Save me, O God, For I Have Sinned

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Save me, O God, For I Have Sinned

by ThePromptWasntThisLong (shredded_potato)

Summary

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> “She’d be horrified to see her precious son like this,” Ilya murmured, nails scratching lightly over the right nipple now, making Shane shudder. “Socks on, slut naked, riding his priest’s cock right in the house of God.”

In the house of God, Ilya found his most devout worshipper not in the pews, but bent over the altar, begging for absolution with every thrust.

Notes

CONTENT WARNING: HEAVY SEXUAL CONTENT

See the end of the work for more notes

“Careful with the cruets, Shane.” Ilya’s breath brushes the shell of his ear, warm and amused, low enough that it blends with the droning litany rolling over the congregation. The words slide down Shane’s spine like oil, molten and sinful, and the moment the syllables settle he nearly spills the glittering glass vessel clasped between trembling fingers. “Y-yes, Father,” he whispers, voice a chiming whimper, eyes glassy, knees swaying in their pressed black slacks while the hidden vibrator inside him hums and purrs like a live animal, insistent and possessive. He bows his head deeper, arms held just tight enough to stop the shaking, though every inhale drags against the pressed linen of his alb, against sweat cooling over skin, against soft white fabric clinging to his chest because he’s already been trembling for half the service.

The sunlight spears through stained glass, painting halos of gold and blood over the polished marble floor, over the curve of the altar, over Ilya’s tall figure swathed in stark black cassock and the crimson stole resting perfectly straight down his chest. Shane stands two steps to the side with his hands folded around the base of the cruet, throat working while he swallows down the slightest twitch of the toy pressing into the velvety swell of his prostate. Earlier, Ilya slid the slender rod inside him in the sacristy, pressed the base flush, and warned him to keep his voice steady and his eyes down. He said it with that lazy curl of a smile, the same smile that made Shane fall apart the first time Ilya even so much as looked at him over the confessional screen with dark hungry interest that had nothing to do with absolution.

“*Dominus vobiscum*,” the priest intoned, voice velveted by the high vaulted ceiling, and Shane’s answering “*Et cum spiritu tuo*” came out thin, breathless, a tremor threaded through the Latin as the vibrator thrummed inside him and brushed his prostate with a mean little pulse. His cassock clung to him, cloying black cotton glued to the line of his spine with sweat, the white surplice fluttering every time his knees wobbled; he looked up at the stained glass haloing Ilya like some blasphemous sunrise, eyes slack and tarred with warmth, pupils blown huge. Every tiny press of his thighs together made the toy grind deeper, and he had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from gasping outright as the congregation answered the priest, whole pews murmuring in dutiful reverence while their altar boy swayed on unsteady feet, raw nerves singing.

His breaths came flurried, little whimpers choked into silence, the sound disguised as reverent inhalations. On the altar, candles flickered, wax pooling like melted gold, and he watched Ilya’s knuckles flex around the chalice, imagined that same grip bruising his hips, and his legs quivered. He blinked and the sanctuary doubled, edges soft, the patchouli of incense mixing with the sharpness of arousal until he floated between the two, mind blank save for the white-hot pulse in his core.

“Take this, all of you,” Ilya murmured, presenting the host, and Shane nearly dropped the paten because the vibrations speared directly into that sweet gland, a shock that rattled his teeth. “*Hhh*—” He swallowed the broken exhale. Sweat gathered at the base of his throat, sliding down his collarbone, and he couldn’t help rocking, tiny motions as if shifting his weight, masking the way he tried to chase or evade the stimulation. His lashes fluttered, the world reduced to the pattern of the altar cloth, the thump of his heartbeat, the high whine of his own half-held moan strangled behind clenched teeth.

Parishioners shuffled forward for communion. He held the chalice out with trembling hands, watching dark wine catch the light as he offered the Blood of Christ while secretly craving the hot spill of Ilya inside him. Every time fingers brushed his own, every whispered amen, he jolted; he felt unmoored, some obedient creature caught mid-sacrament, lust curling through him like incense smoke. He dared a glance sideways and looked straight into Ilya's face, sharp and knowing, the priest's mouth curling in the faintest teasing smile. The vibrator kicked higher on the dial, a sadistic pulse that turned Shane's bones to caramel. "Ah—" he breathed, barely audible, knees knocking the carved wood of the rail. His cheeks burned, the flush running down his neck, his lips parting, tongue peeking to drag across them in a shameless attempt to collect moisture.

The final blessing came; the congregation rose. "Go in peace," Ilya proclaimed, and the faithful answered, unaware that the boy beside him was so close to falling apart he could barely stand. The organ swelled, voices lifted in the recessional hymn, and Shane swayed, eyes glassy as he watched Ilya fold the vestments with precise fingers. The toy kept humming, a relentless reminder that he belonged to this man, that righteousness and sin entwined right under the crucifix. A chant echoed, words he'd known since childhood, but all he heard was the wet pound of his heart and the tiny, obscene whirr between his thighs. He almost toppled when Ilya's palm settled on the small of his back, deceptively gentle, heat seeping through thin cloth, grounding and electrifying all at once.

"You did beautifully," Ilya murmured, head dipping, lips close to Shane's ear, and that, coupled with the hand, shoved the vibrator deeper. Shane's breath hitched. A borderline whine slipped free, soft and needy. He looked up without meaning to, eyes mascara-dark, pupils swimming. Ilya gazed down with the kind of amusement that saw straight through him, knowing, patient, wicked. The fingers traced up his spine, a path of fire under the surplice, and the toy shuddered harder; his knees buckled. "T-Thank you, F-Father," he gasped, gratitude and want tangled into the two syllables. He was already gone—eyes half-lidded, mouth wet, every muscle pliant, the wordless obedience of someone undone by sensation.

Parishioners filed out, the heavy doors thudding closed behind the last. Silence gathered, dust motes floating in shafts of colored light. Shane leaned into the hand on his back without thinking, forehead nearly touching Ilya's shoulder as he fought to collect himself and failed. The toy kept quivering, mean and relentless, and his mind blurred into flashes: kneeling between Ilya's knees, tongue worshipping the swell of cock through fabric, being spread over the altar itself. He bit his lip until he tasted blood, swayed again, and the priest chuckled, low. "Stay with me," Ilya coaxed, thumb rubbing slow circles just above the curve of Shane's ass. Another pulse, brutal; Shane's eyes rolled back, lips parting on a helpless "*nnngh*," throat working around it like a chant.

The instant the sanctuary door clicked shut behind the last departing parishioner, Ilya seized him around the waist, dragging him close, one smooth motion that had Shane perched on the older man's lap before he could breathe a protest. Cassock bunched around his thighs, the thin cotton hiked so high his stockinged feet dangled; suddenly he straddled Ilya on the carved oak chair by the sacristy wall, facing him, thighs spread, surplice spilling like a white flag over the priest's black vestments. The vibrator's remote nestled in Ilya's palm, and he

thumbed the control up another notch. “Ahhh—Father, ahhhnnn—” Shane’s moan spiraled up, high and keening, his entire body arching.

“Look at you,” Ilya purred, looping one arm around Shane’s waist to hold him steady while the other hand slipped between their bodies, fingers confident as he sought the slick stretch of Shane’s hole. He found the toy’s base and pressed, angling it so it ground directly against the tender button inside. “Uuuhhhhnnn! F-Father, t-too—ahh, oh God, oh God,” Shane babbled, words dissolving into mewls. He clung to Ilya’s shoulders, nails biting through the fabric of the chasuble, head tipping back so his throat presented itself, pale and sweaty and begging for teeth.

The priest obliged, mouth trailing along the column of Shane’s neck, kisses that were half worship, half claim. His tongue flicked behind the boy’s ear, and he whispered, “You held yourself so well for me. Serving the Lord while the devil toyed with you, hmm? Does that make your little sinner heart flutter?” The vibrator pulsed, relentless, pressing again and again into the prostate. Shane’s hips jerked, pushing down to chase the friction, whining, “Hhhhhhnnnn… g-good, s-so good, Father, m-more, please, please, need more.”

“Greedy,” Ilya chuckled, lips brushing the curve of Shane’s jaw. His finger slipped alongside the toy, entering the trembling heat of Shane’s body. The intrusion forced the vibrator deeper, to the very root. Shane yelped, a strangled “eeeiiee,” and clutched harder, thighs shaking. “You were such a picture of devotion up there,” Ilya went on, fingers thrusting lazily alongside the toy, stretching him wider. “Hands folded, eyes lifted, and all you could think about was my cock filling you, wasn’t it? My filthy boy, praying to get fucked.”

“Y-yes, Father,” Shane sobbed, the admission slurred. His chest rose and fell, nipples hard points against the thin undershirt beneath the cassock, and he wriggled wantonly, trying to mash himself nearer. The arm around his waist tightened, pinning him to Ilya’s lap. The priest curled his inserted finger, pressing the vibrator harder, micro-movements that sent lightning through Shane’s spine. His moans grew higher, more desperate, “ahh, ahh, ohhhnnnn, F-Father, please, c-can’t, gonna—”

“Breathe,” Ilya ordered, rasping the word against his throat, kissing the knot of sinew there. “You will take what I give you. Ask nicely.” His hand withdrew, leaving Shane gaping, the toy vibrating mercilessly in the empty stretch. The absence made Shane whimper, hips rolling.

“P-please, Father, p-please m-make me—uhhnnnn—make me come on your lap, m-make me feel you,” he begged, tongue thick. “Been g-good, tried so hard, please.” The pleading disgusted him even as it thrilled, humiliation flushing his cheeks deeper. Ilya’s eyes gleamed.

“You think this is good?” A smile curved his mouth, dangerous. “Let me show you good.”

He fumbled with the buttons of the cassock, impatient, pushing fabric off Shane’s shoulders until it puddled around his hips. Beneath, Shane wore nothing but the white sleeveless undershirt, clinging translucent with sweat, and the socks reaching mid-calf. The sight of him —bare thighs, soft stomach, chest heaving, hair plastered to his forehead—pulled a groan from Ilya. The priest tilted the boy’s chin up, kissed him slow and deep, tongue sweeping in to taste the shivery moan. Shane melted, sighing, his whole body purring against Ilya’s.

Without breaking the kiss, Ilya forced the toy out, slick with lube and Shane's arousal, setting it aside. "Spread for me," he murmured, voice gravel-thick. Shane obeyed instantly, knees wider, presenting the wet clench of his hole, pink and hungry. Ilya's cock, freed from the confines of his vestments, slapped against his own stomach, heavy and flushed, the tip pearl-sheened. "Ride me." It wasn't a request.

Shane's hands trembled as he reached between them, guiding the blunt head to his entrance. The first push made him gasp, "Hhhhnnn, Father, s-so big," but he didn't falter; he sank down, inch by inch, eyes rolling back as his body stretched greedily around the invasion. "Fuuhhhnnnn!" His voice cracked, a sobbing moan as he bottomed out, thighs shaking, cock pressed up between their bellies leaking in desperate dribbles. His tongue lolled, drool collecting at the corner of his mouth, the perfect depiction of debauched devotion.

"There we go," Ilya crooned, hands spanning Shane's hips, fingers digging in. "Such a holy little vessel." He rolled his own hips up, a sharp thrust that made Shane cry out, "AAHH! F-Father!" The priest guided him, lifting and dropping him in slow rhythm, letting the boy find his pace. Soon, Shane was bouncing, knees flexing, riding that thick cock with reckless abandon, the slap of skin echoing in the sacristy. His nipples poked at the thin undershirt, begging.

Ilya's gaze dropped to them, and he smirked. "You like these touched, don't you?" His hand slid up, palm covering Shane's left nipple, thumb circling, teasing. Shane's eyes crossed, mouth opening on a ragged keen, body arching forward to offer more. "Do you play with them at home, hm?" Ilya taunted, pinching the tight bud. "Do you twist them under your sheets while you think of me? Does Mommy ever walk in on her sweet boy tugging his little tits and moaning?"

A sob-half-laugh burst from Shane, mortifying and incandescent. "N-no, Father, oh God, n-no, she—ahhh—she'd—" His hole clenched around Ilya's cock at the mention, involuntary, lust flaring hotter. The priest caught it, chuckled.

"She'd be horrified to see her precious son like this," Ilya murmured, nails scratching lightly over the right nipple now, making Shane shudder. "Socks on, slut naked, riding his priest's cock right in the house of God." He scraped his nails again, harder, and Shane screamed, a high, sharp "EEEII!" that fractured into helpless moans. "Answer me," Ilya demanded. "What would she say?"

"She—she'd cry, she'd p-pray for me," Shane choked out, voice stuttering with each bounce. "S-say I'm a d-dirty b-boy, an—ohhhnnnn—an embarrassment." His cheeks burned scarlet, tears pricking his eyes even as his cock leaked more pre, smearing between them. The shame melted impossible pleasure with the humiliation, making him buck harder, seeking the pain-laced bliss of Ilya's fingers on his nipples.

"And yet here you are," Ilya drawled, twisting both buds simultaneously, making Shane's back bow into a perfect curve. "Begging for it. Drooling over it. That little hole clamping down like it's praying. Does being a bad boy make you tighten like that?" He punctuated the question with a vicious thrust up, hitting the prostate head-on. Shane wailed, "YES! OH GOD YES!" before clapping a shaking hand over his mouth, eyes huge.

Ilya laughed softly. “Look at you, can’t even control yourself. What would your friends think if they saw you like this? On your knees, on my cock, dripping and desperate?” He licked a hot stripe up Shane’s throat, right over the pounding pulse. “If that choir boy you practice with walked in and saw you squealing on my lap, what would he say?”

Shane’s imagination conjured it instantly: his fellow altar servers standing in the doorway, seeing him impaled and mewling. The thought sent a lightning bolt to his spine, his hole fluttering mercilessly around Ilya. “Th-they’d—ohhhnn—they’d laugh, Father, they’d call me a slut,” he babbled, hips stuttering as he rode faster, chasing the humiliation high. “S-say I l-like it, that I’m—ahhHH—dirty, that I’m—”

“They’d be right.” Ilya’s voice dropped to a growl, fingers pinching hard enough to hurt. “You are a slut.” He let go of Shane’s nipples only to slap them lightly, the sting making the boy squeal. “A church slut.” Another slap, sharper. “My slut.” The third smack had Shane jerking, cock spurting a thin stream between them, not a full orgasm, just a stuttering leak. “What are you?”

“Your slut, Father!” Shane cried, bouncing uncontrollably, thighs trembling. “Y-your dirty slut!”

“That’s right.” Ilya’s hands slid down to cup his ass, spreading him wider, watching his cock disappear and reappear in the slick heat. “And a good slut recites his lessons, doesn’t he?”

Shane blinked, dazed, arousal-fogged brain trying to catch up. “W-what?”

Ilya seized him by the nape, pulling his forehead to his shoulder, and thrust up hard enough to make the chair creak. “You were distracted during Mass,” he murmured, voice velvet-sheathed steel. “So we’re going to review. Recite Psalm 51. The part about cleansing. Now.”

Shane’s mind scrambled, trying to grasp the words while his body combusted. Ilya’s cock pummeled his prostate, relentless, and he gasped, “H-have m-mercy on me, O God, according to your st-ste—” Another thrust derailed him, a high “ahhh!” escaping. “Accordin’ to your steadfast love,” he managed, hips rolling, sweat dripping off his jaw. “A-according to —uhhnnn—your abundant m-mercy, b-blot out my trans—sins.” His voice fractured, but he kept going, each syllable shuddering. “W-wash me th-thoroughly from my in-in-inquity—ahhh!—and—ahh—DDDuuhhh—cleanse me from my s-s-sin.”

“Good boy,” Ilya snarled, slamming into him with increasing force, chair legs scraping on the stone floor. “Keep going.”

“For—I know my transgressions,” Shane sobbed, words blurring into the wet slap of flesh, “and m-my sin i-is ever before—ahhhnnnn!—before me. Against y-you, you alone, h-have I sinned, and done what is e-evil in your sight—oh God—s-so that you are justified—nnnngh —when you speak.”

Ilya’s teeth sank into Shane’s shoulder, claiming, biting hard enough to leave a vivid mark. “Say it louder,” he demanded, voice muffled against skin. “Let the saints hear how filthy you are.”

“AGAINST YOU HAVE I SINNED!” Shane screamed, head falling back, sweat-damp hair sticking to his cheeks. “DONE EVIL IN YOUR SIGHT!” His nails dug into Ilya’s back, scratching red trails through the vestments. The humiliation of shouting scripture while being impaled made his cock throb, his hole clutching at Ilya’s length with frantic little pulses, both of them feeling the tremor.

Shane’s mantra shattered mid-verse when Ilya wrenched him off the chair and spun him toward the altar. “Hands on the linen,” the priest ordered. The command brooked no delay. The sacred marble gleamed under the stained glass glow, immaculate despite the humid heat baking the air with incense. Shane stumbled, bare feet squeaking, cassock and surplice pooled somewhere behind him, leaving nothing but socked calves, mussed hair, sweat-slicked skin. “Up,” the priest ordered, pointing to the altar like a general commanding a soldier. Shane obeyed instantly, clambering onto the smooth stone, knees spread, arms trembling as he braced on forearms. His ass jutted high, cheeks flushed, hole still wet and pulsing, branded by Ilya’s cock.

“Present yourself properly,” Ilya intoned, adjusting his stole as if preparing for a second Mass. “Translate that obedience into the flesh.” Shane arched more, lowering his chest to the altar until his cheek pressed against the cloth, breathing in the faint scent of starch and stone. The marble was cool against his fevered skin, holy carvings under his fingers, the crucifix looming ahead like a silent witness. “Higher,” Ilya murmured, palm finding the small of his back and pushing, guiding him into an obscene curve. The position stretched Shane deliciously tight; his hole winked open, hungry. “Now,” Ilya drawled, stepping back to watch, voice dripping lazy menace. “Show me how you touch yourself when you think I’m not watching.”

Shane whimpered, fingers fumbling as he reached between his spread thighs. He brushed his slick entrance, mewling from the sensitivity, then sank a shaking finger in up to the first knuckle. The stretch made him shiver, hips rocking. “Deeper,” Ilya commanded. Shane obeyed, sliding the finger fully inside, groaning. “Add another.” He gasped, teasing the rim with the second fingertip before pressing it in, eyes rolling. The marble under his face turned damp with sweat, breaths fogging the air. “Slow,” the priest said. “Curl them toward that sweet spot. I want to see you milk yourself.”

Shane panted, obeying blindly. He curled both fingers and tapped his prostate, the shock of sensation ripping a high, broken “ahhhnnnn” from his throat. His back bowed, ass twitching, hole fluttering around his own digits. He worked them in and out, gentle thrusts that had him drooling, hips grinding down against nothing. “Listen to how wet you are,” Ilya taunted, voice low. “Hear that obscene little squelch? This altar has heard prayers, but never this kind of devotion.”

Shane moaned louder, humiliated by the slick noises filling the sacristy. He followed every order, pupils blown, lip bitten through. “Spread yourself wider,” Ilya went on. “Two fingers aren’t enough. Push a third in.” Shane’s breath hitched; he obeyed, wincing at the stretch. “Aaaahhh—Father—” He eased the third finger in, huffing little gasps, the burn delicious. “Good,” Ilya crooned. “Now fuck yourself. Fast.”

He did. Fingers pistoning, knuckles slapping wet against his own flesh. Every thrust pressured his prostate, waves of pleasure crashing quick and relentless. “Does it feel empty?” Ilya asked silkily, stepping closer until his shadow draped over Shane’s trembling form. “Does your sweet little hole miss my cock already?” Shane nodded frantically, whining, incoherent words spilling like a broken rosary. “Use your words,” Ilya snapped, and Shane forced out, “Y-yes, Father, need you, m-miss you s-so much.”

“Tell me what you want.” Ilya’s fingers traced the raised welts left by the chair’s carved edges on Shane’s thighs, a brief tender caress that made him sob. “Whimpering isn’t enough.”

“I w-want you t-to fill me,” Shane wailed, fingers slapping harder, knuckles brushing the spot over and over until he shook. “Want your c-cock, wanna be f-fucked dumb.” The words tasted sweet as sin on his tongue. He twisted his wrist, yelping when his fingertips grazed his prostate again, sparks exploding. “Please, please, Father, fill me up, use me, make me yours.”

“Stop.” The single word cracked through the air. Shane froze, fingers buried inside, hole clenching. Ilya’s hand covered his own, dragging it away slowly. Shane cried out at the emptiness, hips chasing futilely. “You’re shaking,” Ilya murmured, false sympathy dripping. “Such a little mess.” He slid two of his own fingers into the open, needy hole, no warning. Shane screamed, high and hoarse, collapsing over the altar. Ilya set a brutal rhythm, fingers spearing deep, scissoring, curling, punishing. “Sob for me,” he whispered. “Beg.” Shane sobbed on command, tears streaking his face, marble slick under his cheek.

“Please! Please! F-Fuck me, Father!” He hiccuped, voice breaking on each word. “I’m so empty, i-it hurts, fill me, please, m-make me dumb for you, I’ll do anything—” His hands clawed the edge of the altar cloth, knuckles white. The overstimulation drove him wild; each press of Ilya’s fingers felt like a lightning strike, each scrape inside flipped his senses. He babbled nonsense, eyes unfocused, mind dissolving.

“You sound perfect,” Ilya crooned, pressing the heel of his hand against the boy’s lower back, holding him down. “So needy. So eager to be ruined.” He pulled his fingers out in one harsh motion, leaving Shane clenching on nothing, the emptiness a physical ache. “Up.” He caught Shane by the hips and dragged him backward until the boy stood on wobbly knees again, draped over the altar edge, chest flattening the embroidered cloth. “Hands clasped behind your back. Offer yourself like a sacrifice.”

Shane folded his shaking hands at the base of his spine. Ilya stepped behind him, lining up his cock with the quivering hole. The blunt head pressed in, stretching him wide, the friction raw. Shane exhaled a strangled, “Ohhhhh,” and his entire body went lax, surrendering. Ilya pushed in slowly, dragging out the moment, savoring the way the bratty tension drained from Shane’s muscles, leaving him pliant, docile. The boy sighed again, long and low, a sound of helpless relief and acceptance; the fight left him entirely, mind fogging to blank sweetness.

“Look at you,” Ilya murmured, bottoming out, hips flush to ass, balls slapping against Shane’s slick skin. Shane trembled, sighing, unable to form words, eyes distant. “My sweet little lamb.” He withdrew halfway, then slammed back in, and Shane only exhaled another contented “hhhhhh,” body welcoming every thrust, head hanging. Each stroke seemed to

lodge Ilya deeper into him, the friction dragging along every nerve, and he just sighed, pliant in the onslaught. He'd tipped past begging into brainless bliss, existing only to be ridden.

Ilya set a slow, relentless rhythm, rocking into him with cruel precision, each movement polished like liturgy. "Breathe," he whispered, his hands gripping Shane's hips, owning every quake. "Let me carve you open." He fucked him steady like a metronome, the slap of flesh muted under the vaulted ceiling, more obscene for the sacred surroundings. Shane's mouth hung open, drool dripping, eyes unfocused, body moving only because Ilya moved him. He was gone, floating, the constant pounding erasing thought.

"That's it," Ilya praised, bending to bite the curve where neck met shoulder, teeth claiming. "Take me. Take all of me." He reached around to pinch Shane's nipples, rolling the swollen buds between finger and thumb. "Still hard, hmm? Still hungry?" Shane moaned, sound vibrating against the altar. Ilya scraped a nail over the tender nub and the boy shivered, but his sound remained a soft, distant sigh, too blissed out to do anything else. "So obedient now," Ilya purred. "My good boy, letting me use him." He drove faster, slamming into the slick heat, each thrust punctuated by the slap of skin on skin.

Shane stayed loose, molding to every motion. His ass rippled under the impact, reddening, and he welcomed every blow, every deep thrust. When Ilya's hand slid up to his throat, fingers wrapping, Shane gasped softly, a brief hitch before settling. The priest squeezed, not enough to choke, just enough to remind him who held him. "That's it. Float for me," he whispered. "I'll keep you safe. I'll keep you full." Shane nodded, tiny, eyes closed, trusting, surrendered. His cock bobbed uselessly, untended, leaking down the altar cloth, the mess a spreading stain.

"You look like a prayer answered," Ilya breathed, fucking him harder. "So open, so trusting. You'd let me keep you here forever, wouldn't you?" Shane hummed, a little affirmative sound, body rocking in time, mind elsewhere. Ilya's grip tightened on his hips, fingers leaving bruises. "Such a good boy."

He drove in one final punishing thrust, burying himself to the hilt, groaning as he spilled into Shane, filling him, warmth flooding deep. Shane shuddered, sighing, back arching just slightly, as if acknowledging the gift. Ilya rode out the aftershocks, grinding in, making sure every drop stayed. When he finally slowed, Shane slumped further onto the altar, boneless, mindless, the world narrowed to the weight inside him.

Ilya dragged him upright gently, muscles protesting, and guided him back to the chair. He settled first, drawing Shane onto his lap again, keeping him plugged with the softening cock. Shane curled up instinctively, still impaled, head resting on Ilya's shoulder, breath a warm flutter against his neck. His eyes stayed half-closed, glazed, lips parted. He didn't speak, only sighed, tiny sounds of contentment humming in his chest.

"There you go," Ilya murmured, voice velvet and dangerous as he traced lazy circles over Shane's ruined nipples, teasing them into fresh hardness. "So obedient. We aren't finished."

Shane shivered, cock already twitching at the promise. He remained perched on Ilya's lap, trembling, filled to the brim, knowing he'd spend the rest of the afternoon being used, spread, reciting prayers while he got fucked across every sacred surface.

And he’d love every second of it.

End Notes

No notes 😀

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