into the woods

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into the woods

by brozanov (notyoongs)

Summary

he wants to be good for ilya, he *always* does, but right now, he has a part to play. and when ilya gets that dark, disapproving look in his eyes as shane disobeys, he's reminded precisely why he had thought up this particular scenario in the first place.

he wants ilya to take what he wants, regardless of what *shane* wants. he wants ilya to force him, to not listen to him, to chase his own pleasure without any regard for shane's. and he knows ilya is getting very, very close to doing just that.

(or: shane wants a break and enter roleplay, and ilya is all too happy to oblige. featuring cnc, primal play, and all things rough, wet, and messy.)

Notes

the brainworms got me so bad so here is some nasty disgusting filthy smut and i have no excuse for my behaviour.

PLEASE READ THE TAGS! there is a lot of kinky stuff in here so if you're uncomfortable with any of it, feel free to move along, main ones to be aware of are **consensual non-consent, primal play, degradation, and forced feminization.** i don't go into the planning of the scene in this, but rest assured they are truly freak4freak and they are both exactly where they want to be.

other than that please enjoy!!

See the end of the work for more notes

shane's hands tremble as he fishes his phone from his pocket, cursing under his breath when he remembers he turned it off entirely earlier in the day, and now he must wait the painstakingly long time for it to boot up again. "come on, come on," he hisses at the phone as the screen finally lights up with the apple symbol, and then sucks in a breath when he hears another rattle from the kitchen. a drawer opens then slams shut, followed by a second, and a third. something crashes to the ground carelessly, and shane squeezes his eyes shut as he imagines what it might be. his phone is taking forever and the noises from the kitchen are only growing louder, and his back is pressed against the wall next to the door of his bedroom, knees already aching from the crouched position he's in, and there's sweat collecting at his hairline, and –

his phone finally starts properly and he hurries to swipe to the emergency screen, fingers fumbling over the buttons so that he presses 614 at first, then 921 on the second try, and then finally 911. but his hands are slick with sweat, and when he tries to press the call button, his phone slips from his hand entirely, and it hits the hardwood floor with a deafening *smack* that makes shane's heart shoot into his throat.

it's only after he's grabbed his phone again, instinctually checked for screen cracks, and hesitated with his finger over the call button once more that he realizes the cottage has gone awfully quiet. dread wells in the pit of his stomach, and something tells him to look *up.*

someone is standing in the doorway next to him.

shane lets out a tiny sound in the back of his throat, something eked out of him by pure terror. he had imagined what the man might look like, but nothing prepares him for the sheer size and intimidation of the figure haunting his doorway – he's dressed in all black, what looks like tactical gear strapped around his shoulders and chest, with thick-soled boots that explain the heavy footsteps he had heard, and a black mask that obscures the lower half of his face. but shane can see his eyes – sharp and sea green, watching him over the edge of the mask with both irritation and, concerningly, amusement.

shane stares at him for a terse moment, and ilya stares back.

and then shane doesn't have time to do or say anything else because ilya is grabbing him by the hair and yanking him up. "what do we have here?" he asks, *sneers,* as shane gasps in pain. he does stand, but the grip on his hair doesn't lessen as ilya begins to drag him from the bedroom, through the kitchen, and into the living room. "did you really think you could hide from me? i'm *very* thorough with my work, you know."

he drags shane down the few stairs into the living room, finally noticing the phone in shane's hand. ilya easily plucks it from shane's grip, the last tether he had to getting help, to not ending up with a bullet in his head or something equally as violent. he knows there's no definitive structure for a robbery, but he also knows these things never end well.

"and what's this?" asks ilya, dangling shane's phone in front of his face. shane tries to snatch it back, but ilya shoves him toward the sofa, and shane trips over his own feet before crashing face first into the cushions. ilya's voice is condescending when he says, "aw, you want to call

the police? what are they going to do to help you, hm? you would be dead by the time they showed up, anyway."

shane turns over, hoping to launch himself at his attacker, but ilya is faster. the phone hits the ground with another *thump* and then ilya is on him, anticipating shane's every move; when he tries to put hands on ilya, whether to smack or punch or push him, ilya catches his wrists and twists until shane lets out a cry of pain, and then still doesn't let go; when he tries to kick at ilya, preferably between the legs, ilya uses a boot to swipe at the foot still on the floor and shane topples sideways as his balance is knocked off-centre. with one hand still clutching his wrists together, ilya uses his other hand to force shane back onto the sofa. shane struggles as best as he can, trying to break out of ilya's grip, but ilya manoeuvres him almost gracefully, until shane's face is pressed into the cushions, his hands now held behind his back and ilya's knee digging painfully into the centre of his spine.

he pants, turning his head so he can breathe, but even then, ilya's weight is pressing down on his lungs and he can only get half of the air he needs; his hair sticks to his forehead, already damp with sweat from the initial struggle; his adrenaline is spiking, almost making him dizzy, and he feels like he could fight a fucking bear but – no matter how he twists and kicks and struggles, he can't break free.

it takes a minute, but then shane finally stops struggling, going limp on the sofa. ilya has said nothing through it all, and now he finally leans over so his masked mouth is next to shane's ear, and whispers, "good boy, hollander. there's no use in fighting, is there?"

"fuck you," shane spits. "how do you know my name?"

ilya barks out a laugh. "how do i know *the* shane hollander's name? most famous player in the nhl?"

"fine, then how do you know where i live?"

"you can find very interesting things on the internet, shane hollander." ilya grinds his knee into shane's spine, making him gasp at the new twinge of pain. "maybe you should not have filmed that story about your precious cottage if you did not want someone finding it."

shane tries wiggling out of ilya's grasp again, just in case he can catch him off guard. all it earns him is a smack on the thigh. "what do you want?" shane asks, then. "i won't – i won't call the police if you just take what you want and go. if you don't hurt me."

he can practically hear ilya's smug little smile at that, and shane's imagination begins to run rampant with any number of things ilya might do to him, now that he's got shane at his mercy. it's the perfect excuse to get away with anything – so he isn't surprised when ilya removes his knee, only to begin rucking up shane's shirt. his pulse ticks up up up, stuttering out, "what – what are you doing?" though he has a pretty fucking good idea.

"i'm taking what i want," says ilya as he slides the front of shane's shirt up and over his head, yanking it back across his shoulders and arms where his hands are still held behind him. rather than remove the shirt entirely, though, he begins to use it to tie shane's wrists together, the material tightening to the point of discomfort. as soon as ilya's grip leaves him, shane

does his best to yank his hands apart, certain that his strength will trump the stupid shirt handcuffs, but ilya has done his fucking research.

he… can't get free. he's stuck here, like this, entirely at the mercy of the man who has broken into his cottage and can now do whatever the fuck he wants to him. shane's heart hasn't left his throat even once since he heard the back door open, but now helplessness is beginning to set in, and along with it, a thread of genuine panic. he tries to breathe through it, tries to convince himself that ilya won't do anything to him, but he's pretty sure whatever is pressing against shane's thighs now is a half-hard dick, and he has no idea what to do about it.

maybe if he just… sits there and takes it. it'll be over soon enough, won't it? he steels himself for it, for whatever is about to come next, as ilya stands and then – walks away?

shane twists, trying to follow him with his eyes. "where are you going?" he calls, more out of confusion than concern.

"i already told you i am taking what i want," ilya calls back as he returns to the kitchen. "what, did you think what i wanted was *you?"* he laughs again, and shame burns hot through shane as he realizes he *had* assumed that was what ilya was talking about. "you are pretty, hollander, but i came here for something else. i do not think you are worth more than all of the expensive and pretty things you keep in this cottage."

he can hear ilya in the kitchen, continuing to search for things to steal. momentarily, he thinks of the ecm synchronika amg limited edition espresso machine that he's only gotten to use a total of three times, and if ilya takes *that,* he'll probably never be able to get another one because only fifty were made in canada and – then he remembers ilya isn't *actually* taking anything. just like he didn't actually break into the cottage, just like he didn't actually stalk shane to find out its location in the first place. just like shane wasn't actually trying to call the police, though he was actually struggling to get free when ilya had him pinned to the sofa. despite his own size and strength being almost equal to that of ilya's, he hadn't expected to be subdued so easily.

but then he hadn't been sure what to expect at all when ilya had walked into the cottage under the guise of breaking and entering. there was only a very loose plan hanging over this particular scenario, more of a *concept* when shane had presented it to ilya and asked him to surprise shane. they've been together long enough that ilya knows what shane's hard *no's* are, but he also knows that there aren't many of them, and there are even more things shane hasn't even realized have names and rules. shane likes his rules, except when it comes to sex. with sex, he prefers to just put himself into ilya's open, waiting hands, and let himself be used.

or, in this case, tied up on the sofa while his husband potters around in the fucking kitchen, pretending to steal his own kitchen appliances. shane is almost annoyed that ilya didn't yank down his shorts and take him right there, but edging has always been one of ilya's favourite ways to play. and if he thinks shane is going to *behave* when ilya has left his legs and feet free, he needs to work on this robber character.

his phone is still on the ground, only a handful of feet away. shane strains his neck to see toward the kitchen, but ilya isn't close enough to see, which means he also isn't close enough to see *shane,* and so he takes his chances. he wiggles and worms his way to the edge of the

sofa, then awkwardly rolls onto the floor with as little noise as possible. he crawls on his knees toward his phone, using his mouth to turn it screenside up. he could use siri to call the police, but he's afraid of making more noise and alerting ilya to what he's doing, so he settles for doing this the hard way – trying to use his nose to press the buttons.

he's almost there, *almost,* when a shadow settles over him. shane freezes again, and he knows ilya won't be so forgiving this time. but he still doesn't expect the press of something hard against the back of his head, and shane doesn't dare turn his head when he says, "wait – "

"what the *fuck* do you think you're doing?" asks ilya, voice icy. "i thought we made a deal, hollander. i take what i want and you do not call the fucking police."

"you're a fucking idiot if you actually believed me," says shane, which is the wrong thing to say because ilya shoves his face into the rug using whatever is pressing against the back of his head, and then there's a distinct *click,* and shane realizes it's a gun.

a – fake gun. right?

"i have been very kind to you, hollander," says ilya. "i really was just going to take your pretty things and go, but you are leaving me no choice."

"you had a choice not to break into my fucking house to begin with."

"shut the fuck up or i put a bullet in that pretty head of yours."

shane breathes out slowly, squeezing his eyes shut. so it is a gun – except he doesn't own a gun, and neither does ilya, which means it has to be fake. and obviously ilya wouldn't *actually* threaten him with a real gun, but it's getting harder to remind his brain that none of this is real. it *feels* real. the adrenaline is real, and the panic is real, and the fear is real. it's clouded by the desire and pleasure already creeping in, but it's *there.* he feels like he's walking a dangerous line.

instead of being smart, shane chooses to toe it even further. "no, you won't," he says, turning his head so ilya can see the smile on his own face. "because killing me wasn't part of your plan. it would make a big fucking mess, and it's like you said – i'm the most famous player in the nhl. there's no way you would get away with it."

he knows he's caught ilya off-guard, but it lasts only half a second before ilya is leaning down over him, and shane feels the press of his cock against his thighs again – no longer half-hard, but fully erect, straining against the black pants ilya is wearing. the sensation goes straight to shane's own cock, which has been stirring in his shorts since before ilya even walked into the cottage.

"you are turning out to be a real fucking brat, shane hollander." ilya has pulled down the mask covering his face, and when he puts his mouth next to shane's ear this time, shane can feel his lips brushing against him. he shivers. "but if you insist on running that mouth of yours so much, i'll give you something to put in it."

that's all the warning shane gets before ilya is hauling him up onto his knees, the gun discarded. his hand is fisted and firm in shane's hair, but with his other hand he's able to undo the button on his pants and shove them down enough to take out his own cock – it's as hard as shane was sure he felt just moments ago, heavy with blood as ilya wraps a hand around the base and keeps it mere inches away from shane's face.

and shane knows that he's not supposed to want this – that's the whole point of this little game – but he can't help the way his mouth starts to water at just the sight of it, the way his brain has already begun to go fuzzy at just the anticipation of having it in his mouth. he tries to lean forward to lick it, but ilya tightens his fist in shane's hair and yanks him back, a smirk on his lips. "eager, are we?" he asks. "not just a brat, but a slut, too? shane hollander's virtues know no end."

shane groans low in his throat, but he doesn't fight against ilya's hold anymore. he's rewarded with ilya pulling his head closer and tapping the head of his cock against shane's lips. shane wants to open his mouth and take it, swallow him down, but – he keeps his mouth closed, surfacing from the building brain fog enough to remember to fight it. ilya taps his lips a few more times before saying, "open."

shane shakes his head as much as he can, glaring up at ilya.

ilya frowns. "hollander, i said *open.*" he's using that voice he so often uses in the bedroom – the one that shane finds himself tripping over to listen to, to follow, and his mouth almost opens of its own accord. he wants to be good for ilya, he *always* does, but right now, he has a part to play. and when ilya gets that dark, disapproving look in his eyes as shane disobeys, he's reminded precisely why he had thought up this particular scenario in the first place.

he wants ilya to take what he wants, regardless of what *shane* wants. he wants ilya to force him, to not listen to him, to chase his own pleasure without any regard for shane's. and he knows ilya is getting very, very close to doing just that.

the *crack* of ilya's palm against shane's cheek echoes through the room, and shane gasps in surprise at the sudden sting of pain. it's a mistake – for opening his mouth, even in surprise, allows ilya to grab his jaw and force his mouth open even wider, then feed his cock inside. shane makes a noise of protest, still trying to fight away, but with his hands still tied behind his back and ilya's hand in his hair, he has no way of getting free.

"fuck, hollander," ilya groans as he slowly feeds his cock into shane's mouth, then just as slowly draws it out. he uses his grip in shane's hair to bob his head on ilya's cock, slow and steady, the heavy weight of his cock dragging against shane's tongue. shane can feel the fog closing in even more, but he still protests as much as he can, squirming and unhappily groaning around ilya's cock, but ilya pays no attention. he's too busy watching how his cock disappears into shane's mouth, moaning at the drag and slide.

"this is better, no, kotik?" he asks. "you like having my cock in your mouth? now you do not even have to think about what to say."

he pulls shane off his cock entirely, a long string of spit connecting the head to shane's lips, and then just *looks* at him. shane realizes he's waiting for an answer too late, and ilya slaps

him across the face again, his already-sore cheek burning again. still, he spits out a, " *no,* " and ilya's eyes grow darker.

"i see i have been too kind again," he says, and it's all the warning shane gets before ilya is shoving his cock back into his mouth. this time, he doesn't stop until the head of his cock nudges against the back of shane's throat, and shane lets out a surprised choking sound as ilya pushes deeper, forcing his cock into shane's throat. his nose presses against the hair at the base of ilya's cock, trying not to choke as ilya holds him there and holds him there and *holds him there* –

and then finally lets up, though not to let shane breathe. instead, he begins a brutal pace as he thrusts into shane's mouth, fucking his face as though it's shane's hole. his cock beats against the back of shane's throat with every thrust, slipping past and then further down again and again, and it'll be bruised later, he knows, but he can't stop it. ilya's hand is still firm in his hair, keeping him in place as he thrusts and fucks and groans out his pleasure, and it's so wet, drool dripping out of the sides of shane's mouth, and he doesn't realize his eyes have started watering until he feels tears on his cheeks, and his own cock is so fucking hard, trapped in his shorts, and he can't move and he doesn't want to move and –

ilya is pulling out, leaving shane to cough as his airway is finally free. spit dribbles out of his mouth and over his chin, mixing with the tears from his eyes, and he pants to catch his breath. "fuck, look at you," says ilya, craning shane's head back by the hair. "you're so fucking messy. and you told *me* to worry about the mess." his cock stands heavy between them, but shane can't take his eyes off of it, wanting it again, wanting *more,* wanting it all the way down his throat and into his chest, and ilya slaps his cock against shane's cheek to grab his attention again.

"well?" asks ilya. had he asked shane a question? shane blinks at him, eyes glassy, and ilya smirks again. "that is what i thought, hollander. you are so gone for my cock that you can't even think. you still want to call the police, hm? let them come and see you choking on my fucking cock like the fucking slut you are."

shane squeezes his thighs together at that, trying to get some friction on his own throbbing cock, but ilya tuts at him, using his foot to force his thighs apart. "this is not for *you,* hollander," he says. "no touching."

shane can't help the needy whine he makes, and ilya leans down, using his hand to squeeze shane's cheeks and open his mouth again. he thinks ilya will fuck his cock back inside, but instead he leans lower and spits directly into shane's mouth. "swallow," he orders, and shane has enough wherewithal not to. ilya slaps him again. shane swallows this time, struggling with his mouth still open, and then ilya puts two of his fingers into shane's mouth. his lips automatically close around them, sucking them until he remembers he's not supposed to, but it's getting harder to wade through the pleasure and fog of ilya using him to remember he's not supposed to want this. his eyes are wet again.

"da, there you go, hollander," croons ilya, fucking his fingers in and out of shane's mouth now. "you can have my cock again if you keep being a good boy for me." shane moans around his fingers, eyes slipping shut as he gets lost in it for a moment, in being a good boy for ilya. he wants to be a good boy for ilya, *only* for ilya. he shuffles on his knees, just

enough that he can press against the boot that is still resting between his thighs, and he lets ilya play with his tongue, run his fingers along shane's molars and the roof of his mouth and – ilya stops, finally seeming to have noticed that shane is subtly trying to grind against his foot.

shane opens his eyes, staring up at ilya. for a moment, the spell of pleasure is broken – and it brings him back enough to remember who he is, who *ilya* is. the parts they're both supposed to be playing. ilya's fingers are in his mouth and shane is supposed to be trying to get away, so he does the first thing that comes to mind: he closes his teeth on ilya's fingers and bites, *hard.*

ilya *howls,* whether with pain or shock, and yanks his fingers from shane's mouth. "fucking shit!" he shouts, and the time he takes to stare at his red fingers and shane's teeth marks on them is enough for shane to jump into action. years of training his legs means it's easy for him to rock back from his knees to the balls of his feet and then up properly; those two seconds are enough for ilya to recover from the shock of being bitten, but not enough for him to prepare for shane's next move, which is to kick him as hard as he can in the knee.

ilya crumples in pain as his knee is snapped backwards, but shane doesn't wait to see what happens next – instead, he turns and *runs.* ilya foolishly left the door open when he broke in, which means even with his hands tied, shane has a clear escape, and now he flees through the door that leads onto the back deck, and to the back lawn, and to *freedom.*

it's only as shane is breaking through the treeline and running into the woods that he considers maybe ilya left the door open on purpose.

the fallen twigs and leaves of the forest floor pinch and sting against shane's feet – he's running barefoot, with no shirt, his hands tied behind his back and his chin and neck covered in spit and tears. but he pays no mind to the pain as he runs and runs and *runs.* he doesn't look back to see if ilya is following him, not even once. he doesn't stop to catch his breath. he doesn't even stop to pick a sharp rock out from his foot. he just runs.

in the moment, he thinks it's nothing short of a miracle that ilya finds him. the woods surrounding the cottage are huge, and shane could have run anywhere, especially since he had a headstart – but if shane hadn't been so painfully hard and high on the anticipation of being caught, he would have noticed that he wasn't just running; he was running the exact path that he and ilya jog every morning, his legs automatically bringing him to familiar ground. and ilya, of course, knew he would, because ilya knows everything about shane.

so it's less of a miracle and more of an inevitability when shane rounds the big tree where ilya got on his knees and blew shane the first time he shared this particular running path with him, and ilya tackles him to the ground. shane lets out an embarrassing shriek as he hits the ground, but he's immediately in fight mode. ilya gives him no chance, though, clearly fed up with shane struggling and snarking and getting away with it.

he has shane's face pressed into the grass and dirt in a moment, one hand yanking his hips up and his other hand pulling down shane's shorts to reveal – "ha, hollander," ilya pants, pressing his thumb against the base of the plug shane has had in his ass this entire time. "and you have been pretending you did not want this, yes?"

“fuck you,” spits shane, because he has no defense for that, at least not one that wouldn’t break the fourth wall.

ilya laughs again, saying, “no, i’m going to fuck *you,* ” before he pulls the plug from shane’s ass, none too gently. shane lets out a gasp as he’s suddenly left empty, hole clenching around nothing. ilya usually likes to tease shane with a plug when he wears one, fucking it in and out of him and making shane writhe and beg for more, but either he’s grown impatient or he’s too hard to even think about doing anything but sticking his dick in shane, because the plug hits the ground next to shane’s head and is lost to the underbrush. shane can feel lube oozing out of his hole, the absolutely obscene amount he had squeezed in there in the first place – but it doesn’t get far before ilya is pushing it back in with one of his thumbs.

shane spits a piece of dirt out of his mouth to say, “hurry up, then, if you’re going to fuck me. i don’t have all day.”

“you are lucky i do not have all day either,” says ilya, and when he smacks the head of his cock against shane’s waiting hole, shane lets out another gasp. “otherwise i would make you beg for it until you cried like the needy little whore you are.”

“i’m not a – ” shane begins, but that’s all he gets out before ilya is pushing in. his mouth falls open in a silent moan as the air is punched out of him, and despite wearing a plug for the past few hours, it’s nothing compared to the feeling of ilya’s cock inside of him. hard and heavy and thick, filling him in ways no plug or dildo or any other cock ever could, and every sense in his body narrows down to that one intrusion – or not intrusion, really. more of a missing piece, like he’s never complete without ilya’s cock inside of him.

ilya isn’t slow or gentle about it. once he’s fully seated inside shane, he wastes no time in pulling out and slamming his cock back inside, setting a brtual pace that has his hips slamming against shane’s ass with each thrust. shane’s body is inched further and further on the forest floor with each thrust, pine needles and twigs digging into his bare knees and rubbing against his cheek, but all he can focus on is how full he is, how far ilya’s cock is inside of him, how the tether keeping his mind from floating up up and away is growing thinner and weaker by the second.

“say that again,” huffs ilya as he grabs shane’s bound wrists, using them as leverage with which to fuck into him harder. “say you’re not a whore.”

“i’m,” begins shane, but he can’t get the words out, can’t get any words out. “i’m n– i’m, fuck, *ah!”* ilya finally hits his prostate and shane’s entire body goes taut, losing all sense of what he was meant to be saying. above him ilya’s laugh sounds like it’s mocking him. ilya presses against that spot inside of him again and again, his cock angled just right, and shane feels his eyes roll back in his head as everything begins to go fuzzy.

“that’s what i thought,” says ilya between his own groans of pleasure. “fight all you want, hollander, but you will always be nothing but a cock-hungry little slut who needs my dick to remind you who you belong to.”

shane can’t even respond, can barely even process the words; there’s dirt in his mouth, but he can’t close it, not when he’s panting and moaning so hard, not when ilya is slamming into

him without reprieve, like he has an inhumane amount of energy. a fist in his hair, his head yanked out of the dirt enough for his neck to ache with the angle, and even when ilya demands that he says it, shane can only let out whiny little, "*ah, ah, nng, ah, fuck,"* sounds instead of anything intelligible.

he's so hard he might lose his own fucking mind, and ilya still hasn't touched him properly, his cock hanging heavy beneath him. he's leaking all over the ground along with the lube that has escaped from his abused hole, the squelch of it barely audible above the slap of ilya's hips into his ass or ilya's groans or shane's pathetic whimpers, and he's going to come, he's gonna come he's gonna come gonna come come c–

ilya pulls out of him so unexpectedly that shane lets out a cry of pain, his orgasm ruined before it had even had the chance to begin. "no," he begs. "no, put it back – put it back in, please, please, fuck, ilya – " he babbles, whining and begging as his hands flutter uselessly against his back; he can still use the rest of his body, though, and he tries to push his ass back against ilya, hole begging to be filled again, but there's nothing there.

it earns him a sharp slap to the ass, and shane is almost glad for any stimulation, but it's not *enough.* his shorts are yanked off of his legs entirely, with another stinging slap to his reddening ass, and then ilya leans over him properly, wraps an arm around shane's middle, and rolls them over. shane finds himself lying on top of ilya, chest to back, staring at the forest canopy with ilya against the ground this time; shane's cock bobs uselessly against his stomach, which is smeared with precome and sweat and covered in dirt and other debris from the forest floor. shane's knees and cheek ache from being pressed into the dirt, but he can't even consider that pain because ilya is already kicking shane's legs apart and guiding his cock inside once more.

the new position makes gravity pull him down onto it, leaves shane feeling heavy and limp on top of ilya, and he's gone completely boneless. all he can do is pant and whine as ilya grabs his hips, big hands digging into his skin hard enough to bruise, and fucks shane on his cock. the pace is no less punishing, but now he has ilya groaning in his ear, whispering filth that makes his cock spurt with precome and his ears ring with desire.

"you like this better, hm, baby?" asks ilya. "you like being my little doll to play with?"

"*hnngh,"* says shane, which could either mean yes or no or fuck me harder, please. even he isn't sure.

"i know," sighs ilya, now lifting his own hips to meet shane halfway, driving his cock deeper and deeper. his removes one hand from shane's hips to slide it up and over and – not to his cock, even though shane is aching for it, even though having touch close but not close enough makes him sob, tears of frustration leaking from his eyes. ilya's hand slides over his lower belly instead, pressing against him as he whispers, "can you feel me here, baby? can you feel how deep i am?"

it's not – possible, shane thinks deliriously. anatomy doesn't work like that. but it doesn't matter, because he *can* feel ilya there, all the way in his stomach; he can feel how deep ilya is, filling him up, and shane is drunk on it, tears dripping down the sides of his face as he nods, as he stutters, "y-yes, yeah, *fuck,* ah – "

“fuck, kotik,” says ilya, sliding his hand up shane’s chest to tweak his nipple. shane cries out, back arching. “i know what you like. hollander. maybe this really is what i came for.” shane’s head thrashes against ilya’s shoulder, not understanding, forgetting entirely that they were playing a game at all. “i’m not going to want to leave,” he adds, thumbing at shane’s other nipple. “your cunt is so fucking tight around my cock, fuck – like it was made for me. hm? your wet little pussy was made for my cock, wasn’t it?”

shane lets out another sob, too far gone to even form a single word, a single *sound.* all he can do is take what ilya gives him.

“fuck, i’m gonna fuck this little cunt until you go dumb,” says ilya. “keep you tied up like this, keep that pretty plug in you so you are always wet and ready for me. mm, breed you full, leaking my come after i’ve fucked you until you cannot even think about anything else. hm, baby? you would like that, yes? being my little housewife, only good to take my come?”

ilya finally, *finally,* moves his hand lower, teasing shane further with fingerlight touches against the head of his leaking cock. shane lets out a guttural sort of groan, that touch almost enough to make him come. he’s so close, just on the edge of his mind snapping, and then ilya whispers, “tell me, shane.”

the use of his name seems to break something in him – like it’s not even about the game anymore, like ilya isn’t asking some version of shane that really is a victim of a crime. he’s just asking *shane.* “yes,” he cries, then, and ilya touches him properly, wraps his hand around shane’s weeping cock and fists it in time with his own thrusts into shane’s sore, messy hole. “yes, fuck, *ilya* – please, fuck, breed me, fuck my lttle pussy, please, please, i – *ngh –”*

ilya moans directly into his ear, both his thrusts and his hand on shane’s cock quickening, and when he whispers, “whatever you want, baby, if you come for me,” it’s all he needs. shane lets the building pressure break, his orgasm hitting him like a tsunami wave that knocks him almost unconscious. he sees white and then black and then nothing at all as he comes across his own chest, and ilya strokes him through it to the point of overstimulation. but he still doesn’t stop even when shane begins to whine and shake against him, thrashing his head again; ilya just shushes him, kisses his ear, and then buries himself inside of shane as he comes, filling him just as he promised.

shane is only vaguely aware of the world – of ilya continuing to kiss his ear, his neck, the side of his head, whatever he can reach in their current position. he’s only vaguely aware of ilya wiping away the dirt and come on shane’s chest and face with a rag he had apparently had the foresight to bring with him, and then moving shane into a sitting position where he can untie shane’s hands. his shoulders twinge and ache from the awkward position, but ilya kisses at his sore wrists and his elbows and shoulders, carefully fitting his shirt back over his head and kissing his cheek for good measure, too.

the next thing he’s properly aware of is being laid on the sofa in the cottage, having lost ilya pulling out, carrying him back home, cleaning him. shane is floating, warm and boneless and content, as he realizes ilya has even changed him into much comfier clothes, and is now flattening himself on top of shane like a weighted blanket. he feels ilya’s lips against his skin, kissing his face, his neck, the centre of his chest, and fingers toying with his hair, the hem of his sweatshirt. most of all he feels ilya’s weight on top of him, keeping him tethered

physically while his mind continues to drift somewhere high above the clouds, and shane knows he's safe. he's always safe with ilya.

eventually, he returns to his body enough to be able to lift a hand and card it through ilya's curls, grinning when ilya lifts his head from where his cheek is pressed to shane's chest. "hello, moya lyubov," he says, and shane hums. after a second, he manages to pull enough thoughts together to reply, "hi."

ilya is delighted even with this, wiggling up enough to press his mouth to shane's in a gentle kiss. "how are you feeling?"

shane hums again. "floaty," he says. "and sore."

"good sore or bad sore?"

"good, i promise." he tugs at one of ilya's curls, watching how it springs back when he lets go. "very good."

ilya seems proud of himself, perhaps a little smug – though shane can't even tease him about it, because ilya has every right to be proud and smug, given his… *performance.* shane hadn't given him much to work with and somehow he had managed to make shane come harder than he had in months. "we should do that again sometime," says shane, pursing his lips so ilya will kiss him again. he does. "it was very hot. where did you get the gun?"

"halloween store," says ilya. "same with the whole outfit. not very easy to find when we are still months away from halloween." he kisses shane's lips again, then the corner of his mouth, then his chin. he settles back on shane's chest, rubbing his sides through his sweatshirt. "i go to such lengths to satisfy your dirty mind, hollander."

normally shane would tease him or argue back, but – he's still too sated, and now he's on the verge of falling asleep, spent and warm and filled with love for his husband, who does go to such lengths for him and always complains but never refuses a single request shane makes. "thank you," he says instead. "i love you, even when you're mean to me and put me face first into the dirt."

ilya kisses his chest. "you're welcome, solnyshko," he says. "maybe next time your brain can think of a scenario where we get to cuddle and say nice things to each other instead." but shane barely hears it, and he certainly can't respond, too close to falling asleep. there will always be a next time, though maybe with less dirt. shane would like that, too.

End Notes

[slaps fic] you can fit so many kinks in this bad boy

i wrote this with one hand fr and i don't mean because i got surgery on my hand a month ago and i'm still supposed to be resting. i will put hollanov fucking over my own recovery any day <3

thank you for reading, i hope you enjoyed! come say hi on twt, +here!

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