

Permanent Record

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/86389581) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/86389581>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Rape/Non-Con , Underage Sex
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - High School , Rape/Non-con Elements , Dubious Consent , Blackmail , Coercion , Grooming , high school teacher ilya , high school student shane , Mean Dom Ilya Rozanov , Evil ilya , Blow Jobs , Hand Jobs , Comeplay , Internalized Homophobia , Degradation , Humiliation , Dead Dove: Do Not Eat , Age Difference , Nipple Play , Masturbation , Face Slapping , Spanking , Gags , Restraints , Duct Tape , Anal Fingering , Coming Untouched , Anal Sex , Multiple Orgasms , Sexual Overstimulation , Alcohol , Thigh Riding , Coming in Pants , Feminization , Forced Feminization , Forced Crossdressing , Sex Toys , Anal Plug , Come Swallowing , Cock Warming , Daddy Kink , Nipple Clamps , Bullying , Slurs , Sex Toys under Clothing , Facials , Orgasm Denial , Wank and Tell Creator is Open to Comments about Masturbating to This Work , Collars , Choking , Breathplay , Exhibitionism , Cock Rings , Semi-Public Sex , Forced Orgasm , Dry Orgasm , overstimulation to pissing , just a little piss tbh , Jealous Ilya Rozanov , Possessive Ilya Rozanov , Nipple Piercings
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-06-09 Completed: 2026-06-23 Words: 25,335 Chapters: 9/9

Permanent Record

by [nicheperfumery](#)

Summary

"Please don't tell my parents. I'll do anything."

Rozanov seemed to consider him, head cocked to the side. "Anything?"

"Please, sir. Anything."

Chapter 1

When Mr. Rozanov summoned him to his office, Shane knew he was in big trouble. Shane never got in trouble at school or at home. He was a good student and a strict rule follower. The very thought of getting in trouble made him feel twitchy and nervous. So when Rozanov called his name and jabbed his thumb sharply in the direction of his office door, Shane felt a chill run down his spine.

He sat there, in front of the gym teacher's desk, trying and failing not to fidget nervously. Shane chewed his thumbnail as Rozanov sat before him, his face grim. The scary Russian gym teacher almost always looked grim, but it made Shane especially anxious that afternoon.

"So, Mr. Hollander," Rozanov began.

"I didn't do anything," Shane immediately said in a squeaky voice.

Rozanov looked up at him with a smirk. "Who said you did anything?"

Shane felt himself go red and he began to stammer. "I — um, w-well, I don't know —"

Still looking amused, Rozanov opened the folder on his desk before him. He laid each picture out towards Shane so he could see them. Shane felt himself turn even redder. Each picture was clearly pornography. Of men. Some just naked, large cocks on display. In others they did... things. Shane choked on nothing, suddenly too much spit in his mouth.

"These were in your gym locker. Found during a routine inspection."

Shane drew in a shuddering breath, trying to respond. A pit had opened in his stomach, sweat dampening his face. "I-I, um. T-those aren't mine."

Rozanov raised an eyebrow, his face no longer amused. "Not yours? They were in your locker."

Shane's chest felt tight, his heart pounding. They weren't his. Shane wasn't gay. But, thinking about it, he had an idea where they came from. But he couldn't say it.

"Do you have nothing to say for yourself, Mr. Hollander?" Rozanov said with a sigh. "This sort of... material. I will have to inform principal. Call your parents. Have meeting with counselor."

"Please don't," Shane begged in a small, pitiable voice.

"And why should I not?"

"They aren't mine," Shane repeated.

Rozanov did not look convinced. Shane could feel his lower lip tremble and he wanted to slap himself. *Stop it, spot it, don't cry you fucking pussy!*

The other boys in his gym class must have done this. They'd been making comments for a few weeks now, calling him a fag, throwing things at him. All because he got a boner in the showers. Not because of them! Shane wasn't gay. He was just... thinking of something else. Or something. It didn't matter. He hadn't wanted to tell anyone, make it worse. But one of those assholes put gay porn in his locker just to fuck with him and now...

"Tell me, what should I do, Mr. Hollander," Rozanov said, steepling his hands under his chin.

"I-I swear it won't happen again," Shane muttered. He rubbed the back of his neck. His skin was so hot. "Please don't tell my parents. I'll do anything."

Rozanov seemed to consider him, head cocked to the side. "Anything?"

"Please, sir. Anything."

Something seemed to flicker in Rozanov's expression. He picked up one of the pictures, held it up towards Shane to see. "Have you done this before?"

"W-what?"

Shane's mouth dropped open, face heating up even further. The picture was of a man on his knees, sucking another's man's cock. The camera was angled so he could see how deep it went down his throat, his mouth bulging with it.

"Well?" Rozanov continued, sounding perfectly at ease. "Have you? Seems like you are interested in it."

"I-I'm not! I haven't! I'm not gay!" Shane insisted hotly.

Rozanov nodded mildly. He looked amused again and Shane's cheeks burned with embarrassment and he felt tears sting his eyes.

"OK. I will not tell principal or your parents."

"No?" Shane muttered hopefully, still trying to keep the tears from falling.

"I will not. If you do this for me." Rozanov held up the blow job picture again.

Shane's mouth fell open. He couldn't have heard that correctly.

"I — what?"

"You do this," Rozanov said, waving the picture in his face. "And I will tell no one this happened. Or I can follow rules. Tell principal, Hollander parents, put big red mark on permanent record."

Shane gaped at him. The horror at anyone else finding out. His parents. His teachers. Shane would graduate next year and he wanted to play hockey at McGill. He had his whole future planned out and if anyone else thought he was a faggot who kept gay porn in this locker in school... it was someone he couldn't bear to think about. And ratting on the shiteheads who did this would only make it worse. They'd never let him live it down.

But he couldn't believe what Mr. Rozanov, his teacher, was proposing. Shane couldn't do it. He simply couldn't anything like that. Rozanov stood up and lazily strolled around his desk, stopping right in front of Shane where he sat, mind racing.

Shane swallowed thickly, looking up at him in a daze. Mr. Rozanov looked so tall from there, so imposing. He'd always been big, strong, with bulging biceps and a broad chest. He wore a red polo and khaki slacks and as he gazed down at Shane and his stupefied expression, he reached out to trace his jaw with a broad thumb.

Shane startled slightly and as he went to pull away, Rozanov grabbed his chin, keeping him still.

"What is your decision, Mr. Hollander?" he said, voice low and dangerous.

"I — um — " Shane mumbled, cheeks red and burning.

"Go on," Rozanov said with a slow grin. "On your knees. Like in picture."

Shane hadn't even said he'd do it, but Rozanov seemed to have made that decision for him. As though in a daze, Shane slid off the chair and got to his knees. The scuffed linoleum was hard through his sweatpants. He wiped his sweaty palms on his thighs, daring to look up at Rozanov as he towered over him.

"Perfect," Rozanov crooned, hand resting on the back of his neck.

The sound of his zipper lowering seemed incredibly loud to Shane's ears. The cock that Rozanov's pulled from his pants seemed huge and Shane felt his mouth go dry, his eyes widen in alarm. Rozanov chuckled, a low rumble in his chest as he pressed his hardening cock to the seam of Shane's lips.

"Show me you can be good boy, Hollander," Rozanov said and Shane felt his mouth open as if on instinct.

The taste was salty, bitter, strange. Rozanov pushed in, forcing Shane to take more than he was ready for. He made a muffled sound of protest, a whine of alarm that Rozanov ignored.

"Tsk, no teeth," Rozanov hissed, thumb stroking the hinge of Shane's jaw, prompting him to open wider.

Shane wanted this to be over quickly. He followed Rozanov's instructions, breathing hard through his nose and trying not to choke. Rozanov's sharp scent filled his nostrils. He felt lightheaded, floating. Rozanov's thumb pressed into the soft underside of his jaw, the skin of his throat giving beneath it. Shane whimpered.

Shane wasn't gay. He wasn't. But he had thought about doing this. Sometimes. When he was touching himself at night. And sometimes he thought about Rozanov. He was by far his hottest teacher, everyone said. All the girls had crushes on him. Everyone was kind of scared of him, but they all thought he was hot. And Shane was on his knees, sucking his dick like some kind of porn star.

Rozanov's cock grazed the back of his throat and Shane gagged slightly before recovering himself. Rozanov stroked his hair and muttered, "Good boy."

Those words in that voice made something hot and intense curl in Shane's stomach. Rozanov's thick fingers tugged at the hair at the base of his head and began rocking in and out, the hot slide of his cock against Shane's tongue. Spit gathered at the corners of his mouth, spilling out on his chin. Rozanov's cock pushed even deeper, sinking into the hot clutch of his throat. Shane's felt the muscle contract painfully and the tears that had been filling his eyes overflowed onto his burning cheeks.

"Very good," Rozanov said with a deep groan, pushing again and again into Shane's throat. "So good for me, Hollander."

It was easier to take each time and Shane felt his mouth falling open in obedient supplication, the slick briny taste of pre-come coating his tongue. He knew he was making embarrassing squeaks and moans, pathetic whimpers every time Rozanov's cock hit the back of his throat. His shaking hands clutched the front of Rozanov's slacks and he muttered things in Russian Shane couldn't understand.

Rozanov's thrusts increased, his heavy balls hitting Shane's spit slick chin. Shane let out a choked moan as the hand around against his throat contracted sharply and then released him. Rozanov pulled out his cock completely, leaving Shane gasping. He had no time to catch his breath before Rozanov's hot come hit his face, thick stripes across his cheeks and face, dripping down off his chin onto his shirt.

Shane moaned weakly as Rozanov dragged him up to a standing position by the back of his shirt collar.

"Good, Hollander," Rozanov said, panting slightly. "Very good for first time."

His thumb glided across Shane's cheek, smearing the mess he'd left there and pushing it between Shane's lips. Shane, feeling dazed and out of it, licked weakly at Rozanov's digits as he dragged another glob of come into his mouth.

"You liked it?" Rozanov said, pushing Shane up against the desk behind them, his knees shaking, barely holding him up.

"Wh-what?" Shane mumbled, going to wipe the remaining come off his face with his sleeve.

Rozanov stopped him with a sharp pinch around his wrist, making him whine in pain.

"You whine and cry with big sad puppy eyes and beg, *'please sir, don't tell anyone about gay porn stash'* but then you liked sucking my cock so much, yes?"

"N-no," Shane groaned, trying to failing to twist his wrist away from Rozanov's iron grip.

Rozanov let go, only to reach between them and cup Shane's hard cock through his sweats. Shane let out a strangled moan, back arching despite himself.

"Yes," Rozanov said with a grin. "Yes you did."

Shane whimpered, the hard edge of the desk biting into his back as Rozanov pinched his cock, teasing at the weeping slit through several layers of cloth.

"Hnnng — please, sir —" Shane moaned desperately.

"Already so wet, like a girl," Rozanov marveled, thumbing at the damp patch of pre-come soaking through his sweats.

"Don't —" Shane squealed but Rozanov was already pushing his hand down the front of his pants and underwear, curling around his bare, leaking cock.

Shane saw stars. His sweaty hand found his way into Rozanov's red polo, hand twisting around the fabric as Rozanov stroked him. Shane's mouth fell open, filthy moans filling the room around the wet sounds of Rozanov's hand on him, Shane's copious pre-come slicking the way. Rozanov let down of his shirt collar and clamped a large hand over his hot mouth, still wet and sticky with come, but enough to muffle the slutty, pornographic sounds that poured out of him.

"So eager, so desperate," Rozanov muttered as Shane's hips thrust toward the tight fist that encircled him. "I should have fucked your face sooner."

Shane moaned brokenly into his hand, tears gathering in his eyes again as he felt his orgasm approach. The come drying on his face felt tight and itchy, the sweat dripping down the back of his shirt sticking on his skin, his face was burning with humiliation and this was the hottest thing that had ever happened to him. Rozanov's thick, heavy hands. Shane wasn't gay. But the time that Rozanov had wrapped his hands around his waist to correct his stance while stretching in gym class had featured in his masturbation fantasies for weeks. And now they were touching his mouth, his cock. He had pulled a handful of his hair while fucking his thick cock down his throat.

Shane came into the front of his sweatpants with a whimpering cry. Rozanov's hand kept twisting and stroking him as Shane twitched through the aftershocks, pulses of come still spurting out. The overstimulation started to hurt, like razor blades on the sensitive head of his cock and Shane let out a few high-pitched, wounded cries of pain before Rozanov finally released him.

He let go of his mouth and cupped the back of his neck with a sticky hand. Shane sucked in huge lungfuls of air, trying to catch his breath. Rozanov wiped his other hand on the front of Shane's sweatpants before reaching across his desk for a handful of tissue. Shane took the offered tissues with shaking fingers and wiped at his disgusting face.

Rozanov patted his shoulder and stepped back, zipping up his pants and allowing Shane to sag bonelessly against the desk. He looked down at himself in horror, at his sweats, the front of his shirt stained with come.

Shane watched as Rozanov gathered the stack of porn images he had found in Shane's locker and tipped them into the trash.

"We have deal, yes, Mr. Hollander?" he said simply, as though nothing completely insane had happened.

"Deal?"

"Yes. I do not tell anyone that you have gay porn stash in your locker and you come here, to my office, after school for ah... extracurriculars."

Shane felt that pit in his stomach reopen.

"You didn't... you didn't say that before..."

Rozanov shrugged, looking unconcerned. "How would I know you are so eager, such a desperate little cock slut? I think we are not done here."

Shane felt his face flush at the degrading words. And now he couldn't deny them.

"I'll tell someone," he said in a small, weak voice.

"No, I do not think you will," Rozanov said with a thin smile. "Then everyone will know you are desperate for cock, yes?"

Shane turned away, wiping at the angry tears that had spilled down his cheeks.

"OK. I — fine. I'll come."

Rozanov's grin was wide and self-satisfied.

"Yes, Mr. Hollander. You will."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Over the next few days, Shane felt like he was going through life in a daze. He went to class, to hockey practice, did his homework as usual. All on auto-pilot, like he wasn't actually in the driver's seat or controlling anything.

"Everything OK, honey?" his mom asked him once when he zoned out over dinner.

"Yeah. All good," Shane answered automatically. And he went back to pushing his food around the plate.

All the time, he was thinking about Mr. Rozanov and what had happened in his office. It made him feel simultaneously queasy and hot all over. It was surreal, the memory of Rozanov hands, his cock, his come dripping off his face. How mean and degrading he had been. Shane couldn't deny that it made him *so hard* and then he felt sick with himself for reacting that way. But he couldn't help it.

Gym class, third period. It was a warm day so they were running outside, doing laps around the track while Rozanov stood nearby, blowing into his whistle and yelling at them occasionally. Shane always excelled at anything athletic, so while plenty of kids fell off to the side, panting and chugging water, Shane kept running. The sun beat down on his neck, sweat poured down his back and he kept running.

The blast of the whistle cut through the fog surrounding him. Shane slowed to a stop, doubling over as he caught his breath. Over by the bleachers, Rozanov pushed a water bottle into his hand.

"Come to my office after the bell," he said in a low voice.

Shane stared at him, panting, face flushed by exertion. Rozanov's eyes seemed to rake over him, lingering on his chest and thighs. Mouth dry, Shane struggled to come up with an excuse, but nothing came to mind. Rozanov was already walking away.

Feeling sick, Shane forced down a gulp of water that stuck stubbornly in his throat. He glanced around at the other students, but they weren't paying him any attention. They hadn't noticed Rozanov whisper to him. Shoulders hunched, Shane followed them back into the school and towards the lockers to shower and get back to class.

For the rest of the day, Shane considered simply not going. He could just go home instead, ignore Mr. Rozanov and face whatever consequences came of it. But the idea of anything that happened in that office being exposed, of anyone finding out, filled Shane with such fear and dread that he felt dizzy.

And there was another part of him, a secret, dark, sick part of him that craved whatever Rozanov would do to him next. He didn't like to think what that said about him.

When the bell rang for final period, Shane dutifully made his way to Rozanov's office, hands buried deep in the pockets of his hoodie. Rozanov was sitting at his desk, poring over papers as though this was just another meeting with a student.

"Mr. Hollander," he said, ushering him in. "Close the door."

Shane complied and then lingered there, unsure of what to do and already sweating, heart beating fast.

"Sir?"

Rozanov finished with his papers and stacked them in a neat pile, filing them away in a desk drawer. He held up his hand and crooked his fingers, beckoning Shane towards him. Shane went to sit at the chair where the student would usually be, but Rozanov grabbed him by the waist and pulled him towards his own chair.

"OK, Hollander? Have you missed me?"

Shane shook his head jerkily as Rozanov's hand snaked under his hoodie and shirt, touching the bare skin above his basketball shorts. A shiver ran through him.

"I think you did," Rozanov said, nodding with a slow grin. "Did you touch yourself, thinking about me?"

Shane shook his head again, but he could feel himself turning red.

"Hmm, liar. I don't like when you lie to me, Mr. Hollander. Take this off."

He tugged at the edge of Shane's hoodie. Shane drew in a shaky breath and complied, folding it as neatly as possible so it wouldn't get wrinkled and laying it on the desk. Rozanov smirked at that.

"So cute, *zaychik*," Rozanov said before patting the desk in front of him. "Now sit here and show me how you touch yourself."

"Uh, what?" Shane muttered.

"Sit on desk and touch yourself," Rozanov said more firmly. Slowly, like Shane was stupid.

He pushed back his chair slightly to give Shane more room and then looked at him expectingly. Swallowing hard, Shane pushed himself up on the desk. But once he was there, with Rozanov staring at him, eyes sharp and predatory, he felt himself go red and didn't know how to proceed.

Rozanov sighed deeply. "You touch yourself, yes? Masturbate? Jerk off?"

"S-sure," Shane said, face burning.

"You stroke your cock? Stain your sheets? Mop it up with dirty sock?"

"I don't do that," Shane said, frowning in disgust.

"Oh no, Mr. Hollander is so very neat and orderly. You come in shower only like good little boy, yes?"

Shane looked down, feeling the flush over his whole body.

"Show me," Rozanov instructed and Shane worried his lip hard between his teeth.

"I-I don't know if I can," he said in a small voice.

This only made Rozanov sigh deeply again, as though Shane was being intentionally difficult.

"You need me to give instructions, yes?" he said, a hard gleam in his eye. "OK, shirt off."

After a moment of hesitation, Shane complied. He folded his t-shirt as well, laying it on top of his hoodie.

"Play with your nipples," Rozanov said.

Shane's mouth fell open at the brazen instruction and how it made a shot of heat burn through him, an unmistakable tightening in his groin. He touched his chest hesitantly, hands skimming lightly over his pecs at first, breath stuttering in his throat. It was hard to look at Rozanov as he did this, so he looked somewhere over his shoulder instead, at the bulletin board behind his desk, at the fliers for choir and ultimate frisbee club. His nipples had hardened slightly in the cool air of the office and he tentatively pinched one, trying and failing to stifle his gasp at the feeling.

"Ah!" The soft pants poured out of him as he rolled the hard nub between his fingers, twisting, tugging. His breath was harsh and ragged.

"Good boy," Rozanov said, voice low and rough.

His words made Shane glance down at him, at his eyes boring into him as he pinched and tweaked his other nipple, sending hot stabs of arousal right to his cock. Shane shut his eyes, biting his lip hard to suppress his breathy moans, his whole body twitching at the sensations coursing through him.

"Hng — fuck —"

"Harder," Rozanov instructed.

"Wh-what?"

"*Harder*. Pinch harder."

Shane complied, pulling his left nipple hard and making himself gasp, body arching off the desk. His legs were shaking, the bulge in his shorts growing.

"So sensitive, *zaychik*. So eager. Now touch that desperate, slutty cock for me."

Hand shaking, Shane pushed it under the waistband of his shorts, whining softly as he cupped his straining cock.

"Look at me."

Shane's eyes flew open at once. The sight of Rozanov, leaning back in his chair, idly stroking his own cock through his pants made Shane moan pathetically. He alternated rubbing and twisting his nipple, fisting his cock clumsily in the other hand. He was leaking so much already, smearing a shining patch of pre-come into his boxers.

Rozanov inched forward, reaching up to tug down Shane's basketball shorts, exposing his weeping cock to the air. He stood, pushing Shane backwards so he was laying fully on the desk, head lolling off the edge as he continued to touch himself as instructed. Rozanov's hand was warm and solid on his chest and Shane arched into it, gasping.

"Mmm — sir — please —"

"Please? Please what, *zaychik*?"

"T-touch me. *Please*."

"No, no, not yet," he said with a chuckle. "This is lesson in touching *yourself*, Mr. Hollander."

Shane moaned desperately, biting back the urge to beg more and harder, for Rozanov to stroke his cock like he had before. He felt tears gather in his eyes at how humiliating it was to be splayed out like this, on his desk, writhing like a whore and craving his touch.

"Is this how you touched yourself when you thought about me?" Rozanov said softly.

Shane nodded, pinching his nipple hard, dragging the blunt edge of his nail across it, making himself whine. The sound of a zipper was loud in his ears, followed by the rough drag of Rozanov stroking his own cock.

"Tell me."

Shane whined, his mind too buzzy and overwhelmed to answer. The slap across his face came as a shock, the crack shockingly loud and sudden, Shane's neck straining as his head snapped to the side. Shane groaned, another hot spurt of pre-come running down his hand.

Rozanov slapped him again, not quite as hard, but enough to hurt on his already tender cheek. He pinched Shane's face between his fingers and shook it slightly.

"*Tell me, zaychik*. What did you think about when you rubbed your hard little cock under covers late at night, hmm?"

Shane moaned weakly as a spit dribbled out from his open mouth. Rozanov tapped his hot cheek, smearing the drool around.

"S-sucking your dick," he finally choked out. "Your hands — your cock —"

Rozanov stroked his face, petting him gently.

"Very good. So good for me, *zaychik*. What else?"

It was only because his mind was so fuzzy, filled with static, that Shane was able to answer.

"Fucking me," he moaned out, desperate and lost. "With — your cock —"

"Yes, with my cock," Rozanov said, the stroking himself faster. "Bending you over this desk and filling you up, yes? Maybe in locker room, all your classmates watching you take it like cheap whore?"

Shane cried out, coming so hard his whole body shook, legs twitching wildly, the headrush from hanging off the edge of the desk making him dizzy.

"Fuck —" Rozanov gasped roughly, his own orgasm coating Shane's torso and chest with hot streaks of come.

Shane was still shaking as Rozanov sat back in his chair, cleaning off his hands with a roll of paper towels from inside a drawer. Shane sat up, stomach hurting from the force of his orgasm and feeling vaguely sick.

"Very good, Mr. Hollander," Rozanov said as Shane tugged up his shorts with shaking hands. He handed him a paper towel to clean himself with. "Maybe next time, I will do that."

"Do what?"

"Fuck you like desperate slut you are, yes?"

Shane felt an ache growing in his stomach, hard and heavy like cement.

"I-I don't —"

"I-I-I-I!" Rozanov repeated mockingly. "Don't stutter so much, *zaychik*. Speak clearly."

Shane bit the inside of his mouth, hard enough to taste blood. Rozanov stood up and slapped him lightly on the cheek, stroking his face with his thumb.

"And do not lie to me again, Mr. Hollander." His voice had regained that low, dangerous quality that made Shane's inside quaver. "You will not like what happens if you do."

comments give me a reason to get up in the morning 🥺🥺🥺 (and to keep posting)

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shane should have been getting ready to head out the door and go to school. The bell for homeroom was going to ring in thirty minutes and Shane was still in bed. Under the covers, one hand down his pants as he tried to very quietly hump his fist, the other snaking hand under his shirt, rubbing and twisting his nipples.

This is how he spent every morning for the last few weeks. Furiously jerking off and trying very hard to be quiet and discreet about it. His parents weren't even home, off to work already, but Shane still felt the inescapable urge to be silent.

It's just that he kept waking up hard as a rock and not in the normal morning wood way. His skin hot, his head fuzzy, nipples tingling. He just *had* to touch himself or he'd spend the entire day losing his mind.

It was like Rozanov had done something to him. Infected him. With this intense, unbearable horniness. All day during class, at home, in his dreams as he slept. Rozanov touching him. Laughing at him. Making him come.

He couldn't think about anything else as he finally came with the stifled gasp, warm spunk coating his fist in jerky waves. It was to the thought of Rozanov's promise to bend him over and fuck him. In the locker room. All the boys who had bullied him, watching and laughing as he was used like some kind of fucktoy.

Face burning with shame, Shane finally got up and cleaned his filthy hand with a nearby washcloth he kept by his bed for this very purpose. Jesus, he was so fucked up. Maybe he'd always been like this and Rozanov had just awoken something inside him.

School was its usual blur. Shane fought hard to focus, the whiteboard swimming with seemingly random scribbles as the teacher droned on. At lunch, Shane walked into the cafeteria and realized with a sinking feeling that Rozanov was supervising his lunch period that day.

Shane sat hunched over by himself, staring blankly at one of his textbooks while eating the protein bar he'd bought at the vending machine. He hardly had the appetite for anything else.

A hand landed on his shoulder, startling him.

"How very studious of you, Mr. Hollander," said Rozanov's voice in his ear.

Shane felt his face go red immediately.

"Sir," he mumbled awkwardly, shoulders curling over even more.

"Freckles look so cute when you blush, *zaychik*," Rozanov said under his breath, fingers brushing his cheek.

Shane flinched away, eyes darting around the lunchroom in horror. No one was looking at them. Still, he itched to pull away. Rozanov's hand was heavy on his shoulder.

"You are eager for more lessons with me, yes?" he continued, voice low. "Come at usual time and place."

"I-I-"

"Do not stammer," Rozanov said, pinching his shoulder sharply.

"I can't," Shane bit out at last.

"*Can't?*"

"I have — my mom wants me to —" Shane cast around desperately for a reasonable excuse but he knew he was already floundering.

"Mrs. Hollander needs something? I see. So I will call her and she will tell me same thing, yes?"

Shane looked down, cheeks on fire. Of course he would do that.

"I will see you after school, Hollander," Rozanov said with a rough slap on his shoulder.

God, he was such an idiot. Why wouldn't he come up with a good enough to not to go? *Because you don't want to*, a treacherous part of him whispered. *Because you like what he does to you.*

Ashamed, hating himself, Shane crumpled up the half protein bar he couldn't bring himself to finish and buried his head in his arms.

So, just like before, Shane found himself in Rozanov's office, waiting stupidly by the door as he finished his paperwork. He was so degrading, summoned like some of prostitute and then made to wait while Rozanov leisurely perused his papers. Shane tugged sullenly at the string of his hoodie, chewing on its hard plastic end.

"Come here, Mr. Hollander," Rozanov said after he was finally finished.

Shane went obediently. Rozanov stood from his chair and Shane looked up at him, feeling very small. Rozanov cupped the back of his neck and without warning, slammed Shane face down onto the desk.

He cried out in pain, ears ringing, Rozanov's hand still planted on his neck.

"What the fuck —"

"What did I tell you last time, Hollander?" Rozanov said in his ear, voice pitched to a low growl.

"I don't —"

"Think, *zaychik*."

Shane tried to think. But his head was filled with cotton, unable to focus. "You — I don't know —"

"I said, do not lie to me. And today, you tried to tell me lie. Yes?"

"I —" Shane moaned, tears already forming in his eyes. "I'm sorry."

"Yes, of course, very sorry," Rozanov crooned, brushing his damp cheek. "Very sorry now that your face is on my desk. But lesson is not learned. So, I will have to teach you."

Shane whimpered as Rozanov pulled down his shorts, exposing his bare ass to the room. At first, Rozanov just touched him, his large hand cupping his ass cheek and squeezing in apparent appreciation. Shane was breathing hard against the desk, still pinned by the back of his neck. Rozanov's hand wandered, surveying the curve of Shane's ass, the crease where it met his thighs.

The first slap came so hard that Shane cried out. The cracked seemed to echo in the small room. Shane whimpered, his ass stinging from the force of it. Rozanov spanked him again, in the same place, with his open palm. Shane moaned brokenly, the pain ricocheting up his spine. Rozanov spanked three more times in quick succession, each punctuation by a wet cry from Shane's throat.

"Be quiet," he hissed, but Shane could not contain himself. His legs trembled, he tried to pointlessly twist away, but he couldn't escape Rozanov's hand, raining down on his whole ass with hard, painful slaps that made his skin feel like it was on fire.

"Hollander," Rozanov said sharply after a particularly hard hit made him sob, coating the desk beneath his face with a pathetic puddle of tears and spit.

"I-I'm sorry," came his voice, bubbling up from behind his tears.

"Stay," Rozanov instructed, squeezing the back of his neck where he'd been holding him onto the desk.

Shane complied obediently, despite how his legs shook, his ass aching. Rozanov was pulling open drawers, apparently searching for something. He seemed to locate it and Shane heard the unmistakable *rppppppp* of a piece of duct tape being torn from the roll.

Rozanov lifted Shane head just enough to slap the tape over his mouth. Shane let out a muffled cry of protest, hands automatically trying to free his lips so he could breathe. Big mistake. Rozanov grabbed his wrists and twisted them together behind his back. He tore off another large piece of duct tape and wrapped it tightly around his wrists, leaving him bound and helpless.

Shane felt himself crying and whimpering as Rozanov ran a hand down his back, chuckling to himself. The next slap to his ass seemed to fall even harder and Shane could only moan helplessly into his gag. The acrid taste and smell of the duct tape filled his senses, his wrists twisting pointlessly against his restraints. Rozanov spanked him again and again, his ass cherry red and smarting so bad he didn't know how he'd sit comfortably again.

"Ahhh," Rozanov groaned and from the corner of his eye, blurred by tears, Shane could see Rozanov flexing his hand and wincing. "There is still lesson to teach and you have hurt my hand with your thick ass, Hollander."

Shane whined softly behind the tape. Rozanov open his desk drawer again and pulled out something long and thin. Shane realized it was a wooden ruler as Rozanov dragged it across the sore, burning skin of his ass. He jumped and cried out from the pain as Rozanov let out a dry chuckle.

The first hit from the ruler made Shane howl, the moan muffled by his gag. It was sharp, intense, agonizing pain against the skin that Rozanov has abused so thoroughly already. He laid hard, severe lines across his ass and thighs, each blow landing with a *thwack*, the ruler whistling faintly as it soared through the air towards its destination.

Shane was sobbing openly as the ruler bit into him, his backside in agony. When the blows finally ceased, Shane sniffled pathetically, hiccupping into the tape as he tried to catch his breath. Rozanov laid the ruler down on the desk next to his face.

"You took your lesson so well, *zaychik*," Rozanov said softly.

And beneath the pain and fear and humiliation, Shane felt a warm glow in his chest at this rare bit of praise. He could only moan softly against the tacky barrier of his gag.

Rozanov's rough hands felt like sandpaper as they caressed Shane's sore, aching ass. He squeezed each cheek gently, but Shane couldn't help the squeaks of pain he let out at the feeling. Rozanov parted his cheeks and Shane squeezed his eyes shut, legs shaking madly as Rozanov examined his asshole.

"So eager for my cock already," he said roughly and Shane moaned at the thought of him in there. "Your tight little hole is winking at me, Hollander."

Shane was not expecting Rozanov to spit directly on him. He jumped in shock as the glob of warm spit landed on his crack, followed by Rozanov's thick fingers spreading it down to his hole. He circled the tight rim of muscle, teasing it with slickness. Shane writhed against the desk, bound and helpless, twitching at the intensity of the feeling.

Rozanov's fingers breeched him slowly, twisting their way in with only the thin lubrication of his spit. Shane whined in pain at the stretch and Rozanov patted his ass. It might have been soothing if it wasn't still aching from being spanked. It hurt, but it also felt so good. His cock was embarrassingly hard, pressed against the side of desk. If Shane was honest with himself, his cock had been hard since Rozanov had pulled his shorts down and hadn't flagged even while he was being spanked. He moaned, arching back to Rozanov's fingers as they screwed in deeper.

"Greedy little slut," Rozanov chuckled, twisting and scissoring his fingers, prying Shane open like a stubborn lock.

Shane felt the edge of his duct tape gag dislodge, unstuck by the mess of tears, spit and snot running down his face. He bit into it, needing something to clamp his teeth into while Rozanov fucked him with his fingers. He pushed in deeper with each thrust, ripping high-pitched moans from his drooling mouth. Rozanov added another finger and Shane gasped at how deliciously *full* he felt. And this was just his fingers. His cock would be even —

Rozanov bent his fingers and prodded a spot deep inside that made Shane see stars. He cried out, pressing his face into the hard surface of the desk to muffle the sound. Rozanov found it again and the intense stab of pleasure was white, burning heat. His toes curled, his cock drooled and twitched, Shane was practically licking the desk as he moaned and panted, the pain of his abused ass sparking with sharp tingles of agony that only increased the pleasure. Rozanov fucked him again and again with his fingers, punching right into his prostate with every thrust. Shane sobbed brokenly, the tape around his wrists biting into his skin as he writhed desperately.

Three fingers deep, Rozanov smacked his free hand against Shane's sore butt cheek and then he was coming, untouched, his aching cock spurting come all over the front of Rozanov's desk. And he kept fingering him through it, Shane crying against hard, unforgiving wood.

Rozanov finally withdrew his hand, pulling Shane up from the desk, using his bound wrists as a handle. He brushed away the duct tape on his face, barely hanging on by a corner of remaining stickiness. Shane was taking in deep, shuddering breaths as he sobbed, overwhelmed and overstimulated.

"Look what you did to my desk, slut," Rozanov whispered in his ear.

Shane sniffed and looked down at the mess he made, globs of come dripping onto the floor.

"M'sorry," he slurred out, mouth and brain barely working, still reeling from his orgasm.

"Clean it up," Rozanov said, pushing Shane to the floor.

The cold linoleum bit into his bare knees as Shane looked up at him through damp lashes, spiky with tears.

"With what?"

"With *what*?" Rozanov repeated with a cruel laugh. He shoved his thumb into Shane's mouth and pressed down on his tongue. "With this, *zaychik*."

Shane moaned pathetically. Rozanov nudged him with his shoe and Shane took a deep breath before sticking out his tongue and dragging it across the edge of the desk where he'd splattered his come. It tasted just as he expected, sharp and salty. That sick part of him that actually liked what was happening just thought wistfully of how Rozanov's come had tasted, when he had finished on his face. Instead, he had to lap his own spunk from the grainy wood, face burning with humiliation.

"The floor too," Rozanov said with an amused smile.

Miserably, Shane bent his head and pressed his tongue onto the filthy floor, trying not to gag at the thought of what else he was licking up along with his jizz. It was so sick, he was crying again when he finished.

"Good boy," Rozanov said before pulling him to his feet, producing a pair of scissors from his desk to cut the tape from his wrists.

Hands finally free, aching and tingling with pins and needles, Shane clumsily tugged up his boxers and shorts. The fabric against his abused ass made him hiss in pain.

Rozanov wrapped a thick arm around his chest and pulled him into something like a backwards hug. Shane, exhausted and overwhelmed, leaned back against him with a weak little moan.

"You came from just my fingers in your ass, imagine what will happen from my cock," he said in Shane ear.

He shivered. Just the thought of it made him feel hot all over, his spent cock twitching in interest. He shouldn't want it. He *shouldn't*. But he did.

Chapter End Notes

so much love and appreciation for every comment and kudos, ty for enjoying the filth



Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

For the next few days, Shane couldn't sit without wincing in pain. He had dark, tender bruises on his ass and thighs from the ruler and the skin around the whole area was sore and aching. He had to be extra careful changing in the locker room for gym class, trying to hide his worked over ass from the other boys. They still called him a faggot and threw wads of paper at him, he really didn't want to make it worse.

It didn't help that Rozanov would sometimes walk in, when Shane was alone and trying to get dressed as quickly as possible. He would stand in the doorway, hands in his pockets, eyes raking over Shane as he scrambled to pull up his pants, face burning. The small smile on his face indicated that he enjoyed seeing the marks he'd left on Shane's body. Luckily, he did nothing but look.

Shane didn't want to admit it, but he liked them too. Every time he sat down and felt a deep throb of pain, he had to suppress a moan. As the bruises faded from dark purple to yellowy green, he thought about how easily Rozanov had dominated him. Marked him, branded him like property. His cock twitched, hardening at the very thought. And when he'd jerk off, more now than ever, he'd skim his hand over the bruises, pressing down enough to remind himself of the pain.

On Friday, Shane was really looking forward to the weekend. He could just take time for himself, work out, go to hockey practice at the rink, catch up on his homework. He wouldn't have to see Rozanov at all.

When the bell rang for last period, Shane was feeling almost giddy. He stopped at his locker and then headed for the exit. He usually walked home since it was so close to the school, but the path still took him by the parking lot.

"Mr. Hollander."

Shane's heart seemed to freeze in his chest. Accompanied by a confusing and alarming swoop in his stomach. Fear and anticipation as Mr. Rozanov approached him.

"Sir," Shane muttered in acknowledgement, swallowing hard.

"Heading home?"

"Yup."

He tried to shuffle forward, to keep walking in the direction of his house.

"I will give you ride."

"N-no thanks," Shane muttered. "It's so close, really —"

"It was not question," Rozanov said, firmly interrupting him.

Shane rubbed the back of his neck. He glanced around, but they were the only two people in this part of the parking lot.

"Hollander," Rozanov said, with an affable smile. As though Shane was being silly.

Biting his lip, Shane relented. It seemed that he always would.

Rozanov's car was a sleek, black sports car. Shane didn't know how he managed to afford such a beast on a teacher's salary or why he'd choose something with such terrible traction. Maybe he had a different car for the winter.

Shane buckled himself in, inhaling the piney smell of the air freshener hanging from the mirror. The radio flipped on as Rozanov turned the key, filling the car with pop music. He said nothing, leaving Shane to fidget and stare out the window, hunching his shoulders, hoping no one would see inside and recognize him.

"It's on the left, actually..." Shane piped up as Rozanov turned right.

"I have errand to run first. Then I will take you home. You do not mind, no?"

Shane shook his head, heart thumping. Errand, right.

The music blared in his ears as they drove away from the shopping center in the middle of town and towards the residential outskirts. Shane's leg jiggled as he chewed his thumb nail. Rozanov finally pulled into a driveway of the house deep in the woods, secluded by trees.

"Where are we?" Shane said in a quavering voice, though he thought he probably knew the answer.

"This is my house."

"Your errand is at your house?"

"Come inside, Hollander. Will not be long, I promise."

Heart sinking, Shane stepped out of the car and followed him to the front door. It was a nice house, minimally decorated with tasteful furnishings but not much character in Shane's eyes. No family pictures on the walls. Shane had to guess that Rozanov lived here alone.

He toed off his shoes in the entryway, unable to stop himself from being polite. Rozanov caught his eye and smirked.

"We will have drink," he said, ushering him towards the kitchen.

"I'm OK," Shane mumbled, following him all the same.

Rozanov pulled out two glasses anyway. From a cabinet, he took out a bottle of clear liquor and filled each glass with a substantial amount.

" *Za vashe zdorovie*," he said, pushing the glass into Shane's hand.

"I c-can't drink," Shane said awkwardly.

"I will not tell," Rozanov said with a sly wink.

"I mean — I just shouldn't drink — w-with hockey and everything."

"Hollander," Rozanov said with an exasperated sigh. "This is very good vodka I buy in Russia and you will drink it."

His expression was dark, eyes gleaming. Shane knew that expression would not allow any arguments. Shane looked down at the glass and with a shaky breath, brought it to his lips. It tasted foul. Shane gagged immediately; it was like trying to swallow paint thinner.

"Do not waste my vodka, Hollander," Rozanov said and Shane bit back a whimper.

He tried again, forcing himself to swallow the liquor, choking and coughing at the burn in his throat. When he managed to choke it down, he felt its trail of fire all the way down to his stomach. Just a few sips wouldn't cut it and under Rozanov's sharp eye, Shane managed to force down the whole glass. He set it on the counter, feeling suddenly dizzy and slightly sick. He coughed weakly while Rozanov rubbed his back. Rozanov had also drained his glass, but he looked just as composed as ever.

"Good little *zaychik*," he said sweetly. "You were so tight when I fingered you, like iron vice. Now you feel loose, yes? Soft and ready for me."

Shane wasn't sure what he felt. He rubbed his face, a wave of wooziness overtaking him. Was he drunk already? Maybe a little bit. He stumbled slightly and Rozanov caught him, looped a thick arm around his shoulder.

"Let me give you tour."

Shane allowed Rozanov to lead him down the hall, arm slung over his shoulder. Shane kept tripping and falling into him, his feet suddenly too big and clumsy. His body felt warm, heated from within by the vodka in his belly.

"Here is bedroom," Rozanov said, pressing his mouth against Shane's ear.

"Ah, it's nice," he mumbled, a shiver running through him at Rozanov's breath on his neck.

He didn't really get a good look at anything before Rozanov was pushing him onto the bed, manhandling him until he was splayed out on the silky sheets. Shane lifted his head, mouth falling open as Rozanov started taking off his clothes.

"W-what are you doing?" Shane muttered as Rozanov tossed his polo shirt aside, then unbuttoned his slacks.

"I am going to fuck you," he said.

"Oh."

Shane watched in awe as Rozanov stripped down to his briefs. Despite sucking his cock that one time, Shane hadn't seen him so naked before. It made his face hot, his cock thicken in his pants to see his bulging biceps, massive pecs, incredibly toned abs. The v-shape leading to his groin was so well-defined it could have cut paper. Shane watched his thick, meaty thighs come into view, mouth watering at the sight. *Oh*. Shane was still telling himself he wasn't actually gay, but he was feeling less and less sure of that fact.

The bed dipped as Rozanov climbed on, his massive thighs slung over Shane's hips, trapping him there. Shane gasped at the contact, his cock rubbing against his leg.

"So eager already, *zaychik*," Rozanov said, wrestling Shane out of his shirt.

Shane swallowed a hiccup as Rozanov bent to press hot, open-mouthed kisses to his neck. Shane let out a shuddering breath, unable to stop himself from writhing and moaning softly beneath him. Rozanov's teeth sank into the tender skin of his throat and he cried out, the pain zipping through him and making his cock twitch. Rozanov chuckled, mouth moving down his chest to suck on his nipples. Shane arched into him, his moan turning into a weepy little whimper as Rozanov bit down. Bitten red and aching, Rozanov continued to tease that nipple with his fingers as he went to suck and lathe the other one with his tongue.

"Ah — fuck — *hnngg* —" Shane could not stop moaning and slurring out these hot desperate sounds as Rozanov worked his nipples, teeth grazing the sensitive tip as he twisted and flicked the other hardened nub beneath his fingers.

Hips caged to the bed by Rozanov's thighs, Shane could only thrust his cock thoughtlessly upwards, desperate and seeking friction. It felt like he could come just from Rozanov sucking and twisting his nipples, he was so sensitive and overwhelmed. But then Rozanov was turning him over, so easily manhandled, like he was just a doll for Rozanov to play with. Shane pressed his hot face into a soft, silken pillow as Rozanov tugged down his sweatpants and boxers, stripping him completely naked.

"You must have been so sore after last time," Rozanov said softly, cupping his ass with both hands and squeezing. "I can see the marks, but they are fading. I will have to make more. You would like that, yes, *zaychik*?"

Shane's only response was a muffled moan into the pillow. He did want Rozanov to mark him again, to leave him bruised and fucked up so he could remember what it felt like to be owned by him. Rozanov chuckled and slapped one cheek hard with a flat palm, sending a stinging pain radiating up his spine. Shane arched his back, thrust his leaking cock into the bed beneath him as Rozanov spread his cheeks and rubbed a rough thumb against his hole.

"Such a perfect, desperate slut for me, aren't you?"

Shane felt himself nod into the pillow. It may make him hate himself later, but he did want to be a good, obedient slut for Rozanov. It felt so good, so intense and overwhelming. Like there

was nothing else but being good for him.

Dry fingers teased his rim until Rozanov pulled away, leaning over and pulling open a drawer in his nightstand. Shane peaked over his shoulder and watched Rozanov flip open the cap of a bottle, coating his fingers with lube. The fingers that returned to his asshole were slick now, slightly cold with lube and Shane shivered. When they pushed in, Shane groaned, long and loud. Rozanov worked him open much quicker this time, scissoring his fingers with deep, searching thrusts. He brushed Shane's prostate and he moaned wantonly, grinding his cock against the bed while simultaneously thrusting back to feel him deeper.

"Tsk tsk," Rozanov muttered, slapping his ass again. "Do not come before I can fuck you properly. I will be fucking you so matter how sensitive you are."

Shane mewled into the pillow, whimpering as Rozanov pulled his fingers out. He heard the wet sounds of Rozanov working lube over his cock and his chest tightened at the thought of what would come next. Rozanov's cock was massive and Shane didn't know how he would take it all. Rozanov was laughing as he pressed the slick head of his cock against his hole. Shane tensed, clutching the pillow with shaking hands.

"You are like vice again, Hollander. Should I get you more vodka?"

"N-no," he mumbled, shaking his head. "I just want —"

"What do you want? Tell me, *zaychik*."

"Please," he breathed out, willing his body to relax and loosen. "I want your cock."

Rozanov groaned and pressed forward, the tip catching on Shane's rim and making him gasp. Rozanov squeezed his ass, fingers digging sharply into his hip as he pushed in deeper. Shane felt like he was being split in half, it was pain and euphoria all at once. His breaths came sharp, breathy and wounded as Rozanov fucked into him.

"Please, it's too much — I — let me —" he begged, fingers scrambling on the bed and he tried to adjust to Rozanov's massive length driving into him.

"No, no, you are taking it perfectly," Rozanov said with a soft grunt, rocking forward with a sharp thrust to fully seat himself in Shane's ass.

Shane cried out, tears hot on his face as Rozanov bottomed out. He barely had a moment to catch his shuddering breath before Rozanov was fucking him, hard, deep thrusts that punched sobs right out of him. Rozanov adjusted his trembling legs, pulling him off the bed just enough to really drive into him. Shane cried out, but the new angle meant Rozanov's cock hit his prostate on every thrust. Panting, arms shaking as he tried to support himself, Shane could feel his hard cock bobbing along with the thrusts, slapping his stomach and smearing it with copious pre-come.

Rozanov kept fucking him, fingers wrapped around his hips hard enough to bruise. The sounds were obscene; Rozanov's heavy balls hitting his thighs with a wet *thwack*, his ass and Rozanov's hips making a soft clapping noise as they met again and again, the wet squelch of

lube as his hole was pummeled. Rozanov was muttering in Russian, peppered in with English phrases like "*filthy slut*" and "*my perfect little whore*." All mixed together with Shane's own noises, pained whimpers and deep, hoarse moans as his prostate was hit over and over.

"Ah — oh my God — sir, I'm gonna —" Shane babbled as he felt his impending orgasm tightening in his lower belly.

"Come for me, *zaychik*," Rozanov said thickly. "Yes, come from just my cock."

Shane did as he was told. He sobbed as Rozanov kept driving into him, his come hitting the sheets beneath him in thick globs. He felt dizzy, mind going blank, vision whitening out for a second as he sagged bonelessly onto the sheets, Rozanov continuing to fuck his limp body. Shane whimpered, too fucked out and weak to do anything but take it as Rozanov used his oversensitive body for his own pleasure.

"You are perfect fuck doll for me, Hollander," Rozanov crooned.

Shane's head could only loll to the side as Rozanov pulled out just long enough to turn him over onto his back. He pushed Shane's knees up to his chest and shoved his cock back inside. This new angle was even more intense and Shane had nothing to bury his face in as he was fucked relentlessly, the bed shaking beneath them, the headboard creaking as it hit the wall. But his cock was filling out again and soon its red, raw head was leaking onto his stomach.

Rozanov grinned, wrapping his large hand around Shane's weeping cock. Shane cried out, overstimulated and sore. Rozanov fucked him with hard, tight thrusts as he swiped the painfully sensitive head of his cock with his thumb, prying out whimpery moans from Shane's throat.

"Sir —" Shane cried out. "It hurts."

"But you like it, yes?" Rozanov said, panting from exertion.

Shane could only sob softly as Rozanov kept stroking him in time with his thrusts. Shane's second orgasm seemed to come from somewhere deeper, suffusing his whole body with intense, white-hot pleasure. He was shaking, twisting and writhing around on Rozanov's cock. His ass tightened with every wave of pleasure, clenching around Rozanov's cock like a hungry mouth. Rozanov groaned, falling out of rhythm as he came hard inside him with a final, hard thrust that made Shane cry out.

Shane lay there panting, head spinning, fuzzy around the edges as though he were about to float away. He couldn't even move when Rozanov pulled out with a grunt, the sticky mess of his come mixed with lube disgusting on Shane's thighs. He was so out of it that he only barely registered a flash of light, bright in his eyes.

"What the fuck —" he mumbled, lifting his head enough to see another flash.

Rozanov was holding up his phone, hand splayed on Shane's wet, jizz coated stomach as he took another picture.

"No —" Shane groaned, holding up a shaking hand to cover his face.

"Relax, Hollander," Rozanov said, tossing his phone aside. "Is just for me to remember this moment. My *zaychik*, my perfect little cock slut, covered in come. Looking so pretty."

Shane whined in dismay and bone chilling embarrassment. But still, Rozanov had said *my. My perfect cock slut*. Shane felt a distressing warmth bloom in his chest, hating how much he liked being *his*. Rozanov's.

"OK," Rozanov said, slapping Shane's wet thigh. "First you shower and then I drive you home. Just as promised, yes?"

Shane nodded dumbly. *Just as promised*.

Chapter End Notes

enjoy, my pervs 💜 i've been on a roll this week but i probably won't be able to post again for the next few days, but never fear, i will be back, i have plenty of filthy ideas for tormenting poor, sweet shane bunny 💜💜💜

Chapter 5

Another day and Shane found himself in Rozanov's office, straddling his thigh and grinding his dick down against him. Again, he found himself eager for it, Rozanov tugging off his shirt and wrapping his lips around his nipples until he was shaking and moaning with arousal.

"So good, so eager for me," he muttered, voice vibrating against his chest, making him whimper.

"*Hng* — fuck —" Shane moaned, rocking his clothed cock against Rozanov's thick thigh.

His nipples were hard and red from Rozanov's mouth, aching little nubs that he plucked with twisted when not suckling and teasing them with his teeth. Shane moaned and shuddered, throwing his head back, baring his throat.

"Such a desperate slut. Should I fuck you right here? Spear you with my cock and leave you full of my come all day?"

The thought of it had Shane coming in his pants, arms shaking as he held onto Rozanov's shoulders, wave after wave wracking through him. Rozanov chuckled against his chest, flicking his nipple with his tongue and making him squeal as his orgasm ebbed away.

"It-it's 9am," Shane muttered.

"So it is," Rozanov said, unzipping his pants to pull out his straining erection. "On your knees."

Shane, still trembling, complied. What he meant to say is that he needed to get to class soon. He was already late for algebra and Rozanov fucking him would take god knows how long. Still, he took Rozanov's cock in his mouth like he'd been dying for it. Maybe he had been. The salty tang of pre-come filled his mouth and he moaned, the massive cock sliding over his tongue and pressing against the back of his throat as Shane eagerly bobbed his head. Still shaking and buzzing from his orgasm, he could push back the ever-present shame that consumed him and just enjoy the feel of cock in his mouth. Rozanov petted his hair, fingers scraping his scalp as he worked his cock, spit running down his chin as he pushed it in as deep as possible. He gagged as Rozanov's cock slid into his throat, but Shane kept going, pressing his nose into the nest of pubic hair. Rozanov grunted, thrusting up and making Shane choke around the cock deep throating him. He breathed hard through his nose as Rozanov fucked into his throat again and again. Shane felt the low groan coming from Rozanov's chest as he stopped on the downward thrust and came in his mouth, cock twitching on his tongue as his bitter spend overflowed and dripped onto Shane's chest.

Rozanov breathed out contentedly, still petting Shane's hair as Shane looked down at himself in horror. Come stained his shirt and darkened the front of his pants where'd orgasmed against Rozanov's thigh. And he was still late to algebra.

"*Moy zaychik*," Rozanov said, thumb brushing his sticky cheek. "I will give you ride home today."

"Today?" Shane said, voice pitched up a notch.

"Is that a problem?" Rozanov said.

"It's just... my parents will expect me home for dinner and —"

"Hollanders will have their precious boy home for dinner, do not worry. You just have so much studying to do, yes? So you stay late at school."

Shane dropped his head, nodding.

"Can I — can I have a note?"

"Note?"

"I'm late for class..."

Rozanov laughed, deep his chest. Shane thought for a terrible moment that Rozanov wouldn't give him one or that he'd make him do something even more degrading to work for it, but then he scribbled something out on a spare piece of paper and thrust it in Shane's hand.

"Anything to keep *moy zaychik* out of trouble, yes?"

By the time Shane had stopped by his gym locker for some clothes that weren't come stained and he'd washed his face and mouth, the class was nearly over anyway. His algebra teacher looked unimpressed but said nothing when presented with the note from Mr. Rozanov.

Shane went to sit in the back for the last few minutes of class, head on his arms. It's not like he would have been able to concentrate anyway. His nipples were still tingling from Rozanov's mouth and he could taste his come at the back of his throat.

The rest of the day was the same hazy routine that Shane had come to expect. He ran through the motions, his mind entirely on Rozanov and what he would do to him at his house after school. Something horrible and degrading and insanely hot, without a doubt. It kept him on edge, cock half hard in his pants, skin hot and flushed.

The day finally over, Shane found himself in the parking lot, hanging by Rozanov's car before he even got there. Shane tried to look casual, leaning against a pole and scrolling on his phone until Rozanov appeared at his shoulder.

"So eager for me, yes?" he said, sounding amused.

"I just didn't want to —to be obvious," he muttered, ducking his head.

Rozanov just laughed again and opened the passenger side door. Shane quickly slid in, glancing around to make sure they were still unobserved.

When they arrived at Rozanov's house, Shane dutifully removed his shoes like before while Rozanov ushered him into the bedroom.

"No vodka?" he said, following him.

"No, not today. You are so eager and desperate for me without it. Unless you want some?"

Shane shook his head before Rozanov grasped the hem of his shirt and pulled it off. Shane could feel his breathing pick up as Rozanov pushed down his sweatpants and underwear, leaving him bare. He hummed in pleasure as Rozanov pressed his mouth to his throat, teeth grazing the skin. Rozanov had left a few prominent hickeys the last time he'd fucked him and Shane had a hell of a time trying to cover them. As embarrassing as that was, he secretly loved how it looked and hoped Rozanov would mark him up again.

Instead, he pulled back, eyes gleaming in a way that made Shane shudder in fear and anticipation.

"I have present for you," Rozanov said in his ear. "You will be good for me?"

Shane moaned softly and nodded. He really did want to be good for him.

Grinning, Rozanov opened a drawer in his dresser and pulled out something Shane's brain had trouble processing at first. Rozanov held them up with a flourish and Shane groaned. Pink cotton panties, patterned with hearts and decorated with a little bow on the front.

Rozanov knelt and grasped one of Shane's ankles.

"Up," he instructed and Shane didn't move.

"I can't wear those," he moaned.

Despite looking up at him from the floor, Rozanov's dark expression still looked dangerous as he gripped Shane's ankle hard enough to bruise.

"Do not make me punish you, Hollander," he said. "You enjoyed your spanking so much, but there are much worse things I can do."

Shane believed it. With a whimper, he lifted each leg in turn and allowed Rozanov to pull the panties up his thighs. It was a tight stretch as Rozanov worked it over his ass and then squashed his cock beneath the elastic. He was still hard and pre-come dampened the cotton.

Rozanov stood up, turning Shane around so that he was facing the full-length mirror next to Rozanov's dresser. Shane felt his face burn in humiliation seeing himself squished into girl panties, the heart patterned stretched obscenely over his leaking cock.

"So pretty," Rozanov said softly, cupping his straining cock and making him gasp. "Now for the rest."

The rest? Shane felt his stomach drop as Rozanov opened the drawer again. This time he pulled out a plaid skirt, grinning at the look of horror on Shane's face.

"You like?" he said, kneeling down again to help Shane step into it.

Shane whimpered as the skirt was pulled up his thighs. Rozanov tugged up the zip on the side as it settled around his waist. It was so short that it barely covered his ass and revealed his bulge in the panties whenever he moved. Face on fire, Shane bit his lip as Rozanov forced him to look at himself in the mirror.

"Pretty, pretty," he crooned. "Now for accessories." From the drawer, Rozanov pulled out something that looked like clips. "For your pretty little tits."

Shane's breath caught in his throat as Rozanov reached around his chest and pinched each nipple in turn. They hardened at once as Rozanov plucked at them. He tugged one nipple hard, stretching it out as he opened one of the clamps and clasped it around the tight nub. Shane cried out at the pain, his sensitive nipple pinched between hard metal. But the pain gave way to tingling pleasure, a constant, intense stimulation that made his cock twitch. Rozanov smiled, clamping his other nipple and giving it a hard tug. Shane whined at the sensation.

"Perfect," Rozanov muttered.

His hand dipped into the drawer again. This time, he pulled out a pink bralette to match the panties. He worked it over Shane's head, threading his reluctant arms through the straps and fitting it over his chest. It was as tight and uncomfortable as the panties, the fabric straining around the clamps squeezing his nipples.

"Very hot," Rozanov said, hands pressing his cotton covered chest, teasing against the clamps. "Very sexy." Shane whimpered.

Still, there was more. Rozanov pulled out a small, cotton crop top and held it up for Shane to see. Across the chest were the words DADDY'S LITTLE SLUT in pink bubble letters. Shane closed his eyes in humiliation as Rozanov pulled it over his head. Like the rest of the clothes, it stretched tightly over his body, pressing even harder against his clamped nipples. The effect of the tight shirt, bralette and clamps made it look like he actually had tits.

"Daddy's — little — slut," Rozanov read out, tracing each word across Shane's chest and making him squirm. "You are, yes?"

"No," Shane moaned, shaking his head in intense embarrassment.

Rozanov chuckled and twisted one of the clamps through the fabric. Shane let out a little scream, arching onto his toes as his nipple burned with pain and intense pleasure.

"You are, yes?" Rozanov repeated and Shane found himself nodding.

"Yes," he groaned out, voice shaking.

Rozanov smiled, hands circling his waist, right above the hem of the skirt.

"Good girl," he said softly. "Just a few more things."

Next came makeup. Shane wanted to shake his head, rebel. He couldn't possibly wear makeup. But Rozanov never could take no for an answer. Burning with shame, Shane closed his eyes and let him smear eyeshadow across his lids. Bubblegum pink blush for his cheeks and then peach flavored gloss on his lips. Rozanov admired his work, grinning wolfishly. Lastly, he clipped a sparkly pink barrette into his short hair.

"There. Such a pretty girl. Look at you."

Rozanov turned him back towards the mirror and Shane flinched at the image of his face smeared with makeup. His flushed cheeks even pinker, his mouth plush and wet with gloss. Shane was still blinking in horror when he heard the sound of duct tape being ripped. Rozanov brought his wrists together and kept them bound together with the tape.

"I almost forgot," Rozanov said, tugging at the tape on his wrists and brushing his hand across the front of the skirt.

From the drawer, Rozanov pulled out a metal, tear-shaped object with a flat base. There was a pink plastic jewel on the base, flashing in the light as Rozanov squirted lube on his fingers and coated it in slick.

"W-what —"

"For your pussy," Rozanov said, flipping up the back of his skirt and tugging the panties down over the swell of his ass.

Shane groaned as Rozanov sunk his lubed-up fingers into his ass, twisting and working him open. Shane's cock, trapping in pink cotton, spurted out even more pre-come as Rozanov fingered him. He let a high-pitched moan as his fingers slipped out, replaced by the blunt head of the plug. Shane moaned and twisted as Rozanov worked the plug inside him. It was a foreign sensation, his hole stretched over unyielding metal. The plug pushed past his rim and settled inside him, nestled right against his prostate. The now constant stimulation on his nipples and ass made Shane squirm, panting and arching against the dual sensation.

Rozanov smacked his ass and pulled the panties back over his cheeks, leaving Shane to stand there trembling, tears in his eyes at the humiliation and arousal pounding through him.

"Knees," Rozanov said simply.

As Shane shakily got on the floor, he looked up to see Rozanov pulling his phone from his pocket. Shane closed his eyes, unable to bear the flash that poured over him as Rozanov took his picture. Dressed up like a girl, clamped, plugged and leaking all over his panties. Shane felt tears gather in his eyes as he tried not to cry.

Rozanov's cock slapped his cheek and Shane's eyes flew open. Rozanov dragged the slick head of his cock over Shane's face, tracing his glossy lips and pushing inside. Shane took it gratefully, eager to be fucked into oblivion, wanting it to carry him away from the shame burning within him. Rozanov pressed his hand onto the back of Shane's neck as

he fucked into his mouth. Kneeling on the floor like this, Shane could feel the plug inside him nudging his prostate, a hot little push every time Rozanov thrust forward. Hands bound and unable to touch his throbbing cock, Shane could only take it, moaning and drooling. Rozanov pulled out just enough for Shane to suckle the head, tongue flicking against the slit as pre-come flooded his mouth. Rozanov groaned, thrusting back into the fill Shane's throat with his cock. Shane could feel himself floating, giving into the delicious feeling of letting Rozanov use him.

Rozanov came down his throat this time, with a sharp thrust and shuddering groan. Shane choked on the thick, messy globs sliding down his throat, cutting off air.

"Swallow, Hollander," Rozanov instructed, breath ragged.

Shane coughed as he tried to breath, swallowing the load of come without any other option.

"Good girl," Rozanov said, patting his cheek.

Shane breathed hard as he looked up at him, eyes watering and mouth red and swollen. Rozanov raised his phone and took another picture. This time, Shane looked right into the lens, knowing he must look completely wrecked.

Rozanov brushed a thick thumb across Shane's abused mouth and then reapplied the lip gloss. Shane hummed softly, shifting around on the floor. He was so hard, cock twitching in his panties and desperate for relief.

"Did you need something?" Rozanov asked innocently as he tucked his cock back in his pants.

"Please, sir," Shane moaned, thrusting his hips pointlessly into the air.

"Not yet, *zaychik*. I have some work to do."

Shane whined pathetically. Rozanov merely pulled him into a standing position, lightly touching Shane's straining cock through his panties.

"You can still be of use, I think."

Rozanov guided into another room, Shane's feet were clumsy as he tried to walk with his hands bound, plug up his ass. He could feel it move with every step, a maddening tease against his prostate.

Rozanov led Shane into a home office where he took a seat behind the desk. He pulled Shane towards him, pushing him down on his knees.

"Good *zaychik*. Now stay right here while I work, yes?"

Shane nodded dumbly. He supposed Rozanov would just make him kneel beside him, unbearably turned on and desperate until he deigned to let him come. But then Rozanov was manhandling him to kneel between his spread legs, pulling his soft cock out to push it between Shane's lips.

Shane blinked up at him in confusion. His cock was still semi erect, a mouthful at any stage of hardness. Rozanov simply ignored him, letting Shane's cheek rest on his thigh as he opened his laptop.

This was another layer of humiliation. Shane simply knelt there, Rozanov's cock filling his mouth as he tapped away on his computer, as though Shane wasn't there at all. Shane's knees ached against the hard floor. His nipples prickled with sensation, the unrelenting clamps pinching them. His cock leaked steadily, the plug in his ass filling him but still leaving him *empty*. Unfulfilled.

He whimpered pathetically a few times, but Rozanov seemed to have forgotten him completely. He muttered to himself in Russian, sifting through emails and jotting down notes.

Shane lost track of time. He let Rozanov's cock rest on his tongue, swelling to full hardness, the musky taste filling his mouth. Shane let his mind float. *You can still be of use*. Shane did want to be useful. He wanted Rozanov to use him however he wanted to. It felt good.

Still, he was in agony by the time Rozanov closed his laptop and acknowledged him. He carded his fingers through Shane's hair, who let out a soft moan around his mouthful.

"You have been good girl, Hollander. So obedient and sweet for me. That deserves a reward."

He pulled his cock from Shane's mouth and got him to his feet. Shane swayed drunkenly, legs shaking. Rozanov cupped his ass under the skirt, fingers pressing against the base of the plug. Shane moaned, arching his back sluttishly.

"Do you want to come?" he said, idly plucking at the nipple clamps, making Shane whine.

"Yes," he gasped out desperately. "Please, sir."

Rozanov chuckled, flicking a clamp with his finger, Shane's scream turning into a breathy moan as zinging pain shot through him.

"Please, daddy," he moaned, hips thrusting forward, desperate for any stimulation.

Rozanov let out a low growl, turning Shane around and bending him over the desk. Shane huffed happily as Rozanov pushed up his skirt, tugging down the panties to expose his ass. He pressed on the plug against, making him writhe. He smacked his ass a few times, holding onto his bound wrists as he twisted out the plug. Shane moaned desperately, his ass feeling unbearably empty now.

Rozanov's cock brushed against his hole and Shane couldn't help but beg for it again, to be fucked, to be filled.

"Daddy," he groaned again, wriggling his ass as his chest pressed into the desk, his nipples aching.

Rozanov spanked his ass sharply and then drove his cock into him, burying himself nearly to the hilt. Shane screamed, his body lighting up as it was finally filled, Rozanov's cock right where it belonged. He fucked him with fast, punishing strokes that left Shane drooling and spouting gibberish, his hole clenching as his orgasm approached. Still trapped in pink cotton, his cock throbbed as he orgasmed untouched, filling the panties with sticky come, his vision whiting out from the intensity of it. Rozanov fucked him through it, the desk shaking beneath him as Shane sagged, legs trembling as his orgasm continued to crash through him. Rozanov kept nailing his prostate and Shane was soon crying from overstimulation, his whole body shaking with it.

Rozanov's thrusts slowed down, fucking him deep and hard into the desk. Shane's spent cock rubbed through soaked cotton against the hard surface of the desk as Rozanov used his bound wrists to pull him up enough to play with the clamps still tight around his nipples.

"You like when I tease your tits, yes?" Rozanov growled as Shane moaned brokenly. "I can feel your pussy squeezing me when I do this." He twisted a clamp and Shane howled, his hole spasming hard around Rozanov's cock.

"*Ah — hng — fuck —*" Shane groaned and drooled, his cock hard again as Rozanov reached into the bralette to twist off the clamp he'd been toying with.

Shane screamed as the compressed nipple filled with blood, ultra-sensitive and pulsing with pain that made his cock twitch and spurt pre-come. Rozanov pinched the sore, abused nipple, twisting and rubbing it with his callused fingers. Shane sobbed, his body shaking as his second orgasm approached. Rozanov dropped his hand to cup Shane's sopping wet cock, still trapped in the panties.

"You like when I touch your clit, yes? Your slutty little clit?"

He rubbed the head of his cock through the damp fabric and Shane was coming again, spurting weakly against Rozanov's hand, his body shaking and clamping down on Rozanov's cock as he came as well, unloading into his twitching hole.

Rozanov pulled Shane's shivering body up against his own, pressing hot kisses to the side of his sweaty face. Panting, overwhelmed, Shane let himself go limp in his arms, simply enjoying the feel of Rozanov mouth teasing his hairline.

"My perfect little cock slut," he said fondly, arm wrapped tight around his middle.

"I-I need to get home," Shane said hoarsely, starting to squirm uncomfortably against the uncomfortable clothes, the tape around his wrists, the come dribbling from his ruined hole.

"Home, yes," Rozanov murmured sounding disappointed. "I will take you home, good as new. I want to keep you here, all tied up, plugged and ready for me to use at any time."

His hands ran over Shane's spent body, making him shiver, a low moan caught in his throat.

"I know you would like that, *zaychik*. But no, I will take you home."

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Rozanov usually did not bother Shane while he was changing for gym. Mostly he'd just linger and stare at him, eyes raking over his body. Shane tried to ignore it, the way his insides would light up, his face flush.

The other guys were still being complete assholes, especially now that when Shane stripped down, he had visible hickeys and other marks on his body.

"Is that from your boyfriend?" one of the worst offenders, Dallas Kent, snickered at him. Shane really did try not to get naked in front of them, but sometimes it was unavoidable.

"Fuck off," Shane muttered, quickly pulling his shirt over his head. He had a dark hickey on his chest and he could still recall with intense clarity Rozanov's teeth sinking into him.

"Faggot," the kid sneered and Shane turned away, trying to ignore him. "Hey, I'm talking to you. Faggot!"

"Kent, that is enough," Rozanov's voice cut through the locker room.

Kent shut his mouth immediately. He didn't want to get in trouble with Rozanov anymore than anyone else did. Shane thought, bitterly, that he didn't know the half of it.

"Sorry, sir. Just having fun, you know?"

"Out, Kent," Rozanov commanded firmly and Kent practically ran out the door.

Shane quickly grabbed his things, stuffing them into his backpack as Rozanov strolled over to him. They were alone in the locker room now.

"How often do they bully you?" Rozanov asked softly, crowding Shane against his locker, hands sliding over the front of his shirt.

"It's nothing. It's fine," Shane said. The last thing he wanted was more attention.

"OK," Rozanov. "If they hurt you, I will deal with them, yes?"

Shane huffed out a laugh. Rozanov had spanked him until he cried, but now he wanted to protect him? Sure.

"I-I need to get to my next class," Shane muttered, trying to duck out from under Rozanov's arm.

Rozanov pushed him back against the locker in an instant, hands on the middle of his chest.

"I will give you note," he said.

Shane opened his mouth to protest, but then Rozanov was pinching his face, hungrily licking into his mouth. Shane moaned despite himself as Rozanov nipped his lip and then latched into his neck, teeth grazing the sensitive skin. The hands on his chest cupped his pecs through his shirt, squeezing and fondling him, thumbs brushing his nipples to hardness.

"The other boys, they see the marks I give you, they are jealous," Rozanov said against his skin and Shane whimpered.

His body was *so* sensitive now. Almost every school day, Rozanov found some excuse to bring him to his office. And if he was short on time, he'd just touch and tease him, getting his full of Shane's body before sending him out the door, cock hard and leaking, nipples pebbled and sore, his hole aching to be filled. And then Shane would be horny and frustrated and desperate for Rozanov to properly fuck him.

"J-jealous? Of what..."

"Of me, that I have this all to myself," Rozanov said, squeezing Shane's ass through his shorts.

Shane let out a muffled mewl, pressing his face to Rozanov's broad shoulder.

"Please, not here," he said softly. Anyone could walk in and see this. Shane pressed up against the locker, shaking and hard as Rozanov touched him.

"Let me give you something," he said against his ear, making him shiver. "Then you go off to class."

Out of his pocket, Rozanov pulled the butt plug Shane was now very familiar with. When he had the time, he liked to plug Shane up and then make him wait while he begged and moaned for relief. But he'd never used it in school before.

"Here?" Shane gasped, voice twinged with fear.

"All day," Rozanov said with a grin.

Shane whimpered. Gym had been the first class of the day. Hours and hours of being plugged, in front of everyone. His face burned at the thought of it.

"You will be good boy, yes? I will be nice and not clamp your nipples too."

Shane bit his lip hard as Rozanov turned him around, pulled his shorts off his ass. He had lube as well, which Shane supposed he should be grateful for. But Rozanov only fingered him briefly before working the plug into him. Shane gasped at the feeling of his rim stretching, head colliding with the locker he was pressed against, a sharp clang in the quiet of the locker room. The plug sat just against his prostate, a constant, agonizing tease.

Rozanov appeared to admire the view of Shane's ass with the jeweled base of the plug nestled between his cheeks. He smacked his ass before pulling up his shorts and nipping Shane's ear

playfully.

"Wear this all day and do not come," he said, his voice vibrating against his ear. "And I will give you ride home."

Shane understood what that meant. He nodded, a pit in his stomach as he thought about the day ahead.

"Good boy," Rozanov purred. "Now, I will write you note."

School was worse than usual. Shane couldn't zone out and dissociate like he normally would, not with the plug teasing his prostate with every step, every movement. He'd sit down for class and have to bite the inside of his mouth to suppress the moans that threatened to pour out of him. It was difficult to hide his near constant erection and the urge to just lock himself in the restroom and furiously masturbate was overwhelming. But Rozanov had told him not to come. Shane did not want to be disobedient. He knew Rozanov was bound to punish him in some way, but he also *wanted to be good*. He wanted to be Rozanov's good boy.

But he'd never been edged for so long. It was maddening, the pull in his groin, the tightness of his skin, burning up like he had a fever. He could hardly talk, fumbling over his words whenever someone talked to him or a teacher asked him a question.

"Hey man, you good?" asked Hayden, his lab partner.

"Y-yeah," Shane mumbled, trying not to fidget on his stool. Any movements sent a throbbing wave of pleasure through his body. "Stomach ache."

"Hey, just go to the nurse. I can finish this."

"Um, OK," Shane said, sliding off the stool and biting his lip as heat pulsed through him.

It didn't take any convincing for his chemistry teacher to let Shane go to the nurse. He knew he looked flushed, sweaty, eyes glazed. The school nurse looked actually concerned when she saw him.

"Oh, honey, you look feverish," she said, laying a cool hand on his forehead.

Shane flinched away, the brush of skin against him was too much.

"I just need to lie down for a little while," he said, trying to summon a smile so she wouldn't be too concerned.

"Let me call your parents, they can come get you?"

"N-no! No thank you. I just need to lie down."

Tutting, the nurse let him curl up in the back, pulling a curtain around the bed. Shane laid his head on the crackly pillow, trying to ignore the pulsating heat in his ass. It was almost worse now, having nothing to distract him, only his thoughts for company. He couldn't help

but think about Rozanov, being at his house, letting him fuck him or use him, whatever he wanted if he just let him come. Shane bit his fist to suppress the needy whimpers coming from his mouth. His nipples tightened under his shirt, tingling at the thought of Rozanov clamping them and making them ache.

He pressed his palm to his throbbing cock, trying to relieve the pressure. He choked on a moan and stuffed the neck of his shirt into his mouth to keep quiet. His cock was leaking so much that his underwear was soaked, sticky with pre-come and chafing uncomfortably against his sore dick. He wasn't supposed to come. Rozanov had told him not to come. The end of the day was so close, he just needed to hold out a little longer. But he couldn't stop his hips from rocking against his hand, the plug nudging his prostate, swallowing whimpers and desperate little moans.

He had to stop himself, he wanted to be good. But his orgasm seemed to sneak up on him, he was so horny and keyed up that he hadn't realized how close he was. Shane bit into his t-shirt, shaking as he came hotly into his shorts. *Goddammit.*

Panting, Shane felt only a modicum of relief. Now his shorts were damp with come *and* he had defied Rozanov. He hadn't been good. Shane let out a dry sob, pushing his face into the pillow.

He lay there, miserable, the come drying in his underwear until the nurse came and pulled the curtain back to tell him that the final bell was about to ring.

"Do you have a ride home, sweetie?" she said softly, petting his damp hair.

Shane nodded, feeling genuinely sick for a moment. He got up, pulling his hoodie low in hopes of covering the come stain darkening the front of his shorts.

The plug nudged and teased him every step to the parking lot. Even after orgasming so recently, his cock was swelling again from the intense stimulation.

Rozanov was waiting for him by his car. Shane hunched his shoulders, glancing around to make sure there was nobody watching them.

In the car, Rozanov turned on the radio and slid his hand over Shane's thigh, squeezing possessively. Shane let out a shuddering breath at his hand so close to his throbbing cock.

"Patience, *zaychik*," he muttered, fingers teasing his inseam.

Shane was sweating by the time they arrived at Rozanov's house, flushed with arousal and anxiety over what was to come. Rozanov pulled him inside eagerly, hand dipping below the waistband of his shorts to press teasingly on the plug. Shane gasped, arching into his touch.

"Look at you, my little whore. So desperate and horny for me, yes? Have you been good boy?"

Shane whined softly, turning his face away. Rozanov's hand explored inside his underwear and when it encountered the obvious remnants of dried come still sticking to his cock, his

expression darkened.

"You disobeyed me," he said in a low, dangerous voice that made Shane shiver.

"I-I'm sorry," he sobbed, immediately feeling tears spring to his eyes.

"Yes, yes, very sorry that you got caught," Rozanov sneered.

He grabbed Shane by the back of his neck and pushed him towards the bedroom. Shane stumbled, whimpering as Rozanov squeezed his neck like he was disciplining a naughty puppy. In the bedroom, Rozanov had laid out the skirt, panties and DADDY'S LITTLE SLUT shirt that he loved to make him wear.

"Put those on," Rozanov said. "Then I will punish you."

Hands shaking, Shane took off his clothes and squeezed himself into the panties, skirt and crop top. Rozanov watched him dispassionately, his eyes dark and shielded. Shane got on his knees and crawled towards him.

"I'm sorry, daddy," he said, his voice soft and whimpery. He pressed his face to Rozanov's crotch, nuzzling the shape of his cock.

Rozanov grabbed a fistful of hair and pulled his head back roughly, making Shane gasp.

"Do not try to be sweet little good girl to me after you have been bad," he growled.

Pulling Shane by the hair, he pushed him onto the bed. From the drawer, he pulled out his trusty roll of duct tape. He bound Shane's wrists first and then taped over his mouth so he couldn't speak. He wrapped tape around Shane's ankles and then at the knees, leaving him completely helpless and bound. Shane whimpered as Rozanov flipped up his skirt and tugged his aching cock from the confines of his panties.

"I need to teach you patience," Rozanov said, fishing something from his drawer. A silicone loop with snap buttons. He fitted it around the base of Shane's straining cock, so tight that he let out a muffled, aching moan. "Now you will not come before I let you."

Breathing hard through his nose, Shane writhed against his bindings, the duct tape pulling painfully on the hair on his legs. Rozanov tucked his cock snugly in his panties and then sat on the edge of the bed, manhandling Shane until he was laying across his lap, ass in the air and face against the bedspread. He pulled down the back of his panties and teased at the plug for a few moments, making Shane squirm and whine into his gag. He pulled out the plug in one swift motion and Shane howled. His ass felt empty after being plugged so for long, his hole gaping as Rozanov circled the rim with his fingers.

"I was going to fuck you so hard and so good," Rozanov said with a sigh. "Your greedy hole would not be so empty now. Instead, I will have to punish you."

The first blow landed sharply on his left cheek. Shane squealed in pain, unable to do anything but cry into the bed. Rozanov spanked him again the right cheek and then alternated, landing hard, punishing slaps across his ass and thighs. The pain shot up his spine, his ass burning red

from the rough treatment. Hard, rhythmic spans that made Shane's body rock forward, pressing his face harder into the mattress. The cracks of Rozanov's hand on his ass filled the room as Shane lost count, soaking the bedspread with his frustrated tears.

His dick, pinched by the cock ring and covered in cotton, could only spurt out pre-come and rub painfully against Rozanov's thigh with every blow. His orgasm felt so close but impossible to reach, frustrated by the ring squeezing him tightly, any relief completely out of reach.

"Whore," Rozanov said, his words punctuated with painful slaps. "Slut. Selfish, disgusting little *cyka*."

Shane cried, his heart twisting at the degrading words. He felt Rozanov sigh deeply, his hand stopping the relentless assault. He rubbed Shane's bright red ass, admiring how it glowed and radiated heat, exquisitely sensitive. Shane whimpered, wishing he could speak to keep begging for forgiveness. His balls ached, orgasm thwarted, agony within him. Rozanov parted his cheeks with one hand but instead of touching his hole with teasing fingers, Rozanov landed a blow directly on the sensitive ring of muscle.

Shane screeched through his gag, the pain so intense and unexpected that his body went rigid. Rozanov spanked his hole again, sharp and stinging, making his rim flutter and contract.

"Even this, you like," Rozanov said with a chuckle, continuing to abuse his hole with deft, powerful spans that had him reeling.

Shane sobbed desperately, tears coating his face and running over the duct tape on his mouth. His hole was an intense ring of agony, the rim swollen and now red as his quivering cheeks. Rozanov spanked it again, watching it spasm at every blow.

"Good girl," he declared and Shane huffed out an exhausted sigh of relief. "You like when I spank your pussy, yes?"

Shane squirmed as Rozanov reached beneath him to squeeze his straining cock.

"I can feel how hard your clit is, but we are not done."

He lifted Shane up, setting him on his knees on the floor. Shane trembling, fighting to stay upright with his arms and legs bound, shaking with intense arousal.

"This is for me, not you," Rozanov said, unzipping his pants and stroking his cock.

Shane whimpered, the tape still sealing his mouth closed as Rozanov jerked off over him. Denied even the pleasure of having that cock in his mouth, Shane could only kneel there, his ass and hole sore and stinging as Rozanov stroked himself to completion, painting his hot face with come. His spend dripped down Shane cheeks, over the duct tape on onto his crop top. Shane moaned at the loss.

"I suppose you think your punishment is complete, *zaychik*?" Rozanov said with a cruel laugh, throwing him onto the bed again.

He rummaged in his drawer and produced a different butt plug. This was larger, thicker and Shane groaned as Rozanov turned him over, squirting lube over his fingers. The slick intrusion in Shane's tender, aching hole made him cry out in pain, but Rozanov was undeterred. He opened him up roughly, followed by the massive plug that had Shane crying as he shoved it in. Rozanov's grin widened as he picked up his phone. Shane thought he was going to take more pictures for his humiliating collection, but he then he was tapping something and the plug inside his ass started to vibrate. Shane's muffled cry of alarm made Rozanov laugh, watching him flop like a fish on the bed. Not only did this plug press hard against his prostate, but now it was buzzing with intense stimulation and despite how hard his cock throbbed, how tightly his balls seized up, he couldn't come. Shane sobbed into the pillow until Rozanov turned him over to push up his crop top, plucking at his nipples.

"Poor *zaychik*," he said sweetly, twisting his nipples to hardness and then clamping them in turn. "I will let you think about what you did." He patted Shane's hot, tear damp cheek and then left him there, closing the door behind him.

Shane cried desperately at his predicament, writhing pointlessly against the tape that bound him, his ass aching in every way as he was pummeled from the inside by that unrelenting vibrator. His cock leaked helplessly, painfully sore from being denied orgasm for so long. The vibrations pulsed through him, his eyes rolling back in his head from the constant, lightning hot waves of pleasure, building to nothing as his cock swelled against the ring.

He lost track of time. There was only the vibrator against his prostate, his nipples being pinched, his cock straining. Shane groaned and drooled into his gag, thrashing around desperately but going nowhere, his limbs shaking and weakening from the constant assault. After a while, he was just floating in a sea of sensation, riding the waves of thwarted pleasure that lanced through him like burning brands.

Shane didn't even register that Rozanov was back in the room. His head lolled around, eyes glassy and unseeing as Rozanov put his hands on him. He removed the gag first and Shane panted, spit running down his chin as his tongue hung out.

"*Zaychik*," he said softly, tugging down Shane's panties to free his cock.

Shane couldn't speak, he could only moan and cry pathetically. His cock was purplish red, so engorged at the tip that it could burst, shining with pre-come.

"You want to come?" he said, stroking the shaft lightly and making Shane squeal.

When Shane did not reply, he slapped him, the sound wet against his cheeks drenched in tears and come. Shane managed a jerky nod, unable to trust his mouth to form words.

"I suppose you have endured enough punishment," Rozanov mused, unclipping the ring from around his cock.

Shane let out a high-pitched whimper as his cock was finally freed. Rozanov went back to stroking the shaft, hand gliding from the streams of pre-come. With his other hand, he pressed on the base of the plug still vibrating inside him and Shane screamed, toes curling. It

only took a few strokes and his orgasm tore through him, his throat hoarse as he kept screaming, sobbing and shaking. He felt dizzy on the comedown, vision whiting out on the edges, as though he might pass out completely. The plug was still vibrating away in his ass and Shane whined in agony at the overstimulation before Rozanov finally picked up his phone and turned it off.

Shane cried weakly as Rozanov pulled the plug from his ass and unclamped his sore nipples. He was still crying as he ripped the tape from his wrists, ankles and knees, taking some hair off along with it. Shaking and pathetic, Shane attempted to curl into a ball and keep crying, but Rozanov pulled him close, pressing him to his chest and running his hands through his damp hair and over his back, heaving with sobs.

Rozanov's hands touching him so gently after being so rough and cruel to him made Shane melt into his arms. He petted his hair and kissed his damp forehead as his sobs petered out to sniffly little whimpers.

"Good boy, taking your punishment so well," Rozanov muttered into his hair and Shane moaned softly, pushing his face into Rozanov's firm chest.

Sniffing and hiccupping, Shane felt Rozanov's hand under his chin, tipping his face up to look at him. His eyes red and sore from crying, his cheeks shining with tears. Rozanov brushed his face with his hands, kissing him softly on the mouth.

Shane sighed in contentment. He'd hate himself for it later, but he craved Rozanov's softness after he'd been so hard with him. He wanted to be good and earn his love. *He wanted this.*

Chapter End Notes

poor shane bunny, why must he be so fun to abuse 🙄 what else should rozanov do to him? i want to see your ideas, my pervs!

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

One place that Shane could be completely sure he was free from Rozanov was his own home. Of course, there wasn't a place on earth that he would be free of his Rozanov centered thoughts, but at least his house was a Rozanov free zone.

That was until he came home from practice to find Rozanov sitting in his living room. With his parents. As Shane walked in, his mom was laughing at something Rozanov had just said. Shane's stomach dropped as his backpack hit the floor, falling from slack fingers.

"Oh, hi honey!" his mom said when she saw him. "Come sit. Mr. Rozanov —"

"W-what is he doing here?" Shane squeaked.

"Don't worry, son," his dad said. "Mr. Rozanov just wanted to introduce himself."

"Oh."

Shane glanced furtively at Rozanov as his parents motioned for him to sit between them on the couch. He squeezed into the space they'd left as Rozanov sat there looking perfectly innocent and affable.

"Your parents and I were discussing your ambitions to play hockey at McGill," Rozanov said, taking a sip of his coffee.

Rozanov was sitting in his living room, drinking coffee with his parents. Talking about him. Shane felt sweat gather on his hairline.

"Like his old man," his dad said, slapping his back.

Shane tried to force a smile. He knew it probably looked pained.

"Mr. Rozanov had an idea that he could bring you on a field trip of sorts, to visit the school," his mom said.

Shane looked up, at Rozanov's friendly smile, at his mom rubbing his shoulder.

"Wouldn't that be fun?" she continued, apparently oblivious to Shane's inner turmoil. "You know your dad and I are too busy right now, but Mr. Rozanov would be happy to take you. Make a weekend out of it."

Shane said nothing for a long moment, heart beating fast. Rozanov set his coffee on the table, right on the coaster like the perfect guest.

"I will get hotel rooms and we can explore city together," he said. Shane swallowed thickly.

"That's very generous of you, Mr. Rozanov," said his dad.

It took a moment for Shane to realize that he was expected to provide an answer. His parents were looking at him expectantly as Rozanov tapped his foot.

"Yeah, that sounds great," Shane said eventually, bobbing his head.

"Wonderful," his mom said, "Now what do we say?"

"Thank you," Shane mumbled, face burning at being prompted to thank him like a little kid.

"And thank you for inviting me into your lovely home," Rozanov said politely. "And for the delicious coffee."

Shane had to watch as Rozanov shook each of his parents' hands and then patted him on the shoulder.

"We will have fun weekend together, yes?" he said as Shane nodded jerkily, clenching his sweaty hands in his pockets.

Over the following week, Shane was eaten up with anxiety over the supposed college visit with Rozanov. Shane knew what he was really after and the ease at which he'd gotten his parents to agree made Shane feel intense guilt. They'd never forgive him if they knew what they were really doing, what Shane was often so eager to participate in.

That Friday, his mom packed his suitcase and snacks for the ride while his dad chatted with Rozanov about his sports car in the driveway. Shane just let it all happen, feeling like he was floating through a dream.

After the hugs goodbye from his parents and Rozanov's sincere promise to take *really* good care of him, Shane got into the car. Rozanov turned out of his parents' driveway while rubbing his knee.

"This will be fun, yes?" he said, squeezing up his thigh.

"Could we actually tour the college, at some point?" Shane muttered. "I do really want to go there."

"This is college tour trip, Hollander," Rozanov said with a laugh. "Of course we will see college."

The two-hour trip to Montreal was spent listening to the radio while Shane looked out the window, trying and failing to ignore Rozanov's hand on his thigh. He mostly just laid it there, occasionally squeezing or running his fingers up his inseam.

Shane had been to Montreal a few times, but never without his parents. Rozanov had got them rooms at a pretty nice hotel, nicer than anything he'd stayed at before. Shane was surprised there were actually two rooms.

"Is good cover, no?" Rozanov said after they were checked in. "You can keep your bags there."

Right. Shane felt a shiver go through him at the thought of the weekend to come. Rozanov had him deposit his bags in "his" room and then ushered him into his own.

"All weekend," he purred, immediately crowding Shane against the door once it had clicked closed behind him. "What will I do with you?"

"W-we could explore the city," Shane muttered lamely, breath hitching as Rozanov's hands explored his body. "Like you told my parents."

Rozanov chuckled, cupping Shane's hardening erection in his pants and making him whine.

"Do not pretend you are not hungry for my cock, *zaychik*," Rozanov said against his ear. "I know what you want."

Shane moaned softly as Rozanov kissed his neck, digging his teeth gently into his fluttering pulse point. He could not deny some things, like how hard he got when Rozanov touched him. How much he liked being used.

Rozanov pushed him onto the neatly made bed, undressing him with clear eagerness. He squeezed and slapped his pecs, thumbs circling his nipples as Shane moaned, biting his lip.

"Do not hold back," Rozanov said, slapping his tit sharply. "I want to hear you beg for my cock."

Shane moaned louder as Rozanov pulled off his shorts, turning him over and spreading his ass cheeks. Shane shuddered as he hacked a load of spit right onto his hole and began rubbing it in.

"Go on," he said as Shane writhed. "Beg for it."

"Please sir," Shane slurred out, his voice thick.

"*Please* what?" Rozanov said, landing a sharp slap onto his hole.

Shane flinched and whimpered, recalling the abuse his hole had suffered once at Rozanov's hands. He'd been sore for days and it made him so, so horny.

"I want your cock," he ground out. "Sir."

"Good boy," Rozanov growled, leaning down to lick a hot stripe across his asshole.

Rozanov's slick tongue on his hole made Shane cry out, his body taut at the intense sensation. Rozanov lapped greedily at him, his tongue dipping teasingly into his hole and then flicking across it until Shane's hole was clenching and spasming. Shane fought his instinct to bury his moans in the bedspread and just let them pour out of him, his cock leaking hard beneath him, smearing pre-come on his stomach and creating a wet spot on the bed.

There was a rustling sound as Rozanov removed his clothing and Shane moaned as Rozanov slapped his wet, twitching hole with his hard cock.

"You want this?" Rozanov said.

"*Please*," Shane begged pathetically. "Please fuck me, daddy."

Rozanov grunted and nudged his cock against Shane's hole. Shane clutched the bedspread with shaking hands, thinking he might push right in with only spit and no prep to speak of. But Rozanov only teased the slick opening, enjoying the way Shane's hole tried to suck him in.

"So greedy," he mused, poking him again. "First, I have gift for you."

Shane felt his heart beat faster at that. He knew the kinds of gifts Rozanov gave him and it was sure to be humiliating. He turned his head as Rozanov riffled through his suitcase and pulled out a leather dog collar.

"For you, *zaychik*," he said sweetly, urging Shane to sit up enough to snake the collar around his throat.

Shane flinched away at first, the cool leather on his skin foreign and frightening. It had a metal buckle which Rozanov secured tightly. Not tight enough to choke him, but enough to squeeze on his windpipe, an uncomfortable reminder of its presence.

"What do we say?" Rozanov said, smiling at the delectable image of Shane with a collar around his throat.

"Th-thank you, sir," Shane mumbled as Rozanov grinned, slipping a finger between the collar and his skin. Shane groaned as the added pressure made the leather bite into his neck.

Rozanov patted his face fondly and then got back to touching his asshole. With lube this time, which Shane was grateful for. The delicious slide of Rozanov's fingers inside him, stretching him open. Every touch felt amplified with the collar digging into his throat, feeling tighter as Shane started to breathe heavily, sweating and panting as Rozanov worked him open. And when he started pushing his cock into his hole, he took hold of the collar from the back, fitting two fingers beneath the leather and tugging lightly.

Shane choked immediately, the collar cutting off air. Rozanov kept fucking into him, hips moving jerkily as he pushed Shane's legs apart, spreading him open. Shane moaned brokenly, the sound vibrating against the leather on his throat.

"Good boy, taking me so well," Rozanov gritted out, slapping his ass as he seated himself fully.

Stuffed full and struggling to breathe, Shane writhed as Rozanov started to fuck him in earnest, tugging on the collar with each thrust. He felt dizzy, eyes crossing at the intense, lightning hot feeling of Rozanov's cock driving into his prostate. His arms shook, arching his back and throwing back his head to relieve some of the pressure of the collar as Rozanov's

pulled it. The angle made every thrust that much more intense, his cock aching as it rubbed against the bed. The moans from his mouth felt like they were ripped out of him, as drool dribbled down his chin. Rozanov fucked him hard and fast, the bed squeaking.

"*Daddy*," Shane moaned out desperately, voice high and tight around the constriction of air. "Please, can I come?"

Rozanov laughed, pleased at this show of obedience. He squeezed his hip hard, so hard Shane hoped he'd leave bruises.

"Come for me, *zaychik*," he said. "Come on daddy's cock."

Shane mewled as his orgasm pulsed through him, spilling onto the bed beneath him. Rozanovs twisted the collar at that exact moment and Shane's vision whited out, unable to breathe at all, his orgasm even more intense from the lack of air. Rozanov kept fucking him as he loosened the collar, air rushing into his lungs with a shuddering gasp. Aftershocks shook through him and Shane was a twitching, moaning mess as he sucked in huge lungfuls of air. Rozanov twisted the collar again, nailing his prostate in tandem. Shane felt like he was in an elevator that had the lines cut, plunging him into terrifying freefall. His lungs screamed for oxygen, his brain short-circuiting as his spent cock twitched beneath him.

Rozanov slapped his ass, releasing his grip on the collar so he could hitch up Shane's hips, letting his damp cock slap against this stomach. Already hard again, Shane squealed as Rozanov fondled him, stroking along with his hard thrusts. It didn't take long for Shane to come again, shaking and crying as he soaked the bedspread. His hole clenched so tightly around Rozanov's cock that he came too, filling Shane's hole with the hot gush of his release.

"All mine," Rozanov muttered thickly as he turned Shane over, tracing the edge of the collar against his hot skin. "You are all mine, yes, *zaychik*?"

Shane merely mumbled incoherently, cock drunk and fucked out. Rozanov's hand dipped between his legs, dragging his fingers across his used, aching hole. Shane gasped, his hole twitching and oversensitive as Rozanov gathered the pearly white come dripping out of him with his fingers. He brought the mess to Shane's wet pink lips and pushed it in. Shane sucked it in without thinking, lapping up Rozanov's come greedily.

"*Mine*," he said again, hand on his throat, tight around the collar, squeezing possessively. "Every part of you belongs to me, yes?"

Shane nodded, gasping as the collar dug into his windpipe.

"My mouth to fuck," he said, rubbing his thumb roughly against Shane's lower lip. "My tits to play with." He slapped each of Shane's nipples, making him whimper. "My hole to use however I please, yes, *zaychik*?" He pushed his fingers into Shane's sore hole. "Say it."

"Yours," Shane moaned out, arching his back as Rozanov fucked his fingers into him. "All yours."

Afterwards, they showered. Rozanov ordered room service and they ate while watching TV. It was weirdly normal, except for how Shane still wore the collar. Rozanov kept reaching over the run his fingers over it, tug on it lightly. Shane felt warmth bloom in his chest, following swiftly by a sinking feeling. In the moment, it felt entirely correct to agree that his body belonged to Rozanov, to use and abuse however he liked, but now it filled him with shame. He shouldn't want this. He shouldn't enjoy being Rozanov's plaything, his sex toy that he could do anything to. The collar made it all worse, filling Shane with equal parts arousal and self-hatred at how it felt to be treated like Rozanov's dog. His little sex puppy that he could choke and fuck and order around.

It was surreal, spending all this time with Rozanov. They watched hockey together and Shane let himself get into the game like he normally would, even with Rozanov swearing in Russian whenever there was a bad play.

"Bedtime," Rozanov declared when the game ended, throwing back the sheets.

"My PJs are in my room," Shane said as Rozanov pulled off his hotel robe and tossed it aside.

"Cute, *zaychik*," Rozanov said with a grin. "Get in bed."

Of course. Shane took off the robe and got into bed with him.

He fucked him again, deeper and slower, pushing his legs up to his ears and tugging on his collar enough times to make Shane gasp desperately for air and come all over himself.

"Good puppy," he whispered in his ear and Shane whimpered, cock spurting out another glob of come.

Shane slept surprisingly well, even collared and with Rozanov's arm draped possessively over his chest. Throughout the night his large hands were always touching him in some way, holding his hips, squishing him in a bear hug, tapping his aching hole or curling lightly around his cock. It felt like being owned.

The morning started with Rozanov fucking his face. Shane got on his knees gratefully, moaning like a whore as Rozanov gripped his hair thrust into his throat. He loved the feeling of Rozanov's cock in his mouth, spilling come down his throat and making him swallow.

"It is college tour day, we are here to tour college," Rozanov said with an amused smirk as Shane looked up at him, wiping the drool off his chin. "Time to get going."

Shane, who had still not really believed an actual tour of the college would be happening, got shakily to his feet. But Rozanov seemed serious as he disappeared into the ensuite to get ready.

Shane pulled on the other robe and went to his own room, to brush his teeth and get dressed. He met Rozanov back in his room, who tsked when he saw him.

"Where is your collar, Hollander?"

"You're joking," Shane said as a hot flush rose on his face. "I can't wear that in public."

"Why not? Are you ashamed to belong to me?"

Shane looked down, shaking his head. *Yes*, he very much was ashamed to be his eager little sex slave but maybe he shouldn't say it.

"OK," Rozanov said. "No collar in public. But you'll have to wear something else."

Oh god. What now. Rozanov unzipped his suitcase and after some rummaging produced what looked like a kind of silicone harness.

"Pants off," he instructed and Shane, hands trembling, complied.

He fitted the device so that it looped his waist and then wrapped snugly around the base of his cock. There was a thicker piece resting on the base, the whole contraption squeezing him like the cock ring had.

Shane looked up at him with shining eyes as Rozanov pulled his pants and underwear up and patted his half-hard cock through his clothes. He grabbed his phone and pulled up an app that Shane didn't recognize. He clicked something and the thicker base of the cock ring began to vibrate. Shane choked as the vibrations on his cock made him instantly harder.

"Ah — all day?" he choked out miserably, trying to adjust his growing hard-on so it wasn't immediately obvious.

"All day, *moy zaychik*," Rozanov said sweetly. "And the ring will make sure your slutty cock does not come before I say it can, yes?"

Shane moaned, unable to not squirm against the unrelenting vibe against his cock. Not nearly enough to make him come, but it would keep him constantly on edge. All day, walking around in public. His face felt hot to the touch.

"There is more," Rozanov said, reaching into his case again.

"More?" Shane whimpered.

"You did not want to wear collar, remember? So you get this instead."

In his hand were small purple silicone cones. He grabbed the hem of Shane's shirt and pulled it up, exposing his chest.

"Bite," he instructed, pushing the fabric into Shane's mouth.

Shane complied, watching with dread as Rozanov fitted one of the cones over his nipple. He squeezed, pushing out the air and resulting suction on his nipple made Shane gasp. It sucked on the nub like a little mouth and he could feel it swelling in the confines of the silicone toy. Rozanov gave the same treatment to Shane's other nipple and then admired the effect. Shane's nipples pulled taut and getting more swollen by the moment. Shane whimpered around the

shirt in his mouth as Rozanov teased lightly at the suckers, sensitivity amplified by the pressure.

And it got worse. Rozanov fitted tiny rubber bands around each sucker, pushing them down until they snapped tightly around Shane's swollen nipples. He squeezed each sucker again and then eased them off. His nipples remained tight, distended and hard as little pebbles on his chest as the bands pinched them. Rozanov touched the red, aching tips with his thumbs and Shane squealed, even the light teasing making him twitch.

"Perfect," Rozanov said, pulling the shirt from Shane's mouth and letting it fall.

Shane looked down at himself, burning with humiliation. His nipples were visible through his shirt, hard and swollen. His cock made an obvious dent in his shorts, even as he tried to keep it pressed to his belly.

"Time to explore, *zaychik*. Is not why we are here?"

Shane just nodded stupidly, cheeks on fire.

It was like when Rozanov had made him wear the plug all day, only worse because Rozanov was right next to him the whole time. Touching his shoulder, brushing teasingly against him in ways that would look innocent to anyone else. Shane's nipples ached, even the cotton of his shirt grazing against them enough to make him bite his lip and whimper. His cock leaked steadily, the buzzing from the vibe driving him slowly crazy. Rozanov took pleasure in controlling him, thumb idling on his phone while they waited for the metro to McGill. He turned up the vibration and Shane choked, leaning against the wall as his legs trembled.

Rozanov grinned, turning it down again to the lowest setting. An agony, but bearable. On the train, Rozanov turned it up and Shane clenched his fists, knuckles white as the vibrations surged and his cock twitched and leaked in his pants. Back down to the lowest setting and Shane let out a shaky breath.

The campus was beautiful but Shane had trouble paying any attention as Rozanov teased and tormented him. Shane had had a list of questions and places to explore for this exact moment, but all his carefully made plans seemed to abandon him every time Rozanov turned up the vibrator setting. His cock ached, balls throbbing with their inability to come, nipples brushing maddeningly against his shirt with every movement.

Rozanov was as cool and collected as ever. He explained that Shane was just shy whenever he'd clamp up and be unable to speak, cock spurting wetly in his shorts. He'd ask questions and look engaged and thoughtful at the answers, even while reaching into his pocket to dial up the vibrations against Shane's cock.

He was starting to feel delirious, the pleasure peaking in waves and but never crashing, just keeping him teetering on an edge to a precipice that appeared ready to swallow him. Rozanov rubbed his shoulder and Shane leaned into it, his touch familiar and grounding.

"Restroom?" he said in his ear.

Shane didn't answer at first, just feeling the shiver of his voice against his skin.

"Um, sure," he mumbled out when Rozanov nudged him.

Rozanov guided him to one of the single occupancy stalls and after glancing around to ensure they weren't being observed, followed him in. Shane leaned against the wall, beath rough and uneven.

"What are you doing?" he mumbled as Rozanov locked the door with a click.

"Is very difficult, playing with you and not being able to fuck you," he said, voice low as he pushed on Shane's shoulders.

Getting the message, Shane sank to his knees, trying not to think of how gross this public bathroom floor must be. Rozanov's pulled out his cock and pressed it against mouth. Shane took it in with a sigh of relief. Here, he was just Rozanov's, his toy to play it, and he could float away on the pleasure of having his cock shove roughly into his throat. His own cock throbbed, his nipples tingled, his knees were in agony against the tile, but he could ignore those feelings for now as Rozanov cupped the back of his neck and fucked his face.

It was quick and dirty, Rozanov grunted softly with each thrust before coming in his mouth. Shane let the thick, salty load slide down his throat, lapping gently at Rozanov's softening cock to get every drop.

"Such a greedy little whore," Rozanov said, petting his hair.

"Can I come, daddy?" Shane mumbled thickly, still laying soft little kitten licks on Rozanov's cock. "Please, can I come?"

"Not yet, *zaychik*," Rozanov said, thumb brushing his damp cheek.

Shane whined, hips thrusting uselessly in the air. But he wanted to be good. He wanted to show Rozanov that he could be good.

After washing up a bit, it was back to the tour. Shane followed Rozanov from place to place like a passive little duckling, smiling airily whenever someone looked or talked to him. It felt like swimming through a warm, lazy stream and Shane just bobbed along with the current.

Back at the hotel, Rozanov shoved him roughly on the bed. Shane flopped bonelessly, gasping softly as Rozanov squeezed his pecs through his shirt.

"You were so good for me today," Rozanov said roughly. "So patient, so obedient."

Shane moaned happily as Rozanov pulled off his shirt, thumbing his nipples and dislodging the bands that had been pinching them for hours. They were so sensitive, so sore, swollen to twice their normal size. Rozanov hummed and suckled one in his mouth, Shane crying out as his teeth grazed against the aching bud.

Rozanov pulled down his shorts and snapped off the buzzing ring from around his cock. Shane groaned at the feeling of his cock swaying freely, the head shining with pre-come and

flushed an angry red. Rozanov went back to twisting his nipples.

“Can you come just from this?” he said, tweaking the hard nubs roughly. “From me playing with your tits?”

Shane wailed as Rozanov pinched and fondled them, scraping his nails against them, twisting and pulling. It was an unrelenting assault and Shane could feel it throughout his entire body, as though each nipple were the head of his leaking cock, bobbing between them untouched. Rozanov raised a hand and slapped one of his tits hard, the sharp crack against his nipple making Shane howl. Rozanov kept rubbing one in maddening circles while slapping the other, sharp threads of pain mingling with pleasure. On the fifth slap, Shane came, his cock erupting with thick stripes of come that splatted on his belly.

Shane was still twitching, aftershocks making him dizzy as Rozanov turned him over and started working open his ass. Shane dug his hands into the sheets as Rozanov fucked him, deep and hard, splitting him open in the best way possible.

He was so cock drunk, so lost in the sauce, that Shane didn't register that Rozanov's phone had started ringing and he had answered. Shane only perked up his head, heart stopping in his chest when he heard Rozanov address his mother.

“Hello, Mrs. Hollander,” he said casually, balls deep in her son. “No, Shane cannot come to the phone right now. He is resting in his room.”

Shane whimpered beneath him, trying to stay perfectly still. Rozanov did not stop rocking into him, hand firmly squeezing his hip.

“College tour was very good,” Rozanov continued, pressing his hand onto the back of Shane's neck to keep him still as he fucked him. “Shane asked many questions.”

Shane whimpered, humiliation burning through him as he heard the faint sound of his mother's answering voice through the phone.

“He is clearly very eager to matriculate,” Rozanov said, punctuating his words with a hard thrust.

Desperate to keep his slutty noises in check, Shane bit a mouthful of bedding, heart hammering as Rozanov fucked into him, nudging his prostate even as he chatted away with his mother. Hard, sharp little thrusts that brought tears to his eyes while he detailed every moment of the campus tour to Shane's mother, while making Shane sound like a much more active participant than he actually had been. Shane burned with humiliation as his mother cooed with pride at the version of her son who hadn't been aching with arousal the entire time, eagerly sucking his teacher's cock in a public restroom when given the chance.

Finally, Rozanov said his goodbyes and tossed his phone aside. He leaned down to speak directly into Shane's ear, thrusting into him.

“Do not cry, *zaychik*,” he muttered, brushing away the tear that had trickled down his cheek. “Your mother does not know her son is a greedy little cock slut.”

Shane cried out as Rozanov punched right into his prostate. How humiliating that his cock had remained hard the entire time.

“No, she is safe from the knowledge that her precious baby boy is so hungry for cock that he begs for it. That he swallows my come and mewls for more. That he comes just from me slapping his tits.”

Rozanov pounded into him while Shane moaned and spread his legs even more, arching his back so that Rozanov could fuck him deeper. He could almost feel it in his throat.

“My perfect little cock slut, yes? You belong to me?”

“Yes!” Shane cried out desperately, his balls tightening as his orgasm approached. “*Hnnng* — fuck —”

He came with a shaking wail, eyes rolling back into his head as Rozanov climaxed along with him, grunting as he filled Shane with come.

Panting, Rozanov kept his softening cock inside him as he leaned down and laid hot, messy kisses on the back of his neck. “*Mine, mine, mine,*” he muttered, a mantra that Shane answered with a whispered chant of, “*yours.*”

Exhausted, Shane mused that he still had another day of completely belonging to Rozanov before they had to go back. In his fucked out haze, Shane already missed being used by him whenever he liked. He would have to get back to what now felt like encounters that were desperately few and far between.

“So good for me, *zaychik,*” Rozanov muttered, petting his hair. “Now, collar goes back on.”

Chapter End Notes

i hope you enjoyed, my fellow freaks 😊

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

yes, next will be the last chapter. amazing that i managed this much, tbh. i love you all, every comment and kudos and silent enjoyer of my filth 💜💜💜

Shane really hated gym. He'd always loved sports and athletics, but god, the other boys were such assholes. And the Rozanov of it all... but Shane was no longer sure how he felt about him. He tried not to think about it too much.

Hating Dallas Kent and his cronies was easy. They simply tormented him. He could ignore the comments and slurs, but it was harder to deal with them getting physical with him. He didn't know how to defend himself without making it worse. Throwing things, shoulder checking him when they walked by. Sometimes Kent would smack him upside the head. Shane usually just bent his head and didn't engage.

At least he had Rozanov, sometimes. He would often hover in the locker room, steely eyes fixed on Kent and his friends. It did make Shane feel safer, which added another layer of queasy confusion to everything going on with him. At least Kent would not dare start anything with Rozanov in the room.

But he wasn't always there. And Kent was a sadistic sociopath, probably.

"Hey, fag," he sneered, his usual way of addressing Shane. Shane ignored him.

"I'm talking to you," he said, closer now. Close enough to smack him in the head.

Shane turned away, pretending he wasn't even there. Kent hit him again, harder.

"Fag. Are you gonna go suck some dick? Is that what you do all the time?"

Shane could feel his face burning, despite himself. Because he was kind of hoping that he would get to suck some dick, later. A very specific dick.

"Fuck off," he said, low and without any heat. It sounded weak and pathetic even to himself.

"He is!" Kent called joyfully. "He's gonna go suck dick, the little faggot. Hey, let's give him a warmup."

Suddenly, Kent and two other boys were all over him, holding his arms and wrestling him to the floor. Shane struggled, trying to fight them off, kicking at them and trying to twist his arms free. But it was no use, they were punching him, landing blows on his head and torso and swinging their feet into his side.

“Aw, look, he’s blushing,” Kent said gleefully, ruffling Shane’s hair.

He could feel himself turning red, from the shock and embarrassment at being jumped. Then Kent twisted one of Shane’s nipples through his shirt. Shane kicked his legs, squealing like an animal caught in a trap. The feeling of being restrained, his wrists held tightly together behind his back, was not helping with the pent-up arousal in his belly.

“He likes it. Fag.”

Kent pinned him to the gross locker room floor with a knee in his back as one of his buddies held his arms back. Shane swallowed groans of pain as Kent reached down the back of his pants and violently pulled his underwear up into a painful wedgie.

Shane gritted his teeth, trying not to scream. His ass burned, his balls squished painfully in his boxers. Kent and the other boys were laughing hysterically as Shane just lay there helplessly, his hot face pressed against the sticky tile floor.

But then Kent was being pulled off him and Shane looked up to see him being slammed bodily into the locker. Rozanov had him by the collar of his shirt, his expression cold and murderous. Kent’s face had gone from gleeful to white with terror.

His buddies were backing away and Shane scrambled off the floor, face burning as he adjusted the underwear stuck in his ass with trembling hands.

“You touch him again and I will kill you, do you understand?” Rozanov said through clenched teeth.

Kent was whimpering, unable to extricate his shirt from Rozanov’s fist. Shane, heart hammering, felt like a rabbit that had escaped a snare. With everyone’s focus firmly on Rozanov and Kent, Shane ran.

He walked fast, out of the locker and gym, outside and onto the lawn. His heart was still pounding, tears clinging to his eyes but refusing to fall.

“Hey, Shane!”

He turned, seeing Hayden jog towards him.

“Hey bud, I was —” Hayden looked at Shane’s face. “You OK?”

“Yeah,” Shane said at once. “Fine.”

“Really?” Hayden looked unconvinced.

“It’s just... you know... those assholes in gym,” Shane finally said with a shaky breath.

Hayden was cool, they played hockey together. It was just a shame they weren’t in the same gym class and couldn’t do anything when Kent and his buddies picked on him.

“Right,” he said with a solemn nod. “Fucking losers. What did they do?”

“Nothing,” Shane muttered, his ass still smarting slightly from the wedgie. “Just... usual stuff.”

“Hey, man, don’t let it get to you,” Hayden said, rubbing his shoulder.

Shane sniffled, trying not to cry. He still felt raw, shaken, not just from the violence but also Rozanov’s reaction to it. Slamming Kent against the locker, freeing Shane from his grip. Recusing him.

“Hollander.”

Shane looked up, jumping at the sudden sound of Rozanov’s voice. He appeared at their side, his eyes roaming over Shane and Hayden, Hayden’s hand on his shoulder.

“Go to class, Pike,” Rozanov said to him, voice clipped.

“Aren’t you going to do anything about those assholes?” Hayden said heatedly, not moving.

“I will handle it. Now go away.”

“But —”

“I said go to class, Pike!” Rozanov spat.

Shane caught Hayden’s eye and gave him a quick nod. Hayden sighed and tapped him softly on the shoulder before jogging off. Rozanov glared after him, draping his arm around Shane’s shoulders.

Shane stiffened, unused to this level of physical touch from Rozanov while so many people were nearby. He could see the track team warming up on the field below them.

“I have dealt with Kent,” Rozanov said in a low voice. “He will not bother you again.”

“*Dealt* with him?” Shane said. “What does that mean?”

“It means he will not bother you again,” Rozanov said. He rubbed Shane’s shoulder in soothing circles, but it was also somehow possessive, cupping his shoulder as though he owned it. “Now I will drive you home.”

“Now?” Shane muttered, voice high and tight. “But I still have class...”

“I have excused you for the rest of the day. Let’s go.”

After gathering his things from his locker, Shane met Rozanov by his car. For a moment, he wondered if Rozanov was actually going to take him home this time. But no, he drove in the direction of his own house, as usual.

Shane could not help but notice how Rozanov’s jaw was set tight, his brow furrowed, mouth thin. He was usually so relaxed, cool and aloof. This Rozanov taught with tension, gripping the steering wheel with white knuckles made Shane very nervous.

As they entered his house, Rozanov pulled him into his arms before Shane could take off his shoes. His hands roamed over his body, touching and squeezing him in possessive, greedy motions. Shane, body thrumming with anxiety since the locker room, melted into his touch. He felt tears in his eyes again and he tried to blink them away.

“You are mine, yes?” Rozanov murmured and Shane nodded at once.

“Yes...” he breathed, feeling himself start to float at just the sound of his voice, the feel of his hands.

“I will always protect what is mine,” Rozanov said against his skin.

Shane moaned softly as Rozanov sucked on his neck, kneading his ass with his massive hands. Rozanov scooped him up by the back of his thighs, picking him up like a doll and carrying him through the house to the bedroom.

“So pretty,” Rozanov said softly as he laid him out on the bed. “So perfect for me.”

Shane sighed, blushing hotly at Rozanov calling him pretty. Rozanov undressed him, Shane dutifully lifting his arms or his hips to help as Rozanov tossed his clothes aside. He kissed his nipples, flicking them sharply with his tongue to make Shane moan and thrust his hips against him.

From the drawer, he took out Shane’s collar. He would always wear it now, when they were alone. Shane allowed Rozanov to buckle it on, heating curling inside him at the feeling of being owned.

“Mine, yes?” Rozanov said, tugging lightly on the collar around his throat.

“Yes, daddy,” Shane said, mouth falling open as Rozanov fingered the space between collar and skin.

“And you let Pike touch you?” Rozanov said, teeth clenched.

“Wha — what?” Shane slurred, caught off guard by Hayden being mentioned at all.

“He is what, boyfriend?” Rozanov said, twisting the collar just enough to make Shane gasp for air.

“He — he’s a friend,” Shane stuttered out when the collar loosened again. “Just a friend.”

“Hmm,” Rozanov muttered, squeezing lightly on Shane’s throat. “I do not like when anyone touches you. Kent. Pike. Anyone.”

“It’s not —” Shane said, tongue thick in his mouth. “I only want you. *Please*, daddy.”

Rozanov hummed, pressing on his throat and sucking a nipple into his mouth, teasing it with his teeth. Shane moaned hotly, his cock smearing dribbles of pre-come on his abs. Rozanov let go of his throat and turned him over. Shane pressed his throbbing cock into the bedspread as Rozanov spread his cheeks, thumb rubbing his sore hole.

“Did they hurt you?” he said, reaching for the lube and coating his fingers.

“It’s fine,” Shane said, arching his back. His ass did still hurt from the wedgie, but not so much that he didn’t want Rozanov to touch him again. “Make it better.”

Rozanov chuckled as he circled his rim with slick fingers, finally pressing in while Shane moaned and humped the bed. Rozanov worked in three fingers without much trouble, Shane’s hole sucking him in eagerly. He crooked his fingers, rubbing torturously against his prostate. Shane writhed under his hand, Rozanov fucking his fingers in and out, prodding his prostate with each thrust. It didn’t take long for Shane to feel his orgasm approach, his balls seize up with tension.

“Fuck —” he moaned. “Daddy, I’m gonna —”

“Come for me, *zaychik*.”

Shane cried as he came, shooting all over the bed and squeezing Rozanov’s fingers like a vice. Rozanov rubbed his back as aftershocks shuddered through him. Shane had been expecting Rozanov to fuck him, but he just kept lazily fingering him, scissoring his fingers to stretch him open, teasing his sensitive prostate.

“Ah — *hng* —” Shane groaned as Rozanov turned him over, fingers still in his ass.

He cried out in pain as Rozanov palmed his dick, soft and sticky with come. Too much, too soon, but Rozanov just kept stroking him, rubbing insistently on his prostate until his cock was hard again.

“Do you want to come for me again, *zaychik*?” Rozanov said softly.

“Hurts,” Shane hiccupped, writhing under his hands.

“You can do it,” Rozanov said, thumbing his slit that spurted out pre-come with every jab to his prostate.

Shane moaned brokenly, surrendering to Rozanov’s hands as he worked him, alternating hard, rough thrusts with his fingers and softer, gentle presses to his prostate. All the while he worked his cock, languid strokes and harder squeezes on the sensitive head. Shane cried as he came again. The spurts of come were weaker, but the sensation rolled through him like a series of electric shocks, seizing all his muscles and making him twitch and spasm.

And still, Rozanov wasn’t done with him. Fingers still in his ass, he let go of Shane’s spent cock for only a few moments before cupping it again.

“One more,” Rozanov said, rubbing the head of his fully soft cock.

Shane whimpered, tears rolling down his cheeks. Rozanov’s hand felt like dragging broken glass against his skin, his cock raw and tender, utterly spent. But every prod of Rozanov’s fingers in his ass still sent a hot jolt of pleasure through him. Shane whined desperately, hands shaking as they fisted the bedsheets. Rozanov rolled his sticky cockhead between his

fingers, drawing out breathy, pained moans and full body twitches. His cock swelled with blood again, but it was a slow, agonizing process as Rozanov patiently worked him.

“Daddy...” Shane cried, feeling the pressure in his groin mount.

“Good boy,” Rozanov crooned, rubbing his prostate in constant, stupefying circles. “Come for daddy, *zaychik*.”

But Shane felt something more than orgasm approaching, his body aching and giving up, primed to release even more than come. He felt the unmistakable desire to pee and tried desperately to squirm away.

“Daddy!” he cried out, trying to grab Rozanov’s thick wrist as he continued to stroke him. “Please, stop. Oh god — I’m gonna —”

“Go on,” Rozanov said softly. “Give it to me.”

Shane sobbed as he pissed, bladder giving up and soaking him in pee. Rozanov grinned, milking every drop from his cock as Shane cried from the humiliation, his body seizing as a final, dry orgasm made his eyes roll back in his head, his legs shaking so much that Rozanov had to hold his hips onto the bed to keep him from rolling off.

“Sorry,” Shane gasped, horrified at himself for pissing in Rozanov’s bed.

“No sorry,” Rozanov said. “You were perfect, my little slut. Now, you can have this.”

Rozanov peeled off his pants and positioned Shane on the edge of the bed so he could slip his massive cock into his mouth. Shane, still shaking, tears blurring his vision, took his cock in eagerly. There was nothing like Rozanov’s cock in his throat to banish any and all thoughts from his head. The shame could just melt into the background as Rozanov fucked his face, pulling his hair and fingering along his collar to feel where his cock bulged in his throat. Shane moaned happily, letting Rozanov use him until he came, cock pulsing with hot spurts. With the angle, Shane on his stomach, head pushed back, he choked on the thick come in his throat, but as Rozanov pulled out, he swallowed and stuck his tongue out for more. Rozanov laughed softly, slapping his spent cock on Shane’s tongue, smearing it with his residual come.

“Thank you, daddy,” Shane moaned sleepily, leaning into Rozanov’s palm as it cupped his cheek.

“You want to be mine forever, yes?” Rozanov said, thumb brushing away his tears.

“Yes,” Shane mumbled and he didn’t want to hate himself for this later. He just wanted to be *his*. “Forever.”

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shane was at Ilya's, bent over the couch in the living room. Ilya had been teasing him for what felt like hours, running his tongue and fingers endlessly over his rim until Shane was crying and begging for more.

"Be patient for me, *zaychik*," Ilya chuckled, slapping his ass for good measure.

Shane just moaned, face red and dripping sweat as he pushed back against him.

"Please daddy," he begged, voice wrecked.

The sound of Ilya lowering his zipper nearly made Shane weep with relief. Ilya pressed his cockhead against his fluttering hole, still just teasing him. Shane whimpered, hands shaking as he gripped the couch cushion.

Shane wore one of the dresses Ilya had bought for him, a pink babydoll with a plunging neckline, low enough for his nipples to be easily exposed. Ilya reached around to cup his chest, tweaking one of the steel barbells pierced through his nipples. Shane mewled, arching his back as the pleasure pain pulsed through him.

Ilya had been unable to keep his hands off Shane's tits once the piercings had healed enough. Shane got them on his 18th birthday, Ilya's idea of a birthday surprise. It had been scary and very painful, but Shane wanted to be good. It made him feel owned, like the collar did, except he wore these everywhere. Little pegs of metal constantly tugging at his nipples, reminding him who he belonged to.

And now Ilya could twist and pull on them whenever he wanted to turn Shane into a desperate mess. Even a quick flick through his shirt would make him moan and shudder, face heating with arousal.

Ilya pulled the piercing hard and Shane screamed, his scream melting into a shuddering moan as Ilya finally pushed inside him. Finally, he was full and the feeling made him sag into the couch, blissed out and drooling. Ilya took a hold of his collar and started fucking him earnest. Shane let his head fall back, the collar biting into his windpipe with every tug, cutting off air. It felt so good to float on that feeling, carried away by drifts of pleasure and intense submission, the ecstasy of being used.

It did not take long for Shane to come, soaking the couch cushions with his orgasm. Ilya fucked him through another orgasm, twisting both nipple piercings at once until Shane was crying and clenching spasmodically on his cock.

"I have surprise for you, *zaychik*," Ilya said in his ear, after coming inside him, rubbing his sweaty back.

Shane felt a shiver run through him, whimpering as Ilya cupped his sore, spent cock. The last surprise had been the nipple piercings, which Shane couldn't help but enjoy. He had no idea what else would be in store for him.

"Surprise?" he asked, knowing that Ilya was not going to tell him.

Indeed, instead of answering, Ilya slipped one of his plugs into Shane's ass, still tender and dripping with his come. The smaller one with the jeweled base, the stretch nothing in comparison to Ilya's cock, but it was a pleasant fullness and pressure against his prostate.

"Get dressed," Ilya said, squeezing his ass. "We are going for a drive."

Shane followed his orders without question. He wiped off some of the come that slid down his thighs, but he liked the feeling of keeping Ilya's load inside him, the plug pressing teasingly on his prostate with every movement.

Ilya kept his hand possessively on his thigh as they drove. Shane watched the scenery go by, thinking sadly how school would be starting again soon. His senior year. He wouldn't be able to be at Ilya's place all the time, getting fucked by him in every possible position. His parents still thought Ilya was mentoring him, helping him with the coming school year and college afterwards. Whatever they needed to think.

Shane realized at some point that they were going to Montreal. Shane shifted in his seat, the plug stretching him deliciously. His stomach fluttered as he thought about their first trip here, how Ilya had made him walk around campus with the vibrator on his cock and bands around his nipples.

Ilya seemed to be thinking the same thing. His hand squeezed his thigh, brushing teasingly against the hard bulge in his shorts as he moved up to tease his nipples, the barbells pressing through his shirt. Shane moaned, grinding down on the plug and thrusting his chest towards his hand. Ilya smirked and put both hands on the steering wheel. Shane whined, but kept his complaints to himself.

"Greedy slut," Ilya said as Shane writhed restlessly in the seat, his movements causing his seatbelt to catch on his nipple piercings.

Shane was breathing raggedly, face hot, cock leaking a wet spot into his shorts by the time they arrived at their destination. It was a nice apartment building in walking distance of McGill, not that Shane was able to pay that much attention. They rode up the elevator together, Ilya wrapping his large hand around Shane's waist and squeezing as he whimpered and gripped the railing with white knuckles.

"Here we are," Ilya announced, leading him into an empty, unfurnished apartment.

"This is yours?" Shane said, leaning against the wall.

"Yours. To live in when you go to McGill next year."

"What?"

“Yes, *zaychik*,” Ilya said, hands falling on his hips and pulling him close. “So there will be a private place for me to fuck you whenever I want.”

Shane shivered at the thought and at Ilya cupping his ass and seeking out the base of the plug with his fingers.

“I-I was gonna live in the dorms,” he said.

“You will live here. Much nicer. And private.”

“There’s no furniture,” Shane said as Ilya turned him around, pressing him against the wall and pushing hard on the plug in his ass. Shane groaned as it nudged his prostate.

“Not yet. I have taught you to be patient, yes?”

“Yes, daddy,” Shane mumbled.

“Good boy. Knees.”

Conversation about housing derailed for now, Shane got to his knees at once. The cool hardwood bit into his skin, but he didn’t care, not when Ilya pulled out his cock and let Shane suck on it. This might be his favorite place to be. On his knees, with Ilya’s cock in his mouth, already pressing at the back of his throat. The musky taste of his pre-come, the weight of him on his tongue, the constriction of air as he fucked into his throat. Shane loved it and in that moment, he did want to live here. A place where Ilya could fuck him and let him suckle his cock whenever he wanted. And when he wasn’t hard, Shane could still be on his knees, keeping Ilya’s soft cock warm in his mouth. The thought made his own cock twitch in his shorts, spurting pre-come.

But before Ilya could come down his throat, he was pulling out. Shane whined at the loss, his jaw aching but desperate to swallow Ilya’s load.

“Hands and knees,” Ilya instructed and shaking, Shane eagerly complied.

It was hard to get a good grip on the smooth floor, but he still got in position, ass up, already aching to be fucked. Ilya chuckled, pushing down his shorts and teasing the base of the plug, fucking it into him a few times to make him moan. He finally twisted the plug out with a faint pop and Shane arched his back, hole gaping and needing to be filled.

“Please fuck me, daddy,” Shane said as Ilya fingered his rim.

“My come is still inside you,” Ilya said, feeling the wetness dripping from his hole. “So nice of you to keep it warm.”

“I need more,” Shane whined. “Please fill me up again.”

Ilya pressed the head of his cock against his hole, hands squeezing his hips as he pushed in.

“Play with your tits, *zaychik*,” he commanded as Shane’s mouth fell open, groaning at the delicious feeling of being filled. “I want to feel you squeezing daddy’s cock.”

His face pressed against the floor, Shane rucked up his shirt and starting rubbing his nipples as Ilya had instructed. They were always hard and sensitive, had been since Ilya had taken him to get them pierced. The pain, the months of healing, all leading to these moments when he could get lost in playing with his sensitive buds, Ilya's cock fucking into him, rubbing his prostate with every thrust. His mouth open, drooling onto the floor as he moaned through it, his shaking fingers tugging on the barbells, tweaking them just enough to make himself squeal. His hole clenched and spasmed around Ilya's cock, who groaned at the feeling of Shane sucking him in.

"Daddy — *hng* — I'm gonna come —"

"Come on my cock, *zaychik*," Ilya said, his voice ragged.

Shane twisted his nipple and came with a shuddering cry, fingers scrambling on the hard, shiny floor as he sprayed it with thick globs of come. Ilya fucked him through it, unrelenting and overwhelming.

"Do not stop touching your tits, *zaychik*. Not until I come."

Shane cried softly, his body still shivering as Ilya nailed his prostate with hard, deep thrusts. His nipples were sore, painful as he cautiously tweaked the barbells. It hurt, but he kept touching them until Ilya came with a deep groan, filling him with the second load of the day. Shane had barely pushed himself up on shaking hands when Ilya pushed the plug back inside him.

"How does that feel, *zaychik*? Being full of me?"

"It feels so good," Shane slurred, his ass aching with the stretch, his hole wet and slippery with come.

"Good boy. And you will like living here, yes? I will visit all the time, to keep you full."

He slapped Shane's flank and Shane moaned softly.

"Yes, daddy," he said and got shakily to his feet.

There was a puddle of come on the shiny new floor now. But he ignored it as Ilya wrapped his thick arms around him.

"Mine," he said softly. "Mine, mine, mine."

Shane pressed his face into Ilya's chest. He had fought against wanting this for so long. And it still felt wrong most of the time. But Ilya took care of him. And he so enjoyed being owned.

"Yours," Shane said into his chest, heart beating against his ribs.

and fin

thank you to all my loyal readers, i love and appreciate you all. i enjoyed writing this filthy little fic but i can't keep it up and i have other fic ideas i want to explore. thank you for all the love, kudos, comments and silent filth enjoyers 💜💜💜

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