

what does this room look like

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what does this room look like

by [vioyia](#)

Summary

Shane opened an incognito tab on Safari.

The cursor blinked at him as he thought of how to look something like this up. He can't just type, 'I want my husband to force me to drink so he can fuck me while I'm passed out', because that might put him on a list. So instead, he hesitantly typed 'I want my husband to fuck me while I'm drunk', and waited with wide eyes as the search results popped up before him.

The first few links were kink websites, talking about consensual non consensual, but still not exactly what he was looking for. He scrolled, his thumb warm on the LED screen until he saw a Reddit post detailing his exact fantasy.

The subreddit was r/BDSMcommunity and the post is what intrigued him.

user29499594:

'I want my boyfriend to fuck me while I'm blackout drunk. Is that weird?'

or

Shane wants Ilya to be a handsome, coercive stranger who cant take no for an answer. (with lots of forced intoxication)

Notes

!! warnings for CNC, forced intoxication, rape roleplay, victim blaming, passing out while drunk/somnophilia !!

this fic and long and if you wish to skip to the smut search the keyword "perched" and start from there!

ilya refers to shane's hands as being girlish once and i didnt wanna add feminization to the tag list. i feel like shane just has a really nice hand cream he uses, a gift someone gave him once and he's bought it ever since because his knuckles crack in the winter and it hurts. this is my head canon.

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



Shane honestly feels now, after being married for two years, that Ilya might be able to read his mind. It makes sense logically when he thinks about it, that if you spend all of your time surrounded by the ideas of your loved ones you can come to anticipate their thought processes and can follow their jumbled lines of thought like they're your own. But honestly, Shane just didn't expect Ilya to be able to notice something so infinitesimal and latch onto it with an iron grip.

Last week they'd been at Bood's barbecue, the Centaurs strewn around the lawn and patio area while the smell of cooked meat filled the air. They had a fire lit in the center, the flame licking up the stacked logs as Ilya, Shane, Troy, and Harris all sat around the outside, patiently waiting for the food to be done.

The WAGS were sitting near the sliding glass door, laughing and gesturing happily with fruity drinks in their hands, while Bood's wife stepped in and out of the house with plates of sliders and ingredients. Shane watched her set them down near the grill before he turned his attention back to the boys in front, realizing he had lost the conversation.

"We did have fun at the bar, thank you for asking Ilya," Harris says, a genuine smile on his face. "We got so drunk. Troy could barely walk home. I had to call an Uber with shaky hands while he was dry heaving on the sidewalk."

Troy groaned and looked up at the sky, clearly annoyed that Harris was divulging such embarrassing information. "I didn't throw up in the Uber! He's making it sound worse than it was!" Troy said, his eyes pleading as they bounced between Ilya and Shane's expressions. "I only threw up at the house, the dry heaving was a false alarm."

Harris laughed loudly, the sound stark but fond in the afternoon air.

"Sure, whatever you say baby."

Harris grinned at the annoyed look it created on Troy's face, lifting his hands to press on both of Troy's ears in faux suppression before he continued with a whispered, "he threw up all over the floor."

Troy turned beet red, his mouth gaping.

"You know I can hear what you say right? I'm literally right next to you!" Harris didn't reply to that, just let the sly smile on his lips speak instead, casting a look at Ilya who's mirroring the expression, his canines glinting underneath his top lip.

"So you throw up all over your boyfriend Troy?" Ilya asks, his eyebrows arched on his forehead.

"I didn't throw up on him! I threw up near him, but it did not get on his body. I am not that stupid."

Ilya smiled wider, “and you are sure about this?”

Troy leveled him the same angry look he’d given Harris, unwilling to fall for the obvious bait Ilya was setting. Troy knew if you gave Ilya an inch he’d take a mile, and Harris had already exhausted the distance himself tonight.

Ilya continued, wrapping an arm around Shane’s shoulders so he can lay on his chest. “Shane does not drink ever, as you guys know.” He glanced down at Shane with a smile, his other hand coming to pet at Shane’s cheek, the one that isn’t smushed into his shirt, “*Boring, boring baby.*”

It took Shane second to translate the Russian, allowing Ilya to watch in real time as his face flushed, so obviously happy about the pet name. He played it off well though, Shane thinks, clearing his throat so the words don’t come out scratchy.

“Not everyone is a Russian Vodka machine. A lot of people prefer to not hurt their bodies with poison.”

Shane got his cheek pinched for that comment, making him yelp. “Hollander is a lightweight. It is so, so terrible,” Ilya said, his voice exasperated and dramatic, like Shane not drinking might make him combust.

“Don’t worry I get it. Troy had 3 shots and he was acting like he downed a whole bottle,” Harris said.

“I did not act like that!”

Ilya laughed. “I know what you look like when you drink Barret. You are like baby deer who hasn’t learned to walk yet, is very cute.”

Shane watched as Troy crossed his arms and sank farther into the chair, slumping over like a petulant child.

“He is exactly like that,” Harris adds, ruffling the unruly black hair on Troy’s head lovingly.

Everyone had been drinking that night with Shane of course exempted from it. Ilya sipped on the vodka he’d brought, the ice clinking against the pale white glass as he lifted it to his lips. Shane watched as Ilya’s throat bobbed, following the movement.

Harris was basically petting Troy’s head, whispering to him he was joking as Troy rolled his eyes, his mouth quirking up at the side, betraying his pretend foul mood.

Ilya used the arm behind Shane’s neck to card through his hair, the blunt of his nails scratching nicely on Shane’s scalp. He leaned down to whisper, only for them, “I wonder what kind of drunk you are.”

Shane looked up at Ilya as he moved his head away, surveying the slightly clouded look in Ilya’s eyes. Shane knows what kind of drunk he is and it’s embarrassing, truly embarrassing. There are a multitude of health reasons Shane can recite off the top of his head on why drinking is bad - but the truth is that he just doesn’t like how he acts when he’s drunk.

He's not the annoying type or the crying type, the kind of person people can get along with while partying without batting an eye, he is much, much worse.

Every time he drinks, the alcohol goes straight to his dick. Without fail Shane would get horny. So horny he would have to excuse himself from team gatherings after a beer or two and relieve himself to the thought of Ilya in a dirty bathroom stall, palming his cock underneath his boxers, biting down on his hand to stifle his moans.

Even during the rookie of the year award it happened, after the risky and stupid kiss they shared on the rooftop, he should have panicked. He should have gone home and slammed shut every open door in his mind that said Ilya across the top. He should have buried it all under hockey and obligations to the point where his need became background noise.

But of course he didn't, he ran out of the rooftop bar and steered himself drunkenly toward a bathroom, desperate to get himself off with the lingering taste of cigarettes and Ilya's saliva on his lips. Cumming all over his fist with Ilya's name sitting on the tip of his tongue, the memory of him so vivid in his mind he could almost feel his hands still gripping at his waist.

And Shane knew this was who he was. By 22 he had perfected the way to get out of drinking. He studied the reactions of the metros and fine tuned his hardware to swerve every offer of alcohol like his life depended on it.

No I don't want a beer, it's okay. I have my ginger ale, you know how I am, I don't drink. I have to help Jackie in the morning with the kids. I have to see my parents. I have to drive Hayden home. I have to wake up at 5:30 on the dot.

I have to keep alcohol away from my lips because once it hits my tongue my entire body screams for Ilya and he's in Boston and I'm in Montreal and I don't wanna spend the night wishing for impossible things.

So yeah, he's hesitant. Even then, as he sat with his face pressed between Ilya's pecs, his cheek rubbing against the soft fabric of his t-shirt, he was still worried. Worried about alcohol and reactions and how Ilya would feel if he told him, even if Shane knew deep down it didn't matter to him, and that he loves him no matter what.

Irrational can quickly turn rational in Shane's head and when the wires overlap and tangle into a big unintelligible ball he usually tries to ignore it, to let the ball keep its form and not even attempt to pick it apart.

But Ilya is an excavator, and he has dug into every part of Shane and found things there that he could love unconditionally. Had unearthed the things Shane had kept buried under reasons stacked so high it was suffocating. He had gripped Shane's hand and pulled him out of his mind whenever he asked and kissed him through it, pressing his love into the expanse of Shane's vulnerable skin and Shane knew and he was going to do that now, too. Right now Ilya was looking at him with eyes so deeply knowing it made his heart constrict.

"I'm scared to tell you," Shane said instead, leaving out all the sappy parts floating around in his mind.

Ilya's eyes stayed on his as he replied, “why are you scared?”

Shane thought about the answer, thought about the version of it that existed in his brain that's unfiltered, and the one his body is trying to form with half truths. But Ilya was looking at him so sweet, and his chest was so soft underneath Shane's chin, and he loves him so much he could burst with it, so he whispered out the unfiltered version even if it scared him.

“I guess I ... get horny?” he said, leaving the ending as a question, like it could possibly change the meaning of the words entirely.

Ilya's lips quirk up, the sly smile and teeth peeking out, “oh so you are a horny monster? That is why you do not drink with me?” Ilya asked, his eyebrows climbing to his hairline.

Shane flushes, burying his face farther into Ilya's chest so he doesn't have to say the next words while looking his hot husband in the eye.

“I get really horny. Like really bad ‘Lya.”

His words were muffled by the fabric but Ilya knows, he knows he knows and he pet through Shane's hair and kissed his crown, and instead of saying something grand, he said something fucking stupid.

“*My* horny monster.”

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They went home that night, Ilya half wasted and Shane sober and they fucked like they always do, hard and brutal and Shane loved it. He had licked into Ilya's mouth between kisses and when he tasted vodka, his dick twitched noticeably on his stomach. Ilya saw it and he didn't say anything, which meant he was categorizing it for later, and it scared and aroused Shane in equal measure.

They didn't talk much about it over the next week, their conversations kept normal and domestic, but Shane had been thinking about it.

Thinking about it *a lot*.

To the point where the last time they had sex he imagined a scenario where Ilya got him drunk and fucked him through it, making fun of how horny he gets while forcing alcohol down his throat with kisses. He shot off embarrassingly quick, making his face heat and Ilya look down on him with a pleased smile.

Ilya must have known something was different. He probably knew that night that there was something unexplored in Shane's head, something that had been unleashed and is now laying the groundwork for a new thing they can explore.

He was being so patient though, letting Shane think through it and come to him about it first.

And the next time they went to Bood's, Ilya drank. He brought his own vodka and refilled his glass five different times throughout the night, replacing the ice periodically to keep it at his preferred temperature; bitingly cold.

He took Shane home later, half past midnight and let him taste the alcohol on his tongue, let him greedily lick at his teeth and lips, watching with awe as Shane groaned from it, ending up uncharacteristically needy that night.

After that day every time they'd go out the cycle would repeat: Ilya drinks and drinks and watches Shane while he does it. Shane drives them home and Ilya pins him to the wall as soon as the front door closes and they fuck on the couch with Shane's mouth never leaving Ilya's, kissing until they're both breathless and panting.

Shane knew there was something up. He knew Ilya didn't drink *this* much, and definitely didn't allude to it so often as he now did. How he teased him about it some nights, bringing up how needy he is.

There was *definitely* something up.

Shane knew he needed to get his thoughts in order so he could bring it up. So, after they fucked a day later, and Ilya was passed out and snoring like a fog horn to his left, Shane opened an incognito tab on Safari.

The cursor blinked at him as he thought of how to look something like this up. He can't just type, *'I want my husband to force me to drink so he can fuck me while I'm passed out'*, because that might put him on a list. So instead, he hesitantly typed *'I want my husband to fuck me while I'm drunk'*, and waited with wide eyes as the search results popped up before him.

The first few links were kink websites, talking about consensual non consensual, but still not exactly what he was looking for. He scrolled, his thumb warm on the LED screen until he saw a Reddit post detailing his exact fantasy.

The subreddit was r/BDSMcommunity and the post is what intrigued him.

user29499594:

'I want my boyfriend to fuck me while I'm blackout drunk. Is that weird?'

The words sent a jolt of arousal down Shane's stomach to his soft dick, making it twitch pathetically. He clicked on the link and let it load before he could overthink it.

The Reddit page was bright white and dramatic in the dark room and Shane had to pull a blanket up over his head like a little kid so the light didn't wake Ilya up.

He shimmied under and swiped down, re-reading the post and looking at the comments and upvotes. There were a lot more upvotes than comments, a stark 600 to 54 difference, making his stomach churn as pressed to uncollapse the comment section.

The unruly state of his stomach didn't last long, the tight furl of his anxiety easing as he read through the first comment.

AghohiBug33:

'It's normal to have these thoughts and feelings, that's what BDSM is all about, consensual exploration with someone you trust. I'm sure if you brought it up to your boyfriend in a healthy way you guys could have a discussion about it. And to answer your question, no it is not weird. It is a popular kink, and yes it is okay. Just be safe with your partner and establish a safe word and boundaries, just like you would for any other scene.'

Shane's heart was in his throat as he scrolled.

BigBearInLeather1889:

'As someone who's been in the BDSM community for 20 years I can tell you it is normal. I have met many people who feel this way and you are not alone in that. Of course you need to be safe and trust your scene partner completely, because ingesting alcohol to that level will make it hard to use safe words. When I would scene with my subs I would also ask them to have a physical way of using a safe word like two squeezes on your hand, or a certain gesture they can remember while inebriated. This is important when engaging in a kink like this, with substances involved in the mix. Of course be safe and you can DM me if you have any further questions OP.'

Shane was feeling better and better as he scrolled. He was reading every comment, every suggestion someone had left on what it's like to scene with a partner like this, curious to know about other's experiences on the matter.

He trusted Ilya, which was important. They had indulged in other parts of BDSM before this, but nothing with substances. That's the part that made him nervous, made him squirm under the covers as the blanket surrounding him made the air thick and warm.

He wanted to do this correctly and safely, but also, he wanted Ilya to like it too.

The air was becoming suffocating in his cocoon of expensive cashmere and he decided he was done for the night, that he would sleep on it and think about it more tomorrow. He clicked off his phone and removed himself from under the covers, his head breaching into the cool air making him let out a happy sigh.

He plugged in his phone and triple checked that all of his alarms were on before snuggling against Ilya's chest, his eyes closing as he listened to his heartbeat, a steady, constant presence under his ear.

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The next day was normal. Practice at the Centaurs facility at 7, weight training and cardio until lunch, answering emails from sponsors and ordering groceries at 4. The day was mundane and nice and when they came home they both plopped down on the couch to watch a movie, Transformers 3 or 4 Ilya said with a mouth full of overly buttered popcorn, thumbing the grease onto the remote's play button.

The movie was fine, stupid but fine and Shane enjoyed the time spent cuddling with his husband.

Shane knew he didn't want to bring up this conversation right before bed or much too early in the day and he thought now, relaxed with the soft glow of a shitty action movie in the background, that this might be the perfect time.

He shifted away from Ilya's chest to grab himself a handful of good luck popcorn, leaving his fingers slightly buttery.

Ilya was watching the movie intensely, his reactions following what was happening on screen like it was the most important thing ever, and Shane felt a little bad about disturbing him. But he knew he had too, so he cleared his throat and watched Ilya peel his attention away from the TV, settling it on Shane's form; rigid posture and all.

Ilya knew something was up, his eyebrows raised in question. He was probably waiting all week for Shane to gather the courage to start this conversation.

Shane takes in a deep breath, keeping his eyes trained on Ilya's before he begins his word vomit.

"I wanted to talk to you about something," Shane says, making it sound so fucking ominous he wants to face palm and jump out the window.

"Okay," Ilya says, shifting his body toward Shane's and propping his arm on the cushion.

Shane feels dumb, feels like this is the exact wording someone uses when they are about to give you the worst news of your life.

"It's nothing bad," he scrambles to add, half mortified that Ilya might misinterpret it at all, "It's about something new I want to try. Sexually."

Ilya visibly relaxes at that, his coy, infuriatingly hot smile slipping into place as his thumb and forefinger trace the sewn edges of the leather cushion.

"What is on your mind?"

Such a simple question, simple simple but Shane's throat kinda feels like it's clogged with cotton, so it takes him an extra second to fish the words out.

"Do you remember when we were at Bood's barbecue and you asked me what kind of drunk I was?"

Ilya nods, "of course I do. What about it?"

Shane swallows before continuing, "well I told you that I was the horny type but I didn't really tell you anything more and we dropped it. Or at least you dropped it, but I didn't. Not really." He flits his eyes over Ilya's expression, seeing it still open and curious, giving him the confidence to continue.

"I was thinking about it all week, about how I don't drink and why, and what it does to my body, and it led me to the internet."

Shane shifts closer to Ilya on the couch, moving his arm to mirror Ilya's on the top of it, linking their fingers together.

"I looked on a bunch of different websites and It led me to this kink... of sorts. Forced Intoxication, is the term they used and I think," he pauses a second, scared half to death by the confession. Ilya must see his hesitation because he squeezes Shane's hand, gripping the outside in a silent plea for him to continue.

"I think I am into that - forced intoxication. And I wanted to see if you'd be willing to try it with me." He looks up to see Ilya's face. His cheekbones and jaw are illuminated sharply from the glow of the TV, and it makes him look sculpted and also infuriatingly, like the most beautiful person Shane's ever seen. At least he doesn't look put off, though, Shane thinks.

"And what would you want me to do in this scenario?" Ilya inquires, nothing in his tone indicating he hates him or finds it weird, making Shane's words easier and less strained when they come out.

"I want to drink with you. I want to go out with Troy or Harris to that club they went too and, of course we can go into the details much more later, but I want you to force me to drink. I would consent beforehand and I'd want it, but I want it to be like I don't, if that makes sense?" Shane says, slightly rambling, hoping Ilya can pick up on what it means.

"So you want me to be a handsome stranger who buys you drinks?" Ilya asks, shifting the obvious bulge in his pants to the side. Shane flushes at the wording and Ilya's clear arousal, but is mostly happy Ilya can tell what he wants even if he ends up saying it poorly.

"Yes, I don't want you to be you in a way. I want it to be like I'm drinking with friends and you get me so drunk I can't say no, that kind of thing."

Ilya smiles so wide and predatory Shane almost cums right there, right in his pants on their couch with no stimulation.

“I think I can do that for you, baby.”



Shane is sat on an uncomfortably tiny stool near the bar, perched half off the side as he scrolls through his phone. Ilya and him had walked in side by side around twenty minutes ago, kissing each other goodbye before parting ways. They both knew what this was, what this part of the night was going to lead up to, and it has Shane's cock stirring at the thought.

Ilya and him had worked it all out, had planned out the entire night so it could go off without a hitch. They invited Troy and Harris to tag along, knowing that after a few drinks they'd be off on their own anyways. It was for extra security, Ilya had said, knowing someone else they trusted was in the vicinity in case something happened.

Nothing is going to happen though, and Shane trusted him completely.

So now he is playing the waiting game, sitting on the cold metal of the stool while he sips on a Vodka Ginger ale, his eyes surveying the crowd.

It's warm inside the club from all the bodies and Shane is just glad he doesn't have to dance because he is truly terrible at it.

The music is loud even as far away from the dance floor as he is. He can feel the song reverberating through the wood floor and up his chair's legs, a generic pop single he's heard for months on the radio.

The entire club is hued in purple and orange; sweeping overhead lights and LED strips that line the floor trims, making it look cyberpunk-esque. The light is casting onto the white satin of Shane's shirt and turning it a purple sheer. He can see bits of his own tanned skin through the thin material of when the overhead lights hit dead on.

Shane knows he looks a lot different in club lighting, has seen the photos his friends have posted on a night out, and he knows it makes him look hotter. It makes his features stark and his freckles darker, his cheekbones and jaw shadowed in a way that Ilya said 'makes him look like he was born to be fucked'.

Whatever that means.

He's almost halfway finished with his drink, sipping on it absent mindedly. The glass is cold on his palm and it's a welcome contrast to the humid air. He shifts in his chair and downs the rest, letting the Vodka burn down his throat to settle in his empty stomach, making his limbs feel fuzzy and warm.

It helps with the thoughts too, the worries he has that he won't be able to get into the roleplay like he wants too, and he knows he needs to take the edge off more if he's going to commit to it.

He flags down the bartender and orders a refill, looking to either side of him as the blonde fills up his cup with a smile. He gets his hand on it as soon as she's done, downing it with his eyes closed in one big gulp. It restricts his throat as it goes down, stinging at his eyes.

He feels floaty almost, present in his body but slightly buzzed, and it's nice. He opens his eyes and looks to his right, surprised to see a specific set of blonde curls walking toward him through the crowd.

The drink seems to work as intended because the only thought in his brain is *Iwanthimtofuckmesobad*, instead of, *'i'mgonnafuckthisupandit'sgoingtobesoembarrassing'*.

Shane watches as Ilya snakes through the crowd, weaving between bodies with practiced grace until he's staking over to Shane, a cocky smile already on his lips.

Ilya must be twenty feet or so away but it feels longer, so much longer as Shane diverts his gaze back to the cup in his hand, almost vibrating out of his skin.

He doesn't want to look, doesn't want to give his dick what it so clearly wants. And honestly, if Shane allows himself to tap into the bratty part of his brain, he wants Ilya to work for it.

He fiddles with the glass, twisting it with his fingertips on the laminate counter, playing coy as Ilya takes the seat right next to him. Shane doesn't look up and instead elects to watch the leftover Vodka lap up the bottom of the glass, the cut edges at the bottom of the cup glinting like diamond underneath the overhead light.

Ilya waves over a bartender to order a tray of Vodka shots. Shane doesn't know if they are all for Ilya or if he's bringing them to Troy or Harris, but those are bad thoughts. He has to remind himself that they are strangers. Strangers meeting in a bar for the first time and Shane is so *anxious* and so *pretty* and so *alone* at the table and Ilya, the predator that he is, is going to take full advantage of that.

Shane can only look away for so long because Ilya's gaze is trained on him and he can feel it through the peach fuzz on his neck standing at attention. He keeps his grip on the glass as he turns his head to the side, needing something to do with his hands.

Ilya is, and Shane has no better words to describe it right now, so fucking hot.

He's wearing a designer shirt with three buttons open at the top. The material is expensive and glinting under the light, refracting a holographic grey into Shane's irises. The collar is popped out, careless in a sexy way and his curls are perfect blonde coils on his head, spun gold and butterscotch strands interwoven.

Ilya looked good enough to eat whole when they'd walked in but now, in the club lighting, all of the the grooves and planes of his face are accentuated; casting long, deep shadows into the divots underneath his cheekbones and jaw.

Chiseled is the word that pops up into Shane's mind as his gaze darts over each of his features.

Shane's mouth is dry and his dick is half hard and straining in his extremely tight jeans and he wishes, not for the first time in the last twenty minutes, that Ilya would fuck him.

His cross is sitting perfectly between his defined pectorals and Shane is staring at it like he can undress Ilya with his eyes. But before Shane can remove his gaze and bring it back to something more appropriate, Ilya's voice breaks through the cacophony of shitty music.

"What are you drinking?" Ilya asks, leaning his forearms on the counter. His sleeves are rolled up and buttoned near his elbows and Shane traces his forearm vein greedily before replying.

"It's a Vodka Ginger ale," he says, watching Ilya pick up a shot with his fingertips and bring it to his lips while maintaining eye contact, licking the edge of the glass before throwing it back with a wink.

He barely reacts to the alcohol at all, the only indication of ingestion being the bob of his throat. Ilya's tongue darts out to lick at his bottom lip and Shane's eyes fall to it, watching the plush pink glisten with saliva.

"You are here with anyone?" He asks, another question. Shane notices him dropping articles and it points to him being foreign, Russian maybe - or something Slavic.

Shane's distantly aware that he's pretending not to know him, but with the alcohol softening the edges of his mind it almost seems completely real.

"I came here with my friends but they walked off somewhere together. So yeah I'm alone now, technically." Shane answers, looking at the handsome stranger with undisguised interest.

"I come here alone too," he says, tracing another shot with the pad of his finger. "I just moved here, to Canada. It is boring but I like Ottawa well enough."

Shane smiles at him. "I love Ottawa. I grew up here so it's special to me. You said you moved, where were you before you came here?"

"I was in Russia, Moscow. Came to Canada for a better future and stuff. Typical immigrant things like that," he says, waving his hand in the air like he can swat the words away.

They talk for a while about anything and everything, inching closer and closer on their tiny stools until the man asks if Shane wants to sit in a booth together. Shane would do anything to get his ass off this stupid fucking chair, so he says yes.

They end up in the corner of the club, facing away from the dance floor in a nook that feels almost secluded. They sit on opposite sides, their knees touching under the table.

It's more of a normal temperature over here and Shane's grateful for it, slumping himself into cushion slightly as he picks up a shot glass from the tray between them. He barely hesitates

before throwing it back, holding eye contact with the piercing eyes in front, the Vodka settling warm in his stomach.

They talk and talk, their knees brushing underneath the table until someone makes the first move and their thighs press together, blue denim to dark leather. Shane's face is warm and flushed from the alcohol and he finally gets the stranger to divulge his name.

Ilya.

It feels warm and familiar as his tongue curls around it, leaving his mouth dripping with adoration uncharacteristic for someone he's just met. Ilya doesn't seem to care though, his smile bright and teasing as he pushes another shot toward Shane, praising him when he drinks it without push back.

Ilya ordered another tray for them, eight more shots for them to drink but Shane has had most of them, leaving the tray with five tiny rings of condensation where the glasses used to be.

He feels so good and floaty and the conversation is easy with him, this stranger who's touching Shane's hand like he cares about what he's saying.

Ilya is so sweet and he praises Shane in a way that makes his stomach flutter every time he drinks, tracing his fingertips over the top of Shane's hand in the shape of a heart when he downs one without wincing.

They eventually finish the tray, seven of the shot glasses left abandoned to Shane's left. He looks over to see that Ilya has only had one. It doesn't hit him then, the stark contrast of sobriety between them.

Ilya only praises him again, his tongue curling around a low *good job baby* that goes straight to Shane's dick.

It's late now and Shane might be drunker than he's ever been, his dick hard and straining in his pants, tucked slyly underneath the waistband of his boxers. Ilya is so hot and Shane wants to see him again and he tells him so over the table.

"Do you think I could get your number? I - *hic* - wan' to see you again."

Ilya smiles the same smile he's had on the entire night but his canines poke out more this time, something sharp and gleaming in his eyes. "Of course, give me your phone."

Shane obliges and hands it over, slumping backward into the cushion and closing his eyes as he hears Ilya tap away, presumably adding his contact. He opens his eyes back up tiredly as Ilya slides his phone back across the table, his hand meeting Ilya's on top. Shane can feel Ilya's metacarpals through the thin skin underneath his fingertips.

Ilya's hand is so warm and Shane traces around the dry skin of his knuckles as well, letting the touch linger far past an appropriate amount of time. Ilya doesn't pull away though, letting Shane trace the top of his hand and fingers with a doopy smile.

Shane eventually lets up and Ilya takes his hand off the phone case, allowing Shane to flick on the screen to see the time. It's 1am, almost 1:30 and Shane sighs loudly before putting it back down. He looks over to Ilya with an expression easy to read, them both knowing the night is coming to a close.

Shane doesn't want to really, but he knows he must.

“ ‘M sorry I have to go. I promise I'll text when I'm free. I had a good time tonight.” Shane says, his smile so wide it hurts his cheeks. He goes to grab his phone, planning to call an Uber when Ilya interjects.

“You have ride home?”

“I was going to - *hic* - take an Uber.”

Ilya frowns. “I can take you home if you'd like. It is safer than taking random Uber.”

Shane knows his hackles should rise. He feels like something is nagging at him in the back of his mind but he can't get a grip on it, letting the thought tumble away from his hands pathetically, leaving only one thing left in his stumbling, inebriated mind.

“Okay.”

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Shane gives Ilya directions to his house from the passenger seat, his eyes half lidded as he slumps against the window. The radio is playing something in Russian and his car smells like cigarettes and cologne and it turns Shane on to no end, but he won't tell Ilya that.

It's dark outside but the highway is still bustling, cars whipping past the window in streaks of yellow LED light. Shane feels like he needs glasses almost, the way his vision doubles and blurs at the edges when he attempts to track a light post.

He must have nodded off at some point because when Ilya jostles his shoulder they are right in front of his house, parked on the side of the road. Shane smiles at him and stretches in the seat before swinging open the door, letting the cold air hit his overheated skin, hoping it might sober him up a little.

Shane stands up and out, making sure to not hit his head like an idiot when Ilya comes around to him. Shane smiles softly and Ilya guides his stumbling body to the front door. Shane has one arm slung over Ilya's shoulder, with Ilya's free hand gripping at his waist possessively, tripping over his own feet every few steps.

The air is cold and Shane's face is heating anyway because he can feel Ilya's fingertips indenting the plush of his stomach and the touch feels so good he could almost faint.

His dick has been hard the whole night but he's so drunk and he probably couldn't even touch himself if he wanted to, he thinks, probably unable to make his arm and hand cooperate enough to cum. It makes him whimper lowly, praying Ilya didn't hear it.

Ilya warns him about the steps up to his driveway and it makes Shane giggle because it's silly, because it's *his* house. He's grateful for it though, letting his weight lean on Ilya's strong frame as they step up to the front door.

They disentangle there, on Shane's red and white maple leaf welcome mat a foot away from the entrance. Shane smooths out the fabric of his shirt and looks up at Ilya with a smile, not quite knowing how to end the night yet.

Shane feels lucky when Ilya breaks the thick silence that stretched between them by crowding into Shane's space. He can smell the Vodka on Ilya's breath and its mixing with the musk of his cologne and Shane's cock throbs in his boxers.

"Can I get a goodbye kiss, baby?" Ilya asks, his hand coming up to cradle the side of Shane's jaw. Shane thinks about it for a second, swaying on his feet slightly from the pet name and Ilya catches him, steadying him with his other hand, right back on the indent of his waist.

"Jus' one," Shane slurs through a smile, his eyes glossy and blown out as Ilya leans in, rubbing their noses together before capturing his lips.

Ilya's lips are plush against his and the kiss is sweet but heated. Ilya rubs his hand across Shane's jaw, back and forth against his stubble and Shane leans into it instinctively. The hand on his waist grips harder, pulling Shane into Ilya's space, the warmth of their chests meeting through the fabric.

Shane knows it would be so easy to fall forward into his strong chest, to let Ilya grip around the small of his back and guide their hips to land flush against each other. But they can't, and Shane said one kiss, so attempts to pull back.

Ilya makes a disagreeing noise against Shane's lips, digging his fingers harshly into Shane's waist. The force is there and it makes Shane stumble forward clumsily, the distance between them closing, pressing Shane's obvious erection on Ilya's thigh.

The grip on Shane's waist suddenly becomes bruising.

Shane flushes a deep red with embarrassment, ready to use his strength to pull back and apologize for it when Ilya drags his hand off of his jaw and to the back of his head, tilting Shane's head right where he wants it, pressing at the inseam of Shane's lips with his tongue.

Shane makes a broken noise against Ilya, his lips parting just enough for Ilya's tongue to slip through, prodding at the soft parts of Shane's mouth. He tastes mildly like vodka and something minty and Shane can taste it all as Ilya presses his tongue against his, their saliva mixing between them in aborted movements.

Shane's mouth is clumsy and unpracticed, like he can't get anything to cooperate and the kiss feels more like taking than giving, having his mouth violated as Ilya bites down on the plush

of his bottom lip, making him yelp from the painful indent of his teeth.

Shane tries to reiterate that he said only one kiss, he tries and tries to pull himself away from Ilya's mouth but Ilya's hand is firm on his head, stopping any and all movement he doesn't want.

It's terrible, horrible how his dick twitches against Ilya's thigh, obvious and so traitorous that Shane can't help but try to pull his hips back as well. The hand on his waist quickly snakes around to his backside, pushing Shane back into his thigh by force.

The pressure makes Shane's hips buck, chasing the pleasure given to him even when his mind doesn't want it. He whines pathetically, his cock twitching against Ilya's thigh. He uses the last of his remaining strength to finally push away Ilya's mouth, allowing him to finally say something.

"I said - *hic* - only one kiss."

Ilya trails his fingertips down Shane's back, holding his gaze as he slips his hand underneath the waistband of his boxers, his palm flat on the heated skin above Shane's ass.

"Yes but then you pressed your dick into me." Ilya points out, dragging his palm down so he can knead the fat of Shane's ass. Shane doesn't want it, he doesn't, but it makes his dick ache for release as Ilya's hand caresses his backside.

"Do you not have any manners?" Ilya tuts, his voice disappointed as he spreads Shane's cheeks apart, groping at the velvety underside.

Shane whines, high and reluctant as Ilya plays with his ass. "I didn't mean to, 'm sorry , 'm sorry."

Shane feels tears welling up in his eyes, so overwhelmed from being violated he can't help but let them fall, streaking down the pink of his cheeks.

"Poor, poor thing," Ilya says, cupping Shane's face again, his tone so sympathetic Shane can't help but whimper as Ilya trails a finger toward his hole, his eyes sharp on the tear tracking down Shane's face.

Shane's vision is blurred and every touch is burning a brand on him but even as inebriated as he is he can see that Ilya likes *this* - the crying, the whining, the holding up Shane's body because the alcohol makes him pliant and easy to coerce. Shane suddenly recalls the difference in how much they drank and it causes a fat tear to slip out under his lashes, dripping down to his jaw.

"You want me to make you feel better?" Ilya asks, circling the tight ring of muscle underneath his fingertip.

"*nonono*, I don't wan' it Ilya - *hic* - please don't - *ngghh*" Shane whines, his voice breaking as his throat wells up with emotion. His dick is pressed against Ilya's thigh and there's a finger

circling his hole and all Shane can do is cry and beg, his body limp and unresponsive to his pleas.

"You say you don't want it baby but look at you," Ilya purrs, dragging the hand off Shane's face and down to the erection straining his jeans. "You were just gonna go home like this? Gonna let me drop you off and kiss you goodbye and not expect me to fix it after you humped my leg like a dog?"

Shane hiccups on a sob, his big glassy eyes looking up at Ilya's face, bouncing between the clear predatory glint in his eye and the sickening smile on his lips. "I don't want it. I said I - *hic* - don't want it."

"But you do, I can feel it right here," Ilya murmurs, dragging his palm up and down the straining bulge of Shane's erection, his breath warm and tickling on his ear. "You drank so much and you really didn't expect the night to end like this? You actually thought I'd let you go after one kiss when you've been hard and pretty across from me all night?"

Shane cries louder, his breath erratic as his chest heaves, tears sliding down his cheeks as Ilya groans at his sad sounds, pressing his erection into Shane's.

The dual sensation is maddening and Shane can feel Ilya rummaging through his pockets, looking for the key to his house. Shane tries to get away, using all of his strength to wiggle out of his grip but it's futile, so futile because Ilya pins him down with one arm until Shane goes limp against his chest, his wet face pressing into the expensive fabric of his shirt.

Ilya finds the keyring in Shane's left pocket and easily opens the door, dragging Shane and his limp body through the threshold, closing the door so he can pin him against it. Shane whines as his back hits the wood, his spine arching away from the cold.

Ilya takes off Shane's shirt and lets it pool on the floor to their left. He unzips Shane's fly next in one smooth movement as he protests above, pulling his boxers and jeans down simultaneously. Shane's cock springs free and slaps against his abs, precum splattering on the toned expanse of his stomach. Ilya takes in the sight in front of him with a heaving chest, tossing the denim to join the other article on the floor.

Ilya does the same, keeping Shane slumped and fully nude against the doorway, kicking off his clothes and throwing them to land at the foot of the staircase.

Ilya's cock is huge and Shane whimpers at it, his eyes squeezing shut as he thinks of what might happen to him tonight and how much it will hurt.

Ilya must like Shane's reaction because he stalks over, the smile on his lips no longer warm but so intensely cruel, glinting underneath the florescent overhead light.

His skin prickles when Ilya's hands slide over his abdomen and around to his ass, spreading the fat apart as his and Shane's foreheads meet in the middle. Their eyes are so close and Shane can almost feel his eyelashes tickling Ilya's and instead of it being romantic it's terrible, terrible terrible and his stomach hurts from crying but his dick is weeping precum onto his stomach and he can't do anything to stop it.

Ilya realizes this; is watching with a parted mouth as Shane's dick twitches between them, so obviously aroused it's almost impressive how Shane even managed to get the word 'no' out of his mouth in the first place.

"Wanna touch my cock baby?" Ilya asks. He phrases it as question but Shane knows the look he's giving, the same one they shared outside when Shane said *one kiss* and instead Ilya took his mouth and fucked his tongue down his throat.

Shane whines and shakes his head, the black strands of hair on his forehead moving with the motion, damp at the root.

"No I don't" Shane slurs, "I don't wanna."

Ilya tuts at him and brings his big pale hand to wrap around the base of his cock, jerking himself off while staring directly into Shane's eyes, their dicks right next to each other, not quite touching. Shane can see, even as his vision doubles, how Ilya's foreskin envelopes the head of his cock on each upstroke; can see the precum dripping down his shaft in whitish globs.

Shane tries to avert his gaze upward, anywhere but down, but Ilya's fingers grip hard into the fat of Shane's cheeks, pushing his lips together into a pout, forcing him look down and watch as Ilya jerks off to his crying, dejected body sagging against the doorway.

Ilya's calloused thumb is digging hard into the soft mound of Shane's cheek, turning the flushed skin white from the pressure. The pain makes Shane's cock throb.

"Come on baby, just touch it a little bit for me." Ilya coo's, slapping the length of his cock against Shane's stomach. "I know you want to, you've been hard all night. I'm just trying to give you what your body needs."

Shane snuffles and Ilya wipes the wetness off his face with his thumb, keeping one hand moving on his cock.

Shane doesn't want to answer because he has no idea if refusing or accepting will be safer and it makes new tears spill over the freshly wiped skin, leaving it stinging and sensitive. It's a dilemma, one that must be playing out obviously on Shane's face because Ilya lets go of the grip on his cheeks to cup his jaw instead.

"It's okay," Ilya says, his voice dripping with sweet condescension, the tone you'd use to talk to a scared animal. "Just touch it a tiny bit, hm? Just a few strokes? You can do that for me, right?"

Shane whimpers and shakes his head no, expecting to get slapped in the face for his disobedience. The hand on Shane's jaw moves and he flinches from it, his own hands shaking where they are balled up at his sides, but instead of being met with the sharp impact of pain, Ilya just pets his cheek slowly. He rubs his thumb over the vulnerable, reddened skin soothingly while sympathetic noises leave his lips.

"See? Look baby, I won't hurt you." Ilya whispers, tilting Shane's head up slightly so their eyes can meet. "Don't you wanna be good to me after I spent *all* that money on you tonight?" Then, "You don't wanna disappoint me, do you?"

Shane shakes his head no because it's true. Ilya had spent so much money on him tonight. He talked to him for hours and he was so, so sweet. He asked the perfect questions to get Shane to open up and when both tabs came he paid them in full, shooing off Shane's credit card with a smile and a wave of his hand. Isn't it wrong then, for Shane to be so upset about this? To be such a prude and deny him this after Ilya had done so much for him tonight?

It must be because Ilya looks so sad. So upset about it. His dick is weeping between them, red and angry and Shane feels bad. He knows it must hurt, it must with how big it is and how neglected it's been. Shane wonders how easy it would be to just . . . jerk him off. He could do that even if he doesn't want to, to please him. He could wrap his hand around the hot length of him and close his eyes and pretend he wasn't, pretend he was doing something else so Ilya can be sweet to him after.

"Use your words. Yes or no baby, you can do it."

Shane's swallows and his voice is thin when he replies.

"No. I don't wanna disappoint you."

The words come out so sad and truthful. Shane doesn't want to be bad, he wants to be good. He wants Ilya to trace a heart on the top of his hand again and tell him he's good boy while he drinks. He wants Ilya to look at him with the warmth he did earlier and throw the cold, piercing expression on his face to the wayside, never to be seen again in relation to Shane. He wants it so badly that his stomach hurts and he feels like crying again, the thought of disappointing Ilya any further making his eyes sting, threatening to release a new tsunami of tears.

Ilya's eyes flit over Shane's face, bouncing from his lips to his cheeks and both of his glistening eyes before resting back on his own cock, hard and leaking against Shane's abdomen in question.

"Wanna be good for me then, baby?"

Shane jerks his head up and down, watching how Ilya's expression opens up; the Ilya Shane got to know from the bar peeking through and making his stomach flood with warmth.

"Just wrap your hand around it baby. There you go, just like that. *Fuck*. Such a good boy." Ilya praises as Shane's fist wraps around the shaft of his cock, dragging the foreskin up and down. Shane's grip is light from the alcohol and he can barely feel his hand as it moves, can only register the intense heat of Ilya and the wetness slicking his palm on each stroke.

Ilya likes it he knows, can feel the way his cock throbs in his grip and the noises that fill the room; the low grunts and stuttered breaths that get punched out of him on every upstroke. Shane tries to close his eyes, to leave this moment completely and only come back when he cums but Ilya doesn't let him. He uses his freehand to smack the side of Shane's cheek a

bright red so his eyes flutter open, making him watch as Ilya fucks himself into the tight furl of his fist.

There's Russian words leaving his lips, breathy erratic things as Shane's fingers tingle around his shaft, Ilya's cockhead breaching through his fist, red and dripping with precum. Ilya's abs and thigh muscles are tensing, pulling taut under his flawless pale skin as Shane strokes him closer and closer to the edge.

Shane wonder's, distantly, how much longer it will take for Ilya to cum. He wonder's if Ilya will let him go after this as well. Would he cum and rape him anyways? After, would he discard Shane like you would a rag after you'd used it, like he wasn't even a person to begin with?

He doesn't know. Doesn't know what one is better and what ones worse. Doesn't understand why his dick is still so fucking hard against his stomach when he wants nothing more than to get out of this.

It makes him doubt his own mind.

"Fuckkk your hand is so soft. Like a girl." Ilya groans, breaking Shane out of his stupor with his filthy words.

Ilya calling him a girl shouldn't make him whine but it does. It comes out high and needy as it reverberates off the foyer walls.

"Oh you liked that didn't you." Ilya says triumphantly, pressing closer to Shane so his breath ghosts over his lips. Shane shakes his head no but Ilya's smiling at him like he's stupid for thinking he can hide it.

He might be.

"You didn't? Really? What is this then, hm?" Ilya asks cruelly, flicking one of his fingers to hit the hard length of Shane's cock. It sends a sharp jolt of pain throughout Shane's entire body as his dick bobs, landing back against his stomach with a wet smack. He drops his hand off Ilya's erection and curls in on himself, clutching a hand to his cock as new tears spill over and down his face.

Ilya rips off the hand and pins it to the door, right above Shane's head with a grunt.

Ilya doesn't give Shane a second to recover before palming the tip of Shane's dripping cock in slow, agonizing circles. Watching as he sobs and wiggles his body to get away from the sensation, his chest heaving as Ilya pins him with the weight of his body.

The way Ilya switches between being sweet and condescending to cruel and coercive makes Shane's brain hurt, unable to understand the correct path to appease him.

He would do anything to be good.

"Look at you," Ilya tuts, keeping up the rhythmic motion on Shane's tip. "You're crying but you moan like a bitch when I talk to you. Why are you still acting like you don't want this?"

"I don' want it I don - *hic* - "

"What's that baby?" Ilya taunts when Shane cant get the words out, hiccuping at the end stupidly. "Can you not use your words anymore? Did the alcohol make you so fucking dumb you cant even finish a sentence?"

Shane's whines. His cock is leaking precum all over Ilya's palm and the sensation is maddening, the drag of Ilya's skin on his sensitive tip making his vision white at the edges, his brain numb and fuzzy.

"Here, ill answer for you."

He grabs Shane's chin and tilts his head so they can lock eyes, so he can watch the tears fall and drip down over Shane's freckles to make his skin glisten like pink stained glass. Ilya takes his palm off Shane's tip and instead wraps his hand around his length, jerking him off roughly as the next words form in his mouth.

"I think you came into the bar dressed like this," he takes his hand off Shane's wrist to gesture at the pile of clothes on the floor, "for a reason."

"I think when you downed shot after shot on *my* dime with your dick hard underneath the table, you were asking for it." He drawls on, "I think your brain was to scared to ask for cock so your body asked for you."

Ilya says the words like they are resolute, like they're an inherent fact of the night and it make's Shane's brain mushy. It makes the words he could have normally used to protest slip through his fingertips and drift up and into a place he cannot access anymore.

Because Ilya's right, isn't he? He wore a thin, see though satin shirt and tight jeans and drank all night at a bar unattended. He flirted with Ilya and he was hard the entire time. Does it even matter what he wants now if his body is betraying him like this? If his cock is throbbing in Ilya's hand even when he cries that he doesn't want it? Does it matter if he's going to cum from it?

Ilya is still jerking him off in measured, rhythmic strokes and Shane can feel pleasure pool low in his gut, a slow roiling sensation that's dulled at the edges by the alcohol.

The only words left in reach inside of Shane's mind come out. They tumble off his tongue clumsily and into the air where they hang like a fly; a buzzing inadequate thing to be swatted away and disregarded.

" 'm not dumb."

Ilya laughs at that, right to Shane's face. He smiles so wide Shane can count all of his teeth and each of the creases it creates around his eyes.

Shane's face heats impossibly hotter, feeling so stupid he cant help but try to shrink away from Ilya, wishing desperately he could scurry away on the floor like a bug or something itty-bitty.

Then, Ilya steps away from Shane. Far enough that the cold air from the AC hits Shane's skin and its such a deep, startling contrast from the warmth Ilya's body gave that a shiver runs down his spine. It makes his dick ache in desperation as it slaps back against his stomach, the build up to his orgasm subsiding, leaving the only feeling left in his abdomen a slow, agonizing churn from the prickling cold and Vodka.

The space between them feels cavernous and Shane's head is lolling against the door limply because Ilya's hand isn't keeping it steady anymore. He blinks the wetness out of his eyes so Ilya's body merges back into one instead of two and stares ahead, watching as Ilya stands before him naked, his body all lithe, muscled lines, topped with a smile so conniving it almost makes Shane's knees give out from underneath.

"Tell me what you want." Ilya asks, breaking through the silence stretched between them.

Shane blinks and he can feel his eyelashes tickling the underpart of his eyebrow, wet and clumped together.

His body is an amalgamation of sensations and contraindicative thoughts and words are so, so distant to him now. Removed in a way that makes him feel pitiful, makes him feel just how dumb Ilya must think he is, barely able to stand against his own doorway, crying and hiccuping with his dick hard and weeping against his stomach.

The question rings in Shane's head, bouncing off the ridges of his brain and he still cant figure out what he *truly* wants.

He wants Ilya to get out of his house.

He wants Ilya to touch his dick again and finally bring him to the edge. He wants Ilya to stop being mean because Shane *likes* him. He wants Ilya to call him a good boy. He wants to hit Ilya and make him bleed. He wants to force him onto the ground so he can kick the soft, vulnerable parts of Ilya's stomach until he's sputtering blood onto the floor, completely helpless like Shane is right now.

He doesn't say any of those things.

"I don't know w-what I want." Shane whispers, his voice almost resigned.

Ilya takes a step forward, bringing his body heat with him. It feels like a victory.

"Do you want me to make it better?" Ilya asks, keeping the distance.

Shane doesn't know what that means. Does it mean he will stop? Does it mean he'll hit Shane until he passes out? Does it mean he'll jerk Shane off until he cums like he so desperately needs but doesn't actually want?

He doesn't know why he nods his head yes, also, just knows that the motion feels right and it will make Ilya happy and that's what feels important.

Ilya takes another step forward until their faces are just inches away from each other. Shane's breathing is erratic and every time Ilya exhales he takes it in, letting the warmth of Ilya sit

deep inside his lungs.

He takes Shane's face into his hands again and Shane is grateful for it, happy that his unresponsive neck can be alleviated from the responsibility of keeping it upright.

Ilya leans in, his breath hot against the shell of Shane's ear. "Will you stay here if I go get something to help you?"

Shane nods jerkily in Ilya's grip and Ilya almost smiles, his lips quirking up at the side.

Ilya removes his hand and his heat to leave Shane waiting against the door like a dog, telling him to stay and Shane does. He doesn't think he could walk off, anyway, leashed to this position by Ilya's words.

He closes his eyes and listens as Ilya pads into the kitchen, rummaging around through different drawers. He must find what he's looking for because his footsteps recede back, stopping right in front of Shane.

Shane eyes a clear shot glass pinched between Ilya's pointer and middle finger. His other hand is wrapped around the thick neck of a tequila bottle, twisting open the lid.

Shane feels panic rising in his body, turning his nerves into live wire. He doesn't want to drink anymore. He can barely stand as it is. He wants to say no, he wants to scream that he can't do this, that Ilya can't do this to him again, but nothing comes out. His chest heaves and he feels pinned there even without Ilya's body on top of him and that's the whole point. He's completely at his mercy and he can't do anything to stop it.

Ilya notably, doesn't look to Shane for an opinion as he pours the shot. He fills it all the way to the top, the clear liquids surface glinting as he extends it toward him.

Shane whines, shaking his head no but Ilya steps into his space again until they're chest to chest. Ilya's dick is hard and dripping as it presses itself against Shane's and they both groan from the sensation.

Ilya sets the bottle and shot down on the foyer table, freeing his hands so he can tilt Shane's chin up. Shane swallows, his eyes bouncing between Ilya's pupils. His gaze is sharp and unforgiving and Shane knows he can't get out of this. He can't say no to the drink because Ilya is going to rape him either way and he offered to make it better.

To make it *easier*:

To give him these drinks so he can pass out during the worst of it, to maybe, just maybe, have him forget that this entire night happened at all.

Shane's eyes are dry and sore but new tears fall, wringing all of the remaining liquid from Shane's body like he's a sponge. Ilya tracks the tear with his eyes and his dick twitches noticeably.

"Do you know how pretty you look when you cry?" Ilya asks rhetorically, knowing well enough that Shane can barely talk, let alone speak coherently. "It makes me so hard. Fuck.

You were made for this," he says, dragging his thumb down to Shane's cheek, intercepting the tears path and rubbing it into his skin.

Ilya brings his thumb down to prod at Shane's lower lip, sliding his thumb back and forth over the middle, alleviating the pressure to watch it snap back to his bottom teeth, pouty and pink.

Ilya wraps his hand around both of their lengths, restarting the cruel, slow milking he'd subjected Shane to earlier.

"Do you know how long I've been thinking of this?" Ilya asks, teasing Shane's lips so they open for him, pressing his thumb on the middle of Shane's tongue. Shane tries to reply but Ilya just shoves the digit down further, further and further until Shane gags around it, sputtering saliva all over his knuckles.

Shane's cock jumps against Ilya's as he thumbs at Shane's slit, making him buck into his hand desperately.

"All fucking night." Ilya continues, fucking his thumb into the back of Shane's mouth, drawing out a cacophony of lewd, wet noises. "I watched these pretty fucking lips spread around a shot and all I could imagine was this. You exactly like this. Sobbing and hard. Choking on my fingers like a slut."

Shane whines around Ilya's finger and it makes his throat constrict.

Ilya's grip is tight on their cocks, the glide wet and obscene from the amount of precum Shane has been leaking, the drag borderline nonexistent.

Ilya watches as Shane's big, pleading eyes flutter close, sucking on Ilya's thumb, his tongue laving at the underside's skin like he's giving a blowjob. Shane's so gone, limp against the door with pleasure as Ilya fists their cocks, pleasure building deep and low in his stomach.

Ilya slyly grabs the shot from off the table, his thumb slick with Shane's spit as he grips the glass, tilting it back into his own mouth. Ilya leans in slowly, brushing his cupid's bow against Shane's, waiting for the perfect moment where Shane's lips will part. He speeds up the pace of his hand, making sure to twist at the tip. Shane whines from it and Ilya takes his chance, pressing his lips to Shane's, pulling a startled noise from him.

He slips his tongue into the heat of Shane's mouth and Shane cries, thrashing as Ilya deposits the tequila onto his tongue, violating the soft of his palate until he swallows. It burns as it goes down, ripping apart the skin of his esophagus as Ilya fucks his tongue against Shane's, their saliva messy and smearing against the skin around his lips.

Shane can already feel the shot working, can feel the way his legs that have been somewhat cooperative give out against the door, making him slump so Ilya has to catch him. Ilya use's both of his hands to grab at Shane's ass, dragging him up until his face presses into Ilya's traps and his arms snake around the back of his neck, making him completely reliant on Ilya to stay upright.

Ilya kneads at his backside, pulling his cheeks apart and trailing a finger toward his hole like he'd done on the porch, playing with the puffy outside of the muscle.

Shane cries and it wets the side of Ilya's neck and instead of it stopping him he just prods further, making Shane gasp as the pad of his pointer finger breaches through, unlubed and agonizing.

Shane sobs, digging his nails into Ilya's shoulder blades. Ilya is undeterred in his movements even as Shane scratches at his back like a bad kitty, swatting one of Shane's cheeks to get him to stop. The sound reverberates off the walls and his ass burns red and painful, wearing Ilya's imprint.

Shane sobs. He curls and uncurls his nails into the flesh of his own palm, watching the crescent indents it leaves as Ilya fingers his ass, painful and so so shallow.

"P-please - *hic* - stop pleaseee - *hhgn* - it hurts so bad." Shane pleads, rubbing his face against Ilya's neck in an attempt to self sooth.

Ilya pushes in deeper, unaffected by Shane's begging. He traces another finger along the edge of Shane's hole as warning.

Shane's entire body tenses up, ripping a scared cry from his throat.

"Are you gonna be good for me, hm? Now that you know what it's gonna feel like if you don't drink what I offer you?" Ilya spits, his tone angry and impatient.

Shane voice is thin and erratic as he speaks, "Yes m' sorry please don't. I'll do whatever - *hic* - you want *pleasepleasepleasedontithurtsimsorry*"

Ilya shushes him, removing the finger from his hole and instead letting the hand splay on his lower back. He pets at Shane's head while Shane rubs his tear stained face all over his neck, his nose and cheeks wet against Ilya's jugular, infinitely grateful to not be stretched open dry anymore.

Ilya keeps the hand on Shane's back as he pours another shot.

He brings the liquid over to Shane, tipping his face up and watching with barely disgusted lust as he swallows it, swirling his tongue at the bottom of the glass.

Ilya pours another and another, petting Shane's head, finally being sweet to him again.

"There you go, there you go. Lick the bottom. Good boy, such a good boy." Ilya praises, watching as Shane's blinks turn syrupy slow.

Shane can barely feel his body, can only feel the weight of Ilya's hand on his back and the shots burning a hole in his stomach.

Ilya grabs the Tequila bottle and pours it straight down Shane's throat until he's satisfied. Ilya's hand is wrapped around the entire width of his neck, his thumb pressing down to feel the fluttering of Shane's erratic, scared pulse. He's not choking him per se, just gripping.

Holding. Keeping Shane's head and neck in place so he can feel the liquor slide down his esophagus.

Shane vision is swimming and he can barely keep his eyes open as Ilya licks into his mouth, sucking on the limp muscle of his tongue, leaving him gasping for air.

Even after all the pain Shane's erection hasn't flagged, still steadily dripping and begging between them in a way that's undeniable.

Ilya breaks their kiss and removes his hand from Shane's neck. Shane barely gets a second to breathe before Ilya grabs under his thighs and hoists him up, forcing Shane's legs to wrap around his hips so he doesn't fall to the ground.

Shane whines into Ilya's neck as his cock drags against his happy trail, matting Ilya's hair with precum. Shane can feel how Ilya's stomach flexes as he takes them up the stairs, holding Shane as if hes so, so tiny and malleable.

Shane's cock is throbbing against Ilya's stomach and he cant help but grind against it, chasing the only sensation that still makes sense. Ilya can feel it, knows tears are still sliding down Shane's pretty, freckled cheeks as he humps against his stomach blindly, finally giving into his lust.

Ilya coo's at him for it, calls him pretty and needy as and kneads the fat of Shane's thighs, bringing them both over the threshold of the master bedroom. The only light comes from a single lamp on the bedside, casting the room in an ambient warm glow.

Shane's vision's filled with white dots as he's moved and positioned on the bed like a doll, his back flat against the comforter. He feels like he's outside of his body watching in, observing Ilya from his place of omnipotence as he pries his legs open, pinning them against the bed.

"Fuck, look at you." Ilya says to Shane's lower half, scooting himself forward so he's looming imposingly over Shane's body, his cock-head notching into the sore, puffy opening of Shane's hole.

Shane cries and writhes, trying his best to climb up the length of the bed to get away but Ilya pins his wrists together above his head, rendering him immobile.

Shane hears the click of a lube bottle. He tries to crane his neck to see Ilya, to see if he's lubing up his fingers or his cock but he can't. His neck is limp and his face is sideways on the mattress and Ilya won't move it for him and it makes Shane's bottom lip tremble from being so helpless.

The lube bottle gets tossed to the side and bounces on the comforter, landing in Shane's line of sight as he feels the slick, agonizing press of Ilya's cockhead back on his hole.

The hand holding down Shane's wrists moves, dragging down his body until it lands on the inside of Shane's thighs to fold his knees up to his ears, presenting his ass to Ilya on a silver platter.

Shane grips at the comforter, his knuckles white as Ilya presses in, slowly breaching an inch of his length into Shane's crying, drunk body. Ilya groans above him, deep and animalistic as the warm heat envelops him.

Shane realizes, his heart stopping momentarily, that he can't feel a condom. He can't feel the specific cold latex pressing into him and the accompanying sound of a wrapper being torn and tossed away. He whimpers loud, so loud as Ilya's cock breaches him, raw and burning hot with no layer of protection between them.

"please put on a condom - *hic* - please fuck please I - *hic* - don't know where you've been fuckkkk please fucking stop it," Shane begs, his back arching and his body flailing off the mattress in an attempt to get away. Ilya doesn't stop, doesn't pull out. He pins Shane's stomach down with his hand to keep him still and pushes in another inch, grunting loudly as he does.

It hurts so much and Shane can feel how Ilya's cock is forcing him open, how each inch shoots hot, searing pain throughout his entire lower body. He's so scared, so horrified that Ilya will cum in him and ruin him forever.

He's crying openly now, heaving sobs as Ilya shushes him from above, petting at his abdomen like he isn't raping Shane. As if he isn't fucking him open while he's nearly passing out on the mattress, drifting in and out of consciousness.

Shane's babbling nonsense, his tongue heavy and numb in his mouth as he begs for Ilya to stop.

His *nononono*'s are getting swallowed up by the grunts Ilya makes every time he protests, a sick, perverted smile contorting the planes of his face.

"It's okay baby. I'll make sure you feel good." Ilya promises, wrapping a hand around Shane's cock and forcing another three inches of himself inside when Shane's hole flutters from the stimulation.

"Please please *mmfff-fuckkkkk* please go slower I - *hic* - can't take it *please Ilya it hurts*," he whines, feeling his rim stretch impossibly wide to accommodate the fattest part of Ilya's cock.

Ilya grunts above him, struggling to sink himself fully into Shane when he's so unwilling, his hole clamping down and making any movement almost impossible, even with lube.

"I know, you can take it. It's okay, it's okay. Just breathe, let me in baby. Be a good boy for me. I know you want to." Ilya pleads, letting his voice drop low into a seductive, commanding baritone, needing Shane to stop freaking out so he can actually fuck him properly.

"Just relax baby it will feel better. I'll make you feel so good, you want that don't you? You want me to make it better just like I did before?"

Shane listens and nods his head, only somewhat following the logic. He listens to Ilya's voice because it's the only thing that seems real anymore, the only thing he can grab onto when everything else feels so distant.

He focuses on the feeling of Ilya's hands on his thighs. He focuses on the way Ilya's breathing has picked up in intensity. On the way his voice plays in Shane's head soothingly even as his body aches from the pain Ilya's inflicting, seeking comfort from him.

Shane snuffles as Ilya finally bottoms out, his cock twitching inside Shane's hole.

"Oh there you go, good boy. Good fucking boy, exactly like that." Ilya praises, rocking his hips into the wet heat of Shane's ass.

He claws at the comforter as Ilya shallowly thrusts inside of him, the blunt of his nails ripping at the seams. Shane feels like he's being split in half, his guts being rearranged in a way that can only accommodate the length of Ilya's cock, ruining him for anybody else.

Ilya's whispering nonsense into the air in Russian, dirty words trailing off into the hard, stunted groans that leave his lips on every stroke. His thrusts are precise, making sure his cock drags across Shane's prostate on every roll, leaving Shane writhing and hiccuping underneath from the pleasure.

Shane's practically folded in half but his legs are still shaking where Ilya pins them, a bone deep tremor starting as his g-spots gets brutalized, his dick throbbing and untouched on his stomach.

"*Fuck* you're so fucking tight I can barely move." Ilya grunts, punctuating his words with a powerful thrust that makes Shane's eyes roll into the back of his head. "I bet you've never taken anything this big. You're never gonna want anything but my cock again." Ilya taunts, driving himself forward into Shane's ass, their skin slapping lewdly as the pace turns brutal.

"*Fuck* I can imagine it now. You laying in this bed, in the same position I raped you in, touching yourself and wish it was me. You're gonna cry and whine like a bitch when you cant cum anymore. When you can't get hard because my hands aren't holding you down anymore, forcing you to take my cock."

Shane lets out a protesting whine that Ilya muffles with his hand, clamping his palm against Shane's mouth so he can only breath though his nose, leaning down over him so they're eye to eye. "Are you gonna keep pretending that you dont want this? After all the things you've *let* me do to you tonight?" He spits, using his other hand to grip at Shane's cock, his palm caressing the length. Shane can feel his dick throb underneath the pressure, can feel every time Ilya's cock brushes against his g-spot, making his vision spot white and his stomach clench as his orgasm builds.

Shane tries to say no, tries to get the words out underneath Ilya's hand but he cant, leaving the sentence muffled and unintelligible. Ilya just moans, so turned on by his protests he cant help but fuck into Shane harder, his balls slapping against his ass as he chases his own orgasm.

"Was that you saying you want it, baby? I couldn't hear you, you're gonna have to use your words." Ilya taunts, smiling so cruelly as he looks down at Shane, the hair near his ears coiling tightly from the sweat beading at his hairline. "Come on I know you can do it baby. Just say no and I'll stop, I promise."

Shane's throat is scratchy as he pleads, the words being spoken out and eaten up by Ilya's palm directly after, making it sound more like he's moaning than protesting. Ilya looks affected by it, his hips stuttering as Shane tries so hard to say no, to say he doesn't want it again as Ilya's fist pumps at his cock, his orgasm building so high and so fast Shane thinks he might explode with it.

"Fuck. You love this I know you fucking do. You're gonna cum all over my cock aren't you? I can feel you fucking squeezing me oh - *fuckkk baby- ohmygoddddd*." Ilya moans, beads of sweat dripping down his neck and onto his chest as he fucks into Shane with abandon, ramming into him like a fleshlight so he can paint Shane's walls white; leave him dripping with cum so he can wake up in the morning with his hole stretched and puffy, clenching around nothing.

Shane cries out, his cock jumping in Ilya's grip as he moans into his hand, his eyes rolling back as Ilya's cock drags over his prostate again and again, his back arching as the pleasure finally spills over, potent and blinding, making his vision white out. "Fuck baby, fucking cum for me. Cum all over yourself while you get raped by my fucking cock— *ghhhh* -"

Ilya struggles above him, using all his weight to jackhammer Shane into the bed as ropes of cum paint over Shane's stomach, landing all over his pert nipples and abs, glistening streaks of white that make Ilya's mouth fall open on a moan. He thrusts into Shane three more times before his hips stutter in tiny, aborted movements, his orgasm pulling his core tight while he spills himself into Shane's body.

Both of them left are panting, the air around them thick and warm with the smell of sex and the friction their bodies created. Ilya's barely holding himself up, his arms shaking as he slowly pulls himself out of Shane, leaving him to wince from the aching emptiness.

Ilya bends down to press a kiss to Shane's temple and nose, running his hands soothingly along the inside of Shane's bruised thighs. Shane feels like he's dreaming, his mind detached from his sated, spent body. He can feel the tickle of Ilya's stubble on his face as he kisses around his features, his lips leaving tiny spots of wetness as they trail down to his neck.

Shane's ears are ringing but he can hear the specific tone his husband uses to say 'I love you' and it makes his heart flutter, his stomach doing an exaggerated flip. He misses his husband so bad. His Ilya. He wonders if he's here or not, he can't really tell anymore.

Shane whines when Ilya started to move away, doing grabby hands the best he can, pleading for him to stay. Ilya smiles at him and says something, his lips moving clearly around the words. Something sweet maybe, or something reassuring? Shane doesn't know but Ilya makes a heart with his hands when Shane doesn't reply with words, slowly backing up and into the bathroom like Shane's gonna scurry away. It makes Shane smile.

Shane lets his eyes close and his mind drift off. Ilya's cum is dripping down his ass but it's not as uncomfortable as it usually is. Shane's mind feels weird and lost, like he knows Ilya but he doesn't know him and it makes his stomach hurt a little bit from the confusion.

Shane feels Ilya come back, the bed dipping as his knees dig into the mattress, scooting himself up and toward where Shane is sprawled out nude. Shane tries to open his eyes but

Ilya tells him not to, tells him to hold still as he drags a warm, wet washcloth over his spent cock. It feels so nice, like a massage, even if his cock is still sore from tonight.

Ilya makes sure to flip the towel and use the clean side when he trails down to Shane's ass, being careful around his hole, cleaning it as well as he can now with Shane still being limp and unresponsive on the bed, doing nothing more than barely holding his legs open with a dopey smile.

Ilya leaves to grab another towel, the new one being equally as warm as it caresses Shane's skin, dragging across his limbs and chest, cleaning the dried cum off his happy trail. Ilya's being so gentle with him, moving each appendage exactly how he wants it, making sure to get every possible inch of Shane's body that could have a bodily fluid on it. Even in his inebriated state Shane's sure he doesn't want to sleep in this bed tonight, ruined as it is with cum and lube. His nose scrunches at the thought of it.

Ilya makes a noise above him, a laugh maybe and Shane lifts one eye open to see it. Ilya's smiling and looking at Shane's face like he did something funny but he's pretty sure he didn't. Ilya's curls catch the light of the lamp and they glow gold, the hair on his head mused slightly, frizzing at the edges. Shane closes his eyes and tries to pretend Ilya isn't there, ignoring the breathy laugh it pulls from above.

The next time Shane opens his eyes he's being carried through the house bridal style with Ilya looking down at him a loving smile. Shane's heart soars and beats at thousand miles a minute because it's his *husband* this time. His Ilya, holding him against his chest like he's precious and Shane just missed him so, *so* fucking much. He smiles and melts into his hold, rubbing his face on Ilya's chest, trying to crawl into his skin.

Ilya takes them to the spare bedroom, dropping Shane on the side of the bed and tucking him underneath the sheets, making sure to position him properly so his neck and back won't hurt in the morning. Shane's mind is filled with sweet thoughts but he forces his tongue to curl around the question he's been wanting to ask.

"Where hav' you been?"

Ilya runs his hand through Shane's hair, his nails scraping on his scalp in lines. "I've been with you the whole night baby. Right here with you."

Shane gives him a questioning look, knowing damn well Ilya wasn't with him all night. "Can talk about this in the morning baby? Is that okay? I just want you to get some rest." Ilya asks, his tone pleading.

Shane nods yes even though he's still very curious. Not curious enough though, to turn down the offer of sleep.

Ilya ruffles his hair a little before walking over to the other side of the bed. He moves underneath the covers as well, tangling himself with Shane like a naked koala and kissing his forehead again and again, ending it with a peck on the lips and an *I love you* so spoken so sincerely it makes Shane's heart clench.

Shane nuzzles himself into Ilya's pecs, rubbing his cheek across the hair on his chest.

"I lov' you too."

End Notes

i wonder if this is 2 insane but i will post it anyways. long live my perversion

if any of u freaky freaks freak with this freaky fic lmk!!!!

i wanted to write the day after of this as well but like it would have been 20k words and i wanted to claw my eyes out so in this worlds canon ilya brought Shane pain killers and treated him like a princess the next day to help with the hangover

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