

use me to please you

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use me to please you

by [bucklerc](#)

Summary

"What is it?"

"Just... what if you used me?" Shane's gaze drops to their intertwined hands, obviously feeling a bit self-conscious, Ilya can't help but smile at the gesture but then the words register in his brain.

"Use you? Use you how?" He raises his eyebrows.

Shane sighs. "Okay, so imagine... you come back home from the shoot and I'm waiting for you by the door, fully prepped and ready, on my knees, naked-"

"Not naked," Ilya interrupts him with a strained voice.

"Fine, not naked, you can undress me yourself if that's what you want," Ilya smirks. "Shut up, that's not all. The thing is... I'll be waiting for you and from the moment you enter through the door, whenever you feel like it, you can do whatever you want to me and with me"

"Whatever?" Ilya gulps.

"Yes, only if we've talked about it before though, because I won't be able to say no."

"Fuck, Hollander."

Notes

Me: I want to write some fluff.

The tiny Shane Hollander that lives in my brain: Okay but what if...

I couldn't say no to him, he's too cute.

Enjoy!

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

The alarm sounds at 6:30, sharp and unforgiving. Ilya extends his arm searching for his phone to try and turn it off, not wanting to wake up Shane. He finally manages to do so but it's too late, as he sees Shane slowly blinking his eyes open.

"Hey, *solnyshko*. Sorry I woke you up," he places a sweet kiss on his forehead and Shane looks up at him with bright, sleepy eyes. "It is too early, go back to sleep."

"Mmokay," he replies with his eyes already closed again. Ilya laughs and gets up to take a shower and get ready for the hectic morning he has ahead.

Ilya exits the bathroom with only a towel hanging loosely at his hips and stops dead in his tracks at the sight before him, he even lets out a small gasp of surprise. Shane is sitting cross-legged in the middle of the bed, looking intensely at one specific point of the wall opposite him.

"Shane," Ilya calls.

"Hm?" The sound is barely audible, his eyes still glued to the wall.

"Shane, what are you doing? It is seven in the morning, I told you to go back to sleep. Did something happen?"

That seemed to snap him out of his trance. Shane turns his head so quickly he gets a bit dizzy. "No! Everything is fine, don't worry," Ilya sighs and goes to sit beside him on the bed. "I just... I got an idea."

"Oh? What type of idea?" Shane blushes as an answer, making his freckles even more visible. "A kinky idea?" Ilya smiles, he loves his husband's freaky mind, but maybe he loves even more how embarrassed he gets when he has to say those freaky things out loud.

"I guess you could say that," he says while fidgeting with his own fingers, scratching the skin next to his nails. Ilya puts his hands above Shane's to make him stop, he hates when he gets too on his own head he starts to hurt himself without noticing, even if it's something as small as picking his nails.

"What is it?"

"Just... what if you used me?" Shane's gaze drops to their now intertwined hands, obviously feeling a bit self-conscious, Ilya can't help but smile at the gesture but then the words register in his brain.

"Use you? Use you *how*?" He raises his eyebrows.

Shane sighs. "Okay, so imagine... you come back home from the shoot and I'm waiting for you by the door, fully prepped and ready, on my knees, naked-"

"Not naked," Ilya interrupts him with a strained voice. Shane looks at him for the first time since he started talking and finds him sweating a little with his cheeks tinted pink. *Oh so he's*

into it then.

"Fine, not naked, you can undress me yourself if that's what you want," Ilya smirks. "Shut up, that's not all. The thing is... I'll be waiting for you and from the moment you enter through the door, whenever you feel like it, you can do whatever you want to me and with me"

"Whatever?" Ilya gulps.

"Yes, only if we've talked about it before though, because I won't be able to say no," Shane smiles shyly. He knows he's blushing, hard, because he's feeling an unbearable heat all over his face, but he really wants this, no matter how embarrassing it is to say it out loud.

"Fuck, Hollander," he drags a hand across his face, trying and failing to control his breath. "For how long?"

"Oh, I don't know. You'll be home early in the afternoon I guess, so I was thinking maybe until tomorrow morning?"

Ilya's jaw goes slack. "Until tomorrow morn-"

"Yes, and you can be mean too." Shane says, growing impatient, he needs to be done with this conversation already, it's too mortifying. "Please, be mean."

Ilya growls and throws himself towards Shane, making him fall backwards on the bed and straddles him putting his hands on both sides of his head. "I am gonna be horny and hard all morning because of your perverted little mind," he then kisses him with all the love and desire he can muster.

Shane opens his mouth the moment he feels Ilya's lips on his, letting his tongue invade him and sucking on it. "That's okay," he says when they break apart to breathe properly. "It's a Calvin Klein photoshoot, you're going to stretch those slutty little white boxers so nicely... everyone will see how big you are," he caresses his face with one finger as he talks.

"Wouldn't that make you jealous?" Ilya smiles and kisses his cheek. He always finds adorable when his husband gets a little possessive and makes that cute, angry kitten face when he knows full well that Ilya is completely his, forever.

"No, everyone knows that huge dick is mine," he answers with a serious tone, not angry, just like he's stating an obvious fact.

"Ah, so that was your plan all along. Make every person in the world jealous of you because they can't have me."

"No, my plan is to come multiple times because my husband is using me as he pleases, did you forget it already?" Shane smirks, feeling a little bratty.

"Oh I will never forget it, do not worry. And we will see about the 'coming multiple times' thing," he gives him a peck on the lips and stands to get dressed, leaving Shane lying on the bed panting and half hard only at the thought of all the things that could happen later that day.

We will see about the coming multiple times thing. What did Ilya mean by that? Is he planning on not letting him come? All day? That's horrifying... and kind of exciting if Shane's being honest.

He cleans the house to do *something* before he heads to the bathroom to prepare himself. He spends every minute consumed by the thoughts of the million possibilities of what is going to happen to him once Ilya comes home, some edging that's for sure, but what else he has in mind? They've talked about and tried so many things over the years that, honestly, it can be *anything*, and he can't wait to find out.

He's pacing through the house, growing restless at Ilya's radio silence, when his phone vibrates with a notification.

Ilya 💖

I'll be there in 15 minutes 😊

Better be ready

Of course I'm ready

I've been ready for two hours

Wtf took you so long

Wow so mouthy today

I am going to have so much fun torturing you

I am just so hot they couldn't stop taking pictures sorry baby

And yes I ate do not worry

Did you?

Yes

Something light I hope 😊

Fuck off

And stop it with that emoji 😏

But yes, everything is under control

Of course

Shane?

Yes?

You asked me to be mean

And that is exactly what you are going to get

But remember that I love you more than anything

I know Ilya don't worry

I love you too

I'm really excited about this

I bet you are 😊

STOP IT

Shane sighs, smiling at his idiot husband's antics and places the phone on the coffee table. Ilya is going to be home in approximately ten minutes now, he should get into position, that'll help him enter the proper mindset too.

He goes to the front door and stops a few steps away, his heart is hammering in his chest and his skin is buzzing with anticipation. He takes a deep breath and kneels in front of the door, wincing slightly. Suddenly, a question invades his mind: *what am I supposed to do with my hands? What would Ilya like? What would he find appropriate? Maybe I should put them behind my back, but what if Ilya wants me to stay that way for a long time? That will hurt my shoulders, I don't want to be hurt so early and if I am, I want him to be the one hurting me, not myself, that's ridiculous.*

After thinking about it for a while he decides to trust his instincts and gets into the position that feels more submissive and natural for him, hoping that Ilya would like it. Shane sits back on his heels, straightens his back, spreads his knees apart until they are aligned with his shoulders and lets his hands rest on his thighs palms-up. He feels open, vulnerable in a way that makes goosebumps spread across his whole body and, most of all, ready for whatever is about to come.

Ilya's breath hitches the moment he opens the door and sees Shane. He always looks beautiful on his knees for him but this time is different, he looks so pretty and eager to please, with his knees spread, inviting, offering himself to Ilya. He has to take a deep breath and school his expression to not give away how affected he's feeling, but he can see a small, smug smile forming on Shane's lips. *Well, let's see how long he can keep it up.*

Shane sees how Ilya turns around and closes the door slowly, he can't wait to know what's on his mind, what he wants to do. He obviously enjoyed the position Shane decided and he feels incredibly proud of himself for that, but he wants to hear it from Ilya's mouth, feel it on his skin through his touches and caresses, he wants more confirmation than a simple deep breath, he wants to be told he did *good*... But none of that happens, Ilya simply takes off his shoes and pats him on the head on his way to the kitchen.

"Really?" Shane can't help but ask, turning his head to look at him, but he doesn't stand or move his hands, if he didn't receive any praise after waiting for him in this position he sure as hell is not going to receive it if he moves now.

Ilya takes a bottle out of the fridge and pours himself a glass of water. "What?" He drinks the full glass all at once. "Do you want some?"

Shane scoffs. "No. And drinking water so quickly directly from the fridge is bad for you," he directs his gaze to the door again, frowning, and hears Ilya's steps growing closer, he then feels his hand resting on the top of his head before his fingers close, grabbing a handful of Shane's dark hair and yanking his head backwards making his scalp sting in a way that has him biting back a moan.

"It is summer, Hollander. I think I can handle a bit of cold water."

Shane has no other option but to look up, his mouth waters at the sight of Ilya in all his glory, standing up right beside him. He looks beautiful and... big. Shane feels incredibly small in comparison despite being basically the same height and build, the feeling going directly to his half-hard dick.

"I- I guess," he manages to say. The answer is completely unnecessary, but he needed to distract himself. He was not about to come just because his husband looks majestic with his golden curls framing his face and his striking blue eyes looking at him from above with nothing but pure lust. He was absolutely not going to do that. It would be humiliating, and Ilya would laugh at him, which, now that he's really thinking about it, doesn't sound all that bad.

Ilya laughs and shakes his head. "What happened? Where did all that attitude go, hm?" Shane whimpers. "Is it because I am grabbing your hair? You really like that, don't you?" He then tugs harder, moving Shane's head further back.

"Ah, yes."

"What a slut," Ilya sighs dramatically and lets Shane's hair go with more force than necessary, making his head fall forward, and goes to sit on the couch. The moment Ilya's hand leaves his hair, his mind goes back to its usual self, there's no trace left of that sensation that clouds his brain whenever he gives up control and feels, well, like a slut, at Ilya's complete disposal.

What now? Shane thinks, Is he going to let me here, dressed and doing nothing? What an absolute waste of time.

"I can hear you thinking from here."

Shane doesn't turn, still facing the door. "Good, because I am thinking."

"Come here. You can walk."

Shane stands and grunts, his knees hurt a bit but it's not too bad, he appreciates not having to *crawl*, nonetheless.

He places himself between the couch, where Ilya is sitting, and the coffee table. "Well?"

Ilya looks at him from head to toe in a painfully slow pace. "Take off your clothes," his voice is commanding, he's not leaving any room for argument. Still, Shane wants to fight him a little, just because he can and wants to check how much he can tease Ilya without him losing his patience.

"I thought you didn't want me to be naked."

"I always want you naked, Shane. But I want to enjoy the process. Now, stop being a fucking *brat* and take off your clothes."

Shane smirks, grabs the hem of his short-sleeved black shirt and pulls it over his head and off, leaving it on the armrest. Ilya nods and licks his lips, he looks like he hasn't eaten for days and his favourite meal was just presented to him on a silver platter. Shane continues and takes off his grey sweatpants that follow the same fate as his shirt. Ilya raises one eyebrow when he sees Shane hesitate, not knowing if he should take off his underwear, and gestures for him to continue with his right hand. Shane immediately obeys and ends up completely naked in front of him.

"Good. Kneel."

"Again?"

Ilya leans forward with his elbows on his knees and looks at Shane's with so much intensity he can't help but squirm under his gaze. "You are really getting on my nerves," he grabs his wrist and tugs downwards hard enough to force him to get in the position he asked, but not enough to hurt.

Shane is now between his legs, looking up at him with dazed eyes. It only takes a bit of roughness to get him in that headspace he always craves, and what is Ilya if not a devoted husband that only wants to give him exactly what he wants?

He grabs his jaw with a firm hand. "When will you understand that you are just a hole to me, a toy to play with? You do what I want. You do not get to ask questions. You do not get to argue. Understood?"

Shane tries to nod but the hand on his face is wrapped too tightly so he has to say it out loud, at least Ilya likes when he uses his words. "Yes."

Ilya's eyes soften. "See how easy it was? Why do you put up such a fight when all you want to do is be a good boy for me?" Shane is only able to whine, his brain completely shut off. Ilya lets go of his jaw. "Open your mouth," Shane obeys and he inserts two of his fingers there, gracing his teeth, pressing on his tongue, like he's inspecting it. Ilya hums. "Suck," Shane closes his mouth around the digits and starts doing as he's told, making sure he moves his tongue just the way Ilya likes it. "Good as always," he takes them off. "Now turn around, show me your ass."

Oh here we go, Shane thinks. He turns and bends over pressing his left cheek on the floor, presenting his ass to Ilya. He expects some kind of reaction and when nothing comes, not even a gasp or a ragged breath, he begins to worry.

"Ilya? Is everything okay?" He cracks his neck to be able to see him, his gaze is fixed between Shane's ass cheeks but his face doesn't give any thought that is going through his mind away.

"What the fuck is this?" Ilya asks, tone neutral, tapping at the base of the butt plug Shane is wearing, the motion making the object move inside him.

"Oh," Shane bites his bottom lip. "A plug? Do you like it? I thought-"

"You thought wrong," Ilya interrupts and sighs dramatically. "How long have you been wearing it?"

"I don't know? Since I prepped myself."

"And who told you to wear it?"

Shane huffs and turns to press his forehead on the floor, *what the fuck?* "No one. I just wanted to be as ready as possible in case you wanted to fuck me. What is so wrong about that?"

Ilya doesn't answer. Instead, he takes the object that offended him so much out of Shane with absolutely no care whatsoever, throwing it on the table. Shane clenches around nothing, the sudden emptiness and coldness in his hole making him shiver.

"Just what I thought," Ilya makes a sound of disapproval and inserts the two fingers that were in Shane's mouth a few minutes ago in his ass.

"Fuck, Ilya," he says as the other man takes his time pressing on his walls, he even inserts another finger, it feels like he's looking for something and Shane can't do anything but leak on the floor beneath him.

"Shut up," he finishes the sentence with a sharp smack on Shane's left cheek, making him yelp forward, but the pain doesn't help his leaking problem, quite the contrary. "Do you know what you did wrong?"

Shane shakes his head from left to right.

"Words," another spank, harder this time, he moans and feels the heat of embarrassment invading his face. Shane can't believe how much he's enjoying this.

"No, I don't."

"Well, let me tell you. You are too fucking loose, Hollander. I can't fuck this. I bet if I put my dick in this hole I would barely feel anything, I have three fingers in now and I am sure a fourth would fit in. It is almost disgusting," he pulls his fingers out and gives a hard slap to

his right cheek this time, which Shane appreciates, he likes to have both sides red and sore, the feeling of only one hurting pisses him off.

"I'm sorry," he apologizes although he knows that Ilya is exaggerating, yes the plug is one of the bigger ones they own, but he's not loose enough for Ilya to not feel anything, that's crazy... but the punishment is incredibly hot.

"You should be. I will have to use the other hole instead. You are lucky I like your pretty, warm mouth," Ilya grabs Shane by his arms, forcing him to straighten up and turn around. He cradles his face between his hands and moves to whisper in his ear. "How are your knees?"

Shane's breath hitches. "Good," his voice is barely a whisper too.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Perfect because you are going to be on them for a little while longer," Ilya kisses his cheek and leans back on the couch. Shane watches with wide eyes as Ilya unbuttons his pants and lowers them just enough to get his hard cock out. "Now I am going to put my dick in your mouth and you are going to keep it nice and warm while I tell you about my day."

Shane nods. "Okay."

"I did not ask for your opinion," Ilya smirks. "Hands behind your back." Shane obeys. "Open your mouth," he gulps and lets his jaw go slack. "So pretty, I can't wait to ruin you."

Before Shane has the time to process his words, Ilya grabs him by the hair and pushes his head towards his crotch. Shane does as best as he can to take Ilya's whole length in his mouth, he feels the tip grazing the back of his throat and has to force himself not to gag. He hears Ilya sigh in pleasure above him.

"Do not move. I am going to talk and you are going to listen, nothing else. Understood?"

Shane makes a small sound, unable to nod or form any words, but Ilya seems pleased with the answer and starts talking. Shane doesn't listen to anything he says, he's too focused on the weight of Ilya's cock pressing on his tongue.

Not moving becomes a very difficult task the more minutes pass by. He just wants to suck his husband's dick, make him feel good, make it impossible for him to talk, only whine and moan... but no, Ilya just wants to look at him gagged with his cock.

Ilya notices how Shane starts to squirm and takes pity on him, well and on himself too because Shane's mouth is so fuckable he isn't sure how he managed to wait so long without moving.

Ilya suddenly grabs the hair on both sides of Shane's head and starts moving him up and down his dick. He lets out a tiny sound of surprise but quickly recomposes himself, placing his legs in a better position. He's about to move his hands, lost in the eagerness of wanting to

please Ilya, when he looks up and sees the warning look on his eyes, he immediately stops moving and lets Ilya use his mouth however he wants.

Ilya moans and grunts, his hands don't leave Shane's hair and his scalp is beginning to sting, but in a good way, it's always in a good way when it comes to Ilya. Shane compensates for not being able to move his hands and head by moving his tongue, he lets it rest flat against the underside of Ilya's cock, occasionally tracing a vein with the tip and twirling it around the head when Ilya takes it almost all the way out.

"Fuck, Shane. Your mouth is so good," his hands and hips twitch and Shane knows exactly what that means, so now that he can he starts to move his head as fast as he can, not daring to move his hands to help him. "You really want me to come in your mouth. Go on slut, fucking make me," Shane makes a small sound before speeding up his movements, Ilya's hands still in his hair, and finally buries his face in Ilya's pubes, gagging on his dick. "Holy shit," the constriction of his throat around his cock and the sound Shane makes is what does it for Ilya, who comes in violent spasms while Shane swallows it all, not that he has any other choice.

Shane takes advantage of the fact that Ilya is sprawled on the couch, head tipped back with his eyes closed and his arms lying useless at his sides to take his softening cock out of his mouth and give it a quick kiss on the tip before resting his head on Ilya's thigh.

Ilya opens his eyes and smiles down at Shane. "You did good," he moves his hand to caress his cheek with the back of his fingers.

"Thank you," Shane sighs, melting under his touch. "But I didn't really do anything."

"That is the whole point. You taking whatever I give you."

He takes his hand from Shane's cheek to the back of his neck, he lowers it down his back leaving goosebumps along the way. Shane makes a content sound, relaxing between Ilya's legs, until he grabs one of his ass cheeks and squeezes.

"Ah, Ilya."

"Does it hurt?"

A bit. "No, it's good."

"Hm."

He leaves his ass alone to circle his hole. Shane gasps and Ilya introduces two dry fingers without warning.

"Ilya! What the fuck are you doing?" He screams in surprise and pleasure, not in pain, he's still quite open.

"Just checking my hole," he smirks and lowers his head to whisper in Shane's ear. "For later."

"Fuck, Ilya. Please," his voice sounds strained and his breath comes out in short gasps.

He starts fucking his fingers in and out of Shane feeling how he tries to get some friction on his very hard and very neglected dick. "Are you trying to hump my leg like a dog, Shane?"

Shane blushes and Ilya gets the sudden urge to bite his cheeks.

"N-No, sorry."

Ilya hums and brushes his bottom lip with the thumb of his free hand. "You are almost drooling... it is a bit pathetic, don't you think?"

"Yes," Shane answers without thinking. If admitting that he's a pathetic dog will get Ilya to keep fingering him, or fuck him, or just make him come, so be it.

Ilya chuckles. "Glad we agree," he withdraws his fingers and kisses the top of Shane's head. "Come on, stand up."

Shane looks up at him with bright, confused and pleading eyes. He's about to protest but knows that it won't get him anywhere so he obeys. His legs tremble a little and Ilya quickly pulls up his pants and steadies him grabbing his hips.

"You okay?" His voice is so full of concern Shane almost tears up, he had always loved the way Ilya cared for him.

"Yes," he pets his head letting his fingers get lost in his curls. "I've been on my knees a lot and I think all of my blood is on my dick, so."

Ilya nods, serious. "Okay. Sit on the couch. I will be right back."

"Ilya, wha-"

"Ssh," he gets up and gives him a quick peck on his lips. "And do not touch yourself."

Shane stands there for a few seconds watching as Ilya disappears upstairs after picking up the butt plug that offended him so much earlier, probably to wash it and put it back in their 'sex toys drawer'. Eventually, he decides to sit and wait for him, his heart is pounding in his chest and he doesn't trust his legs to hold his weight for more than a few minutes so, yeah, sitting doesn't sound too bad. The problem is the other thing, the *do not touch yourself* thing.

He looks down, at his dick, for the first time since he prepped himself and finds it resting against his stomach, hard as a rock and leaking precum. "Fuck."

How would Ilya know if he stroked himself? Just a little bit, not enough to come, just to take the edge off. It's taking everything in him not to do it, but Ilya gave him an order and he wants to be good, so he sighs and grips the material of the couch at his sides, focusing on calming down and going against all of his instincts and not touch his cock.

Sudden movement at his feet startles him and Shane opens his eyes, although he doesn't remember closing them. He sees Ilya kneeling before him and he swears his heart stops.

"Oh, welcome back. Where were you?" Ilya says. He has a small white bottle on his left hand, it's not lube and Shane doesn't know how he feels about it

"What?"

"You were very concentrated, with your eyebrows scrunched together and everything. You did not even hear me coming."

"I- I'm sorry, I was trying to be good and obey you," Ilya takes a deep breath, like he has to recompose himself, and opens the mysterious tube. "What's that?"

"Cream."

"Cream?"

"Yes. For bruises," he squeezes the bottle and puts some on his fingers.

"Bruises? Ilya I'm fine I don't have bruises, my knees are a bit red but that's nor-"

"You do not have bruises *yet*, and this will make sure they do not appear," he shrugs his shoulders, like what he's doing isn't incredibly sweet and thoughtful, like Shane doesn't feel a pang on his chest and his eyes don't water. "It is good for circulation," he continues.

"Okay. Thank you," Shane smiles at him and pets his hair while Ilya focuses on covering his knees with the white cream, he immediately recognises the smell, they used it a thousand times after particularly hard games.

Ilya makes sure the cream is absorbing well on all parts of his skin, when he's satisfied he leans back.

"I think that is good," to conclude his work he kisses the tip of Shane's dick, he almost forgot how hard and horny he was, Ilya's care and thoughtfulness only worsened the problem.

"Are you going to make me come now?"

Ilya scoffs. "Me? Why would I do that? I already came so that sounds like a you problem."

"You told me not to touch myself!" *The nerve this man has, unbelievable.*

"Ah," Ilya looks at the ceiling, faking thoughtfulness. "Yes I did, so mean of me... Anyway, you can put your pants on now. Only your pants."

Shane exhales hard through his nose but doesn't say anything and stands to pick up his sweatpants from the armrest. When he's finished Ilya is already sitting on one end of the couch.

"Well?"

Ilya opens his arms, inviting. "Come here, put your head on my lap."

Shane lies down and the moment his head touches Ilya's thighs his hands go to his hair. He starts caressing it, twisting shiny black strands between his fingers and eventually softly massaging his scalp. Shane relaxes and feels how his heartbeat goes back to a normal rhythm, he nuzzles a bit closer to Ilya's crotch, feeling safe and loved.

"Ilya?"

"Hm?" His movements don't stop.

"Can you tell me about your day again? I didn't register any word you said."

They both chuckle.

"It really was very boring, *solnyshko*. They just took pictures and I was thinking about you the whole time, so I did not pay attention to anything."

Shane moves his head so he can look directly into his eyes. "Really?" He smiles.

"Obviously," Ilya smiles and moves his hand to trace Shane's freckles with his fingers.

"That's nice. But... what were you saying when I had your dick in my mouth then?"

"Just how beautiful you are, in Russian."

"Oh, now I'm sad I missed it."

"It's okay. You were busy," his hands return to Shane's hair and he shakes his head, smiling. "Hey, what if we watch the gay firefighter show?"

Shane sighs. "They're not gay, Ilya."

"True. One of them is bisexual, the blond one."

"You can't know that! We've only watched one season and a half."

"Oh but I know. I have an awesome gaydar."

"Whatever," Shane rolls his eyes but smiles. "Put on the damn show."

They do watch a few episodes and somewhere along the way Shane admits that *Okay, maybe they are a bit gay*, but Ilya doesn't stop touching him for even a second. His hands are always on him: occasionally flicking his nipple, tracing the lines of his abs with featherlight touches, squeezing his pecs, he even lets his hand wander underneath Shane's pants and starts giving him lazy strokes.

Shane knows what he's doing, he's keeping him on edge, not letting him forget that he's Ilya's to use, so he doesn't say anything, he acts like nothing is happening even though he's dying inside, he needs to come *desperately*.

Eventually, the time to make dinner rolls around. They're almost finished when Ilya grabs Shane by the hips and guides him towards the kitchen island.

"Wha-" Shane is silenced by Ilya turning him around and placing one hand on his back, pushing his chest down on the cold marble.

Ilya kneels behind him and tugs his sweatpants down in a particularly hard way.

"Lift your feet," Shane does, first the right one and then the left and sees out of the corner of his eye how Ilya throws his pants to the side.

He grabs his cheeks and tugs them apart. Slowly, he circles the rim with the tip of his right index finger. Shane trembles at the feeling, *Is he going to finally fuck me?* He spent the whole afternoon half hard thanks to Ilya's ministrations so the coldness in his nipples and his finger teasing his hole has him full hard in two seconds.

Ilya inserts his finger and Shane gasps against the marble. He's not as loose as before but enough to swallow the digit without any pain or resistance.

"See? This is much better, Hollander. This way *I* get to stretch you," he puts a second finger in.

Shane whines and almost screams when he feels something wet alongside Ilya's fingers.

"Please," he begs.

"Is there something you need?" Ilya says in a mocking tone before driving his tongue back into him, his fingers thrusting in and out at an unforgiving pace.

"Y-Yes. Please fuck me, I can't-" his cheek is pressed against the hard surface and his mouth is hanging open. He needs Ilya's dick in him immediately.

"You are such a whore for my cock, Hollander," Ilya laughs. "But I am feeling nice today," he says before taking his fingers out.

Shane hears how Ilya gets on his feet again. An instant later he's feeling the delicious and teasing pressure of the head of his dick against his hole, but the feeling doesn't last long. Ilya buries himself deep inside of Shane in one hard thrust, making him yelp forwards and crash his hipbones against the kitchen island.

"Jesusfuck-," he manages to get out.

"Pretty sure he's not here," Ilya leans down, pressing his chest against Shane's back. "And saying the name of another man when I have my dick inside you is very, *very*, rude," he whispers in his ear. The movement of his lips and his hot breath grazing that sensitive part of his body makes his hair stand on end.

Shane gulps. "Sorry."

He can't see him but Ilya smiles and stands on his full height again. "That is better."

Ilya starts fucking him, hard and fast, chasing his own pleasure and not caring about Shane's, but that's exactly what he signed up for, and he still finds it incredibly hot.

"You take me so good, Hollander. I wish you could see how your ass eats my dick, so pretty."

Shane can only moan and whimper. Ilya's thrusts are driving him insane and towards the edge in record time, but it just feels so good... Ilya hitting his prostrate every time he enters him, the hard material beneath him digging in his skin, the coldness contrasting with how hot he feels. It's too much and not enough at the same time.

Ilya's hips start to lose rhythm and Shane knows exactly what that means.

"Please do it inside me, please," he begs in between hard thrusts, his voice coming out hoarse and spent.

"You want me to fill your pussy? No, that is not happening, you like it too much and would come so easily... I do not want that," he slides out of him leaving room for the dread that invades Shane afterwards.

"F-Fuck you," Shane says as Ilya comes in hot spurts on his ass and back. "Fuck, Ilya! I was so close!" He cries.

"What did you just say?"

Shane is still bent over, but his head is in perfect position to see Ilya, completely naked, grabbing a wooden spatula.

"Nothing," he knows what he means but the thought of getting hit with *that* is too thrilling.

Ilya goes to Shane's left side and tugs him upwards by the hair, he has no other choice but to put his hands in the marble, arms rigid.

"You said something. Right when I was painting your beautiful tanned back and your perfect round ass with my cum," he says this as he caresses his right asscheek with the spatula. "What did you say, Shane?"

He sighs. "I said... fuck you."

Ilya hums, not ceasing his movements. "Big words for my little polite boy, and you even lied to me on top of that. Unacceptable in my opinion."

Shane stops feeling the wood against his ass before a loud smack lands on it, he lets out a tiny scream. The sensation is so different from a hand, this way the pain is sharper, more concentrated on a single spot, is... better.

"Good?" Shane jumps a little at the sound of Ilya's voice suddenly close to him.

"Yeah, yeah. Keep going."

"My little freak," he kisses his temple and starts caressing his other cheek. "Are you even sorry about it?" His voice is much more commanding now, Shane feels a little dizzy.

"It was a stupid thing said in the heat of the moment," Ilya's hand tightens in his hair and Shane grits his teeth. "So not really, no."

That earns him another hit that has him hissing in pain. If Ilya keeps going for a while longer he might come just for that, his dick is still untouched.

"Are you sure about that?" Ilya changes the caresses for little taps on the quickly reddening zone, which makes it sting even more.

"You're being unreasonable, it was just a little fuck you," he's well aware he's pushing his luck, but God this is *so hot*. He has Ilya's hand tugging his hair and he's spanking him with a wooden spatula in their kitchen. It's fucking nuts and Shane can only wish it happens again.

"Okay then," he strikes his right cheek, he does the same on the left one after that, then goes back to the right again and ends in the left cheek. Shane is whimpering and moaning through it all, a single featherlight touch on his dick could make him come right now. Ilya drops the spatula in the marble and places himself behind Shane to squeeze his ass with both hands at the same time, just to inflict more pain. "What about now?"

"Y-Yes, yes. I'm sorry. Fuck."

"Good. To the bedroom and on the bed. Now," he releases him and Shane obeys as quickly as he can, which is not very fast.

Ilya watches him go on wobbly legs and smiles to himself. He adores him, Shane is his person, as simple as that. He shakes his thoughts away and begins to wash the spatula, it's not really dirty or anything but he can't just store it away again. He doesn't know how he came up with it, they've talked about different types of impact play of course, and they were both okay with it, but they've never really tried it. Ilya is glad they finally did because it was clearly a success.

After washing it he finishes making dinner, which only takes him five minutes, and leaves it stored for later, they're gonna need it. He takes Shane's sweatpants and his clothes that are scattered across the floor and goes to the bedroom where Shane is waiting for him as instructed.

His head snaps the moment Ilya crosses the door. "I lied down but I think the sheets are dirty now. I... don't know if I had dried cum on my back," he blushes.

"Oh do not worry about that. They are going to be much more dirty when I am done playing with my toy," he smirks and goes to put his clothes on the laundry basket, but the shiny buckle of his belt catches his eye.

"But I said sorry," his voice sounds a bit defensive.

"I know, sweetheart. And you are going to get your reward."

Shame smiles, nervous.

Ilya gets on the bed and straddles his hips, careful not to touch his dick.

"You are so beautiful," he says dreamily as he brushes his hands along his torso from shoulders to waist. Shane can't help but shiver at the contact.

He opens a drawer from the nightstand and picks up a black blindfold, Shane follows his movements with his eyes until Ilya puts it on him.

"I want you to just feel. Turn that pretty brain off for me, okay? Can you do that?"

"Yes," Shane's voice is barely a whisper. The only thoughts in his mind right now are just Ilya. Ilya and his fingers dancing along his skin, Ilya and his voice guiding him like a lighthouse does with boats, Ilya and his weight on top of him that makes him feel so safe and protected and *good*.

Suddenly Ilya's weight disappears. "It is okay, *solnyshko*. I am just going to grab something to make you feel better."

Ilya goes to the laundry basket and takes his belt. He returns to the bed and guides Shane's arms above his head.

"Ilya, what are you-?"

"Sssh, this will help you. You just need to take, you do not have to move or do anything, you are not expected to. I just want to make you feel good."

"Why?"

Ilya begins to tie Shane's hands together and to the headboard and a disbelieving laugh escapes him.

"Because you have been perfect for me the whole day. I want to touch you and tease you and have fun with you because I know you love that. Don't you, Shane?"

By the time Ilya is finished talking Shane is completely unable to move his hands and see and, yeah, he loves it, he loves it all. He loves not having to worry about anything, he loves taking even if that makes him greedy, he loves that Ilya is in complete control, he loves the way he can trust him.

"Yes. Yes, I love it."

"Good."

With that, Ilya straddles him again and starts to leave wet kisses on his upper body. His shoulders, his biceps. He goes a little lower and kisses his abdomen, licking at his belly button.

"I love your little belly, so soft."

Shane's breath grows more ragged. "It's not a belly," he protests.

"Oh. Sorry, my bad. It is a very hard wall of muscles," his lips don't stop adoring his skin and he can't help but suck and leave a mark. Shane gasps and moves involuntarily against his restraints.

"I-Idiot."

"Yes, yes. But careful, baby. Do I need to go to the kitchen again?"

Shane gapes, remembering what happened just a few minutes ago.

"That is what I thought. Now, shut up, I want to taste my favourite food."

Oh, finally some relief. He's finally going to suck my dick. Shane thinks, but he couldn't be more wrong, because Ilya doesn't go lower, he goes up.

He bites the muscle of his pec with enough force to drag a moan out of Shane, with his free hand he twists the nipple on the other side.

"Holy shit, Ilya. Fuck, fuck, fuck" the sensation is intensified by the inability to see. It feels amazing.

Shane's little sounds and the way his body squirms as much as he can encourages Ilya. He changes his ministrations and starts giving soft licks to each nipple, one at a time but never leaving the other unattended. If his mouth is not working on it, his hand is. He flicks them, twists them between his fingers, licks, sucks, bites, he does *everything*.

"You have always been so sensitive, baby. And I have always loved your boobs. They are so... squishy and soft," Ilya makes his point across by squeezing both pecs at the same time, keeping the nipples between his fingers. "I bet I could fuck them if I pulled them together," he says while doing exactly that. "What do you think, Shane? Do you agree with me?"

"Maybe," Shane clears his throat. "Maybe you should try it."

"Hm yes. Maybe I should. One day."

Ilya sometimes did this, bring up incredibly hot and sexy things to completely dismiss them after with promises of 'some day'. Shane knew he did it to surprise him, but at that moment he didn't care, it still pissed him off, like right now.

Shane sighs in protest, Ilya ignores him and goes back to what he was doing, enjoying his moans as he keeps playing with his chest.

A few seconds after Shane starts trembling and Ilya knows exactly what that means.

"Are you going to come just from me touching your boobs like a horny teenage girl?"

"Ye-Yeah, if you let me. Please"

Ilya smiles. God he would die for him.

"Of course, baby," he lifts the blindfold of his eyes, he gets lost for a moment in the glassy look but he quickly dives in and kisses him while his right hand is still squeezing his tit.

To help him with his orgasm, Ilya places his leg between Shane's and drags his thigh across his dick. It only takes one movement for Shane to come with a scream so loud against his lips Ilya is concerned for a second. He lifts his head to properly look at him and finds him with his mouth open and his eyes closed, he looks beautiful.

"*Blyat* Shane, are you okay?"

"Fuck yes. Never better. I've been waiting for that all day," he sighs. "Could you?" He moves his binded wrists.

"Oh yes, yes." Ilya moves his hands as quickly as he can to untie Shane. He moves his arms down and starts massaging them.

"I'm okay," he smiles softly at him and takes his hand to stop him and intertwine it with his.

"Are you sure? They do not hurt?"

"Nothing hurts."

"Okay. I am going to grab a washcloth to clean the mess you just did on yourself," Ilya says, gesturing at Shane's stomach and chest. "And then I am going to run us a bath."

"What happened to 'you're just a toy'?" Shane says, mocking Ilya's accent. "You've said it twice, you know? You also made sure my knees were fine and now you want us to take a relaxing bath together?"

"Toys need to be taken care of, Hollander, so they do not break," he kisses his forehead and disappears into the bathroom, leaving Shane in awe.

When he returns he does it with a wet washcloth as promised and cleans him in silence, like what he's doing is the most important thing in the world, and maybe it is, at least for him.

"Can you stand?" He asks when he thinks Shane is clean enough.

"Yeah, I'm just a bit tired," he moves into a sitting position and Ilya scoops him up into his arms, making him wrap his legs against his waist. "Ilya! I can walk by myself!"

"Okay. But I do not want you to. You can't protest, you said I have until tomorrow morning to do whatever I want."

Shane scoffs, because yeah it's true, and lets himself be carried by his husband and his triumphant smile to the bathroom.

When they get there the air smells like lavender. Ilya gets in the water first and gestures to Shane to do the same. He enters carefully and places himself between Ilya's legs, pressing his

back against his chest.

They wash and hold each other until the water is too cold. Ilya spends the whole time they're there praising Shane, telling him how good and gorgeous he is. Shane thinks that if his time came right in that moment, he'd die as happy as possible.

Both get out, dry themselves and put on a pair of clean boxers before going to the kitchen to eat a little of the dinner they made earlier, they're too tired to even eat properly. And maybe, just maybe, Shane blushes when he sees the wooden spatula back in its place like nothing ever happened.

Ilya wakes up at 4 in the morning. He turns his head and sees Shane fast asleep with his arm across Ilya's chest. He's snoring softly, that doesn't happen often, only when he's in a very deep sleep.

His legs are covered by a thin sheet, his torso is at full display and Ilya's mouth waters. It looks like he's glowing thanks to the soft light of the lampposts of the street entering the room. Ilya can see all the marks he left on Shane. His chest is covered in hickeys and if he focuses enough he's sure he can see the spots where he buried his teeth. There is a light bruise on his hip that is already disappearing, probably from the kitchen island, a small smile spreads across his lips. There are times in which he can't help but worry about if he's being too rough, but he knows that's the way Shane likes it, not always, but often enough, and honestly Ilya loves it too, especially when there are marks as proof.

Ilya lowers his head and kisses Shane's hip. He doesn't move, his breathing pattern doesn't change.

"Interesting," Ilya whispers to the dark.

Slowly, Ilya moves the sheet further down Shane's legs and starts kissing his covered dick through the boxers. He still doesn't move, so Ilya keeps going until the underwear is wet with his saliva. Shane stirs softly but keeps snoring. He's probably starting to feel uncomfortable so Ilya lowers his boxers to free him from the wetness. He moves Shane's mostly soft cock so it's resting on his stomach and licks it from base to tip. He keeps doing the same motion until Shane is half hard and his breathing becomes faster and more ragged, then he takes him into his mouth and starts sucking at the tip. When he's whining and moving his head with his eyes still closed but his furrow borrowed, Ilya starts sucking him in earnest but still not at the rhythm he would've liked, he doesn't want him to come while he's still sleeping, he wants to see his eyes.

A few minutes pass and Ilya hears a soft whimper, still small but louder than the others, so he picks up his pace.

"I-Ilya? What-" he looks at his face, with his dick still in his mouth and smiles around it. Shane's eyes open wide the moment he realizes what is happening. "Fuck!"

Ilya twirls his tongue just the way he likes it and Shane hands fly to his curls for support.

"Fuck you're crazy. Don't you dare stop," his voice is still raspy from sleep, it makes Ilya's skin tingle. "I'm close. I'm close," he says desperately, Ilya buries his nose in his well-trimmed bush as he takes him full into his mouth. Shane comes down his throat screaming curse words Ilya has never heard coming out of his mouth.

He lets Shane's dick go and rests his chin on his hip. "Was it good?"

Shane looks down at him trying to catch his breath. "Wha- How? What the fuck was that?"

"You said until morning," Ilya shrugs innocently.

"Yeah I guess I did," he uses his arm to cover his eyes. "God that was... amazing. I was having a nice dream, a *normal* dream and then I started feeling good? I don't know how to explain it but then I opened my eyes and I saw you and-"

"And you came because your very hot husband was sucking your dick while you were sleeping. I know, I was there."

"Fuck off!" Shane laughs and pushes his head away from his body, so Ilya goes back to his side of the bed and gathers him in his arms. "Do you need help?"

Ilya is confused for a second until he looks down and sees the bulge in his boxers. "Oh. No, I'm fine," he kisses the top of Shane's head as he lies it in his chest.

"But can I...?" He looks at him and pouts while he moves his hand to cup his dick through the boxers.

"Fuck, if you look at me with those puppy eyes and that little pout you can do *anything*, sweetheart."

"Oh," Shane's eyes shine in excitement. "So what if next time we switch and it's me who can use yo-"

"Shane Hollander-Rozanov!"

Shane smiles at the mention of his fairly new full name. "Is that a yes?"

"It is a we will talk about it."

"Good enough for me," Shane shrugs and kisses Ilya's lips as his hand makes its way beneath his underwear.

End Notes

Hope you liked it! And yes I made a tiny reference to the show 911, sue me, it's part of my username so maybe next time Shane will have a crush on Charles Leclerc (F1 driver) to come full circle.

Thank you so much for reading, mwah.

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