

Slipping Into Place

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Slipping Into Place

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Summary

Shane's used to not coming these days. He's used to having to ask first during sex, and to being turned down most of the time.

Being used like a toy is still new.

Notes

This is a sequel to Few and Far Between, but it holds up well on its own. My plan is to add one-shots to the series, on the theme of sexual free use in different ways, as inspiration strikes.

A very big thank you to awakenedpotential for beta!

Shane's used to not coming these days. He's used to having to ask first during sex, and to being turned down most of the time.

Being used like a toy is still new. So new he doesn't always get it.

They're playing video games, some casual fighting game Ilya had bought that they're having fun figuring out together. They're both new at it and pretty evenly matched, which makes them both more competitive with it. The margins are small, and the potential for improvement is significant. When Shane manages an especially brutal series of attacks and wins the round, he grins gleefully at Ilya.

"Suck my dick," Ilya says, and Shane laughs.

"Think you just sucked mine," he celebrates. Ilya raises an eyebrow.

"No, Shane," he says, with the patient tone of voice he sometimes uses when he thinks Shane's being especially thick. "Suck my dick."

Realisation hits Shane like a check into the boards, a clean hit taking the air from his lungs but leaving him otherwise intact. Ilya's never asked for it before, only reached out and taken him in different ways. This time he isn't moving, just lounging back against the sofa like someone spilled him on it.

It's easy when Ilya grabs him. He can go with the flow, let Ilya's hands manipulate his body into the desired position, let his mind go quiet and just be. Let himself be used. Let himself be taken. It's a comforting and easy thing, which leaves him feeling soft on the inside and aching hard in other ways.

This is different. Shane feels his mind wanting to go blank, but it seems like Ilya expects him to make the move. He's not sure how. He looks down at the crotch of Ilya's sweatpants and sees the bulge, not yet fully erect but growing. He looks back up at Ilya's face, hoping for directions. He doesn't get any; Ilya only raises an eyebrow. It's stupid. Shane's stupid for needing directions to suck someone's cock. He's done it hundreds of times.

Since Ilya doesn't seem to be moving, Shane sets his controller aside and gets down on the floor. He scoots over to Ilya on his knees, until he's between his thighs. When he reaches up for Ilya's waistband, Ilya lifts his hips so that Shane can pull them down. He's fully erect by now, having somehow found the little awkward trip Shane had to go through arousing. Of course Shane knows by now that Ilya enjoys putting him in uncomfortable situations. It always turns Shane on in turn to know that what he's just gone through was for Ilya's sake. Arousal grows in the pit of Shane's stomach, even as he reminds himself that this is just for Daddy. There's no chance Shane will be allowed to come.

The arousal settles into a deeper sense of calm and satisfaction as Shane sucks Ilya's cock. Uncharacteristically, Ilya doesn't put his hands in Shane's hair to set the pace. Shane has to do it himself, has to recall how Ilya usually wants him. Not that it's hard; he takes great pride in

being able to please his Daddy. He knows where to put his tongue, how to relax his jaw, how to hide his teeth and take Ilya all the way down.

Ilya moans and coos out praise any time Shane does well, which is more or less continuously. Shane feels proud of himself in a way he rarely manages at any other time. It feels like Ilya awards him an Olympic gold medal in blow jobs every time he comes down Shane's throat while moaning halfway coherently about what a good boy he is.

Other times, it's more difficult. Like when Shane is lying on the sofa reading an article on his phone, and Ilya suddenly pulls his pants down.

"What're you doing?" Shane asks, looking at Ilya over the edge of the screen. It's not like he really has to ask; Ilya's got lube in one hand and Shane's left ass cheek in the other.

"None of your business," Ilya tells him, even as he pops the cap on the lube. "Just visiting my hole. You keep reading."

Ilya looks away from him dismissively, focus completely locked in between Shane's legs. Shane obediently turns his eyes back to his article, but his attention refuses to follow. *Just visiting my hole*, like Shane isn't even a part of the equation. Like Shane's not even there. He feels himself go both hard and fuzzy at once, cock at full mast and head full of cotton. Ilya's slick, cold fingers prod at him and he spreads his legs further, lifts one leg up onto the back of the sofa to make it easier. He lies there, doesn't even try to read, and feels Ilya finger him open, knowing that it isn't about him. It's about how Ilya is horny and wants to fuck a toy that's naturally warm.

Ilya bends Shane's other leg at the knee and pushes it up against his chest. He keeps a hand on the back of Shane's thigh, resting some of his weight there while he prods him open. He only lets go briefly to slip a condom on before pushing inside. Shane keeps looking at his phone while Ilya fucks him. The being a toy part is so easy when Ilya does all the work. The hard part is that it turns Shane on so badly. He wants to reach down, wants to get himself off too, but he knows he won't be allowed.

Or maybe he would be. Maybe Ilya is feeling generous today.

Shane moves a hand from his phone to his stomach experimentally, inching it lower. It's halfway across his happy trail when Ilya flicks the back of it.

"No," Ilya says firmly. "Be a good hole, Shane. This is just for me."

Shane's cock twitches and he makes a noise in the back of his throat that's meant to be a protest but comes out more like a plea. It's been so long since he's gotten to come that he's lost count, and being casually claimed like this is setting him on fire.

"Please," he says, the word out his mouth before he even considers if it's a good idea to say it.

"No," Ilya growls, more forcefully. "You don't get to come just because you are greedy. Only daddy gets to come today."

Shane makes the embarrassing noise again. Ilya thrusts harder, as though he could literally fuck Shane into submission. It quickly turns out that he can.

“Oh my god,” Shane gasps, both hands falling to the side. The arousal doesn't fade but it feels distant, less relevant. Ilya decides. Ilya's pleasure is what really matters, if anything needs to matter right now. Shane doesn't really even have to participate; he can just lie here and breathe through it. So Shane does, basking in the glory of being useful and owned. Then Ilya comes with a full-body shudder. He only lingers for a moment before pulling out, taking all the mess with him. He manages to get Shane's pants back up over his erection and leaves him with a friendly slap on the ass and a lazy “well done” that he might just as well have thrown Shane's way on the ice.

Then there are the times when it's just so easy. Like when Ilya sits on the balcony with a cigarette and a cup of coffee, legs spread wide, and the spot between his feet looks so empty. All it takes is a moment of eye contact through the open door and then Shane's body is moving without his input. It doesn't matter that they're outdoors, in the middle of the city, potentially in sight of other people. It doesn't matter that neither of them has said a word. The head of Ilya's cock hits the back of Shane's throat in five seconds flat.

Or when they're watching some action movie and gradually cuddle closer and softer into each other until Shane's head ends up in Ilya's lap, and his cock is just right there. It's soft at first, but not for long. Shane doesn't see much of the movie after that. It doesn't matter. It wasn't a very good movie, anyway.

When they shower together, and Ilya reaches for the shower oil. The scent of coconut is enough to make Shane weak in the knees.

Sometimes it's downright demeaning. Like the time Shane comes home from practice to find Ilya watching porn in the living room. Shane has watched porn before, but never streamed to his sixty-five inch screen, with lewd noises blasting on the surround system. Never of a blond woman choking on a big cock so mascara runs down her cheeks.

“Perfect timing,” Ilya greets him. He's sitting in the middle of the couch, wearing only pushed down boxer briefs. He's touching himself, though the hand on his cock is still at the moment. “Was just getting good.”

By *just getting good*, Shane supposes that Ilya means *she's just started crying on it*. He looks between the television and Ilya, trying to make sense of it. He's not even sure where to start.

“Marley sent me,” Ilya explains, gesturing at the blonde who is still valiantly failing at deep-throating. “Thought I would like. I want your mouth.”

A whole storm of complicated feelings starts brewing in Shane's stomach. It's not that he enjoys it when Ilya looks at women like this. He doesn't really like how close, sexually speaking, Ilya seems to be with Cliff Marlow. The reminder that his boyfriend is a sadist always gives him mixed feelings. Finally, having his mouth used while he's completely ignored in favour of all of the above at the same time makes him feel so small and humiliated. The act of crossing the living room floor and falling to his knees at Ilya's feet puts a lid on the whole thing.

Pushing through his humiliation to please his Daddy satisfies him like very little else. The woman on the screen, porn chosen by Marlow, what gets Ilya off - it all works perfectly to turn Shane on too by putting him off. The shame about being turned on makes it easier to forgo his own orgasm; he's being put in his place right now. All he needs to do is be good, and being better at oral than the woman on the screen is easy. By the time Ilya comes in his mouth, Shane's calmer, happier and more confident than he's been in days.

Shane tries not to think about that. That the more awful the situation he has to pull through, the greater his effort, the better he feels after. Thinking about that leads to imagining ways in which it might be accomplished, which could, at least in theory, lead to him telling Ilya and ending up in even more precarious situations. Shane is pretty sure he's not supposed to want that, maybe not even allowed, so he tries very hard not to let his mind wander.

Not that it helps, when Ilya doesn't seem to have any such compunctions.

They're out with Hayden and Jackie, just having drinks, when Ilya tells Shane to keep him company while he smokes. There's predictable chirping from Hayden about the smoking, and Shane almost argues too, but then he sees the look in Ilya's eyes and doesn't.

Once outside, Ilya doesn't gravitate to the other smokers the way he might've, but takes Shane with him around back into an empty alley instead. He doesn't reach for his cigarettes either, just leans casually against the wall and watches Shane expectantly. The bottom drops out of Shane's stomach. They're in an alley late at night, half-hidden from the street by a large dumpster. It's dark. Anyone with half a brain who started stumbling down their way and saw and heard some guy getting a blowie would turn the fuck around and leave.

But they're not out. No one knows about them. Almost no one. Even coming out to drinks, being seen together at all, is a huge fucking risk. Soft-launching some kind of casual-acquaintance-ship. Doing this, here, now, is fucking stupid. And it's stupid how hot that makes it.

"Here?" Shane asks, incredulous.

"Yes," Ilya says. Shane expects more, some explanation or justification. He doesn't get any. This makes him realise he shouldn't need any. Daddy wants this, so daddy gets this.

"Anyone could walk around the corner," Shane says, without much conviction. While anyone could, it doesn't feel likely. It hardly even feels relevant. He can feel himself slipping away, handing over the onus of what's reasonable or not to Ilya. Still, he finishes lamely, "It's dirty."

Ilya shrugs as if to agree with Shane in principle.

"You can kneel on my shoes," he offers generously, and Shane does.

"I hate not touching you," Ilya says, as he feeds his cock in between Shane's lips. Shane, mouth full of Ilya, tries to show him how much he agrees by swallowing him down eagerly. "You are mine, I want everyone to know. Maybe I should come on your face and let everyone see."

It's just talking, just in the heat of the moment, Shane is reasonably sure. It also gets him really hard to imagine it, when it's confined to the safety of fantasy. He moans as he sees it play out in his mind, the way people would look at him and know that he's the best slut in the whole room. That he's got the most generous Daddy in the world.

“You like this,” Ilya says, sounding smug. “Fuck, Shane. So good.”

Ilya doesn't even smoke, just wraps both hands in Shane's hair and uses his mouth. When they come back inside after, it doesn't matter that Shane swallowed every drop of come. He feels like everyone can see it on him anyway, what they just did, what he really is.

It doesn't occur to him until he's halfway through his next beer that he could've said stop and Ilya would've stopped. So maybe he's starting to get the hang of being nothing but a toy, anyway.

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