

ten minutes for disputing an official's ruling

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ten minutes for disputing an official's ruling

by [hollanov \(searchingforabiggersky\)](#).

Summary

Shane wants to experiment with a virginity kink rape roleplay and Ilya is too stunned to speak (horny edition).

Notes

Content warning for coercive control in an intimate relationship. Everything is consensual in the text of the fic, but the language used may be triggering to some. Please take care of yourself first! <3

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

"Do you want to do a rape roleplay tonight?" Shane asks into the silent room, glancing up from his phone. It's incredibly endearing, the way a response starts to form and then instantly dies on Ilya's lips—only a quiet, choked-off moan escaping in its place as his pretty blue eyes bug wide.

It's not as though it's an especially surprising question—it's nothing they haven't done before, after all, and the most efficient way for Shane to get what he wants is by asking for it directly. There's little shame left between them about these things, nowadays.

When Ilya remains silent, his mouth hanging open like a gormless fish, Shane barrels on. "I was thinking maybe a virginity thing?" he shrugs a shoulder, his eyes scanning Ilya's face for signs of life. "It's been a couple of days, so I should be tight. You tell me it'll be just the tip but you can't help yourself even when I'm crying and begging you not to." He leans forward to tap a finger against Ilya's forehead. "Is this anything?"

In a surprise flurry of movement, Ilya grabs Shane's hand in both of his, dragging it to his lips and pressing a smattering of kisses across his knuckles. His gaze flicks down to his own lap and back up, his voice coming out weak as he says, "Is something. Is definitely something. *Fuck*, Shane, I love your big, beautiful brain."

Shane lets the praise wash over him, a smug smile tugging at his lips, and he meets Ilya's eyes with a small nod. "I'll prep but I won't stretch," he murmurs, winking playfully as he cups Ilya's cheek in one hand and drags him in for a kiss. "It'll be more fun if it hurts a little."

It starts out sweet.

The full length of Ilya's body presses against Shane's as he crowds him towards the end of the bed, peppering gentle, explorative kisses to his lips and across his face. He has one arm wrapped around Shane's shoulder, the other on his hip, shuffling them on socked feet until the backs of Shane's knees bump the edge of the bed.

"Wait," Shane gasps, his voice barely louder than a whisper. He crouches slightly, making himself physically smaller so he can tilt his head up to look at Ilya through fluttering eyelashes. "I—I've never—" he breathes, his grip tightening on Ilya's waist.

Ilya grunts softly in the back of his throat, using a firm hand on Shane's shoulder to sit him down on the end of the bed, lining him up nicely with the impressive bulge already tenting his pants. "You have never done what, baby?"

Shane's gulp is audible in the quiet room, and he twists his hands into the bedding beside his hips, releasing some of the nervous energy flooding his body. "Um, any of it?" he replies, intentionally making his voice softer, meeker. A blush warms his cheeks as Ilya looks down on him with a fire in his eyes. "Nothing more than kissing."

It's always fun to play like this. It had taken Shane a little while to get on board with the roleplay aspect of their sex life, but as soon as he got comfortable with falling into character,

he took to it like a loon to water. As long as he knows his role, and has spent a bit of time beforehand going over his motivations, the concept of roleplay no longer feels so frightening to him.

"Really?" Ilya murmurs as he slowly clambers up onto Shane's lap, his warm hands sliding comfortingly over the shoulders of his plain blue t-shirt. He settles his ass down on Shane's thighs and presses a quick kiss to his lips. "That is okay," he says, ever the sweet and attentive boyfriend. "We can go slow."

There's a sharp spark of pain as Shane bites his lip harder than he means to, whimpering softly as his tongue darts out to soothe the ache. "I don't know if I want to—" he whispers, casting his eyes to the carpet so he doesn't have to face Ilya's disappointed look. "Um, go all the way?" he finishes, his face flaming. "If you know what I mean."

"You do not want to come?" Ilya answers cheekily, willfully misunderstanding him to subtly force Shane to say the words.

Shane splutters, shaking his head as Ilya grinds down against him. His cock is obviously hard under his jeans, pressing up insistently against Ilya's bulge. "No, I—I want to come," he says pitifully, tilting his head forward to hide his face in the crook of Ilya's neck. "I just don't want to do butt stuff," he murmurs, his breath warm and wet against Ilya's skin. "I'm sorry, is that okay?"

"Baby," Ilya says softly, cupping Shane's face and forcing him to look up to meet his eyes. "Of course is okay. I am so excited to be your first. I will be gentle with you, yes? You want me to touch you?"

Shane sucks on his lips, his heartbeat fluttering against the inside of his chest. With Ilya in his lap—surrounding him, weighing him down, pushing all other thoughts out of his head—it really *does* feel like it's his first time. "Please," he breathes, tilting his head against Ilya's gentle hand. "I want you to show me—" he falters, his words getting stuck in his throat. "Um, sh-show me how good sex can be?"

"Is better with butt stuff," Ilya says dismissively, giving Shane a pointed look, making him feel pathetic and derided. It's perfect for the character—the careful blend of the sweet boyfriend act swirled through with just a hint of the unstoppable sex pest they've agreed he'll become. "But I can show you some fun."

Shane bobs his head in a nod, his hands flexing on Ilya's hips. "I trust you," he promises, not missing the way Ilya's eyes flash dangerously, his hungry look going straight to the base of Shane's dick. "Tell me what you need me to do."

Ilya's hands curl under the hem of Shane's shirt, swiftly stripping it off and pushing on his shoulders until Shane falls flat on his back with a soft huff. "You do not need to do anything, baby," Ilya murmurs, leaning down over him to press a trail of kisses from Shane's jaw down the length of his neck until he's curling his pretty pink lips around a peaked, brown nipple.

"Oh," Shane whimpers, one hand coming up to tangle in Ilya's hair, holding him steady as he instinctually arches into the wet stroke of his tongue. "Ilya, that's nice," he gasps, his cock

already jerking and starting to drool against the inside of his underwear.

"Shh, good boy," Ilya says, pressing a kiss over the erect little nub as he shuffles backwards off of Shane's lap and stands up between his legs. He's imposing, like this—all long, lithe lines, rippling muscles bulging out against his unreasonably tight shirt, his cock a huge and intimidating heft outlined through his pants. It's obvious how easily he could hold Shane down if he decides to struggle, and the thought sends a horny jolt through Shane's chest, but they're not there yet—Ilya is still being nice. His hands meet at the button of Shane's jeans, curling under the denim, seeking permission. "I can take off, yes? Is okay?"

"Yes," Shane gasps, much too quickly, following it up with a slightly less eager, "yeah, um, please. Thank you."

A smirk spreads across Ilya's face as he tugs Shane's jeans down his legs, his eyebrows raising at the obvious bulge in his briefs. "You like this, hm?" he teases, and Shane feels his face flush with embarrassment at the focused attention on his arousal. "Don't worry, baby," Ilya murmurs, running his warm palm over the top of Shane's hairy thigh, his fingertips dipping under the elastic at the crease of his hip. "Is so hot, that you want me this much."

Ilya encourages Shane to shuffle up the bed until his head is resting on a mound of pillows, angled so he can see exactly what his boyfriend is doing as he crawls up onto the sheets, stalking forward like a predator before settling between Shane's splayed legs.

"What do you want?" Ilya offers, his eyes raking filthily over Shane's exposed body.

"I—" Shane starts, before cutting himself off. His character doesn't know what he wants—he just wants Ilya to show him the ropes. "Um, whatever is good?" he hedges, his face drawing into a soft frown.

"You want me to touch your penis?" Ilya asks, raising an inquisitive eyebrow.

The word *penis* makes Shane cringe, as though he's so inexperienced that he needs the anatomical descriptors of his body parts to know what Ilya is talking about. God, Ilya is fucking good at this, at making him feel small and insignificant, nothing more than a bug under his shoe, a discarded piece of gum on the sidewalk.

Shane worries his lip between his teeth, his gaze settling on the shiny gold cross dangling from Ilya's neck instead of meeting his boyfriend's eyes. He hesitates just long enough for the air between them to grow awkward before nodding. "Yes," he says quietly, flexing his hips towards Ilya, begging with his body. "Please, Ilya, touch my penis."

Ilya laughs openly when Shane repeats the word back to him, his tone just on the edge of cruel. "Don't say *penis*—is embarrassing for you," he chides, tugging Shane's briefs so quickly down his legs that his hard cock springs out of them, slapping wetly against his belly.

With Shane finally naked, save for his socks—a quiet nod to their actual first time—Ilya crouches between his legs, immediately sliding his plush lips all the way down the length of Shane's aching dick. The warm wetness enveloping him is a soothing balm on Ilya's teasingly

cruel words, and Shane can't help but gasp and jerk his hips upwards into his boyfriend's mouth, chasing the feeling.

"Fuck—" is all Shane manages to say before Ilya pulls back with a scowl, his palm harshly slapping against the side of Shane's cock and sending it *boi-oi-oing-ing* from left to right. The shock of the blow radiates down the length of his dick and out into his core, drawing out a pained hiss through Shane's teeth.

"Stay still," Ilya hisses, glaring him down. "Is very rude to jerk into someone's mouth when they are so kind and give you head." His narrow-eyed stare could freeze boiling water, and his words come out flat and cold, like Shane is a naughty child who needs scolding. "What do you say?"

Shane's chest floods cold, a whimper escaping his throat. "Fuck, I'm sorry, Ilya," he says, sniffing loudly and bringing up a hand to wipe at his eyes. "I didn't mean to, I promise. I'm really sorry." He pauses for a second, and an idea pops into his head. "Y-you can hold me down if you need to," he adds, meeting Ilya's gaze. The look shared between them is *charged*, and Shane is certain that Ilya will remember that offer later.

Ilya's hands land heavy on his hips as his mouth descends on Shane once more. It's nothing *actually* new—Shane is fortunate enough to get this treatment from Ilya on a regular basis—but it *feels* new, the deeper Shane lets himself fall into character. Ilya's mouth slides along his length with the practiced ease of a man with plenty of experience, leaving Shane feeling even more out of his element.

"Thank you," Shane gasps, his cock throbbing against Ilya's tongue. The twitching of his hips is halted by the firm hands wrapped around his core. "It feels good, Ilya, th-thank you." It feels better than good, and as Ilya's tongue slides under his foreskin to tickle at his frenulum, Shane realises just how close to the edge he already is. "Fuck, stop, stop, I'm gonna come," he begs in a rush, one of his hands pushing at Ilya's head in his panic.

Thankfully, Ilya does pull off, and Shane starts to breathe a sigh of relief before another sharp slap hits the side of his cock, bringing him right back to the edge with a choked-off moan. "You are such a virgin," Ilya rolls his eyes, pinching his fingers harshly around the base of Shane's cock to stave off his orgasm. "It has been two minutes."

"Sorry," Shane whispers, feeling embarrassed tears prick at his eyes, "I've never had—you know... your mouth is really good."

"Pathetic," Ilya sighs, flicking a cruel finger against Shane's tight balls, the nail making a loud impact against his skin.

A pained sob chokes out of Shane's throat at the same time as his cock blurts out an embarrassing wad of precome. "Ow," he groans, shaking his head quickly. "That fucking hurts—please be nice to me."

Ilya looks up at him through his eyelashes, a scowl furrowing his brow. "I suck your dick—is not nice enough for you? Ungrateful slut." Ilya's words sit heavy on his chest as he uses his

hands to force Shane's legs further apart, his face tucked in close enough for his breath to gust across the tight little pucker.

A dry fingertip slides between Shane's cheeks, and he sucks in a surprised gasp. "W-wait, Ilya," he begs, squirming slightly without actually pulling away from the touch. "I don't want to do that, remember? N-not yet."

A soft, caring kiss lands gently on Shane's inner thigh, then another, then another, the quiet smacking of lips filling the room as Ilya creeps slowly inwards towards his prize. "I am just touching, *moya lyubov'*," Ilya explains gently, all notes of derision evaporated out of his voice as his breath ghosts over Shane's balls, as though maybe Shane was imagining the cruelty all along, and Ilya's been nothing but an attentive, loving boyfriend this whole time.

"Let me look at you, please?" Ilya begs, his voice a half-step away from a whimper as he gently spreads Shane's cheeks, his fingertip petting faintly over the dark little furl of his hole. "You are so pretty down here, my Shane," he continues, quiet enough that Shane has to strain to hear him over the rush of blood in his ears.

"Pretty?" Shane repeats, finding himself incredibly charmed by the descriptor, a warmth spreading through his chest. His dick stands firm between himself and Ilya, half-blocking his view as Ilya's striking eyes blink up at him. Drawn in by the swirling mass of blue and green, Shane's legs involuntarily fall even wider apart, and the toothy smile he gets in response makes his heart flutter in his chest.

But with the good must come the bad, apparently, and Shane flinches as two of Ilya's fingertips meet the sensitive skin of his asshole in a harsh tap. It doesn't *hurt*, per se, but it feels strange and weirdly invasive, and Shane sucks in a shaky breath as Ilya repeats the motion. "Wh-what are you doing?" he asks, straining his neck to look down at his boyfriend.

"Mm, testing," Ilya replies cryptically, hitting down harder and smirking when he gets a yelp in response, Shane's body jerking away from the impact. "You take pain very well, yes?" He glances up, leaning forward to press his lips to Shane's tight balls. "Your cock is still hard—you like it when it hurts."

A whimper escapes Shane's throat as Ilya spans his hole again, and he shakes his head vigorously. "That's not—" he protests, ignoring the way his dick jerks as pain courses through him. "I just want to do normal stuff."

His breath hitches as Ilya leans back down, but instead of the sharp slap of his fingertips, a flattened tongue slides across the ruched skin of Shane's tight little hole. "Oh," he whispers, clenching and instinctually twisting away from the new and unfamiliar feeling.

"Stop it," Ilya says instantly, his nails digging into soft, sensitive skin. He barely pulls back to speak, his gaze trained between Shane's cheeks. "This is normal—it will help the burn, okay?" His eyes flick up to Shane's, mischievous. "You do not need to worry, baby. It does not count as butt stuff unless you put it inside."

Shane bites his lip, his hands clenching into fists in the bedding. He's not sure that that's true—there's certainly a butt involved—but Ilya *is* more experienced, and he's Shane's boyfriend;

he wouldn't lie to him. "Oh-okay," he whispers, tilting his head back on the pillow as Ilya's mouth returns to his hole, wetting it with little kitten licks, sending warm, happy chemicals dancing up Shane's spine.

He writhes and squirms in place as Ilya takes what he wants from his body, his drooling cock connected to his belly with a sticky string of precome. In the fantasy, Shane has never experienced this before, and he closes his eyes to really let himself feel every nerve ending around his hole lighting up, the faint burn soothed by the salve of Ilya's dastardly tongue.

It's unbelievably good, and when the soft point of Ilya's tongue slips just inside his pucker, Shane doesn't even bother to complain. It's *barely* inside, and it feels so fucking transcendent that he can let his morals go out the window for just a second. His legs start to tremble, a shuddery moan falling from his lips as the feeling crashes over him, leaving him breathless.

"You like it," Ilya pulls back to tease, bringing two fingers in close to tug on either side of Shane's hole, spreading him apart. His warm breath swirls into the small cavern he's created, feeling almost cool against the burning heat of Shane's exposed channel. Nothing is technically inside Shane's body, but Ilya is slowly pushing his boundaries, and they both know it.

Shane whimpers quietly, shaking his head. "No, can we just—" he starts, pausing to worry his lip between his teeth, surely leaving marks in the plump, pink skin. "Come up here?" he begs, putting on his best pleading face. "Can we just do hand stuff, please?"

Ilya rolls his eyes heavily as he rocks up over Shane, pressing a kiss to his lips before Shane has a chance to protest.

"Hey!" Shane splutters as Ilya pulls back, scrubbing his forearm across his lips. "You just—that's gross, Ilya," he complains, letting his face draw into a deep scowl.

"You are a baby," Ilya dismisses, collapsing his body weight down onto Shane's chest and crushing Shane's aching cock between their stomachs, no doubt staining his dark shirt with a mess of precome. He reaches down between them, scrabbling about between Shane's legs, though he doesn't touch him, yet.

It's not until the soft, plush head of Ilya's cock slips along the length of Shane's crack that he realises his boyfriend must've shoved his pants down just enough to drag his dick out, to press it against his hole—the act a blatant violation of Shane's wishes.

Shane gasps loudly, thrashing his head with vigour as Ilya presses in a little closer, the head of his cock catching on the edge of Shane's hole as he passes it between his cheeks. "No, Ilya," Shane protests weakly, frustration edging into his voice as he finds himself unable to close his legs around Ilya's skinny hips.

"Just let me do this," Ilya demands firmly, his tone no-nonsense. The slide of his dick through Shane's crack is slicked by his precome, and Shane cringes as he feels a little bit seep into his hole with every pass. "You are virgin and prude, but you have to give me *something*, yes? I have needs too, Shane."

The words strike a chord in Shane's chest, and he finds himself feeling *bad* for Ilya, as though he really does deserve this, as though he isn't barreling through every one of Shane's clearly defined boundaries. If it were real, it would be horrifying, but Shane knows that he's safe with Ilya—one little word away from all of this stopping in an instant. He doesn't want it to stop.

"I'm sorry," he says quietly, grunting softly each time Ilya's cock brushes over his hole. He realises he's involuntarily clenching and relaxing with each pass, and it almost feels like Ilya could just slip it inside. "It's good, y-you make me feel good," Shane whispers, closing his eyes, "I—I want it to be good for you, too."

"Just the tip," Ilya says suddenly, halting his movements with the fat head of his dick pressed right against Shane's hole. He tilts his head to kiss Shane's jaw, his hips pressing forward insistently. "Is how you can make it up to me, yes?" His teeth clamp down on Shane's jawbone, drawing a yelp from his chest and forcing Shane to look down at him as he continues. "It does not count, okay? You will still be virgin."

Shane takes a second to mull it over, scanning Ilya's face with watery eyes. He looks like the soft, sweet Russian boy he's come to know and love. "Will it hurt?" he asks, barely more than a whisper.

"No, no," Ilya assures him, shaking his head lightly, his cock still pressed tight to Shane's hole. "It only hurts when the whole dick is in."

That doesn't sound right, but Ilya would know better than Shane, right? He finds himself nodding almost imperceptibly, gasping softly as Ilya immediately reaches up under the pillows and grabs a bottle of lube. Squeezing only a small amount out onto his fingertips, Ilya slides his hand back between them, spreading the meagre lube over his cockhead.

Ilya's dick is cold and wet as it presses back between Shane's cheeks, and the feeling makes him shiver and scrunch up his face in discomfort. His chest pounds with nerves as Ilya presses in close, but he doesn't want to upset his boyfriend any more than he already has. It's fine—this literally doesn't count. He'll just let Ilya slip the tip inside and they'll both be happy, probably.

Shane lets out a wail as the thick head of Ilya's cock forces its way into the too-small channel of his asshole. It *hurts*, a persistent, burning ache that doesn't abate as Ilya pauses there, groaning deeply. Shane clenches tighter, his body's natural reaction to an intruder, but that only exacerbates the ache. "N-no, stop," he begs, his nails digging into the palms of his hands as tears spring to his eyes. "Pl-please, Ilya, it hurts. I can't—I'm not ready."

"Shhh," Ilya hushes, his free hand petting sloppily over the side of Shane's face. The tip of his cock feels impossibly huge inside of Shane, forcing his body open unnaturally wide. "Fuck, you are so fucking tight, baby," he groans, dropping his forehead to rest against Shane's bare chest. "Your virgin hole feels so good around me."

"No, Ilya," Shane squirms, though he can't move far, his whole body pinned down by Ilya's solid weight. He tries to paw at Ilya's hip, to somehow push him back as he squeezes his eyes shut, feeling tears track down the sides of his face. "Please take it out," he gasps, thrashing

his head back and forth on the pillow. His free hand lifts from the sheets, blindly finding Ilya's shoulder to push against as his lower lip starts to tremble. "It feels *weird*, I don't like it. Please, Ilya—I'm n-not ready to lose my virginity."

Ilya's voice is calming, though he doesn't pull back, leaving his cock wedged into Shane's unwilling body as he soothingly murmurs, "It's okay, baby, everyone feels weird at first. Just breathe, okay?" There's a beat before his tone drops lower, darker. "You said I could put it in, so stop being a baby about it. I thought you loved me."

Shane feels his chest clench up tight, his heart pounding heavily. "I do love you," he answers on instinct. His body is finally easing into the stretch, but that doesn't ease the wrong bad feeling in his head—Ilya's actions are a violation of his trust as much as one of his body. "I thought you would just," he hiccups out a small sob, "p-put it in and take it out again?"

At his words, Ilya pulls his hips back, the head of his cock popping free from the tight clutch of Shane's body. Shane is halfway through a gasped *thank you* when he feels Ilya forcing his way back in, pushing half an inch deeper.

"*Fuck*," Shane whimpers, the muscles in his arms straining as he futilely attempts to push Ilya off of him. He's strong, but Ilya has the positional advantage, keeping Shane easily pinned to the bed like a fragile little butterfly. "No, please, d-don't—"

"Shane, baby," Ilya groans desperately, pulling back and pushing in again, forcing Shane's unprepared rim open around the thick heft of his cock. "You feel so fucking good," he moans, sitting up slightly to strip out of his shirt, exposing the glimmering, sweaty cut of his chest.

It's too much, too fast, and Shane can't take it. As Ilya leans back to discard his shirt, Shane squirms up the bed, bashing his head hard against the headboard in his clumsy attempt to get away. "Ilya, stop it," he begs through streaming tears, feeling the cock slip from his ass as he tries in vain to close his legs and twist away. He's fast, but Ilya is faster, and Shane lets out a sob as big hands wrap around the meat of his thighs and drag him unceremoniously back down the bed. His legs are pressed uncomfortably hard into the mattress as Ilya pushes back inside, forcing Shane to take him whether he likes it or not.

"Stay still, fuck," Ilya pants, his cock delving deeper in the scuffle, drawing a pained cry from Shane's throat as his hole is spread beyond its limits, the tiny trace of lube not doing a damn thing to ease the glide. "You said I can hold you down, remember? Is just the tip, is fine."

It's blatantly not *just the tip*, and each shallow thrust sends a trail of fire through Shane's tender asshole. His hands find Ilya's shoulders, his biceps straining to fight back, unwilling to just give up, to give in. Burning tears stream from Shane's eyes as he thrashes under Ilya's firm hold. "It's *not*," he whines, gasping around a sob. "It's too much, y-you're going too far."

Shane's short nails dig harshly into the thick muscle covering Ilya's shoulder, squeezing tighter with every cruel thrust. "I can't take it," he continues, pleading desperately, hoping that Ilya might give him even a shred of relief. "It *burns*, Ilya, I—I think you're gonna tear me open—" His breath hitches as Ilya's next thrust pushes even deeper—surely half of his cock wedged inside of Shane now. "*Fuck*, stop it!" His final plea comes out as a shout—loud in the quiet room—but Ilya barely even blinks, completely unfazed.

"I can't," Ilya admits, finally saying something truthful, and a heaving sob wracks Shane's chest as Ilya rocks out and back in, pressing far beyond any point that could reasonably be argued as *just the tip*. "You feel too good, fuck, *malysh*." He pauses, his breath coming out in heavy pants with the exertion of violating Shane's precious body. "Is okay, I know you will like it, baby," he continues, meeting Shane's eyes, all traces of the sweet boyfriend replaced with this—this *predator*. "Just relax, okay? Let me take your virginity."

"I *don't* like it," Shane spits, anger starting to burn in the pit of his stomach, getting caught up in the intensity of the scene. He—he trusted this man. Wetness blooms beneath his fingers, and he realises with a start that there's blood dripping down Ilya's shoulder.

Shane freezes, loosening his grip and shooting his boyfriend an apologetic glance.

Ilya groans deeply in response, shrugging his shoulders back against Shane's fingers with a small nod and dropping his head to hang slack in the space between his arms.

Taking that as the permission it is, Shane squeezes harder, feeling tacky blood coat his fingertips. "*Let me go, Ilya*," he demands, his ass clenching down hard around Ilya's cock, trying to force him out.

"Shh, shh," Ilya leans down to plant a kiss on Shane's open mouth, and Shane uses the opportunity to bite his lip harshly, immediately tasting the metallic tang of blood as Ilya's lip splits under the impact. Ilya snorts, leaning back so Shane can see the blood dripping down his chin before he darts a tongue out to soothe the break. "You are feisty today," he teases, rocking deeper into Shane's trembling body. "My good boy."

Pain radiates out from Shane's unprepared hole, making his cock throb between them. "I'm not *good*," he sobs. "Y-you're forcing me." With a heaving breath, he falls back into pathetic begging. "It's really bad Ilya," he whimpers, shaking his head. "*Please*, I really don't want to do this."

"Touch yourself, and then you will like it," Ilya says sagely, taking Shane's bloodied hand from his shoulder and bringing it between them, forcing Shane to curl his fingers around his weeping cock. "Your first time always hurts, baby. Trust me, it will be better like this."

Shane doesn't trust a word out of his boyfriend's mouth, but he can't deny that touching himself does alleviate a little of the pain, does distract him a tiny bit from the huge cock violating his asshole. He shakes his head in protest even as he gathers up some of his precome to slick the glide, his breath hitching on a pathetic sob.

Ilya's smile gets so fucking smug the second Shane lets out a genuine moan, and he rocks in deeper—almost all the way inside—swapping Shane's cry to one of anguish instead. "Keep touching, good boy," he soothes, rocking into Shane's trapped body. "Is better when you touch, yes? You are so tight around my cock, *malysh*; I knew you would be so good for this."

With each thrust, Ilya forces his way deeper, forces Shane's rim wider, forces Shane to take and take and take as his sobs get louder and more dramatic. Shane keeps his hole clenched as tight as he can, both to keep up the illusion of his virginity, and to exacerbate the awful ache that, for whatever reason, gets him off. His bloody hand strips his cock faster and faster in the

desperate hope that if he comes, maybe Ilya will take pity on him—maybe it will finally be over.

Tears stream down Shane's cheeks as Ilya bottoms out, stilling with all eight and a half inches of his cock buried deep in his body.

Ilya's breath catches in his throat as he watches Shane, his mouth hanging open in awe. "You are so beautiful when you cry, baby," Ilya whispers, sliding his hands up to Shane's hips and gripping tight. He draws slowly back, Shane's unlubricated channel catching, sending a deep, pinching pain out through his core, and thrusts back inside so harshly that it punches the breath out of Shane's chest, causing stars to dance behind his eyes.

"Owww," Shane whimpers, throwing his free arm up to cover his face as he tugs desperately on his dick, feeling pleasure start to pool at the base of his spine. "It hurts—so, so bad," he sobs, his cock pulsing in his hand as he chokes out a feeble moan. "Please slow down."

His pleading gets swallowed up in Ilya's mouth as his boyfriend leans down over him to press their lips together. Dried blood crumbles against Shane's chin as Ilya forces his tongue behind his teeth, a brutal reminder of just how many ways Ilya can violate him.

Ilya fucks him hard and fast, and Shane's last shred of willpower leaves his body, resigning himself to his fate with a soft whine, feeling tears trickle out from behind his tightly closed eyes. It's fine—he doesn't need to waste precious brainpower on thinking anymore. He'll just let Ilya take what he needs, right? It's what a good boyfriend would do. His hand trembles as he strokes his cock, teetering on the edge of orgasm, but unwilling to let go of that last, stubborn part of himself, unable to admit that he actually *does* like this, does like that Ilya did this to him.

A hand wraps around Shane's, encouraging him to jerk himself faster, in time with Ilya's pounding thrusts. Ilya's voice comes out husky—he's close—as he whispers, "See, is hand stuff, like you wanted. Come for me, baby boy."

"You fucking asshole," Shane spits, finding enough fight in his exhausted body to scowl up at Ilya as unfortunately his teasing words do exactly what they always do, and Shane's cock pulses and blurts thick strings of come all over his twitching abs, his ass clenching even tighter around Ilya's dick.

"Good boy," Ilya moans, gathering some of Shane's come up with his fingers and shoving it deep into Shane's throat, making him gag. "*Such* a good boy. So sexy—perfect little virgin hole taking me so well." His thrusts start to falter, stilling each time he buries deep. "You love it," he whispers, meeting Shane's eyes past the blockade of his hand. "You love me."

Shane does the only thing he can think to do, biting down hard around his boyfriend's thick fingers.

With a loud cry, Ilya freezes, his hips shuddering as he pumps Shane full of his seed, spilling deep and unprotected into his poor, virginal body.

He hovers over Shane for a few seconds before collapsing heavily onto his chest, his body heaving as he sucks in shallow, overwhelmed breaths.

"Holy—" Shane breathes, running a gentle, soothing hand down Ilya's bare spine, feeling the rise and fall of each vertebra beneath his fingers. "Holy fucking shit, Ilya," he continues, his words softly ruffling Ilya's hair. "That was so fucking hot."

This is the kind of scene where, as much as he doesn't like to admit it, Ilya needs more immediate aftercare than Shane does, and Shane is always quick to provide him with instant reassurance, his warm hands petting firmly over Ilya's cooling skin.

It takes a while to get a response out of his boyfriend, and Shane waits patiently with him, whispering a string of sweet nothings as his abused ass throbs deliciously around Ilya's softening cock.

Eventually, Ilya tilts his head up to meet Shane's warm gaze, his eyes watery. His voice comes out small, almost shy, as he whispers, "It was not too much?"

Shane can feel the pattering of Ilya's heartbeat against his chest, and he's sure Ilya can feel his in return—slowed to a steady, regular pace as he settles comfortably back into the real world. "Baby, it was perfect," he promises, sliding a hand into Ilya's hair to scritch lightly at his scalp, delighting in the full-body shiver Ilya gives him in response. He curls his other arm around Ilya's shoulders, holding him tight to his body in a firm embrace. "It was exactly what I wanted, I love you so fucking much."

"I love you too," Ilya mumbles back, almost on autopilot.

"Thank you for doing that for me," Shane adds, sucking in a deep breath. "I know it's a lot to ask of you."

Ilya peers up at him with a small smile. "Was not just for you," he says, some of his usual sass threading back into his tone. "I am glad it was good for you. I am worried sometimes that it is too much."

"I know," Shane smiles back, craning his neck to kiss Ilya's forehead softly. "I would have safeworded if I wasn't happy—you did exactly what I needed." He pauses, letting his eyes flutter closed as Ilya's love washes over him in gentle waves. "God, I feel so fucking floaty right now."

"You do?" Ilya asks, pressing a kiss to Shane's jaw. "Do you want me to pull out?"

Shane makes a soft, contented noise in the back of his throat. "Not even a little bit, as long as you're comfortable," he murmurs, squeezing tight around Ilya's shoulders. "Wanna stay like this, please." He takes a deep breath, feeling the heft of Ilya's body rise and fall on his chest, smirking wickedly as his mouth forms his next words. "Virgin Shane might not want a cock in his ass, but your slutty boyfriend does." As if to illustrate his point, Shane clenches hard around Ilya's soft cock, drawing a quiet gasp from his partner.

"Be careful, *malysh*," Ilya warns with a soft snort, "or you will make it hard again."

"Mmm, would that be such a bad thing?" Shane chuckles softly, his spent cock twitching in the wet mess between their bodies. He's exhausted, but he's never let that hold him back from sex before.

"Give me ten," Shane sighs contentedly, "but I could go for round two."

End Notes

This idea came from an anonymous NGL on my Twitter. If you would like to send me horny ideas that may one day become fics—join us.

Twitter: [hollanovpseud](#)

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