide-eyed twink - gay porn was hard to come by if it wasn't some twink getting fucked or two bears going at it.

Ilya glances over his shoulder at Shane, one eyebrow raised.

"Hm? You need something?"

Acutely aware of the vibrations still wrecking havoc on his body, Shane huffs and narrows his eyes in a way he hopes looks threatening. Ilya laughs at him and it sends a jolt of pleasure right to his cock still untouched.

Ilya stands and grabs a bottle of pills from the duffle bag. He pops one into his mouth before Shane can see it and chases it with vodka, throat rippling. Then, he's setting the glass down on the nightstand and sliding the tripod over so the angle of Shane's ass was wider and more at a three-fourths. He pulls his cock out, soft from his still very recent orgasm, and strokes it lazily while he watches Shane tremble in anticipation.

Shane yelps behind the tape when Ilya grabs the electric razor and fucks it in and out of him a few times, twisting his wrist to turn the barrel inside of him. His eyes close, cheek smashed into the sheets and throat wet with a sob. The stretch subsides as Ilya eases the thing out of him and turns it off, tossing it aside. It rolls along the bed down where Shane's knee makes the mattress dip, touching his skin and smearing lube over it.

"So needy," Ilya taunts, watching with rapt attention at how his lover's hole clenches around the sudden emptiness.

His cock starts to fill his hand, heavy in his palm. He glances at the tv, watches the twink on the screen get throat-fucked for a few seconds, then turns his attention back to Shane.

"You love the attention. You get so whiny when I look away, hm?"

He smacks Shane's ass when his question - entirely rhetorical and they both know it - goes unanswered. Shane yelps, breath picking up.

"Poor stupid thing, can't stand not having something inside him for two seconds. Look," he swipes two fingers over the man's hole, pushes them inside in one quick slide. "Look how easy you make it to rape you."

Shane shakes his head quickly, panicked sounds trapped in his mouth. His body is honest - the filthy word sending a jolt straight to his cock. Precum drips from his flushed tip.

"No? You don't want it?"

Shane shakes his head. His hips are trembling - resisting the urge to buck back in a vain attempt to find Ilya's cock and sheath himself onto it.

"Okey, so ask me to stop. Nicely."

From behind the tape, half-hearted at first, confused maybe: *Stop. Please.*

"Hm? What was that?"

He presses the head of his cock against Shane's hole, feels the rim kiss his tip. Shane understands the game now and begs more feverishly, muffled by the tape.

Please, please don't. Don't fuck me. Stop.

“I guess you do not want me to stop.”

Shane closes his eyes, whimpering and trying valiantly to pretend like he isn't the hardest he'd ever been in his life. Ilya presses into him, head of his cock sliding into him with a pop and the next nine inches following easily. Shane begs some more, voice so excited that it passes for panicked instead. When their hips are pressed together, Ilya grips the bindings and immediately sets a pace that has punched out moans bouncing off of the duct tape over plump lips.

Shane, having been teased for so long by this point and more turned on than humanly possible, cums just three thrusts in.

His ass tenses hard around Ilya's cock and the man has to tighten his grip on the bindings in order to ground himself, cursing to himself as he fucks Shane through the orgasm. It's a shame he can't see his lover's face like this, but he can definitely picture it. Brown eyes squeezed shut and nose scrunched up adorably, face pink and the vein above his temple popping at the exertion. Cum splatters over the tops of his thighs and knees, sticky and white and adding to an already overstimulating mess he wants to scrub from his body.

Ilya doesn't slow, nor change the angle. He slams into Shane's prostate over and over, knows it's becoming unbearable with the climbing octaves of the man's voice. He forgets he's supposed to be watching the porn on the screen, too transfixed on where his cock glides in and out of Shane's ass. It hypnotizes him, eyes locked there while he spills filth from his mouth.

“See? You didn't want me to stop. Fucking liar,” he spits, smacking one ass cheek so hard a five-fingered blossom appears over sinew immediately.

Shane yelps, voice cracking behind his gag.

“Came all over yourself, like a fucking slut. Like a dirty fucking bitch in heat.”

Shane's voice breaks off into a moan, cock twitching below him. Ilya fucks him until his hips stutter and he spills into Shane's ass for the first time tonight, groaning and leaning over him to dig his sharp teeth into the man's shoulder. He bites harder than he typically would - marking him for his boyfriend to see later. He stays there longer than he should, soaking up the aftershocks of his orgasm where he's buried to the hilt in the warm channel.

He sits up and pulls out of Shane, immediately dragging the camera back to where it was previously to catch the breathtaking sight of his spend leaking out of Shane and down over his balls. There's a handprint on his ass, the bottom half of his cheeks otherwise rubbed raw from Ilya's jeans rubbing over them. The ring of muscle quivers when Ilya scoops up a bit of the slowly dripping cum and pushes it back into him. He finger-fucks Shane lazily while the man tries to shift away, knees rubbing restlessly against each other.

“Not done with you yet,” Ilya pants.

He pulls his fingers out - coated in cum and lube and Shane - and rounds the bed. He yanks the tape off of Shane's mouth, which earns him a gasping yelp. He shoves his fingers into the

man's parted mouth, watching with low lids as he gags around the sudden intrusion. Shane bites him. It isn't hard - mostly just a press of teeth as a warning. Shane is losing himself and losing his inhibitions. Good.

Ilya pulls his fingers free and shakes them, pretending the bite hurts more than expected. Then, wordlessly, he cracks one palm against Shane's cheek and revels in the gasp he receives in return. Tears spring to Shane's pretty brown eyes. Ilya grabs the bottle from before and shakes one blue pill out onto his palm. He shows it to Shane, grabbing the bottle of vodka by the neck.

The man's eyes widen into saucers and he begins shaking his head. Ilya shoves a thumb into his mouth, feeding the pill into it and then gripping him by his jaw and tipping his head back enough so that as the vodka slides down his throat, he doesn't waterboard himself by spitting it up - which he tries. He tries to spit the liquid - bitter on his tongue - out and Ilya responds by pouring another hefty gulp of it into his open mouth. He coughs, swallowing a bit of it just to be able to breathe.

In the struggle, Ilya had lifted him from his face down, ass up position to sit on his knees. Head tipped back and spit up vodka running down his chin and chest, Shane feels Ilya's hand cover his mouth and pinch his nose. He swallows the vodka, now forced. With a click of his tongue, Ilya digs around unceremoniously in Shane's mouth, prying it open still with his other hand to avoid being bit again. Satisfied with the blue pill having been swallowed after sliding his thick fingers between the soft walls of Shane's cheek and his teeth and gums, Ilya pats his cheek with a condescending grin.

"Look at the *fuckin*g-" he accents the word by splaying his open palm over Shane's cheek and shoving him with full-force to the side. "-mess you made. Messy bitch, Hollander."

Shane lands on his side, mattress and pillow soft beneath him. He shudders, closing his eyes and trying to recalibrate as he hiccups softly from the force at which the alcohol had been fed to him. He murmurs a quiet '*oh my God*' into the pillow by his face, Ilya's treatment making his cock twitch. He'd never been handled *this* roughly before - he was quickly, shamefully learning that he liked it entirely too much.

He resists the urge to parrot Ilya's words back to him - a little quirk of his he'd often do within and outside of the bedroom. *Wow, genetic*, it started with.

Ilya takes a swig of the vodka and then sets the bottle back down. He rounds the bed, digging again in the duffle before pulling out a plug bigger than the ones they'd typically use - thicker and longer to accommodate the battery pack inside. Shane's breathing is still heavy, though now he wriggles around on the bed and even tries to fight against his bindings with an annoyed grunt. Ilya's fingers hook around the bindings at his thighs and yank him between the tightrope of the cameras again hauls him up to sit as he'd been before. Ass on full display, he whines as Ilya pushes the plug against his rim. There's still a fair amount of lube on his rim, though Ilya fucks the tip of the plug in shallow thrusts - dipping it in and out of the mess of his cum he'd marked the inside of Shane with.

"Hold still, именинник, (*birthday boy*)," he coos, breaching the panting man with the plug and pushing it past the ring of muscle until it pops into place.

Shane's body shudders violently once the plug is inside and seated, hole burning just slightly at the stretch of the widest portion. *This one feels different* - he manages to note to himself - the weight is heavier. The duct tape clings to one sweaty cheek, swaying over his mouth with each harsh breath he lets out. Ilya finds the remote and turns it on, quiet buzzing filling the room once again. Shane groans, shutting his eyes so tight he sees stars. Ilya's warm palm at his hip shoves him to lay on his side, then he's watching the blond adjust the cameras to tilt down at the difference in angle.

"Go fuck - fuck! G-go f-fu-uck yours-s-self," Shane stutters, voice clipped but impossible to lace with any real malice.

Ilya hums, clicks a button on the remote. Shane yelps, the tip of the toy buzzing harder inside of him now and pressed right up against his prostate.

"Stay and be good, I'm starving."

Ilya leaves the room, taking with him the little remote.

In the kitchen, he tries to drown out the sounds of Shane's whiny moans and breathy calls for help as he makes himself a plate of food. He checks the time - one-fifty-one. Breakfast time.

He makes bacon and scrambled egg whites, slicing up some avocado to go with it. It's a lighter meal; he doesn't want to feel too full for the next few hours he'd have tormenting Shane. Shane is digging his face into the mattress when he walks back into the room but he quickly lifts it when Ilya crosses the threshold of the door, eyes zeroing in on the plate of food. Teal eyes watch plump, bitten-raw lips nearly water.

He sets the plate down on the nightstand and changes the channel to something entirely mundane before he lifts Shane from the bed by his bindings - deadlifting at the gym proving to have a purpose after all - and sets him down on the floor upright. Shane sits on his knees, tummy quivering as the vibrating plug continues to wreck havoc on his insides. His eye twitches when he tries to glower up at Ilya from the floor. Ilya sits on the bed and props his feet up on the mattress.

Shane narrows his eyes, lips parting as if he'd about to bitch about the shoes on his bed.

Ilya grabs the plate and picks up a piece of bacon, not shifting his gaze to Shane at all as he pretends to just barely acknowledge his existence.

"You need your mouth filled again?"

Shane's jaw snaps shut and his thighs twitch where they support his weight.

Ilya eats the food he'd prepared, watching the show on the tv and not sparing even one glance towards Shane. He watches the pathetic, kneeling man from the corner of his vision, plate slowly emptying and Shane's jealous eyes watching the food go, piece by piece.

Ilya eventually takes pity on him after a few moments, waving a piece of bacon towards him and *finally* meeting his eyes.

“This is what you want? Is why you are begging at my bedside like a fucking mutt?”

Shane’s shoulders tense, chest stuttering on a breath. There’s a glint in his eyes that accompanies the glob of fresh precum that spills from his tip and down the length of his pretty, flushed cock.

“Yes? No? Fucking ‘woof’?”

“Yes,” Shane grits out.

“That does not sound like dog speak.”

He lifts the bacon towards his lips, Shane leans forward in an unconscious attempt to chase it, despite their distance.

“Woof.”

It’s petulant. Ilya considers just a moment, makes a show of parting his lips as if to take a bite of the food. Shane *whines*.

“Woof, fuck. Please. Woof.”

Ilya clicks his tongue and it’s pure condescension as he drops his hand towards Shane. Doe-like brown eyes look up at him and flicker back down to the bacon in his hand - fingers greasy with it.

Surely he’d not meant to-?

“Here Puppy,” Ilya smirks, waving the meat inches away from Shane’s waiting mouth.

The man leans forward, half-way dazed at what he’s being made to do. He has to clench his abs to maintain balance as he leans forward a foot to take the food from Ilya’s fingers into his mouth, teeth digging into the savory crunch of it. He huffs moans almost at the taste. It’d been too long since he had authentic bacon and not the turkey replacement. This felt like its own birthday gift to him.

He chews the bacon and closes his eyes so doesn’t have to meet Ilya’s eyes. Then, as he swallows, there’s nudging at his lips again. When he opens his eyes again, Ilya now has clumps of scrambled egg whites in his cupped palm that he pokes Shane’s chin with. Hesitantly, Shane parts his lips and eats out of the palm of Ilya’s hand - literally.

And it makes the trembling of his body violent - makes his cock bob. He likes it too much.

“Ah, good boy.”

Ilya produces the remote again and Shane has just a second to prepare before the intensity of the vibrations that he’d gotten used to by this point is turned up. He shouts a moan, knocking Ilya’s hand and sending egg whites to the ground beneath him. Ilya sighs, stands from the bed and grabs Shane’s hair with his greasy hand. He yanks a camera off of one tripod and keeps it level with Shane’s miserable face.

“Stupid mutt,” he tsks, shoving Shane’s face into the floor where the egg whites are scattered. “Stupid, messy fucking mutt. Lick it up.”

Shane whimpers, face too close to the ground. They walk around on the ground. He can’t. He doesn’t want to.

He does want to, *fuck does he want to*.

Ilya is patient, sensing his apprehension coming from a place that starts to clear through the horny clouds. Ultimately, Shane gives into his carnal urges and sucks up what he can of the food before licking the flat plane of his tongue over the floor. The camera is enraptured by him and through the viewfinder screen he’s flipped around, Ilya watches.

The constant pressure against his prostate is amplified when he's bent over like this, face forced down by Ilya's hand. He cums with a broken cry against the floor, hot pants of breath fogging the hardwood up. Ropes of white join the dried patches from previously on his knees, some spurting as far as the floor just underneath the center of his chest. He trembles through it, hips fucking back against nothing and legs quickly going numb.

“I tell you to clean up your mess and you make an even bigger one?”

Ilya is smiling wide, seeing Shane lose himself like this and slip further and further into the throes of his own pleasure. He kneels and tugs Shane’s head up, watches the man’s tired eyes flutter open and search his face. His lover is crying silent tears of humiliation, plump bottom lips quivering. He looks captivating like this, face flushed and tears wetting his cheeks. He guides Shane’s head back down and muses at how there’s no resistance he’s met with.

“Clean it.”

Shane laps up at his own cum ropes lazily, huffing heavy against the floor and dragging his wet, miserably drooling lips over the wood like he’s tongue-kissing for the first time. Ilya’s cock is hard in his jeans again at the sight alone.

He tugs Shane to sit up, steadying him with his hand while he moves to step in front of the spent man. Only once he’s in place, boot in place of the spit puddle now coating the floor, does he gently guide Shane’s head back down. He wants to test Shane’s obedience now with his brains mush like this.

“Clean it.”

Shane pauses a moment, then chokes out a sob and tentatively licks over the toe of Ilya’s boot. He records him, same as before, though now his own hand shakes and his breathing picks up the longer Shane debases himself like this. He licks over Ilya’s boot in slow, tired strides - tongue wet and pink and twitching against the leather. Ilya curses to himself and it spurs Shane on, making him huff and groan out against the leather.

Ilya yanks him to sit up again and steps forward, shoving his clothed groin into Shane’s face. His boyfriend nuzzles the hard length of him, momentarily forgetting his role in their little game with how fucked stupid he was. Ilya is patient, lets him rub his face over it like a sleepy

cat. He pets his boy's hair, giving him a bit of gentleness - a bit of tenderness, considering they weren't even halfway done yet.

"Look at you, cuddling up to me. I fuck you that good, *малыш (baby)*? Better than your boyfriend?" he hums, voice dipping into a mock show of sympathy. "You think he will still want you after? After I use your holes and ruin you for anyone else?"

Shane whimpers, presses his forehead into Ilya's belt buckle to chase the feeling of cold metal on his damp, warm hairline. The blond pets him still, ministrations growing a bit firmer.

He grips Shane's hair, but doesn't tug, just holds him there as a threat.

"That's a fucking question, you dumb cunt."

Shane sobs, mouth falling open and encasing the outline of Ilya's hard cock in warm dampness. The man nods, sniffing. Tears soak through denim as Shane bucks his hips forward, ass still stretched around the plug tormenting him with vibrations that travel up the length of his body.

"Yes? Yes he will still want you? Yes I ruin your holes? Yes I fuck you too good?"

Shane cries, doesn't know how to answer. Ilya takes pity on him.

"You are so fucking cock drunk you don't even know what I'm saying."

He laughs - a cruel sound that fills Shane's cock in his lap. It's biologically impossible - until Shane remembers the pill Ilya had forced down his throat along with a pour of bitter vodka.

"Let's see. If you can cum again for me in under one minute, I will be done with you and leave."

He slides his foot forward, presses his ankle against Shane's half-hard cock. The jolt of pained pleasure that shoots throughout the slightly older man's body at the contact of raw denim against the head of his cock makes him gasp.

"Hump it like the fucking mutt you are. One minute."

Shane gets to work. He wants to do as Ilya says, wants this to be done because he's crying and he can't stop and he wants to curl up in Ilya's arms. At the same time, he doesn't want it to end - because he wants to test his body's limits. He wants Ilya to test his body's limits for him. He wants Ilya to make the decisions.

"Fifty."

Oh, Ilya's counting down? That makes it harder - it reminds him of his audience. Usually, he's great at performing under pressure.

"Forty."

Time is going by much faster than it's supposed to, he thinks. He rolls his hips faster, glutes cramping slightly as he glides the wet tip of his cock against Ilya's pant leg.

"Thirty."

He has it, it's right there. He has it - it stings a little and distracts him.

"Twenty."

Fuck.

"Ten."

Ilya makes the decisions. Ilya turns his brain off. Ilya knows what's good for him. Ilya, Ilya, Ilya.

"Two."

I'm stupid, I'm a dumb cunt. Ilya's right. I'm wrong. Ilya knows. Ilya knows best.
Fuckfuckfuckplease.

He cums well after the time limit is up, the last of what he has to offer being a few droplets of milky white that splash on Ilya's black denim pant leg. He cries out into the man's crotch where his face is pressed to it, huffing and drawing out his moan into something that shudders and quivers with his voice. He sees stars, feels Ilya's hand steady him by the back of his head. There's a soft scratching at his scalp that he can't bother to consider as being out of character for their little skit - it comforts him too much. His mind feels hazy; his body is wrecked.

It's only three-thirteen.

The man above him tightens his grip in onyx strands of hair and pulls him back just enough so that when Shane's red-rimmed, wet eyes open to look up at him, the lens of the camera is focused right at his pathetically red face.

"So pretty when you cry моя любовь (*my love*) ," he purrs.

Shane is not yet far gone enough to pass up the opportunity of spitting at the camera in an uncharacteristic display of vulgarity. With the spit clouding the lens, he throws a '*fuck you*' as well.

"So pissy, злой маленький котёнок (*angry little kitten*) ."

Ilya hauls him back up onto the bed and sets the cameras up the way they were previously, wiping one lens off. He turns the vibrating plug off finally and slides it from Shane's ass with little ceremony, once again unzipping his pants and feeding his cock into Shane's stretched, over sensitive ass. While he slides his cock in to the base, he prods at Shane's mouth with the plug. The man tries to turn his face away and zip his lips shut - Ilya pries them open and shoves the slick plug into his mouth - then slaps the tape back over his lips to lock it there.

Shane makes a miserable, wet noise in the back of his throat as Ilya starts fucking him. While he stuns the darker-haired man into submission with timed thrusts, he unties the bindings on his arms and legs and tosses the rope aside for now. Shane's strong arms fall to the bed at his sides immediately, skin pink and indented with the woven pattern. He grasps at the sheets beneath him for purchase, knees spreading when Ilya kicks them apart to deepen the angle. Shane tanks his thrusts now, hair bouncing each time Ilya's hips drive him forward and noises muffled by the plug and duct tape that he refuses to free himself of.

Ilya's hands come to grip his hips and yank him back against the abuse to his ass, tip of Ilya's leaking cock ramming into the overused, borderline painful spot within him. The sound of their skin slapping together fills the room, Shane's squeaky grunts and moans music to Ilya's ears the closer he gets to orgasm. He grabs a pillow and shoves it underneath Shane's hips, then lowers their position so he's pistoning into his boyfriend in a prone position. The angle is new - deeper.

Mh, mh, mph, fckfck! Shane cries, overused cock sliding against the fabric of the pillow case.

His demeanor changes - Ilya notices it immediately. His body tenses up, hole clenches almost uncomfortably around where Ilya is buried inside of him. He buries his face in the bed, fisting the sheets until his knuckles turn white as the overstimulation teeters over that unbearable edge and he's wetting the pillow before him in nearly clear piss.

It's happened once before and despite that, it has Ilya breeding his spurting cum into Shane's ass deeper while he presses his face into the bed with a rough grip.

"All you do it make messes," Ilya whispers in his ear, breath searing-hot. "Poor fucking Shane Hollander, getting fucked so good he pisses the bed like a bitch. Like a dirty bitch. Грязная сука."

Shane moans, exhausted. Ilya pulls out of him, rips the duct tape off his mouth and yanks the plug free. It drips messy with drool as he slides it inside Shane's ass to trap his cum in there, then he stands and admires his work on the bed. Sinewy skin flushed red, handprints everywhere, the acrid smell of piss in the air.

"You need a shower."

Shane perks up at this, turns his face to look up at Ilya with teary bark-colored irises. Instantly, he can see it on Ilya's face that they still aren't done.

Good.

Ilya drags him up to walk, one arm slung around Shane's neck in something reminiscent of some wrestling move - keeping him pressed to his side and supported on wobbly legs. They pass the bathroom, Shane's eyebrows narrow. Ilya guides him to the backyard - fenced and private on the lake. He does his yoga out here.

"Stop-" he tries as Ilya shoves him outside, body bare and covered in various fluids.

A hand at the nape of his neck guides him to the side of the cottage where the hose is attached to a faucet. He swallows thickly, trusts that his home is private enough for this. Ilya shoves him against the wall and backs up, pulling a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and sticks one between his lips before lighting it. He pockets them again, then picks up the hose and turns the faucet on with a squeak.

Shane gasps when the first jet stream of violent water hits his chest, arms crossing to protect his nipples. Ilya tortures him with the stinging pressure setting on his thighs and ass when he tries to turn away before changing to setting to something less powerful and biting.

“Move your hands,” he barks out when Shane tries to cover his groin. “You’re a fucking mess. Need to clean you up. You want to make messes like a dog, I will rinse you off like one.”

Shane obeys. Ilya knows best.

It’s a humiliating experience. He turns where and when Ilya instructs him, catching teal eyes raking over his body often as he smokes his cigarette - probably in an attempt at nonchalance.

Once they’re done, water dripping in beads from the discarded hose head, Ilya guides him back inside - still sopping wet.

It’s just water, he tells himself as Ilya shoves between his shoulder blades to force him back down onto the bed.

Four-forty-eight.

He rolls Shane onto his back and sits on his chest, denim rubbing over his chafing, wet nipples. All Shane can do is whimper, limbs setting into exhaustion, robbed from sleep. Ilya picks up the vodka bottle again and washes another pill down with it. He fists Shane’s hair and tilts his head up, not having to force another bout of vodka down this time as the man below him drinks it willingly. He spills a bit down the sides of his mouth and Ilya leans down and licks up.

He pats Shane’s wet cheek and climbs off of him as this lover coughs at the burn.

He’s sliding into Shane’s sloppy, fucked out hole in the next thirty minutes as the viagra kicks in again. Plug discarded and new tape pressed firmly over Shane’s whiny mouth, the blond kicks thick, tan ankles over his shoulders and goes to town in what had quickly become his favorite place to be in the world.

Fuck Disneyland. Shane Hollander’s asshole truly was the happiest place on Earth.

At some point, the rhythmic thump of the headboard and the warmth of Ilya’s body over him has Shane’s eyes lulling shut. The thrusts are nothing if not punishing, but they somehow rock him to sleep - a mixture of exhaustion and the vodka a culprit - and he finds himself drifting in and out of consciousness. Ilya watches him go, watches his limbs relax and legs fall limp, nearly slipping off of Ilya’s shoulders. The blond man pulls free from Shane carefully, not disturbing him as he sets his legs to lay flat on the bed.

He leaves, then returns with a bowl of ice water.

Camera trained on Shane, he dumps the water over him and watches goosebumps speed to the warm-toned surface of his skin. He shouts, eyes wide and wild and searching for Ilya. Nipples hard, legs shaking and breathing ragged, he muffles a curse through the tape. Ilya climbs back on top of him and sinks into his pliant, fluttering hole again.

“No fun if you are asleep,” he teases, patting Shane’s wet cheek as he picks up his pace.

Shane’s bangs bounce with each thrust, eyes still tired but he tries - struggles - to keep them open. He spends his time getting fucked into by looking at Ilya’s lips, not even aware of the yearning behind them. Ilya, once again, takes pity on the birthday boy.

“Want a kiss? Hm? I will give you kiss.”

He leans down and presses his lips to the shape of Shane’s lips where they’re taped shut. He glides the tip of his tongue over the line of them, kisses Shane over the duct tape. If there was anything left in Shane’s balls to give, he’d be hard. Instead, he whines pitifully and tries to the best of his abilities to kiss back through the barrier.

When he gets close - tip of his dick starting to sting with overstimulation - Ilya pulls out and their attempt at a kiss parts. He kneels over Shane’s chest and strokes his cock while he shoots white over his lover’s flushed face. Some of it lands in his choppy bangs at his hairline and the man cringes at how it would dry there and crust the strands together.

Ilya stands then and catches his breath, not even bothering to pack his softening cock back into his pants just yet as he scoops the rope back up. They’re both tired now. Ilya ties Shane’s wrists to the headboard - strong shoulders flexed like wings with the strain - and Shane lets him, slowly nodding off yet again. Ilya peels the duct tape back carefully, prods Shane’s lips open, and spits into the wet channel of his mouth. His spit tastes like cigarettes and vodka. Then, he presses the tape back over to trap it there - reminiscent of the first time he’d cum earlier.

“All done.”

He presses a kiss - too chaste, too endeared by his fucked out, ruined boyfriend - to his sweaty forehead, avoids the drying cum splattered there. He turns the cameras off finally after stopping the recording.

Six am.

“Your boyfriend will be home in an hour. I think I will leave you like this, so he can see how well I ruined you, yes? Maybe he will bring home those crassants you like so much from that bakery down the street, hm? And a lavender matcha latte for you.”

Croissants, Shane corrects, muffled tiredly behind the tape with his eyes closed and head lulling to the side.

Utterly wrecked and still mouthy.

Ilya smiles crooked.

“Happy birthday, Shanya.”

He returns with a lavender matcha latte and a *croissant* for Shane an hour later.

End Notes

thank you to [disaster](#) and [mars](#) for ur contributions

also its not tagged with the non-con archive tag bc someone on twitter said not to use that for cnc so

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