

Say It Like You Mean It

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Say It Like You Mean It

by [NoCoastPosts](#)

Summary

“Is simple,” Ilya says. “You say ‘yes’ for ‘no’ and ‘no’ for ‘yes’. You tell me ‘*keep going*,’ and I hear ‘*stop*’. Is just opposites, malysh.”

“That’s easy for you to say,” Shane grumbles. “I’m the one who has to remember.”

“Poor Hollander,” Ilya taunts. “I have to remember, too. But if it’s so much trouble for you, we don’t have to do this.”

“Wait, wait,” Shane says hurriedly. “I can do it. C’m on, I swear.”

“If you’re sure,” Ilya replies. “Do you want me to keep going?”

“Ye-*no* - no, I mean, no,” Shane answers. “I don’t want this.”

Ilya smiles, pushing Shane’s chest and positioning himself over his body.

“Good.”

or, Shane and Ilya explore consensual non-consent with a twist.

Notes

This fic was written for this [Twitter prompt](#) by [buddireality](#) that I saw and became obsessed with. As always, please mind the tags.

Endless thanks to the amazing [Sarah \(anincompletelist\)](#) for beta-ing and overall help.

Biggest shoutout to [hmmBarkBark](#) for the incredible fanart header - I can't tell you how much I love it.

Special thanks to the Body Matcha Discord server crew for the support and endless yapping. This one's for you guys.

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



“Fuck, Ilya, keep going,” Shane slurs, drunk on the delicious pressure of Ilya’s fingers brushing against his prostate. When Ilya swiftly removes them, Shane whines at the loss. Ilya smirks at him, pulling away entirely and not saying a word.

“Sorry. I forgot.” Shane huffs, rolling onto his back and sitting up in bed. They’ve barely started, and Shane’s slipped up twice already. “But it’s fucking hard to keep track.”

“Is simple,” Ilya says. “You say ‘yes’ for ‘no’ and ‘no’ for ‘yes’. You tell me ‘*keep going*,’ and I hear ‘*stop*’. Is just opposites, *malysh*.”

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“Good.”

When Ilya grabs Shane’s waist to turn him back onto his stomach, Shane brings a knee up and slams it into Ilya’s midsection. Ilya falls back on his heels, and Shane uses the opportunity to scramble out of bed. Ilya recovers quickly, grabbing for Shane and receiving a sharp elbow to the shoulder.

For a moment, Shane stays frozen in place, standing next to the bed. He wonders if he’s gone too far and gets his answer when Ilya sneers and lunges toward him. Shane makes for the door, but Ilya collides with his back and brutally knocks him to the floor.

Shane rolls onto his back, kicking and shoving at whatever part of Ilya he can reach. The look on Ilya’s face is terrifying, and Shane feels utterly ashamed at how aroused he is. Ilya gets hold of Shane’s ankle and drags him across the floor back through the room. Suddenly, he realizes that sticking to their rules is much easier when he believes that this is real - that he doesn’t want this, that he hates the way his body responds, that he has to fight to survive.

There was, after all, a time when he couldn’t let himself have this without being tripped into it first. When it really had been survival - be perfect ninety percent of the time so that the other ten percent, he could cut loose, take whatever shape Ilya molded him into because he couldn’t bring himself to be the one to acknowledge it. Saying no to Ilya back then had been an antithesis; the denial with a heartbeat of *please please keep going and don’t ever stop*.

Saying no to Ilya like this isn't survival anymore, not in the same way. But that feeling from years ago claws at the surface even now, comes creeping up from behind his ribs, that breath-catch instinct to fight just so he can be restrained, to struggle just to prove that he's worth not letting go of. In this moment, Shane can't think of anything more enticing.

"Get your fucking hands off me," Shane yells.

"Shut up," Ilya grumbles as he manhandles him.

Maybe Ilya should be bothered by how much he enjoys Shane fighting back, but he's already too immersed in this. He grips Shane by the hair, hauling him up onto the bed and forcing him onto his back. Ilya straddles Shane's chest, pinning his arms down with his knees. Shane's hands claw at the sheets underneath him, thrumming with the nagging sensation of impending resolve.

"Open up," Ilya instructs, holding the base of his cock in one hand and the headboard with the other. He taps the leaking head against Shane's lips tauntingly. "Do not even think about biting. You will regret it."

Unable to rely on his physical strength, Shane resists by clenching his mouth shut. Ilya laughs at him and slaps his cheek roughly. The sting is immediate and makes Shane's face flush hot and red, but he doesn't give in, stubbornly ignoring the part of him that wants nothing more than to suck Ilya's cock.

"Don't play coy," Ilya jeers, seeming to read Shane's thoughts. "We both know how much you love having my dick in your mouth."

Ilya's taunting does exactly what he intended. Shane starts to speak, either to argue or defend himself, but before he gets a word out, Ilya slides the head of his dick past Shane's lips. He yanks Shane's hair to forcefully maneuver him forward.

Shane's eyes quickly water from the sudden intrusion. Ilya doesn't waste time easing him into it, briskly setting a brutal pace and hitting the back of Shane's throat with his cock head. The salty, bitter taste of precome makes Shane sputter and gag.

He not-so-gently scrapes his teeth against Ilya's dick, making him hiss and pull out. Ilya's palm cracks against his cheek, even harder than before. He hits him *again, again, again*, until Shane's jaw hangs open in weary resignation.

Ilya fucks into the wet heat of Shane's mouth over and over, spurred on by the tears that spill from Shane's dark eyes. Ilya doesn't want to come like this, so he can't draw it out for too long. He decides to make the most of their game, pinching Shane's nostrils and watching his eyes go wide in terror.

"Take it, *shlyukha*," Ilya grits out. "If I want to fuck your throat until you pass out, I will."

Shane is wracked by a full-body shudder, fear and arousal coursing through his veins. He starts to feel light-headed, but Ilya doesn't ease up, viciously fucking his throat and keeping his nose pinched shut. As a buzzing noise fills his ears, Shane loses track of how much time passes.

Suddenly, Shane is sputtering and inhaling sharp lungfuls of air. He registers that Ilya has slipped out of his mouth and let go of his nostrils. He looks down at Shane with mild concern, taking in the spit running down his chin, the sweat at his flushed temples, a silent question in his eyes. Shane gives a small nod, lighting up Ilya's face wickedly in return.

"Such a good mouth," Ilya says lightly, stroking his stiff cock. "So fun to fill it up and stop your whining for a bit."

Ilya eases off Shane's arms as he maneuvers his way down his body and seizes his hips, pulling him down the bed. Shane uses the moment of slight freedom to his advantage, fists flying into Ilya's chest over and over. Ilya simply laughs, using his strength to flip Shane onto his stomach. He nudges Shane's legs open and plants his knees on the backs of Shane's thighs.

"Nice try," Ilya teases, "but you have to do better than that."

"Fucking stop," Shane growls, voice muffled against the mattress. He blindly reaches back to push Ilya away, but his wrists are instantly pinned to the small of his back. Tears of desperation start to fill Shane's eyes again, hating the feelings of wanting and helplessness and telling himself it's from fear instead.

"Is that all you've got, Hollander?" Ilya challenges, using his free hand to line his dick up with Shane's entrance. "Could've tried harder, but I think you want this - you're an eager whore for my cock."

"Fuck you, Rozanov," Shane spits, flexing his wrists as he tries to wrench them free. Ilya scoffs and tightens his hold, hard enough to leave obvious bruises. "Please stop," he pleads, desperately switching tactics.

"You beg so pretty," Ilya coos. Shane flinches when Ilya spits onto his hole before pressing his blunt cock head against it. "I think you'll cry pretty, too."

"No, please don't, I-"

Ilya slams deep into Shane in one swift movement, his groans intermingling with Shane's loud wails. He rocks in and out; his thrusts shallow but harsh. The drag of it is a little too dry, but still so delicious.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya mutters. "So fucking tight."

"Please," Shane begs through gritted teeth, his jaw clenched from the burning stretch. "You're hurting me."

"*Zamolchi*," Ilya barks. "If it hurts so bad, your cock wouldn't be hard, hm?"

Shane is mortified to discover his dick is painfully hard and dripping onto the sheets beneath him. He attempts to free his wrists from Ilya's grasp and wriggle away from the hand anchored to his hip. It's a pointless endeavor - he is truly and completely under Ilya's control.

Ilya buries himself to the hilt with a savage lunge forward, hips slamming against Shane's ass and making him sob. A white-hot ache shoots through Shane's spine, his resulting cries filling the bedroom.

Ilya releases Shane's hip to shove his hand between him and the mattress, mercilessly squeezing Shane's throbbing cock. He's not surprised to find that his assessment is correct, making him laugh derisively.

"Oh, poor Hollander," Ilya mocks. "Hurts so much that your dick is leaking. Such a whore."

"Ilya, it hurts so fucking bad; it's too much. I can't do this, please don't."

It plays out like this on a loop: Shane begs and pleads, and Ilya taunts and ignores and fucks him ruthlessly. It continues on and on, and Shane realizes he's gone quiet and stopped struggling, resigning himself to Ilya using and abusing him. He wants to fight back - or he *did* want to. Something about the brutality and being unable to move under Ilya's body weight is oddly grounding for him.

Ilya delights in the way Shane goes pliant underneath him, as if he's fucking all resistance out of him. When Shane lets out a soft, small sound of contentment, Ilya moans at how heady it makes him feel.

"Oh, what a sweet little slut, feels so good, *da*?" Ilya simpers. "Keep going, make those pretty noises nice and loud for me."

Shane's face grows hot, feeling needy and pathetic. He clings to his last bit of determination, unwilling to just give Ilya what he wants. He gnashes his teeth together in defiance, but cannot stifle a high-pitched moan when Ilya's cock glides over his swollen prostate.

"That's it, show me how much you love it," Ilya grunts, rhythm faltering as he rapidly hurdles towards the edge. "You want to come for me, hm?"

"I can't, I won't," Shane stammers. "I don't want to."

"Slut toys don't want; they don't beg." Ilya sneers. "They take what they're fucking given. Like a good *shlyukha*. Are you going to be my good little slut, Shane?"

Ilya punctuates the final word with a bite to the juncture of Shane's neck and shoulder. Shane's orgasm crashes into him like a wave, wracking his entire body. The convulsions make him tighten around Ilya's cock. Shane is hazily aware as Ilya groans loudly, yelling a drawn-out '*fuuuuck*' as he spills hotly inside of Shane.

Shane rolls onto his back, eyes closed and sore yet sated. He heaves a long sigh, slowly collecting himself and coming back to reality. The sudden sensation of a calloused hand wrapped firmly around his spent dick makes him shout, eyes flying open and staring frantically at Ilya.

"N-yes, yes," Shane says, head shaking side to side in opposition to the word.

He tries to push Ilya away, but Ilya grabs his wrists and pins them above his head. When Ilya lets go, Shane can't bring himself to move, leaving them in place. Shane cries out, arching into Ilya's hands - one stroking his sore cock, and one splayed in the middle of his chest.

"Shh," Ilya shushes him. "Be good and take it."

Ilya can't look away from Shane, the perfect picture of utter ruin. He writhes in pain, whimpering from it but not trying to stop Ilya or get away. Ilya knows Shane can easily hold his own. Instead, he bends and submits to Ilya's will, letting himself be devoured. Ilya goes quiet, marveling at how things have unfolded. This game seemed like too much for Shane at first, but now that it is *truly* too much, Shane wants it despite that.

"Please, no - *fuck*, I mean, yes, keep going, more, *please*," Shane slurs, all grasp of the rules slipping away from him.

The pain of Ilya's touch is laced with an undercurrent of pleasure, and Shane can't help but love it. He loses himself to the reality of being wholly at Ilya's mercy, fading further and further as Ilya consumes him.

"Look at you," Ilya says, awestruck. "Just taking it. I can do anything I want to you."

Ilya twists his hand around the head of Shane's cock, paying special attention to the slit and sensitive underside. Shane's back arches off the mattress, and Ilya flexes his hand against Shane's chest to hold him down. The shaky whimpers that reverberate through the room are incredibly intoxicating.

Shane is too far gone, lit up from the inside with the fire of *painpleasurepain* consuming his muscles and nerves. Every inch of him is ablaze, and there's nothing he can do about it. He clutches at the bedding, his surroundings growing hazy as tears pour from his eyes.

Ilya can't help but smile fondly, a stark contrast to his tight grip on Shane's cock. He can tell Shane is close, so he speeds up his movements, enjoying the weak twitching beneath his fingers.

"Be a good boy," Ilya murmurs. "Come for me."

"Ilya, I can't, *please*, I-"

"You can. You will. Come. Now."

Shane responds to the command in seconds, limbs quaking and hips bucking wildly as he comes again, cock weakly spurting over his stomach and Ilya's hand. The noise he makes can only be described as shattered, his body and mind wrecked as his vision whites out. He trembles from head to toe, speechless and yielding to whatever Ilya deems fit.

They step out of the shower into the steam-filled ensuite. Ilya drapes a fresh towel over Shane's damp shoulders and presses a light kiss to his freckled cheek. Shane smiles at Ilya, blinking up at him with a tired but warm expression.

"Okay?" Ilya asks.

"Mm. Very." Shane says, then tilts his head to the side. "We're not still playing the opposite game, are we?"

"I think no. I could not tell you you were bad right now even if you begged me for it."

"Maybe you just tell me the truth, then?"

"That was very good." Ilya says softly. "*You* were very good."

End Notes

malysh - baby

shlyukha - slut

zamolchi - shut up

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