

## fair play

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# fair play

by [cutshot](#)

## Summary

“I don’t know. Both, maybe. I held his arms down once, and—” Ilya says, and then hesitates. Yeah. Yeah, this was enough. Probably. He didn’t care. It was enough that the world found out about them through a video. He didn’t really want to explain the specifics behind the intimacy they shared, either. “Yeah,” he says, and lamely repeats. “Yeah.”

Galina hums, and pauses.

Leans back again.

“Have you heard of shibari?”

Ilya hadn’t realised that rope, too, can be a form of discipline.

## Notes

somebody posted ilya shibari art while i was writing this and i died about it. thanks hannah for speedrunning the editing for this despite me barely giving you any time to process any of it. if it helps i am not here either <-- guy who is sleep deprived and sick. also thank you to the hollanov gooner gc again for the encouragement... i love u all dearly. mwah. anyway let’s get this man pregnant or whatever

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

Shane was an open book.

There was little that he could do to hide what he was feeling—or Ilya's just had enough time to learn every single thing there was to know about him by now. He always got extra antsy when the season was over, and transferring to the Centaurs had only made it worse. Something about being on a new team that could barely win on a good day. Ilya had long since learned not to take to heart the self-deprecating spiels that would come out of Shane's mouth on his particularly bad days—the kind that was too vicious for everyone else.

Tonight alone, he has snapped at just about every other comment that Ilya has made. What was on the television, what was for dinner.

Ilya tried to talk about it until he saw Shane's face purpling. He had seen this pattern before—always when the world slowed down and Shane didn't know what to do with himself. He would go from restless to reckless and there was a time where Ilya happily encouraged it, but now, watching Shane running himself into the ground was beginning to grate at him.

Tonight, it was the ring on Shane's finger that got him to stop.

Well, that and the fact that Ilya dragged him to the bedroom.

He let Shane burn it out. Shane was all raw energy and no restraint. Almost like he was twenty again and fighting to prove something. Swinging and shoving like he had wanted Ilya to make the noise stop. It didn't take much to put Shane onto his back. This time, it took a bit more effort with the teeth on his neck, but eventually, when Shane's fingers were fisting into the sheets, Ilya watched from above as the tension bled from his body in increments.

Then, he reached over and shoved Shane's head down, and Shane went slack.

The rippling of his back. The sudden limpness in his arms. The looseness of his jaw and his even looser tongue. Pinned down with his face to the mattress, the edges of Shane's face looked much softer. His eyes were glassy, wet streaks running down his freckles. He looked dirty. He made a poor, poor sight.

Ilya knew when it was victory and when it was relief.

Tonight, it was the latter, and Shane fell asleep just like that, soothed by the soft tissue wiping their mess away. He only stared at the rise and fall of Shane's chest for two minutes before he turned his head and blinked up at the ceiling.

For a moment, then, he wondered—not for the first time—if it was struggle that grounded Shane, or the stillness that came after.

Or maybe it was neither.

Maybe it was the moment he couldn't move at all.

Ilya brings it up to Galina.

To her credit, her face barely even twitches, just making a soft noise in the back of her throat before she puts her notebook aside, leans back in her seat and crosses her arms with a contemplative look. It had taken a while to figure out that this was just how her face looked, and not disappointment.

She had only mentioned Shane once for Ilya's face to do something, and she had immediately known something was on his mind. Therapy was apparently not a scam, he had learnt, and Galina knew him far too well by now to know that anything he said to brush this off would be a lie. "How does that make you feel?" she finally asks.

Ilya shrugs, looking away. "If I can help, good. If not, then I don't know."

Galina tilts her head. "Do you think there are healthier ways of making him feel like he can get back some control? He lost a lot when he left Montreal. He might not have fully put it behind him."

Ilya feels his hands twist in his lap.

He knows Galina can see this, too, the way his fingers dig into his palms. He wants to be honest, but the words are like lead on his tongue. For a long time, he worried that Galina might not like Shane despite it not being her job to do so. Now, he cares less about that, and more about whether they are doing the best they can do for each other. Shane carried his restlessness around his neck almost like a noose, and Ilya was running out of ways to tell him that maybe fucking him until he couldn't speak wasn't always the solution.

"He hasn't," he ends up saying, words spilling from his mouth like water. "I don't know. He said he likes it when—"

Ilya stops abruptly.

Feels his teeth sink into his tongue to bite back the rest of the sentence. The idea that he could have so easily given away Shane's trust to someone who had known him for less than a year was enough to make him sick. Some things were theirs to carry. Galina didn't really need to know the things that Shane had confessed to him when they were younger. Like the fact that Ilya was no longer the only man who had ever touched him, or why it mattered.

Galina just arches a brow. "Yes?"

"I don't know if I am—allowed."

He doesn't think his voice has sounded this small since telling her that he found his mother dead when he was just twelve. For what it's worth, she doesn't seem to be bothered at all by where this conversation is seemingly headed, and she just unfolds her arms and delicately

places her hands on her lap. “You can say whatever you’d like with me,” she says. “I will understand, though, if you choose not to.”

Ilya swallows thickly.

Looks away. Looks at her. Looks away again, takes a breath, and ignores how bitter the confession tastes on his tongue when he says, “He likes being—pinned down.”

For a moment, Galina doesn’t say anything. When Ilya’s head turns back to face her, her expression is unreadable, and she gives one slow nod. “I see.”

“I don’t know if he likes feeling small, but—” Ilya blurts. It felt like it was coming out of him like a firehose even though he knew logically it could be worse. “One time, in bed, he said it made him feel like he couldn’t think. But in a good way.”

“Being weighed down or being restrained?”

“I don’t know. Both, maybe. I held his arms down once, and—” Ilya says, and then hesitates. Yeah. Yeah, this was enough. Probably. He didn’t care. It was enough that the world found out about them through a video. He didn’t really want to explain the specifics behind the intimacy they shared, either. “Yeah,” he says, and lamely repeats. “Yeah.”

Galina hums, and pauses.

Leans back again.

“Have you heard of shibari?”

Later that night, Shane is curled up beside him, twitching in his sleep.

He had gotten dinner with JJ and bumped into a fan who made a comment that neither of them liked. He refused to tell Ilya what it was, but Ilya’s pretty sure he can guess. As if practice wasn’t difficult enough for him. His hair is messy, sticking up at odd angles, and there is a knot between his thick brows. Another sign that he isn’t resting properly. Ilya watches him until he knows Shane is fast asleep before finally grabbing his phone from the bedside table and putting his earphones in.

He spends hours reading article after article and scouring every website that he can find.

Eventually, though, he manages to find what looks to be an accurate video, with a masked woman demonstrating the ties on a mannequin. The rope is measured, coiled neatly before being draped over the torso. Methodical fingers, looping, twisting, and threading with meticulous precision. The sight relaxes Ilya so much that twenty minutes feel like twenty seconds. Each knot is tied to hold firmly, but not to hurt. Calculated so perfectly that the weight is even across the body. Never punishing. Almost gentle, like a loving embrace.

Ilya's eyes trace every line, every intersection of rope. Galina had said this was a control exercise for all parties involved. He wonders whether that is why the idea of Shane's freckled body being wrapped in firetruck-red rope and squeezed tight is making his throat dry.

Not all of this is sexual, he knows. Trust is the backbone of the careful art of restraint. But he knows Shane, and he knows that it will be something else.

He puts the earphones back into the case and sets that and his phone aside when the sun is threatening to come up. When he glances at Shane, the frown is gone, and there is a line of drool slipping down his perfect chin. He remembers what Galina told him. It won't hurt to ask, she had said. As long as he wants it. As long as they both want it. Whether it helped or not did not matter. Everything else can come after that.

Ilya takes a breath, then two, and takes his phone in hand again.

When he turns it off this time, there is a new order on the way.

A week later, Ilya receives the package.

Three weeks later, Shane experiences the worst practice with the Centaurs since his arrival and, after it ends, stomps the entire way to where Rose is waiting for him. It is only when Ilya knows that Shane is swamped with babysitting Rose who is lingerie shopping for her new Italian boyfriend that he finally sends the text:

**Ilya**

We will do something new tonight

Five minutes later, there is an answer waiting for him.

**Shane**

I don't know if I like the sound of that

**Ilya**

You always like it  
Just trust me

**Shane**



Btw thoughts on panties? Rose told me to wear some for your birthday lol

**Ilya**

If I ever say no to you Hollander I want you to kill me

The safeword is loon, but only because Shane needed something easy to remember and it was difficult to forget when Ilya's tattoo was staring at him in the face constantly.

Shane doesn't say it when Ilya gets him into their bed. He doesn't say it even when Ilya takes the rope out of their closet. They don't really talk about these things too much beforehand, because they know just enough about each other to know where to draw the line, and when it gets blurry. When Shane had taken his clothes off and seen the rope in Ilya's hands, he had only blinked at it.

"Is to tie you with," Ilya said, and gestured to the bed. "You will be good for me today."

Shane's eyes go hazy at those words, and he easily climbs onto the mattress and lets Ilya turn him around. The rope is soft between Ilya's fingers when he begins wrapping it around Shane's chest—because what he has planned for them tonight takes time, and starts all the way up here. Shane doesn't say a word, but he shivers at the rope on his skin, and Ilya considers it a victory.

It had paid off to be Svetlana's friend when she told him that she had a mannequin for her recently-realised sewing hobby. He had taken his time practicing every knot he wanted to be imprinted on Shane's skin. He knows it won't be perfect. Tonight, what he is trying to achieve is the opposite: Shane, thoroughly ruined, all because Ilya loves him.

And to love Shane is to hold him accountable, and to hold him accountable is to punish him.

That is why Ilya moves with care, every motion deliberate, unhurried, almost ceremonial when he lines the rope up neatly after pulling it through the loop. Reverse, lay them flat. Put them in a loop again. Lay them over the shoulders, pinch them so they don't lose shape, and make a half stitch when this part is over—pull to tighten, and feel Shane's body quiver with the force of his inhale.

Ilya knew he knew what was coming, because Shane had been quiet when he walked inside. Still, he hasn't spoken, just letting Ilya guide him to where he needs to be.

He was always so good when he wanted Ilya to forgive him.

The only apology he gives Shane when he presses a hand on Shane's back and topples him onto his front is a soft caress over the curve of his ass. The arms don't take too long, but bending Shane's legs back by his ankles will, because he is stressed enough that his entire body has become rock-solid with tension.

But it works, because Galina is always right.

Ilya checks each knot twice, the muscle memory of the pattern settling into him like breathing. The repetition helps, every turn of the rope becomes a thought smoothed out, a noise made manageable.

When the final cord connects wrists to ankles, completing the pattern, Ilya leans back and studies his work. Shane's body forms clean lines, every loop even, each knot perfectly symmetrical. By the time Ilya loops the rope through the bight at the ankle, and then around the centre column again, Shane is nothing more than a bag of bones.

Ilya ties it with a half stitch, and then another, and lets go.

A soft groan rumbles underneath him, and when Ilya looks at Shane, he already looks halfway to delirious. He barely even twitches when Ilya leaves him just long enough to grab the lube and dildo from the bedside table, and when he shoves a hand between Shane's legs, he isn't surprised to find that Shane is already hard and dripping wet against the sheets, either.

"Your patience needs some improvement," Ilya says calmly, pulling his hand away. "Four people you snapped at today. So, four times I will edge you tonight."

Shane freezes, a noise that sounds like it belongs to a wounded animal leaving his mouth as he turns back to look at Ilya in disbelief. Sharp, raw, half-protest and full-betrayal. He presses into the bed, glares at Ilya, broad shoulders tensing.

"That seems like a lot," he says weakly.

Ilya doesn't flinch.

"Safeword is loon," he says, and knocks Shane's knees apart. "Feel free to use it when you need to."

Shane flinches, though, when the audible click of the lube bottle opening suddenly rings in the room.

The moan he lets out when Ilya presses the first finger inside is obscene. Tighter than normal, too. Ilya has his work cut out for him, but it helps that Shane is not one to fight him. It helps that he doesn't have the option to, either. For some reason, Shane likes it.

He likes this.

To be on the ropes. To be helpless and at Ilya's mercy because he is deserving of it.

That the second finger that joins soon enough is also a teasing one. Sinking inside but missing the place he would so sweetly beg Ilya to touch. Over and over. To the base and then the tip. Shane tries to press back into it and fails. So vulnerable for someone who had brought Ilya to his knees. And Ilya repeats. Over and over and over and over until Shane's knees are spreading all on their own and his back is arching up—more than enough for Ilya to cast a glance downward and see the mess that Shane is making of himself.

Cute, almost.

Only if he wasn't still trying to run his mouth. "Will you just—"

Ilya presses both fingers right against Shane's prostate, and Shane screams.

“I told you,” Ilya grunts. “You will be good for me tonight. So don’t make trouble, please.”

His nails are scratching all over his forearms. Hips bucking up. His ass looks perfect like this, tilted up for the taking, and Ilya just watches as Shane cries out for him over and over again with every single one of his motions. Panting like a dog. Drooling like one, too. His face is so red that Ilya has to focus to see the spattering of freckles on his skin, shaking hard enough that Ilya might have worried whether he would pull a muscle. But he knows that won’t happen.

He knows, because the second he reaches over and places a heavy hand over the back of Shane’s neck and slides a third finger inside, Shane goes limp.

But he doesn’t do it properly—he goes back to teasing, to stretching and preparing Shane for the night that is yet to come, and he makes sure Shane hears him laugh at the sight of him reduced to this.

He looked defenceless when he was in the hospital with a concussion all those years ago. He looks much better when it’s like this, where he is helpless, and forced to face the brunt of Ilya’s yearning.

Then, Ilya crooks his fingers, and an embarrassingly loud sob punches its way out of Shane’s throat, raw and hoarse. Like Ilya has been torturing him for much longer than this. “We haven’t even started yet,” Ilya murmurs, and swallows when he feels Shane clench around his fingers. So easy. “Are you close, Hollander?”

Shane can only manage a jerky nod.

“Do you want to cum?”

He does, Ilya knows. The fact that his hole keeps doing that around Ilya’s fingers like it’s begging him to bury them in there is enough. Right now, Shane’s mouth is so loose that it looks like his tongue is hanging out. His head is digging into the mattress as hard as his knees are from where he keeps trying to buck up into Ilya’s hand. There is drool on his chin and he looks nothing like the picture-perfect press-friendly center of the Ottawa Centaurs.

Right now, he looks like a whore.

And this is just the beginning.

Shane seems to have forgotten that when he slurs, “Please. Please, Ilya.”

Ilya hums, and pulls away completely.

“No,” Shane cries, and the splotches of red on his face are what makes Ilya’s cock twitch in his boxers, almost forgotten. Not that it matters. “I was so close, you dick—”

“That’s one,” Ilya says cheerily, and reaches back to grab the toy. “Three more to go.”

Shane groans, the sound seemingly dragged from the pit of his stomach, loud and displeased. For someone so self-disciplined, Shane has always been a little greedy where it counts—and

Ilya has never been one to turn him away. That has never been a mistake. Tonight, however, Shane will be given what he needs, and he will learn to like it. It might even be easier than Ilya thought, because even with the protest, he stays perfectly still.

In the perfect position for Ilya to do to him whatever he wishes.

That is why he just takes the lube, slicks the dildo up, and slides it inside.

Even when Shane moans, he doesn't give him any leeway, just sliding a hand down and wrapping it around Shane's cock. He can't really see it anymore with how close he is sitting to Shane but he can see what it does to the rest of him—the red flush that is rippling down his neck, the evershifting muscles of his back, the clench of his fists and the curl of his toes. Legs twitching helplessly like they need to be wrapped around something else.

"You are dripping," Ilya murmurs. "Only from me touching your ass. Are you that easy even when I am punishing you, Hollander?"

Another moan.

Ilya grins. Just so, so easy for him.

He gives Shane a stroke, then two, and then swipes his thumb around the tip.

It's so wet that Ilya almost has the urge to say something about it, but he chooses to file it away for later, instead looking at the shudder of Shane's body as he strokes slowly, gently, teasing even with the toy inside him. With the way it is shifting, Ilya knows Shane keeps tightening around it, hips twitching back and forth for freedom.

Shane doesn't really say much, but Ilya figures it's because he isn't ready to beg. He just groans and whines and tries to fuck a hole into the grip of Ilya's hand with rope-brands all over his skin. They're starting to appear now. Ilya wants to know what they'll look like by the time he is done with him.

And then Ilya pulls the dildo out—and fucks it back in.

A gasp of surprise, this time, and then a strangled groan when Ilya swipes his thumb over the head once more.

"You—"

Shane looks pathetically confused, almost too overwhelmed when they haven't even begun. He looks like he regrets going along with this. He looks like he hates that he's making a mess on Ilya's hand and that he keeps bucking into it like he wants Ilya to keep going, too. He moans like a whore and gets as red as a virgin and throws his head back, writhes helplessly. For the first time in a long time, Ilya doesn't have access to his neck. He finds that he doesn't mind so long as he can see the freckles on them.

"Please," Shane whimpers. "Please, Ilya—"

He also finds that he is still unable to keep his mouth shut even when he is doling out punishments like this, stroking Shane's cock and fucking the dildo into him exactly how he likes it. "You are perfect, Hollander," he says softly. "Even better when you listen. Even better when you are good for me."

Shane doesn't reply, but only because he's sobbing instead, shaking his head violently.

Ilya doesn't know what he's saying no to. He doesn't think Shane knows, either. The only thing Shane can do right now is just take and take and take and cry about it and Ilya knows he's close. He was always a quick starter, an even quicker finisher, and Ilya knows how to press every single button of his for this to end in seconds.

And soon enough, just as he predicted, he sees the telltale signs of Shane's impending orgasm, back rippling under the warmth of their bedroom light, the quivering of his calves, the way that his knees keep trying to close—all stopped by Ilya's hulking frame sitting between them. He waits. He waits and he fucks the toy in once, twice, jerks Shane off harder than he has all night, and—

Stops.

The noise Shane makes this time is almost a scream.

It's the loudest noise he has made all night, and the one with the most protest. When he turns his head and looks at Ilya, his eyes are wet and there is a look of betrayal on his face.

"No," Shane sobs, hips twitching pathetically. "Please, I've been patient—pleasepleaseplease —"

Ilya feels the flicker of satisfaction before he can stop himself—sharp, instinctive, curling somewhere deep in his chest. It's satisfying, to remember how Shane used to stare at him. He doesn't remember how it felt to have power over Shane like this—where it was impossible to convince Shane to let go of his control in the first place. He stares at Ilya as if something precious has been taken from him and, maybe, it has. But this is not about cruelty.

Not really.

"Two," Ilya says instead, almost soothingly running his wet hand over the curve of Shane's ass. "Halfway now, Hollander."

Shane groans.

But he doesn't use the safeword.

He doesn't look like he is anywhere close to wanting to use it, either. They have been doing this for long enough that Ilya can trust Shane's inability to be dishonest for what it is, and Shane can trust that they are safe in each other's hands. Perhaps that is why when Ilya shifts down, lying flat on his stomach with his head between Shane's knees, Shane just huffs.

"Get on with it," he says breathlessly. "I don't want—"

A whimper.

Because Ilya ignores his cock and licks a long, fat stripe across his balls.

Shane *howls*.

Ilya would sit and bask in it if not for the fact that Shane is beginning to sound like he is halfway to his death right now, and is jolting like it, too. Still, he pulls away and tilts his body to the side to be able to catch the sight of Shane's tear-streaked face. "Do you want to cum now?"

One frantic nod after the next, but still biting down on his tongue. He's not entirely there yet.

That's not good.

He drops down again, makes himself comfortable, and takes one of Shane's balls into his mouth. The moan Shane gives him is a reward, because it is of his name, high-pitched and whisper-thin. He licks, strokes, carefully eases Shane back to the very edge—nothing messy, but with perfect intent. Not a motion wasted. Not even when he sucks, lifts a hand and begins fucking the dildo back inside, either.

Truthfully, he's surprised that Shane manages to hold off even for as long as this. His cock is so wet that Ilya wouldn't even need lube anymore. His thighs are trembling so hard that Ilya knows it isn't even the rope holding him in place. Like a pig for a feast, Ilya devours him, piece by piece—and Shane whines and cries about it being unfair and still fucks back into it like he wants Ilya to make it hurt even more. A natural-born whore. Perfect for it, really.

That's why when he's about to come again, Ilya can tell just how much.

"Close," Shane slurs, voice so thick it's barely intelligible, "I think—Ilya, Ilya, *Ilya*—"

He pulls away, and pulls the toy out, too.

This time, it's a scream, and Ilya sits up just in time to see Shane's eyes roll into the back of his head, the way his entire body jerks, thrashing for a relief that will never come. The ropes yank him back in place, and it makes him cry even harder, and Ilya wishes he could deny that his briefs weren't wet with his own precome, cock twitching inside and begging for release. It shouldn't turn him on this much, to see his beautiful husband tortured like this.

It shouldn't.

Ilya's hand that travels on its own to squeeze his cock over his briefs says something else.

When Shane collapses again, chest heaving, loose and boneless, the focus in his eyes is entirely gone.

"What's your safeword?"

Shane's head tilts back just enough to catch Ilya's gaze. His eyes drop to Ilya's mouth, and Ilya knows that he's seeing the spit all over his chin. Almost as if he suddenly remembered

what Ilya was just doing to him, his body jerks violently, and then he blinks.

Once, twice.

A deep breath.

He looks like he's coming back to the real world, a little bit. "Loon," Shane rasps. "Please fuck me now."

"Only one left, Hollander," he murmurs, and feels his teeth sink into his lip when he tugs his briefs down just enough to pull his cock out. He doesn't have the time nor the patience to be taking them off entirely when Shane looks like this. "Think you can take it?"

Shane blearily gazes at him, blinks once, twice, and then gives one slow nod. "Safeword is loon," he repeats, and his entire body melts into the mattress again. "I don't want to use it."

Ilya has to take a breath, too.

He doesn't know how he has managed to last this long, either, without touching himself. There is something about watching Shane fall apart that does everything for him. Sometimes, he will barely remember that he wants to come because he is so distracted by the sight of Shane turning into a mess for him and it only takes the feeling of Shane touching him to remind him. Maybe that's why he doesn't mind doing this first, where he inches close enough to push his cock between Shane's cheeks, dragging it up and down.

There is no need to look at Shane's face when the rest of his body speaks for him—shuddering violently, limbs pulling at the knots like they want to force Ilya down and make him give him what he wants. Unfair, he knows. Shane has called him worse. So has the rest of the world. He doesn't really care that Shane is whining softly under him at how his cock slips up and down, wet and messy, barely a teasing touch.

They're almost there.

Just a little bit more, and Ilya will have finally brought Shane's ego down to the floor, along with his knees. That is all this was. Fortunately, Shane seems to have completely understood now what Ilya meant by the ropes.

His hips are bucking, now, almost helpless in how they practically beg for Ilya to give him something more. Something more tangible than this filthy grind, something dirtier than Ilya's cock rubbing against his rim that is already wet and loose and ready. Up, down, up, down. Ilya would say something about how he can feel Shane pathetically clenching down on nothing if not for the fact that Shane is finally, finally starting to beg—and finally at the very edge of the ruin that he has so carefully inched him towards all evening.

"Please fuck me," Shane breathes. "Want you to fuck me—please, I want it, please—"

Ilya lets out a heavy breath, one that loosens the tightness in his shoulders, and finally slides inside.

A loud groan, throaty and raw, echoes underneath him, and Ilya sees the edges of his own vision turn black at the slow drag of it—how Shane stretches wide open to fit him inside, how every single inch slides in one by one, how Shane tenses up underneath him all while turning into a melting mess. If that mouth of his worked beyond giving pleas, he knows what he would be hearing right now. Full, Shane would say. I'm full. I'm so full, Ilya. I can feel you up here, and he would touch his throat. I can feel you everywhere.

And then Ilya would come.

Not tonight, because Shane still has one more to give him, and then only will Ilya give him what he wants.

His body is trembling when Ilya's hips finally smack into his.

"Fuck," Ilya groans, the sound rumbling inside his chest when he bottoms out, the sound of skin smacking against skin ringing in his ears louder than his own heartbeat. "Fuck, Hollander."

*"Ilya—"*

Shane moans again, and Ilya falls apart with him.

It does something to him, hearing Shane call out to him like that—using his name like he had when they were just boys the first time. How Shane's voice catches on it, low and rough, almost like they are torn out of him. Ilya feels it in his spine first, makes his breath falter and his pulse kick against his throat. This is not a simple tenderness.

This is hunger dressed as devotion and Ilya watches as Shane finally, finally bends at the altar and stares at him with wet eyes and a single plea.

This is what he loves.

He loves everything about making Shane take it. Loves how it feels when Shane's body opens up for him like it knows nothing else, loves how Shane babbles about feeling too full like a clumsy virgin, loves how it gets so good that neither of them can think enough to even properly talk when they get like this. Loves it especially when Shane is reduced to nothing but a dumb slut—all for him.

Ilya doesn't call him that. Not often, at least. But the thought and realisation alone has always been enough to inch Ilya dangerously close to coming, because—

Shane would never do this with anyone else. Shane would never be this for anyone else, either.

"I wish you could see yourself," Ilya finds himself saying, and his voice is shaking, breathless and winded with every single deep stroke inside. He almost wants to reach over and look at Shane's dazed face, but he knows that would ruin his plan for the evening, so he will stick to staring at the hair matted to the back of Shane's neck, the pink flush travelling

down to his back, and listen to the sounds of Shane moaning out for him like a whore. “I wish you could see how beautiful you are when you are being good for me.”

Judging by the groan that follows, he knows Shane agrees.

Or is trying to. Or is calling out for him to just end this already.

“Next time,” Ilya says slowly, “I will do this in front of the mirror so you can watch how easy you are for me, Hollander.”

“Right there,” Shane says—moans—cries—something, Ilya doesn’t know anymore, because he’s beginning to feel it in his stomach, too, by now. “Right there—fuck, please, Ilya—”

“Just made for it,” Ilya grunts, and doesn’t know where the rest of his words come from. “What do you think, Hollander? Maybe we put a collar and a leash on you next time. What do you say?”

A scream, then a sob.

Ilya knows Shane is going to come, because he’s clenching around Ilya’s cock like he does whenever he can’t control himself, and crying hard enough that he’s beginning to hiccup on his sobs. His body is as tense as a bow, legs jumping and calves straining as much as they can with the breathing room that Ilya has graciously gifted him, knees trying to close around where Ilya sits between them.

He is going to come.

Ilya knows he is, and that is why he stops.

“No,” Shane sobs, and when Ilya finally lifts up enough to look at him, the sight is enough to make his blood sing—his eyes are wet with tears and humiliation and a million apologies that Ilya will only forgive after this round. It doesn’t matter if his cock twitches inside Shane’s hole that clenches down on him, because he won’t move. “No, please—so close, please—why would you—”

“Not yet,” Ilya says. “I told you. Your patience needs improvement, Hollander.”

“No,” Shane whimpers. “You said you would let me cum later so why—”

“Are you crying?” Ilya asks, and he—laughs. “Aw, did I make you cry, Hollander? Do you hate me yet?”

And Shane only cries harder, only sobbing pathetically in response, shaking his head over and over and over. Almost offended that he would say that. Almost like hating Ilya was never an option even once during the decade they have been doing this.

“I told you,” Ilya reminds him, leaning up. “Four times. We’re done now.”

Shane’s face tucks into his collarbones, and Ilya feels his stomach flip at the sight of it, almost childlike with all the fight drained out of him. Soft, melting apart. Lashes clumped,

eyes red-rimmed and wet. A tremor in his jaw, a hiccupping sob that jolts his body once, twice, every few seconds. His mouth is all swollen from him biting at it all night not to say anything. His throat bobs. When he looks at Ilya, there is nothing left but blatant, trembling hope.

“Really?” Shane whispers, voice fraying around the edges. “Promise?”

“I promise,” Ilya says gently. “Ask me to let you cum, and I will.”

It’s embarrassing just how quickly the words start falling out of Shane’s teeth-bitten mouth. “Please, Ilya, I’m ready to cum. I want to—please, I want it—wanna cum on Ilya’s cock—need it, please—”

And—

Four times, he had done this. Four times, Shane proved himself.

It is enough.

So, Ilya pulls back just the slightest, and then unceremoniously shoves inside again.

He gives it to Shane hard—enough to push him up on the bed, enough that the rope is beginning to chafe just the slightest and enough for him to start sinking his nails into his palms to ground himself. A shriek bursts from Shane’s lungs when Ilya’s hands find his wrists, forcing him to stay still beyond the rules of their game tonight, and the sound is high and needy, like Shane isn’t entirely sure how long they have been doing this anymore.

He likes it best when Ilya fucks him through it, Ilya knows it. He likes it when Ilya fucks it out of him and doesn’t stop even when he’s crying about how much it hurts. He likes it when Ilya uses him to get off but he likes feeling dumb even more. He likes it when Ilya fucks him to the point of helplessness. Ilya thinks that might be why Shane just takes it, mouth barely able to make any sound apart from unintelligible babbles and hoarse, tortured noises—eyes barely there, drool on his chin—and Ilya knows what is going on now.

Truthfully, Ilya is close to it, too.

Sometimes, when Shane is feeling too much and Ilya touches him, he gets like this.

The knots in Ilya’s stomach and the tremble of his own thighs are telling him that he’s going to finish with the both of them toppling over the edge. His gut churns, sweat licks at his brow. Heat licks at his spine and dances in the pit of his stomach. White-hot. Too much. His hand squeezes and pulls at the rope, just the slightest, and fucks into Shane hard enough that he feels like he is making a place for himself inside Shane all over again.

For nobody else. Because nobody else can give it to him like this.

Shane draws a wheezing breath, then another, and Ilya can’t help himself. “Is okay, Hollander,” he groans. “You can cum now.”

One, two strokes—

Shane comes.

He comes hard enough that it hurts—for Ilya, too, because he thrashes, nearly hurts himself with the rope, and tightens up around Ilya so much that a choked groan bursts from Ilya's lungs, ragged and raw. Even when he slows down to a steady grind, an easy one-two before he pulls out, Shane is trembling like a loose leaf in the wind. And when Ilya's hands find the curve of his hips and run down his thighs soothingly, Shane just—cries.

Ilya looks up.

The sheet is wet underneath Shane's face from where the tears have been coming all night. He's still crying, sniffing and full-body jerking in aftershocks. He barely reacts to Ilya stroking him, trying to comfort him. Too sensitive. Too out of it. Ilya doesn't think Shane has ever come to this point even once since they started seeing each other. Chest heaving for air, too weak to think beyond anything else but what Ilya just did to him.

Too far gone to think about anything but Ilya.

He won't have much time left to do this, so he needs to make it quick. That, perhaps, is the only reason why he doesn't bother giving Shane a warning before shoving his cock back inside, ignoring the startled groan that erupts from Shane's lungs.

"Ilya," Shane gasps, and if his body was free, Ilya knows that he would be trying to pull Ilya in even closer. "Ilya, it hurts—"

He just reaches over, drops enough to brace his forearms on either side of Shane's body, and pins him down flat onto the bed. The rope brushes against his skin, too, but it will be fine. Only a handful of minutes is what Ilya needs and he knows how Shane gets when they do something intense and Ilya doesn't fill him up. Like this, Shane is nothing more than easy access and an easier hole and Ilya wonders what it says about him that he likes that his husband likes this.

"Safeword is loon," Ilya repeats, and feels Shane's entire body shiver underneath his weight. "You would be good for me still if you use it."

"No," Shane moans, and turns his head just enough to look at Ilya's eyes—and he looks almost embarrassed that he doesn't want it to stop. "No, no, no—"

Still here, Ilya thinks. Even if he is babbling, head slumped and limp like a ragdoll, he's still here.

Perfect.

"Then don't be selfish," Ilya grits. "I'm still not done yet, am I?"

A strangled groan punches out of Shane's throat.

Ilya knows he can't drag this out. They're walking that fine line that Shane loves to tiptoe. From the looks of it, he's floating, floating, floating—body slumped, not even jolting every single time Ilya presses into him.

He's beautiful even when it's over. Something Ilya hadn't really thought often until he stopped warming someone else's bed and started bringing Shane to his. He doesn't really think much of it when he lifts his head just enough to give Shane's cheek a soft kiss, a poor imitation of the kind of kiss they could be having if he wasn't tied, and was lying on his back with his legs wrapped around Ilya's waist like it usually was.

The sob that follows echoes, almost ringing in Ilya's ears. He doesn't even know what Shane is saying anymore. Maybe his proficiency in English is out the window. He doesn't really care. Shane is babbling under his breath, a long string of unintelligible curses and pleas. But he's still listening, still taking it so that Ilya can reward him. For all the fits that he threw, he was still a good boy. All for Ilya. Pliant, ready for the taking, and all his.

And that is how Ilya knows he's close.

He can feel it start in his toes and end in his fingertips, can feel the heat licking at the base of his spine. His vision blurs. "Hollander," Ilya says breathlessly. "I'm going to fill you up now."

Shane's body seizes underneath him—and he comes again.

That's all it takes for Ilya to follow, hurtled off the edge, falling headfirst into pure nothingness. He feels a strangled groan leave him when he finally, finally fills Shane up, stuttering on his breath when Shane weakly clenches around his cock. Around his come. Whisper-thin noises to go with Ilya's heaving breathing, and he can't stop his own moan when he finally pulls out and sees what he has done: the way Shane gapes around nothing, hole twitching uselessly before the slow drip of his come starts leaking—puffy and used—just a mess.

And then Shane passes out.

It doesn't take long for Ilya to untie him, and when he's done, the ropes lie coiled in a loose heap at the edge of the bed. The imprints of the fibres are visible on Shane's skin, so he hurries with the damp cloth and wipes him clean, slow and deliberate when they catch all the messes they made on Shane's body. Fortunately, Shane rouses only a few minutes later, silently watching him pull his legs into a stretch, then two, with half-lidded eyes, a faint smile pulling at the corner of his mouth.

"Okay?" Ilya asks quietly, bending Shane's leg one last time before putting it down. "Was too intense. I'm sorry I got carried away."

Shane hums, then nods. He's still smiling. "It was perfect," he says, and pauses. "Maybe your new ideas aren't so bad."

The words draw a quiet laugh from Ilya, and he reaches over to brush his thumb across the drying tears underneath Shane's eye. "Yes?"

“Yes,” Shane says again, eyes slipping shut with a small, satisfied sigh. “I think—I think I really needed this. Someone else to discipline me for once instead of me trying to be perfect.”

He isn’t too surprised by the confession.

When he brought it up with Galina, she had mentioned once, in that steady way of hers, that this wasn’t necessarily about pleasure or control, either. That it could be discipline, too, for anyone who needed a bit of structure. Shane didn’t have that. Not recently, at least. The time it took for them to get into position itself demanded a kind of stillness that a mind could refuse to give. For someone like Shane, who only ever ran until he burned out, the ropes could serve as something else. Not a restraint, but a reminder to breathe—and that nothing was actually unravelling the way he thought it was.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Shane says, and repeats. “Yeah.”

Ilya pauses for a second, swiping his thumb along Shane’s temple, pushing back the sweaty hair until he can properly see Shane’s beautiful, freckled face. “We have two days off,” he just says. “Maybe we go to the cabin. Is more relaxing for you there.”

For a heartbeat, nothing happens. Then Ilya sees it—the way Shane’s whole body softens like a string pulled loose. The tension visibly drains from him, restless energy wound tight inside him melting out in a steady ooze like syrup. His eyes flicker open to look at Ilya, and the small smile that pulls at his mouth is warmer than anything else Ilya has felt.

Shane swallows once, a small sound catching in his throat. “Yeah,” he says quietly. “I’d like that.”

Ilya says it quietly, almost an afterthought. “When you’re going through something and you can’t say it, you just tell me. I’ll fix it.”

Shane bites his lip, but he looks sheepish, like he knew what he had put Ilya through the last few weeks. “Thank you,” he says, and then gestures to the bathroom. “I think I need a shower.”

“I’ll run us a bath,” Ilya murmurs. “And put lotion on you after. Maybe we can make a snack, too.”

Shane blinks. “Tuna melts.”

“Really?”

A nod. “Really.”

Ilya huffs a laugh, and then goes to hold Shane’s hands. “Okay,” he says, and pulls Shane up. “Get up. I need to clean you up.”

When Shane gets off the mattress, his legs wobble, and he grabs onto Ilya’s arm for balance like a baby fawn. It’s funny, especially when Shane is so steady on the ice, and they laugh

about it even as they step into the bathroom. When the door clicks shut behind them, and Shane sits on the toilet lid while Ilya turns the tap on, he thinks that this might have been the first time in a long time that Shane had voluntarily admitted to having a problem with control.

It always took them some time before Shane ever admitted to having a problem. This time, it took a punishment, and one that Ilya thoroughly enjoyed giving to him. Based on the way Shane keeps staring at him with that stupid smile on his face, he might have enjoyed it even more.

Huh.

Maybe he should do this more often.

## End Notes

if anybody caught the part where i almost called shane a girl. no you didn't

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