

By Your Command

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/85506071) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/85506071>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Sexual Free Use , Free Use Shane Hollander , Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Minor Injuries , Recovery , Shane Hollander Calls Ilya Rozanov "Sir" , Anxious Shane Hollander , Blindfolds , Anal Fingering , Submission , Sub Shane Hollander , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Anal Sex , Coming Untouched , Aftercare , Protective Ilya Rozanov , Caring Ilya Rozanov , Sleep Sex , Somnophilia , Blow Jobs , Oral Sex , Sensory Deprivation , Sensory Overload , Prostate Massage , Cock Warming , Oral Fixation , Shane Hollander Has an Oral Fixation
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Free-Use Shane
Stats:	Published: 2026-06-01 Words: 4,644 Chapters: 1/1

By Your Command

by [velvetkiwi](#)

Summary

Sidelined for three weeks with an injury, Shane Hollander is driving himself—and everyone around him—completely insane. He can't play, so he micromanages everything, pacing the apartment and vibrating with an anxious energy that his brain can't turn off.

Ilya Rozanov has a remarkably efficient solution for a captain who doesn't know how to rest. If Shane won't relinquish control voluntarily, Ilya will strip it from him entirely. Under a strict protocol of sensory deprivation, forced helplessness, and free-use, Shane is forced to learn exactly what it means to be quiet.

Notes

happy pride month yall <3

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

The apartment was too quiet. For a man whose entire existence was measured in ice time, puck deflections, and the roar of twenty thousand fans, the absolute silence of his own living room felt like a physical weight crushing his chest.

Shane Hollander sat frozen on the plush sofa, a heavy, medical-grade ice pack strapped tightly over his left shoulder. The diagnosis from the team doctors was a grade-two acromioclavicular separation—a textbook injury from a dirty, boarding hit during Tuesday night's game against Toronto.

He was sidelined for at least three weeks. Three weeks of watching his team struggle from the press box. Three weeks of watching his lines lose their chemistry.

He was going completely and utterly stir-crazy.

His laptop was balanced precariously on his right thigh, his good hand tapping furiously against the trackpad as he pulled up the live advanced analytics feed from the Metros' morning skate. His anxiety was a buzzing electric current under his skin. He had already sent four essays' worth of texts to Hayden about power-play breakout strategies, micromanaged the team's nutrition plan for the upcoming road trip, and paced the perimeter of the kitchen until his legs throbbed.

I should be on the ice, his brain screamed, a frantic, looping mantra. If I'm not playing, who is stabilizing the room? Who is keeping the standard?

The front door clicked open.

Shane didn't look up, his eyes glued to a heat-map graphic on the screen. "Ilya, look at these neutral zone turnovers from the third period on Tuesday. If they don't adjust the weak-side winger's depth—"

A large, heavy hand slammed the laptop lid shut.

Shane flinched, a sharp spike of pain radiating through his damaged shoulder as the sudden movement jarred his frame. He looked up, his jaw clenched, ready to snap. "What the hell, Rozanov? I'm trying to—"

Ilya stood over him, still wearing his heavy winter coat, looking massive, unbothered, and utterly dominant. His dark eyes didn't look at the laptop; they tracked the fine tremor in Shane's right hand, the tight, stressed lines around his eyes, and the manic, exhausted flush on his cheeks.

"You are doing nothing," Ilya said, his voice a low, gravelly law that allowed for no argument. "You have been home for forty-eight hours, Hollander, and your energy is bad. You are vibrating like a broken machine."

"I have to keep track of the—"

"The team does not need you right now," Ilya interrupted smoothly, his hand reaching down to catch the laptop, sliding it completely out of Shane's reach and tossing it onto the far armchair. "The team needs a Captain who can raise his arm above his head without crying like a baby. Right now, you are useless to them. And you are annoying to me."

Shane's chest heaved. The word useless sliced straight through his pride, triggering a defense mechanism that made him try to stand up. "I'm fine. I can manage my own recovery. I just need to keep my head in the game—"

Ilya's hand came down on Shane's uninjured shoulder. It wasn't a brutal shove, but it was heavy, immovable, and entirely absolute. He pressed Shane back down into the cushions with the effortless ease of a defenseman flattening a rookie against the glass.

"You do not manage anything anymore," Ilya murmured, leaning down until his face was inches from Shane's, his breath hot against Shane's frantic mouth. "You think because you are broken, I will not use you? You think because you are hurt, you get to sit here and rule your little kingdom from the couch?"

Shane's breath hitched, his heart skipping a beat as a sudden, unexpected spike of heat bloomed in his lower belly. "Ilya... I'm injured. The doctor said I need absolute rest."

"Yes," Ilya whispered, his fingers sliding up from Shane's shoulder to grip his jaw, his thumb pressing firmly into the skin until Shane was forced to tilt his head back. "Absolute rest. Which means your brain is officially under my command. You do not think. You do not make decisions. You do not even feed yourself unless I give you permission. I am stripping you of your autonomy, Hollander. Not because you are bad, but because you are too stupid to save yourself from your own head."

Shane tried to fight it. The ingrained instinct of a premier athlete demanded that he remain active, that he keep control of his own physical space. He twisted his jaw against Ilya's grip, his good hand coming up to push at Ilya's chest. "Stop. Ilya, seriously, I can't do this right now. My anxiety is—"

"Your anxiety is my problem now," Ilya rasped.

Without another word, Ilya reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a soft, heavy black silk blindfold. Before Shane could fully process the sight of it, Ilya moved with terrifying efficiency. He leaned over the back of the sofa, pinning Shane's good arm beneath his knee, and tied the silk securely around Shane's head.

The world went instantly, completely black.

"Ilya!" Shane gasped, a flash of genuine panic striking his chest as his primary sensory anchor was ripped away. "Take it off. I can't see, I don't know where—"

"Quiet," Ilya commanded, the word a heavy weight dropped into the darkness.

The sound of Ilya's belt buckle clinking together was incredibly loud in the silent room. Shane froze, his ears straining, his heart hammering like a trapped bird against his ribs. He

felt the cushions shift violently as Ilya climbed onto the sofa, his massive frame straddling Shane's lap, pinning his legs down.

"Because you have so much extra energy to worry about hockey," Ilya murmured, his hands moving to the waistband of Shane's loose sweatpants, "we are going to empty you out. You are completely open to me today, Hollander. A free-use toy for the rest of your recovery. If I want to take you while you are watching television, I will take you. If I want to leave you leaking on the sheets while I go to practice, I will leave you. You have no rights in this house until that shoulder heals."

"Ah—Ilya—" Shane cried out as his sweatpants were pulled down past his hips, leaving his lower half completely bare and vulnerable to the cool air of the living room.

He felt Ilya's large, rough hands slide up his inner thighs, parting his legs wide. Shane felt completely helpless, his vision gone, one arm immobilized by his injury, and his body utterly dominated by his rival. The vulnerability was terrifying, a total annihilation of his control-freak identity.

But then, Ilya applied the slick.

The cool, wet slide of the lube against his opening was followed immediately by the heavy, blunt intrusion of Ilya's fingers. Shane let out a high, broken sob, his head thrashing against the sofa cushions. He expected pain, expected the tension to tear at his injury, but Ilya's positioning was flawless—he kept his weight entirely off Shane's left side, his body acting as a protective shield even as he invaded him.

"Relax for me," Ilya growled, his fingers stretching Shane out with a rough, heavy patience. "Give it up, Shane. You have been fighting everyone all week. Stop fighting me."

The command hit Shane like a physical blow. *Stop fighting.*

A sudden, overwhelming wave of relief broke through the walls of his panic. The realization washed over him like a warm tide: he didn't have to fix the power play. He didn't have to check the stats. He didn't even have to look at the room. Ilya was here. Ilya was bigger, stronger, and entirely willing to carry the weight of Shane's physical existence.

Shane's muscles went slack. He let out a long, shuddering breath through his nose, his legs falling open completely, surrendering his lower body to whatever Ilya wanted to do to him.

"Good boy," Ilya hissed.

Shane felt the thick, heavy length of Ilya's shaft align against his opening. Without another second of delay, Ilya drove himself inside, burying his full length into Shane's tight, desperate heat in one smooth, unrelenting thrust.

Shane's mouth hung open in a silent, breathless wail. The sheer, massive weight of the invasion filled the screaming void in his mind, instantly replacing his anxieties with a white-hot, singular point of physical reality.

He couldn't see the room, he couldn't move his arm, but he could feel every single inch of Ilya's length stretching him to his absolute limit.

Ilya began to move, his hips slamming a slow, bruising rhythm against Shane's backside. Because Shane was blindfolded, every sensation was magnified a hundredfold; the friction of the denim of Ilya's jeans against his outer thighs, the heat of Ilya's bare chest pressing against his right side, the wet, heavy cadence of their bodies meeting.

"You like being a toy, don't you?" Ilya taunted, his hand coming down to grip Shane's right wrist, pinning his good hand flat against the sofa over his head. "Look at you. The great Montreal Captain, bare from the waist down on his own couch, getting ruined while his team is at practice."

"Yes," Shane cried out, tears of pure, unadulterated relief leaking out from beneath the black silk. He was being used, thoroughly and aggressively, treated like nothing more than an open receptacle for Ilya's satisfaction. "Yes, sir... please. More. Don't let me think."

Ilya didn't let him think. He increased the pace, his thrusts becoming harder, faster, driving deep into the sweet spot until Shane's vision behind the blindfold was nothing but glittering stars. Shane didn't touch himself; his hands were entirely restrained, his body completely dependent on the rhythm Ilya dictated. He was floating in a dark, warm void where his only responsibility was to absorb the pleasure and survive the weight.

With a final, guttural groan, Ilya slammed deep one last time, his body locking tight as he emptied himself completely into Shane's core, the heat of his release flooding Shane's interior. Shane broke seconds later, a messy, completely hands-free orgasm spilling across his own stomach as his body convulsed in total, helpless surrender.

When the storm finally cleared, Shane was completely spent, his muscles trembling with a deep, liquid exhaustion that felt entirely different from the nervous panic of earlier.

Ilya didn't leave him. He stayed heavy and warm against his side, his large hand gently tracing the curve of Shane's uninjured ribs as their breathing slowed. The blindfold remained on. Shane didn't ask for it to be removed; the darkness felt like a protective shield, keeping the outside world at bay.

"Now," Ilya murmured, his voice a low thread in the quiet apartment. "The recovery begins."

For the next two hours, Shane was subjected to a regime of total, aggressive care. Ilya carried him into the bathroom, his massive arms lifting Shane with a careful, protective strength that didn't jar his separated shoulder once. He washed the sweat and spill from Shane's body, his large hands surprisingly gentle as he used a warm washcloth, treating Shane less like an opponent and more like a precious piece of property that belonged exclusively to him.

He dressed Shane in an oversized, soft cotton shirt, guided him back to the bed, and pulled the heavy weighted blankets up to his chin. The blindfold was replaced with a soft, molded sleep mask, sealing Shane back into the beautiful, quiet dark.

"Ilya," Shane whispered into the blackness, his voice small, completely stripped of its usual captain's authority. "I'm hungry."

"I am cooking," Ilya's voice came from near the door. "When it is ready, I will feed you. You do not touch a spoon, Hollander. You do not check your phone. If I hear anything, I will put the vibrator on level five and leave you for an hour. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," Shane whispered, a deep, warm blush creeping up his neck.

He nestled deeper into the pillows, his body aching, his core filled with the heavy, comforting presence of Ilya's seed, and his mind completely, beautifully silent.

For the first time in days, the static was gone. He didn't have to be the savior. He didn't have to be the leader. He was just Ilya's boy, locked away in the quiet, perfectly taken care of by the only man strong enough to force him to rest.

**

The next morning, the apartment remained locked under Ilya's absolute quiet protocol. The heavy blackout curtains were drawn tight, sealing the bedroom into a deep, velvety darkness where the passage of time felt completely irrelevant.

Shane was deep asleep, buried beneath the immense weight of the sensory duvet, his body finally resting the way the team doctors had intended. His left arm was safely cushioned by a mountain of pillows, his breathing slow and rhythmic.

He didn't wake up to a sound. He woke up to a sensation.

It started as a heavy, dragging warmth—a slow, slick friction sliding over the length of his penis. In his semi-conscious state, Shane's brain tried to process the touch through a fog of deep exhaustion, his muscles too heavy to move, his eyes locked behind the dark sleep mask Ilya had left on him. He felt a soft, wet pressure engulf him, the tight, heat of a mouth drawing him in with a slow, deliberate suction.

Ilya.

A low, involuntary hum vibrated in Shane's throat, but his body remained completely limp, pinned down by a delicious, heavy lethargy. He didn't pull away. He didn't try to open his eyes. The sheer helplessness of his injured state, combined with the sensory deprivation of the mask, made the sensation feel incredibly intense, washing over him in waves of pure, isolated heat.

The mouth moved with a lazy, possessive rhythm. A large, rough hand slid up Shane's inner thigh, anchoring his right leg, spreading him open just enough to allow access. Shane's breath hitched in his chest as he felt the blunt, heavy intrusion of a single, well-lubricated finger pushing past his sphincter, slipping deep into his loose, warm hole.

"Ah," Shane gasped into the quiet room, his head rolling to the side against the pillow. His voice was thick with sleep, completely stripped of its usual sharp edge. "Ilya..."

The suction on his length tightened instantly, a low, guttural grunt vibrating against his skin as Ilya sucked him down to the root, swallowing his half-hard length whole. At the same time, the finger inside him hooked upward, pressing firmly against his prostate with a devastating, blunt precision.

An electric jolt shot straight up Shane's spine. His right hand twitched, his fingers instantly clawing into the soft duvet, but his left side remained carefully immobile. He was trapped between the pillows, blind, half-asleep, and completely at the mercy of the man at the foot of the bed.

"Stay still, Hollander," Ilya rasped, briefly pulling off his length, his voice a deep, gravelly thread in the dark. He didn't sound like he was asking. "You are dreaming. Don't move."

"Ilya, please...I can't see," Shane whispered, his chest heaving as the finger inside him began to stroke in a relentless, bruising rhythm. The overstimulation was massive, waking up directly into a sensory assault while his brain was still heavy with sleep. "Take the mask off, let me look at you."

"No," Ilya commanded softly, his hand tightening on Shane's thigh, his thumb digging into the muscle to keep him pinned. "You don't need to look. You just need to take it. I told you yesterday—you are a free-use toy until you heal. If I want to wake you up like this, I take you."

Shane let out a broken, shuddering sob of pure relief. The submission was a beautiful, dark gravity pulling him under. He stopped trying to wake up. He let his muscles go completely slack, abandoning his physical autonomy entirely to Ilya's hands. He lay there like a doll, blind and vulnerable, his body reacting instinctively to the dual friction of Ilya's mouth and fingers.

Ilya went back to work, his pace picking up. His tongue swirled around the crown of Shane's length, while his fingers worked deep inside his core, stretching him out, driving him closer and closer to a blind, helpless precipice. Because Shane couldn't see or prepare for the movements, every touch felt like a sudden, explosive shock to his nervous system.

"You are so responsive in the morning," Ilya murmured against his skin, his thumb rubbing over Shane's pre-slicked tip. "Nice and soft. Just a wet little hole for me to play with."

"Yes," Shane choked out, a line of drool slipping from the corner of his mouth into the pillow. He was completely overwhelmed, his hips twitching instinctively against the mattress, chasing the blunt pressure of Ilya's knuckles. "Please, Ilya... I'm gonna cum—"

"Go ahead," Ilya growled, his finger driving deep one last time, hooking hard against the sweet spot while his mouth came down over the head of Shane's length, sealing him in.

Shane's body went completely rigid, his toes curling into the sheets as a violent orgasm tore through his frame. He cried out into the empty bedroom, his release spilling thick and hot into Ilya's waiting mouth.

Ilya swallowed him down greedily, his throat working as he milked every last drop from Shane's pulsing length, his fingers continuing to stroke inside his core until Shane was shivering, completely spent, and weeping from the sheer intensity of the sensory overload.

When the tremors finally stopped, the bedroom fell back into that heavy silence.

Shane lay completely undone, his body feeling like melted wax against the mattress. The sleep mask remained securely over his eyes, keeping the world dark and quiet. He felt the bed shift as Ilya crawled up the mattress, his massive, warm frame settling alongside Shane's right side.

A large, calloused hand came up to cup Shane's cheek, a surprisingly gentle thumb wiping away the tears that had leaked out from beneath the black fabric.

"Good boy, Shane," Ilya murmured, his breath hot against Shane's ear, his voice dripping with absolute possession.

"Thank you," Shane whispered, his throat raw, his fingers weakly tangling into the fabric of Ilya's shirt. He felt a deep, profound sense of safety washing over him, the knowledge that he was entirely locked away from his responsibilities, completely taken care of, and utterly owned.

"Sleep now," Ilya commanded gently, pulling the heavy weighted blanket back up over Shane's chest, tucking him in like a precious piece of property. "I will bring you breakfast in an hour. Until then, stay quiet."

"Yes, sir," Shane murmured into the dark, his mind beautifully blank as he drifted straight back into a deep, dreamless sleep.

**

The soft, heavy click of the bedroom door closing woke Shane from his second deep sleep of the morning. The sleep mask was still securely tied around his head, keeping him locked in that velvety, dark sanctuary where the outside world couldn't reach him.

He didn't move. He lay perfectly still under the heavy weighted blanket, his ears tracking the sound of heavy, deliberate footsteps approaching the bed, accompanied by the distinct, rich aroma of fresh coffee and hot food.

"Hollander," Ilya's gravelly voice broke the silence, low and anchoring. "Sit up. Carefully."

Shane shifted, his muscles feeling like liquid warm wax. He kept his left arm cuddled close to his chest, using his right hand to push himself up against the headboard. The sleep mask remained on. He didn't dare reach up to touch it.

"Open your mouth," Ilya commanded.

Shane obeyed instantly, parting his lips. A forkful of perfectly scrambled eggs, warm and savory, was slid past his teeth, followed a moment later by the rim of a mug pressing gently

against his lower lip. He took a slow, deep sip of the coffee, the bitter warmth cutting through the lingering haze of his sleep.

Ilya fed him in total, domestic silence, the quiet clinking of the fork against the plate the only sound in the room. It was an incredibly intimate, aggressive form of care, stripping the independent Montreal captain down to someone who had to be physically sustained by his (ex) rival. Every bite Shane took was a reminder that he was currently entirely at Ilya's mercy.

The quiet clink of the fork against the plate stopped. Shane sat propped up against the headboard, his right hand resting limply on the duvet, his eyes still completely sealed away behind the dark sleep mask. He swallowed the last bite of the food Ilya had fed him, expecting the coffee mug to touch his lips next.

Instead, he heard the heavy plastic tray being lifted off the bed and set aside on the nightstand.

"Since your brain is finally resting, we need to take care of that mouth of yours," Ilya murmured, the mattress shifting heavily as he crawled up the bed, straddling Shane's hips. "You have too much nervous energy, Hollander. Always chewing on your mouthguard, always talking, always snapping at me. Open up."

Shane opened his mouth automatically, expecting a piece of fruit or another sip of coffee.

Instead, the thick, heavy, pre-slicked head of Ilya's bare length pressed flat against his tongue.

Shane gasped, his throat catching in a sudden spike of surprise, but Ilya's large hand immediately came around the back of his neck, fingers locking into his hair to hold his head steady against the headboard.

"Take it," Ilya commanded, a low, rumbling law in the quiet room. "Down to the root, Shane, and hold it there."

Shane's heart hammered against his ribs as he parted his jaw wider, tilting his head back to accommodate the massive intrusion. Ilya didn't shove himself in violently; he slid inside with a slow, agonizingly heavy deliberateness, burying his full length into Shane's throat until Shane's lips were pressed tight against the rough hair of his groin.

A muffled, choked sob escaped Shane's nose. His eyes watered behind the sleep mask, the darkness making the sheer physical volume of Ilya stuffing his mouth feel completely overwhelming. His jaw ached immediately from the stretch, his throat tight around the thick column of flesh.

Then, Shane heard the distinct click of the iPad screen from the nightstand.

"Oral protocol," Ilya noted flatly, his thumb casually scrolling through video files. He adjusted his weight, settling comfortably against the pillows while his length remained locked deep inside Shane's throat. "Keep me warm. No sucking. No teeth. If I feel you try to

pull back because your throat hurts or try to grind down on the bed, I will put the vibrator in you on level five. Understood?"

Shane couldn't speak, obviously. He could only let out a tiny whimper of affirmation, his right hand weakly clutching at the fabric of Ilya's sweatpants near his thigh.

The psychological weight of the position was devastating. Ilya wasn't moving his hips. He wasn't giving Shane the rhythmic release of a standard blowjob. He was just staying there, treating Shane's mouth like a warm, wet storage sleeve while he focused entirely on hockey.

From the nightstand, the quiet, tinny sound of the Raiders' power-play footage began to play—the whistle of the refs, the roar of the crowd, the analysts breaking down a neutral zone trap.

It was an incredible contrast. Outside the blanket cocoon, the hockey world was spinning, analysts were talking about the Metros' missing captain, and strategies were being drawn up. But inside Shane's mouth, the only reality that mattered was the thick, throbbing pulse of Ilya's shaft resting heavily against his tongue.

Ten minutes passed in absolute stillness. Shane's saliva pooled in the back of his throat, a thin line of wetness escaping the corner of his lips and dripping down his chin, but he didn't dare move to wipe it. His oral fixation—that constant, frantic need to bite, chew, or speak—was being entirely crushed and satisfied all at once by the absolute fullness of Ilya's possession. He couldn't bite. He couldn't speak. He could only breathe through his nose and absorb the heavy heat.

"Good boy," Ilya muttered, his eyes never leaving the screen, though his hand casually reached down to stroke through Shane's messy hair, his fingers gently untangling the knots. "Look at you. Great Montreal captain, completely silenced. So quiet when you have a throat full of cock."

A thick, submissive shiver ran down Shane's spine. The degradation of being used as a passive piece of furniture while Ilya analyzed his own sport was a sweet, heavy gravity pulling him under. He let his jaw relax completely, abandoning the final remnants of his control. He allowed his throat to stretch and accommodate the full diameter of the shaft, turning his physical existence into nothing more than a soft, warm sheath for Ilya's comfort.

For the rest of the hour, the protocol remained unbroken. Ilya watched the tape, occasionally shifting his hips just a fraction of an inch to press deeper against the back of Shane's throat, reminding him exactly who owned his breath.

By the time the iPad screen finally clicked off, Shane was trembling from head to toe, his jaw completely numb, his mind completely emptied of every thought, every strategy, and every single trace of the anxiety that had been torturing him all week. He was completely undone, beautifully broken, and utterly quieted by the absolute, domestic tyranny of the man resting inside him.

Ilya didn't pull out immediately. He sat there for a long moment, his large hand anchoring the back of Shane's neck, letting his hips sink just a fraction deeper to fully savor the wet,

desperate heat of Shane's throat. Shane's chest heaved, his nose flaring as he breathed in the scent of Ilya's skin and the lingering aroma of the morning coffee. His body was completely spent, vibrating with a deep exhaustion that had completely wiped the frantic captain from his nervous system.

"You did good, Hollander," Ilya murmured, his voice a low, gravelly vibration that Shane could feel directly against his tongue. "Nice and quiet. Exactly what you needed, da?"

Slowly, deliberately, Ilya withdrew. The physical release was intense, a sudden rush of cool air hitting the back of Shane's throat as his jaw was finally allowed to snap shut. Shane let out a ragged, wet gasp, his head slumping back against the pillows, a thin string of saliva connecting his lower lip to Ilya's retreating length. His facial muscles ached fiercely from the stretch, but the relief was absolute.

Before Shane could even think about moving his right hand to wipe his chin, Ilya was already moving. He pulled a warm, damp cloth from the nightstand and gently cleaned Shane's mouth, jaw, and neck.

Then, with that same aggressive, protective care, Ilya climbed completely off him, pulling the heavy, plush weighted blanket back up to Shane's chin, tucking the edges securely beneath the mattress until Shane was pinned in a tight, dark cocoon.

"We are done now," Ilya commanded, his large hand coming down to press firmly over Shane's chest, anchoring him one last time. "I am going to the rink for practice. You are going to stay exactly like this. No phones, no hockey, no thinking. Understood?"

"Yes, sir," Shane whispered, his throat raw and raspy, his voice sounding entirely small in the quiet room.

Behind the dark fabric of the sleep mask, his eyes drifted shut. The lingering taste of Ilya was heavy on his tongue, the thick, comforting ache in his jaw a physical reminder of who owned his physical existence. As the front door of the apartment clicked shut a few minutes later, leaving him in absolute, undisturbed isolation, Shane didn't feel a single spike of anxiety. The static was entirely gone. He surrendered completely to the heavy dark, drifting into a deep, dreamless sleep, perfectly taken care of.

End Notes

this fic has some of my favorites: free use, somno, and oral fixation i loveeeee

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!